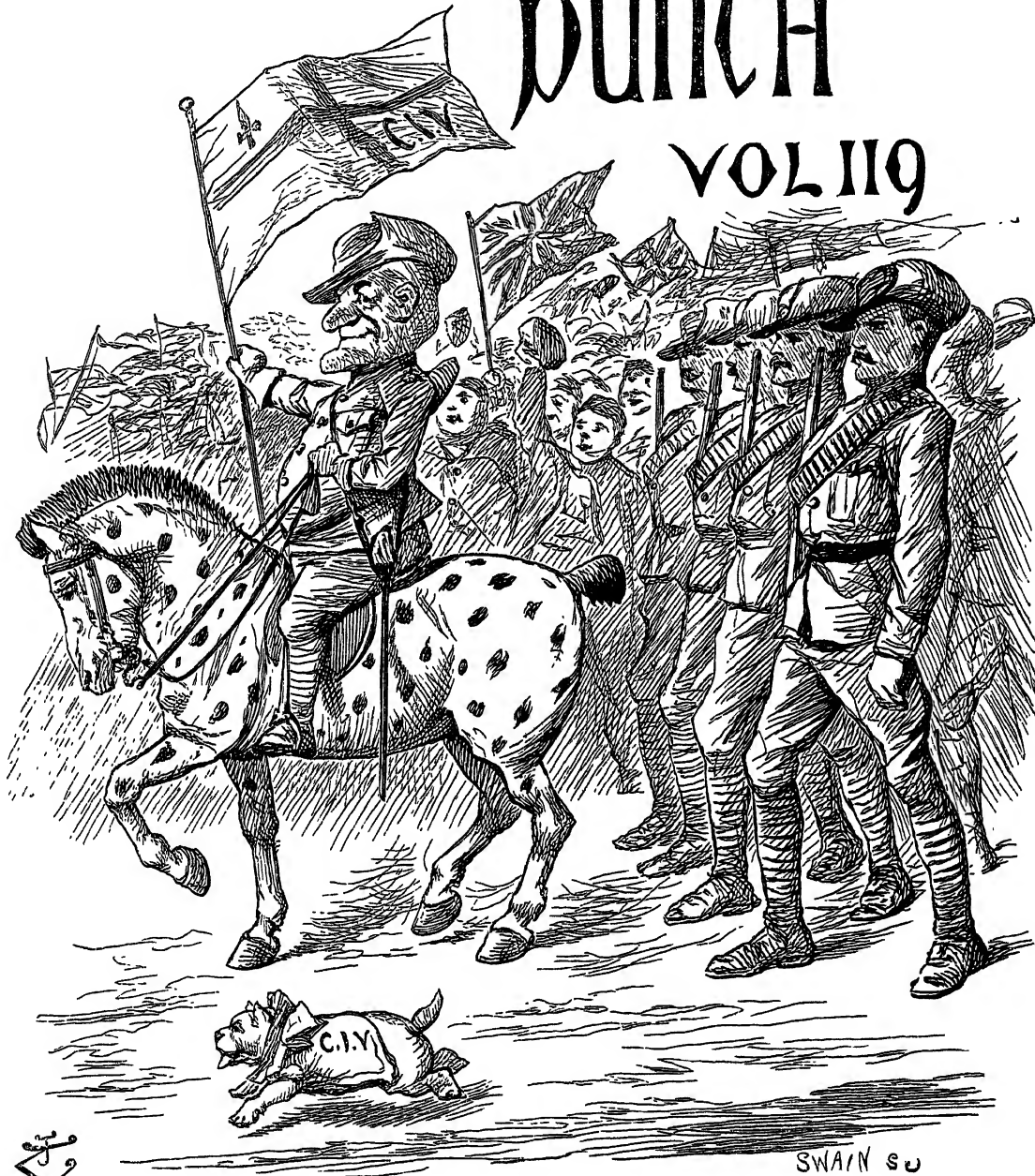


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PUNCH

VOL II9



1900

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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1900.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LD., PRINTERS,
LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.



AT the first touch of rosy-toed Aurora, the Imperial Maid had risen to the occasion, the same being unique. Its peculiar features were three; and only two of them could ever meet again. First, it was New Year's Day; but this recurs, roughly, with every thirteenth moon. Next, it was the opening of the New Century; but every hundredth year we may enjoy the repetition of this splendid event. Lastly, it was the day for proclaiming the Federation of Australia; and this could only happen once in the history of the world.

Fresh from a studied toilette, the Maid emerged into sunlight not more dazzling than herself. The air was heavy with fortunate omens; the soil paved with spotless resolutions. Over these last lightly bounded her faithful bodyguard, the kangaroo, always finding himself in one or other of his elements. Comely by grace of nature, and dressed to distraction, she passed trippingly, yet with majesty, to the playing fields of Mars, a very Atalanta for advance. As she assumed a posture of dignity at the saluting base, the punctual bugle rang; and at the head of his troops forth rode the Veteran of Bouverie Street. Traces of pallor shewed about his cheek, for he had seen the New Year in on native Burgundy, a wine that needs its Bush; yet was he full of movement, and mounted on a charger that caracoled superbly.

Behind him marched the flower of Britain's chivalry, a specimen bouquet of all arms, spared from the long war-harvest, and still leaving a few behind where they came from. Sabre, lance, and cuirass, those discredited tools of a by-gone age, now relegated to pension and pageantry, shone bravely under a dazzling top-light. Onward they came, the thousand and one knights, war-like infants, massed in quarter-column, and not a soul among them seeking cover.

So, with sword at the salute, the Veteran led his legions past our Lady of the Southern Cross.

* * * * *

Marked by a minimum of casualties, the Review was over. The Generalissimo had sheathed his blade, and sprung to earth on bended knee before the Imperial Maid.

"Madam," he cried, "we have brought you of our best to gild your peaceful pomp. Remains our debt of war, the debt we owe for the strong arms you lent us at our need. And long may it remain unpaid in kind. Yet when, if ever, you stand in just such need, doubt not the Great Mother will remember!"

"Remote, indeed, must seem that peril on this day of days that binds her sons to one another (and, by consequence, to her) with bonds not lightly to be loosed. There is a fable of a parent who called his sons together, and shewing them a bundle of sticks——"

"I know it," said the Maid, "I know it well. It keeps cropping up like the Chicago Phoenix. . Kindly pass on to the next item."

"If," replied the Veteran, "you are already cognisant of this apposite illustration, I will waive it, and proceed to drop into original poetry." And he pulled out a finely-engrossed parchment from up his tunic-sleeve. "Yet not strictly original either"—he corrected himself—"for somewhat similar expressions have been attributed to a certain Oriental Monarch whom our Only Dramatic Poet has lately popularised. But *he* was supposed to be mad at the time (meaning Herod), whereas your obliged servant is nothing if not sane. With your permission?"

Here the Veteran re-arranged his tonsils and broke into a throaty recitative

"I heard a cherub sitting up aloft
Cry——"

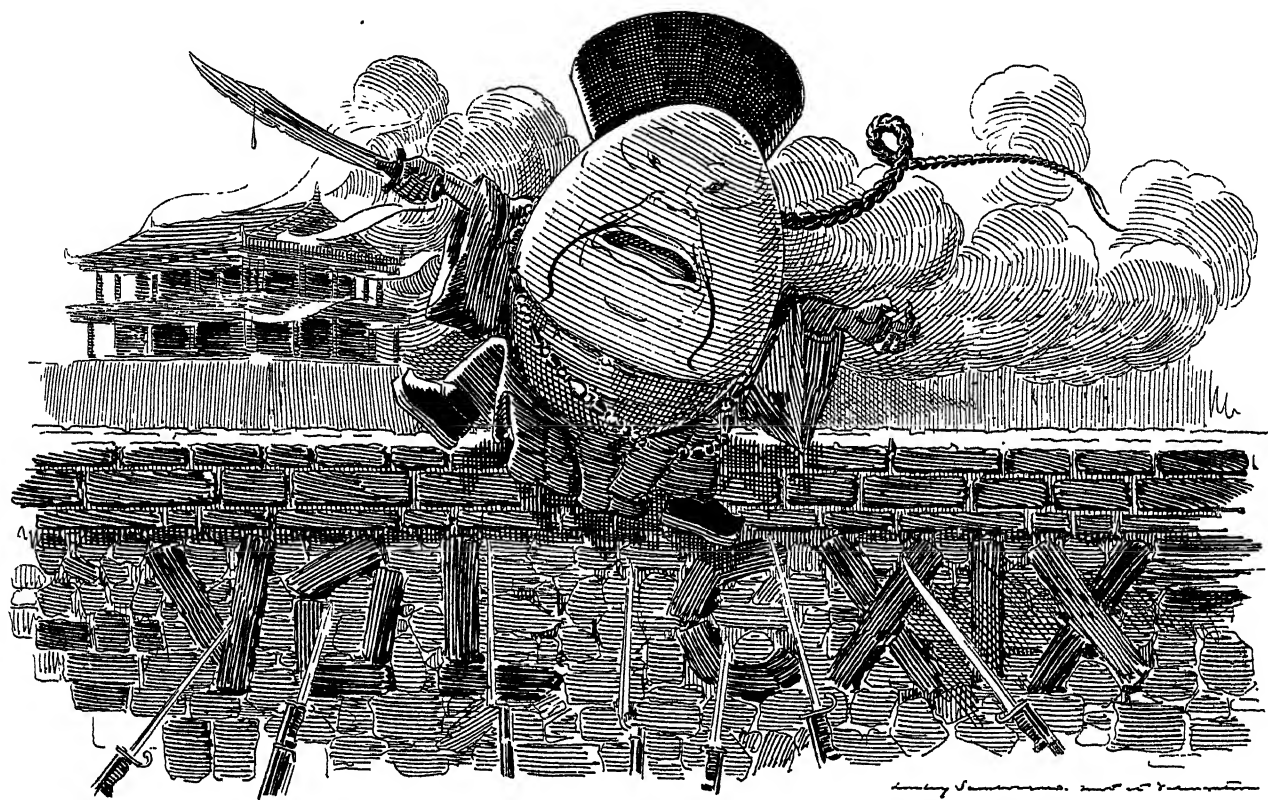
"Thank you; but may I take it as about to be read some other time, if you please?" said the Lady. "There is a good deal to be got through to-day; and I am rather expecting some local odes. One must support native industry, you see,"

"Madam," replied the Veteran with much *aplomb*, "I had not actually foreseen this gracious interruption; yet, in fear that the reporters might not be equal to the strain of following me, I have taken the precaution of putting my composition into print. In the New Year's Gift (which my orderly has already laid at your feet) you will find it enshrined (p. 457), and, a little further on, a succinct sketch of my present interview, composed beforehand so as to avoid inaccuracies. In the collected work, of which these fragments are a part, there is a deal of valuable advice, and condensed food for thought. It is widely recommended for use in the Councils of the Empire; and, if it were becoming in me to say so, I would suggest that in your new Federal Parliament House a few duplicate copies of the work should be kept for reference. During very dull speeches, someone might perhaps give readings from it in the Lobby. I merely throw out this proposal, leaving the details to be filled in to taste. TOBY" (turning to his orderly), "unveil the work in question!"

"Dear Mr. PUNCH," replied AUSTRALIA, as she read the superscription, "I thank you. If any fresh guarantee were needed for the harmonious working of our Federated Units, it would be in the common possession of such a store of Wisdom (made by and for the Wise) as lurks within the covers of this noble tome, your

"One Hundred and Nineteenth Volume."





OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Sportswoman in India (HUTCHINSON) is a narrative of personal adventure and experience of travel in known and unknown parts of the great Empire. The authoress, ISABELLE SAVORY, is a mighty huntress. Anything comes handy to her—the wild boar, the leopard, the red bear, the black bear, the panther, the tiger, the cobra, and eke the crocodile. She made their personal acquaintance at close quarters, and generally got the better of them. Not less exciting than her shooting and stalking experiences are her exploits in the way of mountaineering in the mighty Himalayas. The narrative is written in sprightly fashion, with prevailing tendency here and there to indulge in a break-down and a snatch of song, RUDYARD KIPLING for preference. But that is the effect of high spirits happily communicable to the reader. There are many illustrations, the most attractive to my Baronite being a photographure of the authoress in most becoming, workmanlike dress.

In anticipation of the General Election—mere reference to approach of which surprises Mr. BALFOUR—the Liberal Publication Department, whose office is in Parliament Street, have issued a Handbook for the use of Liberals. It summarises the results in home affairs of five years of Tory Government. My Baronite, imitating the lofty reserve of the signator of this column, reckons nothing of politics. All the statements contained in this little volume may be baseless, albeit for the most part they appear as quotations from the speeches of members and supporters of the government. Regarding it simply as a work of arrangement and condensation, it is admirable. As an electioneering engine it is a veritable pom-pom. If there is any corresponding Publication Department in the other camp they would do well to get their batteries into position and try to silence it.

That the Wonderfully Winsome Wicked Wily Woman who is the Leading Lady in WINIFRED GRAHAM'S excitingly dramatic novel entitled *The Beautiful Mrs. Leach* (WARD, LOCK & Co.)

should be suddenly delivered up, all alive O, to Justice, and should entirely disappear from the scene, is decidedly hard upon the seasoned reader of sensational fiction, who will already have experienced a sneaking kindness for the dazzling demon or fascinating fiend (whichever you like, my little dear), the hardened heroine of this mysterious melodrama. This is bad enough, but that the insipid, say-nothing-to-nobody, meek-and-mild, bread-and-butter Miss, the second walking lady in so sensational a story, should be allowed to hold out to the end and come up fresh, smiling, happy, glorious and victorious, posing in the last chapter as the Bold Baronet's Bride,—having, mind you, done nothing whatever to deserve so great a reward (for it means money, lands, title, and position)—is a literary misdeed only pardonable as a first offence on no account to be repeated "in her next." As to the story of the *Beautiful Mrs. Leach*, it is interesting, exciting, well told, and, as possessing these qualities, the Baron recommends it. The scene with the terrible telephone or fearful phonophone (which, is not quite clear—though the voice is) would have been rendered less improbable had the speeches of the invisible avengers been considerably abbreviated, more to the point, and less theatrically declamatory. The fascinating enchantress ought to have been supplied with that bottle containing a poisonous pill which she, as quite a young girl, was wont to carry about when taking her share in burglarious enterprises with her elder companions in crime. Thus she would have been freed from the inglorious commonplace of capture by police. But evidently this method of putting an end to the heroine had escaped the novelist's memory at the last and critical moment.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

How FIX HIM?—He was married three times: never divorced: never a widower: his three wives all alive at the same time, but none of them alive to his deception. Is this man a bigamist or a trigamist? Well, perhaps the best description of him would be "Liberal Unionist."



"YOU LOOK VERY BORED, BOBBIE. CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANYTHING TO DO?"

"NO. I WISH I COULD. IF I COULD THINK OF SOMETHING I OUGHT TO DO, AND WASN'T DOING IT, I SHOULD FEEL MUCH BETTER!"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

["Certainly, if the death-rate be taken as a criterion, then London ranks high as a health resort, with its annual range of between sixteen and seventeen per thousand."—*Daily Express*.]

AGAIN you ask me, DAPHNE dear,

As looms in sight our short vacation,
Where shall we bend our steps this year

In quest of annual relaxation,
And find some sweet salubrious breeze,
Free from all taint of dire disease.

Then health reports by scores I scan,
Statistics of each spot comparing—
Wales, Margate, Aix, the Isle of Man—
Before upon our journey faring,
And through the catalogue I run,
But to reject them, one by one.

Till, DAPHNE, but one place remains
(Since some defect mars all the rest of
them),

Where ever low the death-rate reigns,
One health resort, by far the best of
them;

Yes, search the whole world, far and near,
You'll find no place like London, dear.

Then still in London, DAPHNE, stay,
Where no unwholesome ills alarm you,
Let its perfections, day by day,
In health and vigour hold and charm you;
While I, alas! at Duty's call
Must go to Paris after all.

OPERATIC NOTES..

Saturday, June 23.—Now ancient operatic history. But it can't be helped. Exigences of press, printing and publication. As sung the ancient songster,

"Things isn't now
As they used to was
In my old uncle's time."

Suffice it, then, to say that T.R.H. Prince and Princess of WALES, so constant to the opera this season, were again present, that the house was full, and everyone generally pleased with Wagnerian *Walküre*, and specially delighted with Herr VAN ROOY as Wotan, "Who," sings the Hibernian poet, "is the broth of a Boy."

Monday, 25.—*Das Rheingold*. "First performance of the Second Cycle." All Cyclists present. SUSAN STRONG, as *Freia*, a tower of strength, and *Erda* in splendid voice. Praise due to Stage Manager, whoever he may be, for scenic effects in Act 1 of the Three Nymphs, represented by the Fräuleins HIESER and OLITZKA, and one Madame, yeleft SOBRINO, Watchers of the Waterburied treasures, each one was a *diva*, and each part went swimmingly. Herr VAN ROOY again excelling as Wotan, and all the others combined to "give satisfaction."

Tuesday, June 26.—*Die Walküre*. Encore Wotan. Wot an encore! It is VAN ROOY as Wotan that does it. Likewise Fräulein TERNINA as *Sieglinde*, who vocally and histrionically is perfection. Fräulein GULBRANSON as *Brünnhilde* comes next, and Fräulein EDYTH WALKER of *Die Walküre* as *Rossweisse* "very nice." Royalties present: first-rate house. If the War has "cast a gloom" over society, it is not visible on the faces of either the operatic patrons nor on those who crowd the restaurants and hotels where supper parties do mostly congregate. Madame CALVÉ commandeered to Windsor for Calvé-lleria.

Wednesday, June 27.—Herr SLEZAK as *Siegfried*. His Slez-

aking all that could be desired. Herr BREUER as *Mime* (with out the "Panto," which Wagnerian properties supply), and Herr FRIEDRICHS as *Alberich*, both as good as anyone, not exorbitant in demands, could wish. Herr BERTRAM as *Der Wanderer* rather dull, but this, may be, is not to be wandered at when you come to think how hard it must be on "BERTRAM" to separate him from "ROBERTS." Wrench SPIERS from POND, tear FORTNUM from MASON, divorce IND from COOPE, and would any one of these compulsorily separated ones be in so lively a humour as to be able to divert an audience in any operatic character, let alone that of *Der Wanderer*? Miss EDYTH (why with a "y"?) WALKER (why not WALKYR?) as *Erda* "not so good," WAGSTAFFE says, "as when last he 'eard 'er." But all put right, and H.R.H. the Princess of WALES, with Princess BEATRICE of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, evidently greatly delighted with the splendid *Brünnhilde* of Frau GULBRANSON, who raised our spirits, and brought down the house. Finally, everyone not present, but interested in Wagnerian Opera, will be delighted to hear that to find a better "*Stimme des Waldvogels*" (pretty this, isn't it?) than Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF, would be a task not positively simple. Then, as RICHARD THE RHYMER writes,

"To end with a grand
Satisfactory tottle,
Give praise to the Band
Sub-Conductö're MORTL."

Thursday 28.—*Lohengrin*. JEAN DE RESZKE, announced to play *Lohengrin*, didn't. He was not well enough, and so Herr DIPPEL did it for him. Now, however good the DIPPEL may be, and good he was, he is *pas de Reszke*. ("Is he?" inquires the apparently innocent WAGSTAFF. "Dear me! I didn't know he was so old as to be *pa' de Reszke*. Turn him out! *A bas WAGSTAFF!*") Frau GADSKI powerfully dramatic as *Elsa*, and that she sings divinely goes without saying.



A LITTLE HUSBANDRY AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

Portly Widow. "Now, SIR THEOPHILUS, YOUR CANDID OPINION. WHICH DO YOU CONSIDER THE MOST CHARMING—ER—PRODUCTION HERE TO-DAY?"
Sir Theophilus (fixing his glass). "MY DEAR MADAM, CAN YOU DOUBT?"

The Prince not present, nor Princess: Herr MOTIL and his merry men in the orchestra, especially those representing "the wind," very naturally looked up ever and anon to the Royal Box, where sat the Chief of all the Fifes. The house was crammed, which in itself is sufficient proof that DE RESZKES, or only one DE RESZKE (namely EDWARD "of that ilk," playing and singing the part of *Heinrich der Vogler*, as only he can play and sing it; but he may *vogle* as much as he likes, he can't get t' other singing bird out of his nest), or even with no DE RESZKES at all, this Opera's the thing wherewith to catch the custom of the M. P., or Musical Public. Congratulations generally to the Opera Sing-dicate.

Friday.—Grand Wagner Night. *Götterdämmerung* commenced 6.30, timed to conclude at 11.40. Ahem! Gave stall to dear friend. Haven't seen or heard of him since. Have I lost dear friend?

KENTISH AND IRISH COMPLAINT.

SIR,—I can't do much in readin' and spellin' line, so get thi^s writ for me. I'm reether annoyed. Here's the KAYDEEVY with party at Windsor, with CHAFFIT Bey (an amoosin' chap this must be) and AZ-IZ IZ-IT Bey (a sort of answer and question gent), KORTSKY Bey (a very fine fellow, I should say) and YAWER Bey (rather a lardy-dardy sort, eh?), all forriners, and not a single other Bey, English or Irish, to meet his Highness! I ain't aware as either Morecambe Bey or Dublin Bey is a-writin' to you to purtest, but it's another grievance to Ireland, as it is a slight upon your well-known loyal old Kentish friend,

PEGWILL BEY.

P.S.—Down goes the price of shrimps.

CHORUS OF GENTLEMEN.

["Of course, no gentleman wears the same collar two days running."
The Gem.]

We trace our devious ways through life by many varied courses,
 For some of us exist by cards and some by means of horses,
 And some of us have figured in illustrious divorces,
 And never pay our bills—but then

Though tradesmen grow importunate, though vulgar duns be dunning,
 Though Scotland Yard be watching us with all its wicked cunning,
 We'd never dream of putting on a collar two days running—
 All of us are gentlemen.

The pious prudes may prate to us of virtue and of morals,
 As if we were mere infants who were chewing at our corals,
 And talk about the wickedness of matrimonial quarrels,
 Gambling, debts and such—but when

You look into their linen you will find that while they're shunning,
 According to their own accounts, all kinds of crime and cunning,
 They wear their collars regularly two or three days running—
 None of them are gentlemen.

AND AFTER?—When the war is over it has been wisely suggested that our soldiers should be encouraged to turn their swords into reaping hooks, and become proprietors of farms and lands in the Transvaal, let to them at merely nominal rents. It is to be hoped that a large number of our TOMMIES will become speculators in such property, and invest largely in South African Plough-Shares.

SIC ITUR AVERNO.

["The Government refused to grant special facilities for passing the Bill for the prevention of the sale of intoxicating liquors to young children." *Daily Paper.*]

Oh, whither are you toddling,
Little man, little man,
Oh, whither are you toddling
With your can?
By your haste and looks intent
On some errand you are sent;
'Tis on business you are bent,
Little man.

Scarce a twelvemonth since to toddle,
Little man, little man,
Scarce a twelvemonth since to toddle
You began;
You are three, perhaps—not more,
Yet you've often been before
To the jug and bottle door,
Little man.

True, babies had their bottles,
Little man, little man,
True, babies had their bottles
Ere they ran;
But the bottles that you know
Do not very often flow
With mere milk and water—no,
Little man.

You are learning many lessons,
Little man, little man,
You are learning many lessons
With your can,
And the Government—the friend
Of the brewers—don't intend
They should prematurely end,
Little man.

A REAL TREAT.

THE summer weather was no sooner upon us than I made an appeal to my wealthier parishioners for funds to provide a school and choir treat. As a Curate of nearly a year's standing, I flatter myself myself that I am rather an authority on the subject of school treats. I seem to have a natural gift for organising everything, and people are always saying nice things of my powers in this direction. So kind of them. Having raised the necessary funds, I arranged for a certain number of third-class carriages to be reserved for our party, and a beautiful (oh, so balmy!) morning, saw us all assembled on the platform of Brixanmortar Station. The party was in charge of the Head Mistress of our Voluntary Schools—oh, such nice schools!—and the two pupil teachers—such dear creatures!—and I was in supreme command of all. Well, we got out into the country—charming place called Fallowfields—just about 10 o'clock, and although the dear children had made rather a noise coming along, and had been somewhat rough in their pretty horse-play (one old gentleman, who got into my carriage by mistake, was re-

moved in convulsions by the guard at the next station—so silly of him!). Yet we all derived a certain measure of enjoyment from witnessing others' happiness. Yes, it was so, although I could have wished, personally, that happiness and ear-splitting yells had not been interchangeable terms with them—dear things!—and when we arrived at the scene of our day's enjoyment, Miss ROSE DEW, the junior mistress, assisted me—oh, so kindly!—to start a cricket match, and running races, and oh, so many things. Such fun and frolic as you never knew.

I have always considered Miss ROSE DEW—charming name, so sweet, so fragrant, so poetic!—an attractive personality, and have even approved of her method of teaching, on more than one occasion, in the schools; but, really, this day she surpassed herself. The dear good creature had brought her bicycle, and



after riding it from the station, she—so silly of her!—persuaded me to try it, and I really got on very well until I fell off. After this she actually challenged me to join with her in a game of rounders! So pastoral! I consented, and for an hour or more we gave ourselves up to—amusing the little ones. And, judging by their hearty and somewhat boisterous laughter at our capers, I think we succeeded.

The day was full of incident, for we were twice ordered off the field for trespass, then warned by a constable—such a stolid, unfeeling creature—that if our "noise" continued we should certainly kill an invalid lady, living within half a mile of the scene of our simple sports, and finally, having adjusted the quarrels and pacified the would-be combatants in seven different projected fights amongst our little friends, we packed up the remains of our hampers, threw away the empty ginger-beer bottles all over the field (an act which, I afterwards heard,

greatly annoyed the owner—selfish man!) and trudged off on the road to the railway station, so weary, but ah, so happy, after our harmless frolic in the lanes and green fields. One of the boys was deputed to lead Miss DEW's bicycle to the station, whilst she herself walked with me—so flattering!

And then it was that the serpent entered into the garden, the fly—nay more, it was a bluebottle!—into the ointment. For Miss ROSE DEW, half way to the station, made the alarming discovery that she had left her new parasol lying on a grassy bank. I, as in duty bound, offered to return for it. She, dear, sympathetic creature, refused to let me go alone. And so there was nothing for it but that we should both return for the—what I once heard a rude man describe as a "mush." We were tired, and I suppose walked more slowly than we should have done. We reached the field, recovered the naughty parasol—which I insisted upon carrying—and then after a two-minutes' rest, started off to overtake the others.

Let me cut short the rest of this unhappy adventure. When we reached the station the train had gone. And it was the last train!

Oh, the long-drawn agony of the fateful moment which witnessed the callous utterance of the fustian-clad and evil-smelling porter! Never will it be erased from the tablets of my mind!

"Las' train gone? Yus, took the bloom-in' school treat; that's right. No, there ain't no way o' gettin' to Brixanmortar till termorrer mornin'. Wot yer to do? Why, sleep 'ere I s'pose: there ain't nothink else to do."

And then he whistled—ah, how appropriately—the "Absent-minded Beggar."

I turned to Miss DEW. "This is a horrible situation," I said, as the cold perspiration gathered on my brow. "If you take a bed at the Inn, I will walk into Brixanmortar—that will—that will—er—be better—er—be the best plan."

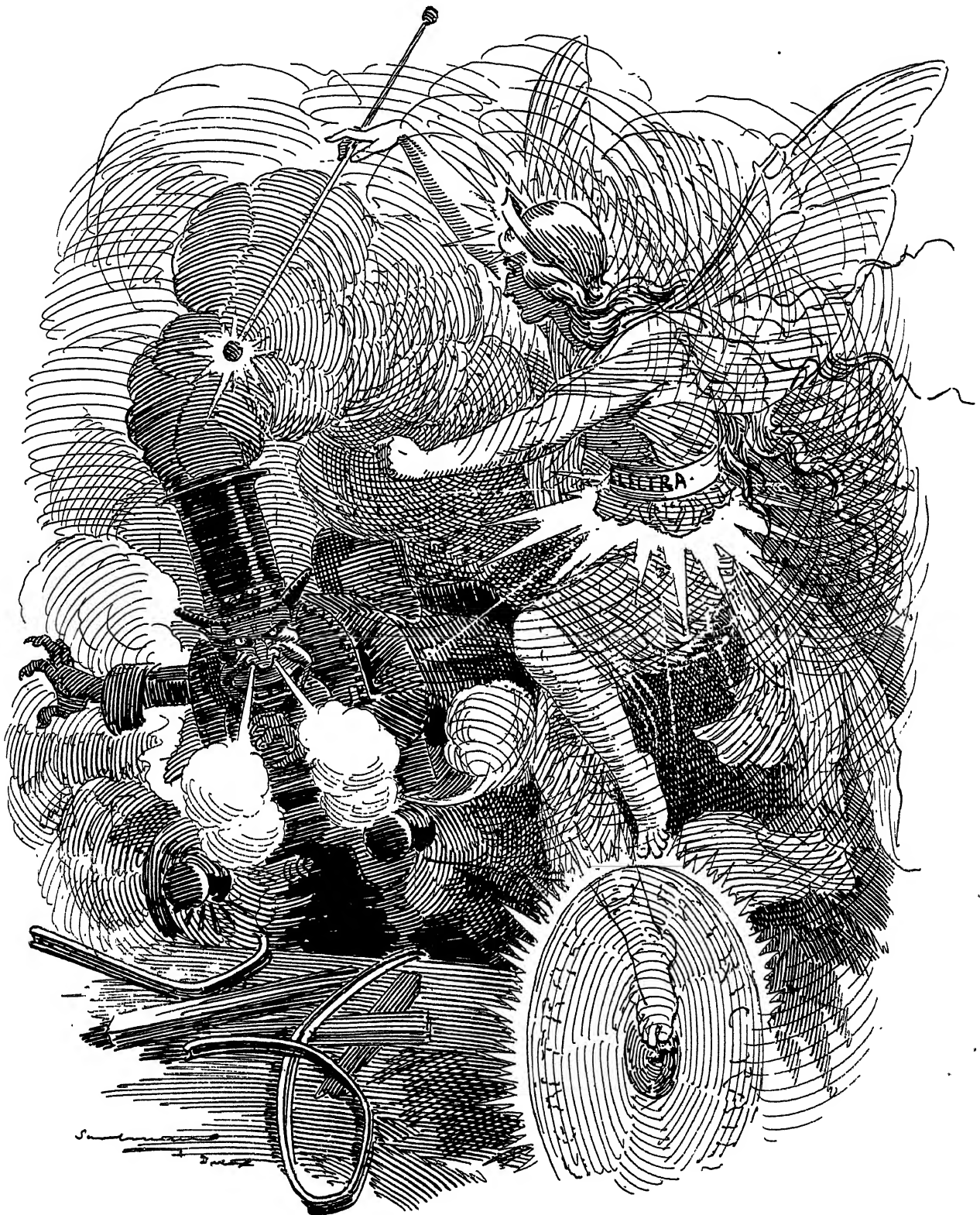
She assented through her tears, and I conducted her to the little hostelry, bade her a farewell, and set out on my lonely walk.

Next morning I arrived, dishevelled, dirty and worn out: arrived—with the milk! But it was all of no use; my nocturnal tramp had been in vain; the busy tongue of scandal, as exemplified in the person of Mrs. MCVIPER, said, "There is but one thing for the Reverend Walter WORMLETTE"—that is my name—"to do. He must marry Miss DEW."

And I—miserable man that I am!—I am engaged to the niece of my Bishop!

F. R.

SCIENTIFIC EXAM.—What is a Spectroscope? Ans. A glass too much by the aid of which you see spectres.



NOTICE TO QUIT.

The Fairy Electra (to Steam Locomotive Underground Demon). "NOW THEY'VE SEEN ME, I FANCY YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED."

[Centre of London Electric Railway opened by H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, Wednesday, June 27.]

THE CIDDY SCORCHER.



IF THE TELEPHONE WERE WORKED BY THE G.P.O.

First Voice. Why can't I speak to my wife? I have given you the number!

Second Voice. I must be hitched on to my stockbroker. It's more than a matter of life and death! When will you see to it?

Third Voice. Can't I tell the meeting, who are waiting for me as their Chairman, that I have missed my train?

Fourth Voice. Will you put me on the Specialist? Pray attend to this at once. Our doctor says the symptoms are most serious. Can't you do it?

Fifth Voice. It is imperative that I should communicate with my leader writer. The news is most startling. When will you let me talk with him?

Sixth Voice. I want to see my lawyer. He must hurry to find me alive. I wish to alter my will. When can you attend to me?

Seventh Voice. Pray, let me speak to EDWIN. I am ANGELINA. Pray, let me tell him that I forgive him before he goes abroad. When can you attend to me?

Eighth Voice. Let ANGELINA know that I am really leaving this time. I am EDWIN. Pray, attend to me.

Voices (in chorus). Pray, attend to me.

Official Voice (after a pause). The Department can do nothing for you. It's against the rules of the service.

THE DINNER-HOUR.

(A Prophecy.)

A WORKMAN was admiring the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Another workman was "doing" Trinity College, Cambridge.

A third artisan was inspecting SHAKESPEARE'S Monument at Stratford-on-Avon.

A fourth was having an interesting time of it at Walmer Castle.

A fifth was at Chatham.

And the last—keeping nearer home—was spending a spare half-hour at Hampton Court.

There was a whistle, and in five minutes everyone was engaged on his London work.

"How was it done?" asked RIP VAN WINKLE, new to modern ideas.

"By electricity," was the prompt reply.

QUACKERY.

[If chicks seek shelter, it will be wet. When ducks bathe and quack, there will be rain: when they are quiet, there will be a thunderstorm.—*Science Siftings.*]

If a man would sift his science
With the requisite appliance,
And would separate the fiction from the fact,

Let him shake a common riddle
Till there's nothing in the middle
But the reason for some ordinary act.

Thus a duck's vociferation,
To the ear of education,
Is portentous with a prophecy of rain;
And the preference of chickens
For a shelter is the dickens
Of an omen to a cultivated brain.

The countenance seraphic
Of the maiden in the *Graphic*
May be eloquent of weather "settled fair,"
But they take umbrellas, chuckling,
Who have marked the downy duckling
Pale and pensive at the thunder in the air.

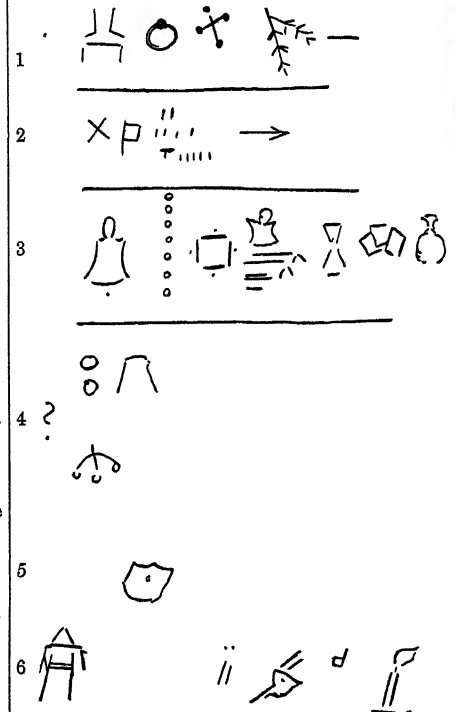
And so Science is uplifted
On the rubbish it has sifted,
While our ignorance, despairing of the knack,
Can but pen a panegyric
On a method so empiric
That it gives a new importance to a quack.

SOME STRANGE NOAH'S-ARKIVES.

(To the Editor, *Punch's* Head Office.)

SIR,—In the *Athenaeum* for June 23 appear some interesting inscriptions, pictographic and hieroglyphic, sent by Mr. ARTHUR J. EVANS from Crete. Gracious Evans! it's very kind of him. To correctly decipher them is far from impossible. I beg to send you, sir, a few specimens of a collection, placed now among my Noah's-Arkyological treasures, never before submitted to the public. I secured these when inspecting the upper part of Mount Araratatat (I'm quite "up to the knocker," you see), which, soon after my visit, as you may be aware, was lost in that great and memorable storm that deprived some of the highest mountains in the world of their tops, and consequently so many hard working mountaineers of their one simple amusement and exercise. Spinning tops being no longer possible for them, they have come down from the hills, to gain a precarious livelihood by telling plain tales, and by the industry of yarn-spinning. A subscription was got up for these simple moun-

taineers in which I had no little share. But though money can do much, yet not all the Lowther Arcades and toy shops of Europe could restore the mountain tops my poor friends had lost. However, 'tis not about *them* I am writing; yet, I may add that if any subscriptions are still due, or if any charitable person wishes to send a few notes, gold or silver, address them to me, and I will answer for their being laid out to the very best advantage. The following form of hieroglyph, probably a kind of Cretan, or Discretan, shorthand diary, will be found most interesting as illustrating the habits and manners of a rather uncertain period.



I subjoin the absolutely correct interpretation, only arrived at by years of most severe study.

1. Chair-ring, cross, branch, line.
2. Ex, p(ress), 245, sharp.
3. Dinner, seven, party of four, coffee, pipes, cigars, cigarettes, gambling, cards, no end of drinking.
4. Cash, all lost (purse upside down empty.) Query? (What to do?) Go to Pop-shop.
5. Re-filled purse.
6. Back, to, wife, de-lighted.

In number 3, the bell, as significant of dinner, is peculiarly ingenious. Also the bottomless wine jar is most suggestive. Yours excavationally,

H. P. DESTRIUN.

And hieroglyphically,



Strandend, Lowther Arcadia.

AN (UNFINISHED) BALLADE OF MID-SUMMER DAY AND NIGHT.

(JUNE 24, 1900.)

(With apologies to Mr. W. E. Henley.)

It's pouring in torrents, it's raining in streams,
 It's drenching the meadows, it's drowning the hay,
 The sun's ashamed of his wintry beams,
 Midsummer Day! Midsummer Day!
 The morning's sombre, the evening's grey,
 The sodden woods are a dismal sight,
 The moon has a pallid, sickly ray,
 Midsummer Night! O Midsummer Night!

The cuckoo in dumb depression dreams
 Of the horrible cold he has had since May,
 On the lawn the draggled peacock screams,
 Midsummer Day! Midsummer Day!
 The squirrels are far too wet to play,
 The barndoor cocks are too wet to fight,
 The barndoor hens are too wet to lay,
 Midsummer Night! Ugh! Midsummer Night!

* * * * *

Envoy.

And it's O! for the poet with nothing to say,
 Midsummer Day! Midsummer Day!
 It's O! for the poet with nothing to write,
 Midsummer Night! Bah! Midsummer Night!
 St. J. H.

THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY.

OUR sprightly contemporary the *Londoner* calls this line "The Twopenny Tube." Why jeer at "Twopenny"? 'Tis the price of the *Londoner* itself.

It is almost worth twopenny to see any absolutely clean building in London. When that building is a railway station, it is the more surprising. If we add that it is a railway station without a single advertisement, it is evidently a marvel.

But this will not last long. So walk up, or rather walk down, or lift down, ladies and gentlemen, and see a station at present without puffs, not even puffs of smoke, where the Society for the Propagation of Encouragement to the checking of the Abuse of Advertising by Private Persons or Others in Public Places, or the Association for Abusing Advertising, or whatever its name is, might be quite happy.

Sixty feet, or more, below the level of the ground, westward from the Bank, one may find these reposeful spots. The air is countrified, for it came by the last train from Shepherd's Bush. The temperature is equable, not only cool in summer, as the upper air so often is, but warm in winter. The station is a glittering tube of spotless white tiles, bearing only one inscription—its name. It is so strange to be able to distinguish the name of a railway station



Stout Party. "Now, BOY, WHY DON'T YOU BE PERLITE, AND GET UP AND GIVE ONE OF THESE YOUNG LADIES A SEAT?"

Cheeky Boy. "NOT ME! WHY DON'T YOU GET UP, AND GIVE THEM BOTH A SEAT?"

anywhere that, at first, passengers will probably not see it at all.

Here is the train, ladies and gentlemen, so please step in. The carriages, made in England, are very comfortable. The seats are divided, and at first sight the space allotted appears rather small. Eighteen inches, or thereabouts, is ample if you are thin, but what if you are plump—nay, more, stout—nay, even more, fat? Why, the company has provided even for you; and you will find transverse seats, in the middle of each carriage, where a DANIEL LAMBERT in a fur coat, with a few parcels at one side and a handbag at the other, could sit comfortably. It is not quite certain that he could get through

the little gangway between the seats, but he might be hauled over the back by the other passengers.

So here's success to the new railway. It will not interfere with existing means of transport; it will relieve them. A bicycle or two less in Oxford Street would never be missed.

H. D. B.

O, LAW!

Judge. Now, Prisoner at the Bar, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?

Convict. Well, my lord, I have been looking through the crime statistics, and I chose my particular transgression to keep the class up to the average!



A QUIANT SUGGESTION.

Miss Ingénue (at her first Polo Match). "HOW TIRED THEY MUST GET OF JUST GALLOPING ABOUT AFTER THAT SILLY BALL! COULDN'T THEY HAVE SOME FENCES ACROSS THE GROUND TO JUMP OVER?"

MODERN ROMANCE OF THE ROAD.

"It is said that the perpetrators of a recent burglary got clear away with their booty by the help of an automobile. At this rate we may expect to be attacked, ere long, by automobilist highwaymen."—*Paris Correspondent of Daily Paper.*

It was midnight. The wind howled drearily over the lonely heath; the moon shone fitfully through the driving clouds. By its gleam an observer might have noted a solitary automobile painfully jolting along the rough road that lay across the common. Its speed, as carefully noted by an intelligent constable half-an-hour earlier, was 41.275 miles an hour. To the ordinary observer it would appear somewhat less. Two figures might have been descried on the machine; the one the gallant HUBERT DE FITZTOMPKYNS, the other, Lady CLARABELLA, his young and lovely bride. CLARABELLA shivered, and drew her sables more closely around her. "I am frightened," she murmured.

"It is so dark and cold, HUBERT, and this is a well-known place for highwaymen! Suppose we should be attacked?"

"Pooh!" replied her husband, deftly manipulating the il-can. "Who should attack us when 'tis common talk that you pawned your diamonds a month ago? Besides, we have a swivel-mounted Maxim on our machine. Ill would it fare with the rogue who—Heavens! what was that?"

From the far distance sounded a weird, unearthly noise, growing clearer and louder even as HUBERT and his wife listened. It was the whistle of another automobile!

In a moment HUBERT had turned on the acetylene search-light, and gazed with straining eyes down the road behind him. Then he turned to his wife. "'Tis CUTTHROAT giving us chase," he said simply. "Pass the cordite cartridges, please."

Lady CLARABELLA grew deathly pale.

"I don't know where they are!" she gasped. "I think—I think I must have left them on my dressing-table."

"Then we are lost. CUTTHROAT is mounted on his bonny Black Jet, which covers a mile a minute—and he is the most blood-thirsty ruffian on the road. Shut off steam, CLARABELLA! We can but yield."

"Never!" cried his wife. "Here, give me the lever; we are nearly at the top of this tremendously steep hill—we will foil him yet!"

HUBERT was too much astonished to speak. By terrific efforts the gallant automobile arrived at the summit, when CLARABELLA applied the brake. Then she gazed down the narrow road behind her. "Take the starting-lever, HUBERT," she said, "and do as I tell you."

Ever louder sounded the clatter of their pursuer's machine; at last its head-light showed in the distance, as with greatly diminished speed it began to climb the hill.

"Now!" shrieked CLARABELLA. "Full speed astern, HUBERT! Let her go!"

The automobile went backwards down the hill like a flash of lighting. CUTTHROAT had barely time to realise what was happening before it was upon him. Too late he tried to steer Black Jet out of the way. There was a yell, a sound of crashing steel, a cloud of steam. When it cleared away, it revealed HUBERT and CLARABELLA still seated on their machine, which was only slightly damaged, while CUTTHROAT and Black Jet were knocked into countless atoms! A. C. D.

ICONOCLASM.

"A member of the Scottish Archæological Society declares that OMAR KHAYYAM is a myth and the *Rubáiyat* an unblushing forgery." *Daily Chronicle.*

AWAKE! for ruthless Science puts to flight FITZGERALD'S fame and OMAR'S, in despite

Of fashionable fad, and bids us look Upon the Master in another light.

"Whether at Naishapur or Babylon"—Since nought is stable underneath the sun—Still one by one explodes another myth, And idols keep on falling one by one.

Alike to those the banquet who prepare, And those outsiders in the craze who share,

An expert from the north of Britain cries: Fools! OMAR KHAYYAM'S neither here nor there.

And as for those *Rubáiyat* that you laud, The cult whereof your club proclaims abroad,

Ah! leave them to oblivion, for they Are an unblushing Oriental fraud.

Then cease to wrangle over text and version,

Silence vain iteration and assertion,

And cultivate a philosophic doubt If ever there existed such a Persian.



Cheap Jack. "I WILL MAKE A PRESENT OF THIS GENUINE GOLD WATCH—NONE OF YOUR CARROTS—TO HENNY LADY OR GENTLEMAN FOR FIFTEEN SHILLINGS AN' SIXPENCE. WHY AM I DOIN' THIS? TO ENCOURAGE TRADE, THAT IS WHY I AM GIVIN' IT AWAY FOR FOURTEEN SHILLINGS AN' SIXPENCE. LOOK AT IT FOR YOURSELVES, FOR FOURTEEN SHILLINGS! IF YER DON'T BELIEVE IT'S GOLD, JUMP ON IT!"

FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

SIR,—Seeing a paragraph in the *Times*, the contents of which I hadn't time to read, headed "Property Market," I wrote, Sir, to inquire whether this is an Emporium of Properties where any theatrical manager or property master can obtain good goods cheap at market prices? If so, where? When?

Yours, as ever, VINCENT CRUMMLES (V.C.).

P.S.—Wasn't there a talk quite recently as to "Shall Crummles have a statue? Of course, I am the last person to hear of it or to offer an opinion.

A BIT OF FRIENDLY ADVICE TO THE NEW PALACE STEAMER CO.—*La Marguerite* is a first-rate boat, excellently well found and fitted, and calculated to do a first-rate trip most enjoyably, if there be aboard first-rate company. But should "quantity" not "quality" be the rule, then let the more-or-less fastidious travellers, such ladies and gentlemen as may be desirous of enjoying themselves quietly, be careful to inquire when the fewest "ARRY'S and 'ARRIETS," *et hoc genus omne*, are likely to patronise this vessel. Might it not be advantageous to do a few trips at raised prices? Otherwise, for the quiet and sensitive minority, able to pay for their pleasure and comfort, the ordinary trip with the very ordinary trippers may be rather "a trial trip" than otherwise.

CHINESE LI-EROGLYPHICS.—It is clearly unsafe to place absolute confidence in any news wired from China, under the signature of "Li." There are so many "Li's" about, and to no "Foreign Devil" is to be attributed their paternity. Who is it that gives us the "Li" so frequently? We don't know, but he should have his name changed or added to, and be "Li Hung."

A SUGGESTION.—MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR, on Thursday night, intimated that the papers *à propos* of Lord ROBERTS, Lord LANDSDOWNE, Mr. BURDETT-COUTTS, and the sick of S. Africa (who isn't among the "Sick of S. Africa!"), would be in the hands of the Members within a very few hours. Owing, however, to what the *Times* happily describes as "a complicated system of red-tape which surrounds the Stationery Office, the War Office was unable to rise to the emergency." Consequently, the papers weren't there. Would it not be an opportune moment for changing the spelling of the name of this Government Department, and let it be, until there is a marked improvement, "*The Stationary Office*?"

QUERY FOR THE SPHINX.—You've known a lot of Pashas or Pachas in your time, Ibrahims and Ismails. Did you ever come across Blackmail Pasha?

For the great S, hinx
Nor nods Nor winks,
But only thinks.

Naturally, the Pasha made no impression on you, my Sphinx, personally.

A NOTE.—But—"that's another story." This sentence, as a break in sentences, so frequently quoted now-a-days as typical of Mr. KIPLING'S style, is to be found in STERNE'S *Tristram Shandy*, and was intended to prevent one of the many digressions that interrupted *Corporal Trim* when reading aloud the sermon, ch. xvii. As a quotation, let it have a rest, with "the Man in the Street."

THE Boer General who ought to know how to make provision for a rainy day:—"DE WET."



Edward Partridge & Co.

Winnie. "DICK, WHY DO THEY PUT G.C.B. AFTER LORD ROBERTS'S NAME?"

Dick. "OH, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT? THAT MEANS 'GENERALLY CALLED BOBS.'"

HINTS FOR HENLEY.

(For the use of Visitors. Male and Female.)

TAKE an umbrella to keep off the rain—unopened.

Beware of encouraging burnt cork minstrels, or incurring their resentment.

Remember, it is not every house-boat that is sufficiently hospitable to afford lunch.

After all, a travel down from town in the train is better than the discomforts of dawn on the river in a house-boat.

Six hours of enforced company is a strong order for the best of friends, sometimes leading to incipient enmity.

A canoe for two is a pleasant distraction if the man is equal to keeping from an upset in the water.

Flirting is a not unpleasant accompani-

ment to an *alfresco* lunch with well-iced liquids.

If you really wish to make a favourable impression upon everyone, be cheery, contented, good-natured, and, above all, slightly interested in the racing.

SUMMER SALES.

(By a Victim.)

My wife dislikes the ocean wave,
The slightest breeze will make her quail,
Yet now long voyages she'll brave
In order to go for a sale.

No matter where the bargains lure her,
By present "buy-and-buys" I'm poorer;
The counter skipper keeps on "saling,"
It pours, not rains, when he is hailing
A pirate without shame or fear,
His only aim to command dear.

THE MEMBER FOR KIMBERLEY.

(To the Patron of his Borough.)

CECIL, your cosmic influence, like a star
(Of late, perhaps, a little dim),
Is not confined to lands of which you are
The empire-making eponym.

Rhodesian streams reflect your living form;
Your sculpt Colossus sails the sea;
And in your ample pocket, safe and warm,
Lies the elect of Kimberley.

Time goes his course with regulated foot,
Yet 'tis but five short months or so
Since there were those who boasted they
would put
Our CECIL in a travelling-show.

And here I pace the old familiar pitch,
That held its own when all was blue,
Thanks (as the others said) to KEKEWICH;
Thanks (as I think you said) to you!

Meanwhile, beneath these very self-same
skies

De Beers have made there profits up,
And primed with salmon, pledged your
sombre eyes,
Over the jewelled loving-cup.

A stormy petrel, you have swept the
main;

On London stones a moment stood;
And now are back at serious work again,
After the war's light interlude!

But what a change from those insistent
guns!

From prospects of a public cage!
Of feeding through the bars on burghers'
buns

Seasoned with burghers' badinage!

Me, too—with me has captious Fortune
played

A curiously giddy part,
Dating from when I launched the little
raid

That split my CECIL's apple-cart.

A patriot—roses flung about my feet!

A theme to start the Laureate's lyre!
A name to conjure with about the street,
Or set a titled breast on fire!

And then the quick oblivion of the Town!
And suddenly an unearthed grave;
Red war, and I, a by-word up and down,
Cursed for a solemn fool or knave.

Which terms (though I adopt the former
view)

Fail to impose themselves on me,
Because I chance, just now to be the new
Member-elect for Kimberley!

It seems that I shall strengthen Milner's
hands,

And be a kind of fairy wand;
A moral force in these misguided lands
To bind the loose, and loose the Bond.

O.S.



SWAIN SC.

“RUBBING IT IN!”

JAPAN (addressing the Powers). “DELIGHTED TO JOIN YOU, GENTLEMEN; BUT PERMIT ME TO REMARK THAT IF SOME OF YOU HADN'T INTERFERED WHEN I HAD HIM DOWN, IT WOULD HAVE SAVED ALL THIS TROUBLE!”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 25.—Life is full of illusions. Like another sufferer, long withered from the scene, I never knew a young gazelle, but when I came to know it well, it went and married a market gardener. Now there's HORACE FLUNKETT. If ever there was a high-minded, straight-forward, simple-hearted, unselfish person, he's the man. Comes along COGHILL with the abhorred shears, and slits the mask from his face. For some years FLUNKETT been working out practical scheme of Home Rule for Ireland. No meetings in Committee Room No. 15. No Conventions in Dublin; no interchange of compliments about "gutter-snipes" and the like; no broken heads, and no weekly salaries paid with more or less regularity. Just been getting the Irish farmer to wake up and do business for himself direct with the consumer.

Immense impetus given to agricultural business throughout country. PRINCE ARTHUR, seeing possibilities of extending good work, created Agricultural Department in Ireland, and made HORACE FLUNKETT Vice-President. New Minister nominated T. P. GILL, sometime active member of Parnellite Party, to paid office in Department. COGHILL sees it all at a glance. Another Kilmainham treaty!



The Hon. Member for the Maresnest Division.
Mr. Coghill.

PRINCE ARTHUR, disguised as a Quaker, met one of many leaders of United Irish Party and struck bargain. If HORACE FLUNKETT might quietly take Vice-Presidency of New Department, GILL should be put in as Secretary, or something with

snug salary. COGHILL a good Ministerialist. This more than he can stand. Writes to papers, and blows the gaff—whatever that may be.

Whilst I am still mourning over this broken idol, up gets BUTCHER and straightens things. Quite accidentally puts Question to First Lord of the Treasury "of which I have given him private notice." Reads COGHILL's paragraph in the papers. "Is there," he sternly asks, "any foundation for this suggestion of corrupt bargain between Government and Irish Nationalist?"

As a rule, PRINCE ARTHUR hasn't seen the papers. Moreover, objects to have questions sprung on him without notice. Trowned BASHMEAD-ARLETT just now for making the attempt. Curiously ready for this interrogation.

"There is not a shadow of foundation for the statement," he said emphatically. Irish Members cheered hilariously. COGHILL, the picture of despair.

"BUTCHER-ed," he moaned, "to make an Irish holiday."

Business done.—Housing of the Working Classes Bill passed through Committee.

Tuesday.—Advantage of early military training triumphantly vindicated tonight by BROWN of Wellington, sometime Cornet in Fifth Dragoon Guards. Private Bill dealing with Electric Lighting in Dublin came up on report stage. Cornet BROWN was Chairman of Select Committee dealing with it upstairs. Now supported Bill against onslaught of Irish members, briefed by Dublin Corporation. The Cornet was first discovered on a kopje under shade of gallery below gangway. With many curious contortions of a lengthy body he was understood to deliver a speech, hostile to insistence of Dublin Corporation to be left in undisturbed possession of lighting arrangements of the hapless capital.

Having fired a few rounds of ammunition and sat down, it was understood that his part in the fight was finished. Though still youthful in appearance the Cornet is an old soldier, brim full of strategy. When Debate gone on for half-an-hour and he forgotten, profound sensation created by discovery of the Cornet on a kopje above gangway apologetically wriggling and putting a pom-pom poser to Irish member on other side who was opposing Bill.

Another half-hour sped; no one thinking of the Cornet when JOHN DILLON, on his legs championing the Dublin Corporation, suddenly resumed his seat. Members looking up for explanation discovered the Cornet, this time in a donga below the gangway, wriggling more apologetically than ever, saying something in inaudible voice.

Talk about mobility of the Boer forces, nothing to Cornet BROWN of Wellington Shropshire, when his blood is up. To non-

military men the tactics a little obscure. Usual for a Member to deliver his contributions on current Debate from the seat



"Most offensive these references to 'men of sound common sense'! Lord Roberts ought to know better!!"

(Mr. B-r-d-t-t-C-ts.)

whence he first rose. Cornet BROWN has not studied Magersfontein and the Tugela business for nothing. No frontal attack for him. Hence this rapid manoeuvring, that bewildered the enemy and had something to do with carrying the Bill against powerful Municipal interests leagued against it.

Business done.—Companies Bill and Money-lending Bill read a second time.

Thursday.—Finding time hang heavy on his hands, and wishing to air the latest sartorial triumph of Tralee, Mr. MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAVIN, the other night, took a walk down Victoria Street, terminating at railway station. It being five o'clock Mr. FLAVIN bethought him of taking slight refreshment. There was tea to be had in the adjacent refectory. But tea was fourpence a cup, and Mr. FLAVIN's eye, resting on a penny-in-the-slot machine, discovered the opportunity of obtaining a slab of chocolate for a copper. Disposing of the coin as directed, he pulled the handle. It didn't move. A cloud gathered over his massive brow. His penny had disappeared, and, as he put it in the Question submitted to the Home Secretary to-night, "nothing whatever was had in return."

Still, it might be an accident. The machinery was delicate: unscrupulous boys, rifling their trousers of buttons, might have feloniously tampered with it. Close by stood another machine, bearing the alluring legend "Butter-Scotch." Mr. FLAVIN's lips watered. He didn't

know what butter-scotch was, but it sounded well. "Butter," as he once informed the House of Commons, "is fivepence a pound in North Kerry." Butter-scotch was to be had for a penny.

Mr. FLAVIN produced another coin; dropped it in the slot; clutched the handle; tugged away at it, with same result. Bang had gone twopence, and he had neither chocolate nor butter-scotch! Sense of duty ever present with Mr. FLAVIN; question became one of public concern. Would see thing through, regardless of expense.

Not far off was a weighing machine, financed on the same pernicious principle. Business wholly different; would complete full circle of inquiry. Mr. FLAVIN, with head erect, a dangerous light in his eye, marched up to machine; planted himself firmly on it; fixed his eye on the record; dropped a penny in the slot.



Mr. Flavin and the Penny-swallowing Machines!

The dial returned his fiery glance with stony stare. Nothing stirred but Mr. FLAVIN'S bile.

"Me country," he said, "me bleeding country; for a century the Saxon has wronged ye in the matter of proportional payment of imperial taxes. He has so fixed up the form of tender, that it is toetotally impossible for an Irishman having an oat weighing forty pounds to the bushel to get a look in. Every year he exacts £37,000 from the Corporate towns of Ireland in the shape of quit rents. Now he has set these mantraps in every railway station. Three blessed pennies have I dropped in the slot, and divil a farthing's worth of good have I got. But they'll find that MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAVIN is not to be trifled with."

Returned straightway to House, and put down Question which Home Secretary feebly fenced with to-night.

Business done.—Irish Tithe Rent Charge Bill read a second time.

LOOKING FORWARD.

[An Evening Paper has declared that it is not the ultimate absorption of China by Russia that is to be dreaded, but the ultimate absorption of Russia by China.]

In the year 3,000 A.D., the Great Powers found themselves face to face with great difficulties in the East. The Chinese Empire was again making a determined effort to expel all foreigners from its dominions. Riots had occurred in the Treaty Port of St. Petersburg, and British gun-boats had to patrol the Nev-tsze-kiang or river Neva to protect the lives of the missionaries and traders in that district.

In Mos-kau, the Capital of the Empire, the outlook was even more alarming. The Foreign Legations were said to have been attacked by "Coxers" (a corruption of the old-fashioned "Cossacks"), and there were fears of a general massacre. It is true that the Emperor NI-KO-LAS had issued an edict repressing the "Coxers," and calling upon the Mandarins to exterminate them, but it was known that his Council viewed the disturbances with considerable favour, while his Prime Minister, LIE HANG SHOO was himself a "Coxer."

The position of the Embassies, therefore, was a perilous one in spite of the Foreign Guards, and an expeditionary force consisting of detachments from all the Powers was sent in hot haste from St. Petersburg to their assistance.

Meanwhile, the wildest rumours were in circulation. Mos-kau, as a correspondent of *The Times* hastened to point out, is divided by thick walls into several parts. There is the Chinese City, the Tartar City, the official quarter, and the Pink or Forbidden City, the Krem-lin. The Legations are all situated in the official quarter, but they are commanded by the guns of the Krem-lin. If, therefore, it should be true that the army itself, and especially the foreign drilled troops, was in league with the "Coxers," the worst consequences might ensue.

Nor were things better in the country districts. From the Yellow Sea to the Black Sea, from Port-ar-thur to Ba-tum and the Kri-mir, came reports of rioting. The railways were torn up in all directions by roving bands of "Coxers," and large numbers of native Christians had been murdered. Under these circumstances, energetic action on the part of the Powers could hardly be avoided, and it was even feared that, for any final settlement of the difficulty, a partition of China would be inevitable.

ON HENLEY BRIDGE.

I LOUNGE upon the balustrade—
I'm rather lazy, I'm afraid—

But I note,
Beside the "Lion" lawn that you—
Are calmly waiting for the Crew
Of your boat!

A sweeter little Skipperess
Was ne'er, I honestly confess,
Seen afloat:

But now you doubtless feel irate—
At finding you're compelled to wait—
In your boat!



To hear you talk last night was grand,
Of croquet, conquests, khaki and

Mr. CHOATE:
But now you're silent, glum, and sad,
For where's the Crew—it is too bad!—
Of your boat?

The sun is hot, the wind is fair—
You're wearied out with waiting there;
And you vote

Your Crew disgraceful, and declare
He never more a place shall share
In your boat!

* * *
At last, the Crew!—most grieved no
doubt—

Whom you resolve, with smile and pout,
To promote:
He's now first mate, and, blithe and gay,
I watch you, laughing, drift away—
In your boat!

SUCH THINGS WILL HAPPEN.—Mr. MCTURK, London Correspondent of a certain North Country Journal, is the recipient of a number of letters which, when in open envelopes, Mrs. MCTURK, née MCTINGER, is at liberty to open. Thus it happened that Mrs. MCTINGER-TURK came upon a card whereon was printed, "THE BATH CLUB. Ladies' Night—Press Ticket." Mr. MCTURK had to explain that "it was only an invitation." "Hum!" said Mrs. MCTURK, née MCTINGER, "I consider the invitation as rather too pressing." Mr. MCTURK was not present on that occasion.



REGATTACA FESTA HENLIANA.

(From a rare old Roman Frieze (not) in the British Museum.)

THE MILLENNIUM.

["If the temperance party were backed by a Christian paper, I should hope to see the millennium in a decade."—Rev. Mr. Sheldon.]

I DREAMED a dream. I seemed to dwell
In ages yet to come,
The palmy days of Mr. SHELDON's pet millennium,
When Vice did hide her head and fly
To some dark cave infernal,
And every one did flock to buy
Good Mr. SHELDON's journal.

I purchased, and expectant ope'd.
The Drama is my rage,
And here would be, I fondly hoped,
Some news about the stage;
But when I sought some simple facts
Of *Zazas* and of *Tesses*,
I found instead improving tracts
Of pious Mr. S's.

The Parliamentary report
I next perused; but lo!
There was no word of any sort
From SALISBURY to JOB;
MORLEY was silent, dumb C.-B.,
ARTHUR forgot to rate 'em;
One speech, one only, could I see—
'Twas SAMUEL SMITH'S, verbatim.

In wrath I flung the paper down
And trampled it. Ah, why,
Why did I waste my dusty brown
On tracts and sermons dry?

Have men such nincompoops become
That they can read these pages?
If this be the millennium,
Give me the darkest ages.

FASHIONS FOR BAZAARS.

(From the Note-book of a Male Impressionist.)

How to represent the Army.—Long skirt of gauzy material, parasol tied with tricolour ribands, silk blouse with epaulettes sleeves and a Crimean medal pinned on to a bunch of flowers. High-heeled shoes. Regimental levée scarf worn over the left shoulder. Tiny cocked hat attached to the hair by two long pins and a small silk flag.

How to represent the Navy.—Short skirt decorated with brooch anchors. Garibaldi with naval collar. Bag hanging from waist-belt with silver letters H.M.S. *Coquette*. Hair built up à la Belle of New York surmounted with a small sailor hat decorated with streamers.

How to realize Britannia.—Classical tailor-made gown. *Gants de Suède*, with eighteen buttons. Pastebord helmet. Large Union Jack shield—to be left, in a corner after a quarter of an hour's use. Trident ditto. Fan, powder puff, and long-handled *pince-nez*. And, perhaps, at the end of the day's arduous labours, a tiny Egyptian cigarette.

THE SWORD VERSUS THE LANCET.

(An Echo from the Front.)

"Now, can you tell me something interesting about your regiment?" asked the interviewer.

"Don't call it a regiment, my dear sir," replied the warrior. "We are a corps—a Royal corps—and as such entitled to wear blue facings."

"Of course, you have military rank?"

"I should think so! And why shouldn't we? We can form our men into companies, and teach them to get into fours. If we can do that, why should we not be Colonel, Majors and Captains?"

"Quite so. Will you tell me something about your last engagement?"

"With pleasure. We had a grand time of it. We got into column, and then advanced in echelon from the right."

"I see. But how about the hospital tents—how about the patients?"

"Of course, most interesting cases—but in time of war everybody at the front is a soldier, and must behave as such."

"But, surely a surgeon is a surgeon first, and a soldier afterwards?"

"A false idea, my dear sir, a false idea; England expects every man to do his duty."

"But, surely there are tales about the hospitals not pleasant reading?"

"A detail, my good friend. And—excuse me, 'that's another'—anecdote!"



ONDAY.—Late for breakfast, as I couldn't get new boots on. Left foot absolutely impossible. Shall return them to LAST, and speak to him like a father. Big batch of letters. Complaint from PORKSTON's farm. PORKSTON says my hounds ran over his young wheat on Thursday, and adds that "forty pounds ain't nothin' to do with the damage done." Asks shall he "County Court" me, or will I pay damage? Will see him dam-aged first! Note from Mrs. LITTLEPIG to say that a fox eat five turkeys on Saturday night. Seems large order, this—that fox must have fairish appetite. Shall have to send cheque, I suppose. Letter from Hunt Secretary saying subscriptions don't come in fast—will fall very far short of outgoings, this season. Just my luck. Shall have to supply deficit myself, of course. Sir FUSSINGTON GUNNING writes requesting me not to bring hounds to Cartridge Hall, next Thursday's meet, as he and a few friends will be shooting the coverts. Confound the man! why couldn't he let me know before this? Throw letters into fire, and start for meet. Blowing hard and raining. Have to wait half an hour for Lord GILTEDGE, my biggest subscriber. Draw four coverts blank. GILTEDGE murmurs something about being sick of this pack, and going out, in future, with the West Bottle-shire, my rival. More complaints, verbal, this time, from farmers as to riding over wheat. Begin to hate the sight of wheat. Feel that something must be done, however, to prevent this form of damage, so ride up to man I don't know and order him peremptorily off some young barley he is riding over. Fellow grins, and, with some heat, I repeat order. Fellow then says that he shall ride over the barley as much as he likes. In furious rage, and just about to use violent measures, when he informs me that it is *his* barley. I collapse, and retire hastily. Wind and rain increase. Hat blows off, and Miss CRASHINGTON's horse puts his foot through it. Idiotic schoolboy "larking" over small fence jumps on my best hound. "Go for" him wrathfully, when GILTEDGE bawls out, "He's my nephew!

How can you expect a boy like that to know any better?" Draw three more coverts blank: then chop a fine vixen. Use up whole of English language, and give the order for home. Wet through, and return thoroughly out of humour. Retire to my room, get out of wet things, ring and order hot bath. "Please, Sir, the plumber's been to mend the kitchen range, and he says we sha'n't have no hot water till to-morrow."

Thursday.—Fine day. Meet Copthorn Green, ten miles from here, so must start early. No unpleasant letters. Most extraordinary circumstance. Just mounting my hack, when saddle slips round. Fall flat on back, in mud. Groom says, "Very sorry, Sir, forgot to tighten girths." Draw long breath preparatory to swea—saying things. Suddenly remember I shall be late, so have no time for luxuries. Rush upstairs and change into another "pink" (brand new one), and make fresh start. Canter along smartly, and splash boots all over. New pink horribly uncomfortable, "girths" under arms, also too tight across sto—chest. Confound SNIPSON! if he dares to say I'm growing fat, shall leave him at once. SNIPSON always thinks the man should be made to fit the coat, instead of the coat the man. Arrive Copthorn Green, two minutes past eleven. GILTEDGE, punctual for about the first time in his life, bawls out, "You're pretty late to-day: bad example for a Master to set, hey?" GILTEDGE may be a lord, but is certainly not a gentleman. Ride off and encounter PORKSTON, the ever-querulous one, who begins in doleful tones, "Beg pardon, Sir, but that there barn roof o' mine—" Say, "But surely, my good man, foxes don't eat barn roofs?" "Well, no Sir," he reluctantly admits; "but, you see, it's like this—your 'ounds runned over moy land, and frightened moy cows, and *they* runned out and frightened moy dorg, and he runned out and frightened the cat, and she clomb up the barn and—" Here I hastily adjourned the meeting. Say, "Next time I've whole week to spare, I'll go into this matter: ramifications really too intricate for present solution." Nod to WILL to move off, and draw first covert. Thrash it through for half-an-hour, but no fox there. Move off to next, awfully long trot, and am on execrable hack (though fine hunter). Talk to the pretty Miss FANSHAWE, in succession of gasps—this brute jerks all the breath out of my body. Reminds me of old days in Camel Corps. Camel riding decidedly acquired taste. Miss F. (delightful girl) tells me she loves these pretty lanes and "could ride on, thus, for ever."



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53, Wellington Road, Stoke Newington, April 11th, 1900.

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Mrs. F. ALLEN.

Ladysmith Camp, March 15th, 1900.

DEAR MOTHER,—I cannot write a long letter this time, for I am so busy all day long, but as I promised to write every mail I am doing so. I must tell you that this place is stinking, and the quicker we get out of it the better it will be for us. Out of nine men in our tent there is only me and another that has escaped illness. One man has gone in hospital, and the others are suffering from dysentery. It is terribly weakening and I hope that "LAMPOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE" will arrive in time, for it has proved a splendid thing. I have doctored the men with it, and have only one dose left, so I shall have to trust in Providence if I turn up queer. I have only had about three doses of it myself, for you cannot see others bad and know that you have a remedy in your haversack.—I remain, your loving Son,

(Private Allen, Army Post Office Corps).

(Needless to say a supply has been sent him.)

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Say nothing, but reflect bitterly that about ten minutes more of this sort of jolting would find me with just about strength enough left to fall off. Confound all hunters which are not good hacks, say I. "Isn't it all lovely?" she asks. "Ye-ye-yes," I gasp, "ch-ch-charming!" Hounds rush in to next covert at one end as fox goes out at the other. "Gone away!" I shove my horse into a gallop, grateful that the agonizing trot is done with *pro tem*. Fox goes away over splendid line of country, and for five minutes I thoroughly enjoy myself. What Elysium! a good horse, hounds well settled on the line, nice clean fencing on sound old grass, a— Miss F. calls piteously to me to ask if I should very much mind pulling up, as she has lost her stirrup-iron? Evidently one of those infernal things with a spring, which "goes off" just when you don't want it to. Stop and try to look pleasant. Fail. Hunt after the beastly stirrup, execrating ladies out hunting, stirrup-makers and stirrup losers. Can't find it. Agony! and hounds running like destruction, all the time! Oh, was ever man so cursed, so— Hah! here it is. Slide off horse and dash at it. Miss F.'s brute won't stand to let me fix it. I dodge round and round in pursuit—jam the beast up against tree—ah, I have him now. Miss F., to facilitate matters, throws her knee over pommel, hitting me severely on nose, at same time horse jumps forward, and Miss F. shoots off saddle. Next moment, Miss F. is in my arms and I am on the ground. Situation perfectly awful. Miss F. very red, both of us horribly embarrassed. After delay of at least five more precious minutes, we are both ready for the field again. Miss F. says she will return home—chuckle secretly, as now I can go my hardest to catch hounds again. Ride my horse's tail off, for twenty minutes. No sign, nothing to see but the hoof marks in the wet ground. Hope they've checked, but feel they haven't; toil doggedly on after hounds (seems room for joke here—doggedly, and hounds) for half-an-hour longer, then give it up in sheer despair, horse pumped clean out. Sigh and produce cigar. Find I have forgotten to bring lights, so can't even smoke. Start disgustedly for home. Half way back am overtaken by PHIL POUNDWAY, radiantly, gloriously, idiotically happy. Knew by instinct what he was going to say before he had even opened his lips. "We've had the best run of the season, old chap, the red-letter day! Where did you get to?" Only needed this to complete the measure of my woe. Feel inclined to resign to-morrow and go to Monte Carlo for rest of season.

Friday.—Off day. No hunting. Look over my letters. PORKSTON, like the poor, is ever with us—writes that he has seen his "Selliſiter," who advises him to "County Court" me for damages. Note from JERKER, J.P., of Suddenjump Park, warning me from bringing hounds on to his land—the idiot hasn't got fifty acres altogether, and every bit that's wired. Kennelman comes in to say he's afraid dumb madness has broken out; at least three cases he "doan't loike the look of, at all." Sigh, and say I will come and see them on my way to stables—visit stables. PERKS, the studgroom, meets me. "All well?" I say cheerfully, but with somewhat sinking heart. "Yessir, yessir, quite well, Sir." Breathe freely again. "Leastways, there's the brown 'oss you was on yesterday, Sir, he ain't very grand"—heart sinks into my boots—"s'pose you 'ad to ride him very 'ard, Sir? He's terrible tucked up this mornin', Sir. Ain't looked at his grub ever since he come 'ome, Sir, but I don't think he'll die,"—dismal man, PERKS. "No, Sir, I should think he'd get over it,"—most encouraging, this. "And the grey?" I asked, trembling. "Oh, he's lame, Sir. Off 'ind leg—very lame, 'e is, leg's as big as 'is 'ead; 'owever, we must 'ope for the best. S'pose you'll be buyin' another couple to take their places, Sir? That new young 'oss, Sir, I've 'ad 'im over 'arf-a-dozen fences but 'e seems to lose 'is balance" (shall lose what's left of mine, if I have to buy many more hunters, I'm thinking!), "'e seems to land on 'is 'ead, as it were, and when you ride him to-morrer, I should look out, Sir, if I was you, that 'e don't come down a

reg'lar buster with you." This sounds cheering, especially as I am so short of horses that I *must* ride him to-morrow. "All right," I say feebly; "I'll ride him for second horse." "Beg pardon, Sir, 'adn't you better ride 'im fust 'oss? You see, Sir, 'e'll probably fall before 'e's got very far, and 'e might damage SHORT" (SHORT is my second horse), "and SHORT's so useful in the stable, and we bein' rather pushed for 'elpers, just now—" I wave him away. Evidently my neck quite secondary consideration in PERKS's eyes. Delightful creature, PERKS; so frank. Say, "And the black for second horse, then." "Oh, the black 'oss, he's in physie, Sir. 'Ad to give 'im a ball, last—" "Well, then, I'll ride Kismet." "Kismet's got a wrung back, Sir." "Then what the d—ickens am I to ride?" I cry, in despair. "Well, Sir, I thought you'd 'ave one o' the Whip's 'osses up from the kennels, Sir, for your second 'oss." "Oh, anything you like," I murmur resignedly; "and remember that the Point to Point races come off next week. For goodness sake, try to let me have something fit to gallop the course, anyhow." "Yessir, certainly, Sir. P'raps you'd like to run the new 'oss? Of course, in a manner o' speakin' 'e's rayther likely to fall on 'is 'ead, but—" "D—ash the new horse!" I cry, exasperated, and flinging myself out of the yard. PERKS seems positively hurt.

Visit kennels. It is *not* dumb madness! Kennelman is an ass. Give him directions how to treat affected hounds, and retire to well-earned luncheon.

Monday.—MARY, Queen of England, commonly reported to have said that "Calais" would be found written on her heart (probably a lie, but no matter). Am perfectly certain "Bicycle" will be found not only on my cardiac arrangements, but plastered all over me, when I die. On road to meet, "scorcher" whizzed past and my young horse shied right into brambly hedge. Just after arriving at covert side, whole cohort of bicyclists came tearing down lane and round corner, right "into the brown" of the equestrians. Awful scene of cursing and confusion. Felt that our mother tongue was hardly able to cope with situation. Tried my hardest, however, on leading bicyclist. Got clear, at length. Casualty list: one "buckled" wheel, three cyclists more or less contused from falls: one horse dead lame from kicking at bicycle, one rider bruised and shaken, from horse suddenly bolting and shooting him over its head. Vast expenditure of wrath and language. Several reputations for "gentleman-like conduct" hopelessly shattered in eyes of fair sex present, by reason of indiscriminate use of swear-words.

Most unlucky in finding foxes. Not until three o'clock in afternoon that second Whip, who had clapped on to down-wind side of covert, holloas a fox away, and, full of joy and sandwiches, we hurry-skurried off, right on the tails of hounds. Over a beautiful post and rails, which took a bit of doing, and "sifted out" many—that ass GILTEDGE amongst them. We raced along, fox in full view. He was a white tagged one, and such a "traveller." Ran like fury for seven or eight minutes, and then—and then, just as he was about to cross the main coach-road, evidently shaping for Worple Earths, five miles distant, and over a glorious grass country, he suddenly stopped and doubled back. What had turned him? How had he been headed? Chased by cur or sheep-dog? Frightened by man at plough, or hedger-and-ditcher? Oh dear, no! None of these. Only a cloud of about thirty bicyclists "scorching" down main road, and looking as pleased with themselves as though they had really done something clever. "What 'o, Mister!" bawls out one, "I see 'im turn back, jest 'ere. Your dogs ain't goin' the right wa-a-y." Felt freezing as I sat there, glaring at him. Then relief came. I froze no longer. On the contrary, I suddenly thawed, and talked to that cyclist. When I had finished, and turned to rejoin the cruelly disappointed field, I overheard the "scorcher's" commentary on my own brief address. "Well, so 'elp me, BILL, I thought I could do a bit in that line myself; but gimme a bloomin' toff for

reely expressin' of 'is feelin's!' Would like to hunt in mountainous district where even ubiquitous "bike" cometh not; and even *there*, I suppose, the unfortunate M. F. H. could be harried by balloons!

Tuesday.—Entries close to-day for Point to Point Steeple-chases, one event for Hunt members and one for farmers. Am giving silver cup in each. Letter from old GROWLHURST, objecting to the course crossing his dirty little two-acre meadow. Must ride over to pacify (and probably bribe) him. Entries satisfactory. Several farmers enter horses for the wrong race, must write to each one, pointing out error. So worrying. Luncheon caterer calls to consult about arrangements and worries me still more. GILTEDGE writes patronizing note, saying that he will only give subscription to race fund on condition that the fence out of the lane is done away with. "The worm will tread upon when turned;" I mean "the tread will worm upon when —" oh confound it! I mean "No" I will not alter any part of the course for GILTEDGE, will see him d— anywhere first! Finish with entries and then walk over the course. Farmer FOODLE accosts me and says he does not approve of racing. Express sorrow and hope that we shall not hurt his feelings by racing on adjoining fields. Looks disappointed, and says he thought we were coming over *his* fields. Evidently that conscientious objection not unconnected with pecuniary compensation. Score off him neatly, when I add, "Of course, as you disapprove of racing, no good to send you luncheon tickets for the day!" Nod, and leave him smiling in very sickly fashion.

Thursday.—Meet at Barnsley cross roads, seven miles off. Nice country, but too near big town to make sure of sport. Arrive punctually, to find enormous crowd of "operatives" on foot, on bicycles, and crammed into those inventions of the Evil One, motor cars. Could run any of these last by scent (paraffine), with ease. Nice, genial souls, these pedestrians. "Ullo, Bill," shouts one; "I jest come darn 'ere to-day, to see these 'ere toffs ride. 'Ope one or two 'll come a buster and break their bloomin' chevys." Bill, *loquitur*, "Yus, 'ope so. Wot's become o' Jim Crackslly?"—"Oh, ain't you 'eard? 'E's got seven stretch for borrowin' of a gent's clock. If one o' these 'ere coves was to git 'urt to-day, me and you might jest run our 'ands over 'im and pick up a bit, eh? Well, any'ow, you stick by me, and we'll foller 'em up close and see if we gets any luck." N.t re-assuring, this. Give order to move on as soon as possible, and try to shake off crowd. Miss FANSHAWE just ahead—ride on, and join her. Miss FANSHAWE very apologetic for having spoiled my gallop last week. Reply that it really didn't matter a bit. What awful Leyds—I mean Lies—one has to tell occasionally! Miss FANSHAWE evidently delighted at hearing this, and says archly, "I'm not sure my stirrup leather won't break again, to-day!" Seize earliest possible opportunity to get away—not going to have another fine run spoiled by that sort of thing, if I can help it!

Draw first cover vainly. Yelling horde of "operatives," bicyclists, and motor-car fiends, enough to drive every self-respecting fox a hundred miles off. Trot on to next cover, and the next, in despair. Success at last! Reynard is at home, and away we go over most delightful country. Am riding what PERKS calls the "new 'oss." Agreeably surprised to find that he does not (as genially predicted) "jump on to 'is 'ead." Twenty minutes without a check—delightful—then, after a bit of cold-scenting work, hit it off again, cross the Faringford Brook which the "new 'oss" jumps beautifully, and on to Cold Horton earths. Really think this the run of the season, and am confident of finishing with a kill. Hounds want blood badly. Then they suddenly throw up their heads, and come to a standstill. GILTEDGE comes up five minutes later, and drawls out, "Awfully sorry, my dear chap, but I met old DIGGORY, and told him not to stop these earths, yesterday, as I really didn't think any fox would be likely to run this way!" I look at GILTEDGE, and speech fails me. Two minutes ago, I had wished

to assist at our fox's obsequies—*now*, I could cheerfully have superintended—someone else's!

Saturday.—The Point to Point day. Naturally, as it is being kept as general holiday, it is blowing hard and raining at frequent intervals. Just my luck! Go over to course early, to superintend tent erecting, bringing up commissariat, etc., etc. Have tent up by 10.15. Wind has it down again by 11. Re-erect tent. Lay out long table in middle, with fine display of hams, tongues, chicken, cold beef and various other delicacies, too numerous for mention. Give finishing touches to table myself, most kindly assisted by Miss FANSHAWE, who has come over on purpose to arrange the flowers. Say, "I really don't know how to thank you enough, Miss FANSHAWE, for your —" Sudden and awful collapse of tent! Miss FANSHAWE and I again in most embarrassing position, amidst struggling crew of waiters, grooms and the local policeman, all writhing together on the ground and half suffocated by folds of canvas. Arms and legs showing in struggling heap. Help from outside at length extricates us, and literally and metaphorically also, we breathe again. Am full of apologies to Miss FANSHAWE. Miss F. again turns ruby red and says she will go back home—seems to be her universal panacea for all the ills of life, this. After desperate strugglings with gale, succeed in establishing tent on firm basis, luncheon wreckage salvaged, and restored to long table. Set waiters to work to pick out bits of broken glass from beef and blanc-manges. Fear we shall be very short of crockery after this general smash. Miss half box of cigars, diligent search brings them to light in lobster salad. Have doubts as to whether either cigars or salad will be improved by their brief association. An hour's work makes things more ship-shape. People begin to arrive. Hurried message sent up from local printer, apologising for absence of race cards; he thought races were for next Saturday, not this, but "would use best endeavours to deliver them by Monday." So useful. GILTEDGE arrives in bad temper and makes himself generally unpleasant, especially about absence of cards. Luncheon tent soon crammed. Lunchers ditto. Bell rings for first contest, I act as starter, the faithful PERKS having ignominiously failed to evolve one sound horse from my much battered stud which I could ride in the race. Eighteen competitors go down to post. Seems much more difficult to get them into anything like a line than I should have thought possible. Drop my flag, at last, and see nothing more of contest. Office of starter rather over-rated. Struggle across to finish, arriving long after horses have passed the post. Most unsatisfactory. However, have to repeat performance for farmers' race. Awful row at start between young MANGOLDS, riding his father's great roman-nosed brown, and BARKINS on a grey. Each declares the other is not qualified, and they appeal to me. Wish they wouldn't, so embarrassing. Suggest compromise; offend both, and then they appeal to rest of competitors. Fear general row, so drop flag at once. All start, except MANGOLDS and BARKINS, who make no attempt to move, but continue quarrelling. They dismount and engage in mortal combat. I leave scene of battle precipitately. Raining harder than ever and course almost under water. Retire to luncheon tent. Meet Miss FANSHAWE's eye. At remembrance of morning episode, she turns scarlet; I turn scarlet. Pass on to table, nothing left to eat except wet sandwich. Overhear remarks in all directions to effect that races have been miserable fiasco. Return home thoroughly disheartened with everything. Wish I had resigned, cares of office and spent season in comparative calm of fighting the Boers.

Fox Russell



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LOOKING over a pile of books, my Baronite was, for two reasons, attracted by *The Prison House*. First it is published by BLACKWOOD, a promising sign. Second, and more irresistible, it purports to be written by JANE JONES. Whether that be a *nom de plume* or a genuine family possession does not lessen the attraction of its grim simplicity. This method of ratiocination may not be defensive on strictly logical principles. It certainly was rewarded by discovery of one of the most powerful novels of the season. It is advertised as the work of a new writer. If that barely describe the fact, JANE JONES was equipped at birth with the art and resources of the most practised novelist. The story is the old familiar one of a man marrying the wrong woman, and finding the right one when it ought to have been too late. But it is freshly and boldly treated. The conclusion, quite unexpected, is not the least masterly bit of workmanship.

We have not so many sporting novelists among us as to be able to allow Mr. FOX RUSSELL, author of *Outriden* (EVERETT & Co.) to stray away from the racecourse and hunting-field into the mysterious paths of Adelphi melodrama, however alluring he may find those paths for himself and however attractive he, following the lead long ago given by FRANK SMEDLEY and CHARLES LEVER, may contrive to make them for his readers. Likewise it is advisable for so thoroughly English a sportsman as Mr. RUSSELL, closely to adhere to the language of his own native land and thus avoid the pitfalls of occasional French. Better far to say that in the opinion of the county "it would not be long ere" a certain fascinating widow married again, than to write "ere the deceased Colonel's place was taken en seconde nocés."

The printer has ordinarily much to answer for, but, as the immortal *Box* remarked to Mrs. Bouncer, that "he did not believe it was the cat," so I am not altogether inclined to attribute "en seconde nocés" to typographical carelessness. In Latin too, "as she wrote," the Baron does not remember

having seen "*persona grâta*" thus printed. Apart from such trifles (which to notice may be hypercritical), Mr. RUSSELL's style in this novel is easy, his characters are clearly defined, and the dramatic situations so thoroughly stimulating as to carry the reader on without a check from a good start to a most satisfactory finish. The scene on the racecourse is capably described, and the excitement as to the race is kept up in masterly style until the very last line of a first-rate chapter. One most original character, to whom the reader must not become too strongly attached, is the General's Chinese manservant. As far as the Baron is aware, this personage here makes his first appearance in English fiction, though, of course, in works of American humour the "Heathen Chinese" is a very old friend. That *Fun Li* (not a happy name) should have been allowed to sneak out of the story, when he had been so amusing and ornamental, is a distinct mistake which the Baron finds it difficult to excuse. The explanation may be that the author is reserving this figure of fun for some future novel. At any rate, it is to be hoped that we shall hear more of *Fun Li* among the "foreign devillee," and that it will not be long ere we have another genuinely humorous sporting novel from the author of *Outriden*.

From the moment when, Nancy buying her hunters, "Black Bess lay back her ears and showed the whites of her restless orbs," the merest tyro in novel reading knows the mare carries with her the destinies of the hero and heroine of *The Thorn Bit* (HUTCHINSON). Before and since WHYTE-MELVILLE, novelists of a certain turn are prone to drag in horses—just as if they were VELASQUEZ. But DOROTHEA CONYERS knows her horse as few who write about them do. Her management of Black Bess is superb in its ease and originality. The first idea in the mind of the shrewd reader is that the mare will throw Nancy, and so bring about reconciliation between the cleverly estranged husband and wife. After awhile, this conclusion being only feigned, the reader cherishes the illusion that DOROTHEA, having invented and carefully trained Black Bess, isn't going to use her at all. That would have been good; but DOROTHEA does something much better, gaining all the effect without conventionality of treatment. The secret wilder mares than Black Bess will not draw from my Baronite. The reader is advised to go to the book, which he, and she, will find full of life and character, including some of the best fox-hunting ever written. Also the pictures of garrison life in an Irish town, across which the man-hunting *Murphy* girls flit, are delightful.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

APUD FLACCUM.

JULIUS, thou hast given oft to Gades
Weather that suits Her Majesty (God bless her !)
Yea, and to Margate—hast thou met in Hades
Thy predecessor ?

Sure at thy entry thou wast there abiding,
Where we had exiled long ago your brother,
Pray, if the sun be dead, and not in hiding,
Make us another !

Fill us with warmth, and energy, and vigour,
Make us forget the horrors of the climate ;
Too long has rain oppressed with equal rigour
Curate and primate.

Julius, June's misconduct was atrocious ;
Be not, like him, for malcontent a target,
Shine hot again from regions Capadocius
Even to Margate.

ON THE RIVER.—Distinguished Foreigner (after inspecting his hotel bill). But, I pledge my sacred honour, Monsieur le propriétaire, dat my name is not KRUGER nor LEYDS !

[Bill not discounted, however.



QUITE IN HIS ELEMENT.

BROWN HAS BEEN ASKED TO DINNER. ALL THE OTHER MEN FAIL TO TURN UP. HE FINDS HIMSELF ALONE AMONG THE LADIES. THE CONVERSATION IS *FALSE FRINGES*!

K. T. A. POEMS.

(Poems to inculcate "*Kindness to Animals*.")

I.—THE PIANO ORGAN-GRINDER.

BENEVOLENCE should be your aim
And all sufficient guide,
Or conscience will not cease to blame
And stir you up inside.

It's very wrong to hurt or kill
The organ-grinding pest,
Who turns his handle with a will,
And does his little best.

He thinks his melodies deserve
Your pence and praise to gain,
And little dreams your every nerve
Is racked with mortal pain.

What though his din might wake the dead!
He stands and sweetly smiles,
And drives a rivet through your head
With most engaging wiles.

For clatter, clatter, clash and bang
His awful organ goes,
But don't you sally forth and hang
The author of your woes.

Don't clutch him blindly by the hair,
Don't blast him with a frown;
Just gently smile, and speak him fair,
And give him half-a-crown. F. E.

VERY (MOUNT) PLEASANT.

WHY were those two seats at Mrs. LEO HUNTER's most carefully thought-out dinner parties vacant?

Why did Mr. M. S. SCRIPT fail to receive his proofs in time to return them corrected for publication in his most important literary paper?

Why did Paterfamilias stay four days longer in Paris, at a ruinous rate of expenditure, than was necessary?

Why did Materfamilias worry herself nearly to death because her youngest son's last received letter said he was not well?

Why did the Bishop use such unclerical language ("Oh dear me!" "Most annoying!" and the like) on failing to hear whether his advice had been taken by the Rural Dean?

Why did the celebrated firm renowned for punctuality fail to execute that important order?

Why did the best dressed man in town keep from the Row in the absence of a parcel from his tailor?

Why was Henley deprived of several "dreams" in the shape of feminine costumes?

Why has there been a season of disap-

pointments, serious inconvenience blessings and (is it deeply regrettable that this should be the case), swearings?

Answer to all the above queries. Because there has been a fine muddle at the General Post Office!

LODORÉ (NEW STYLE).

["One of the visits of the Geologists' Association this year will be to Lodore."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

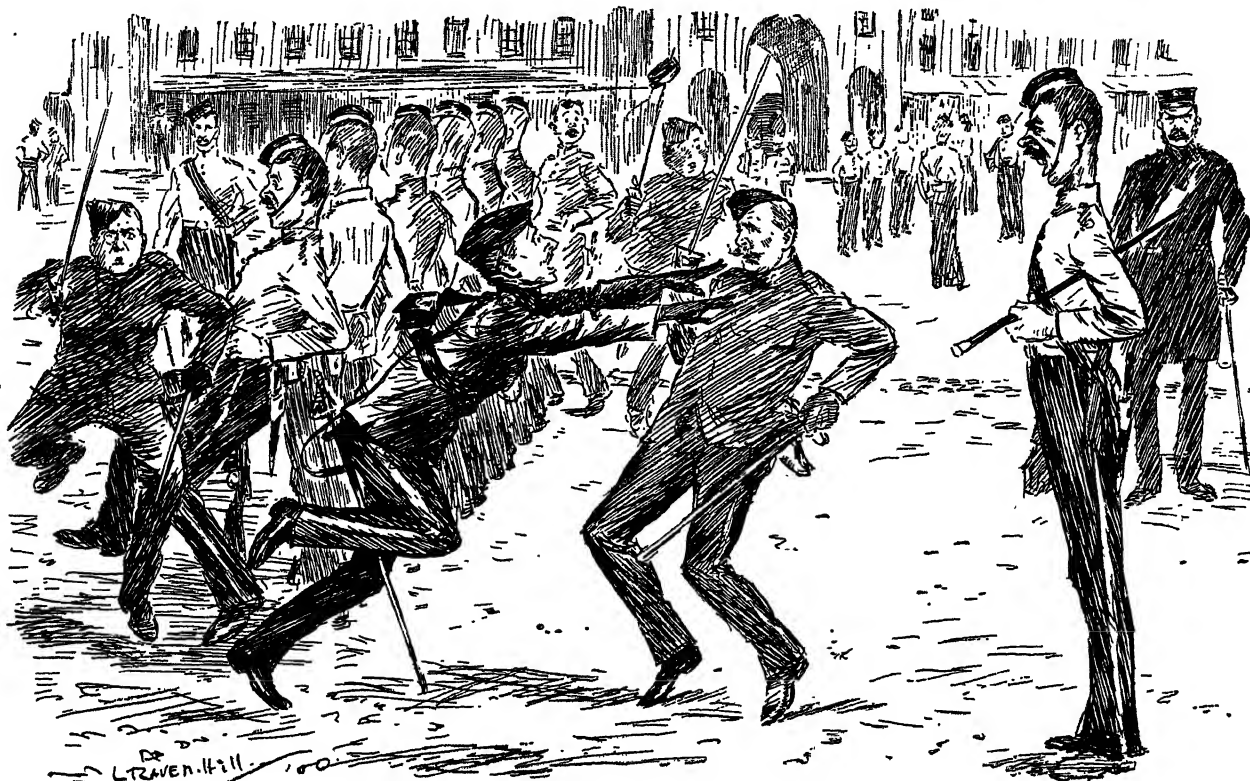
HERE they come chattering,
And there they go battering;
Here chopping and chipping
(Excuse for cheap tripping),
Geologists throng and hurry along.
Now raising a clamour,
Now wielding a hammer,
Lodore's basal braccia they revel among.
Flirting and fitting,
Volcanic rocks splitting;
Spouting and frisking,
Their precious lives risking
With climb and with bound;
Collecting, disjuncting
The stones from the mound.
Tugging and toiling,
And ruthlessly spoiling
Fragments of andesite lying around.
And rocking and shocking,
And skipping and slipping,
And wrangling and jangling,
And shaking and breaking,
And hopping and dropping,
And heaving and cleaving,
And smashing and crashing,
And striving and driving and riving,
And jumbling and rumbling and
tumbling,
And clattering and battering and
shattering,
And prying and trying and spying and
buying,
And meeting and greeting and eating and
treating,
And jamming and cramming and dramming,
and—dashing
(The genuine scientists one in a score),
And that's how geologists go to Lodore.

LORD'S AND COMMONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There used to be a cricket ground known as Lord's, where it was possible to witness the National game. Judging by my experience at the Oxford and Cambridge match, I should suggest that the letters M.C.C. no longer signify Marylebone Cricket Club, but Make Coin Confederation. I suppose just to remind them appropriately of *Tom Bowling*, the Press gang were sent aloft while the balls were flying far below. The B. P. gives the M.C.C. a good many benefits during the season. Isn't it about time that the M.C.C. should give the B.P. the benefit of seeing wickets as well as turnstiles?

Yours indignantly,

INFELIX BATSON.



WAKING UP HER MAJESTY'S FORCES.

Officers' School of Instruction.

Instructor. "AS Y'WARE! NOT A BIT O' GOOD YOUR MOVING IN SLOW TIME, GENTLEMEN, AS IF YOU WERE ASLEEP. OFFICERS MUST TAKE POST IN *DOUBLE TIME*, ON MY WORD OF COMMAND. CHANGE—RENKS!!"

[Tableaux!]

THE BOXER TO THE PRO-BOER.

["I would sooner be a Chinese Boxer than a British Jingo."—*Remark attributed to Sir Wilfrid Lawson.*]

SILENT so long? Does none of you propose
To prove aloud how excellent our case is?
Where, then, is Little England? Where are those
Who hold a standing brief for alien races?
Why couches Honest JOHN beneath the rose?
Why do the Liberal Forwards hide their faces?
Chivalry lies asleep; Oblivion rocks her;
If she discerns no beauty in a Boxer.

A nation "rightly struggling to be free,"
That rose in holy wrath and dared to measure
Its strength against the foes of Liberty
Who came and battered on its buried treasure—
Concessionaires who traffic over sea,
Or speculate at home in bloated leisure—
Behold our pure and single-eyed desire!
What more could LABOUCHERE himself require?

Kindly compare us with your brother-Boer.
Did we not both contrive to drug suspicion,
They with their franchise, we our "open door,"
While steadily compiling ammunition?
Did not Intelligence Departments snore
While Teutons taught us warlike Erudition?
And who devised, for each, this little plant?
They had an Uncle? Well, we had an Aunt!

These various points, with others I could name,
Suggest an incidental similarity:

Our "China for the Chinese," as an aim,
Seems to imply a more essential parity;
But there's a stronger plea by which we claim
Some of your well-known sympathetic charity:—
If hate of England makes the Boer your kin,
Then ope your hearts and let us also in!

Silent so long? Nay, hear! a human cry!
LAWSON, this is indeed a pleasant shock, Sir!
This crystal utterance spouting clear and high,
Like soda-water from a weary rock, Sir!—
"Sooner than be a British Jingo, I
Would far, far rather be a heathen Boxer!"
Well done, dear friend! 'twas very nobly said!
And may Confucius bless you on the head!

PAYING THE PIPER.

LAST week a concert was given by the School Board, the programme consisting of a portion of *Judas Maccabæus*. Lord REAY, who presided, congratulated those present on the fact that all performers were connected in some way with the School Board. As the *ménu* of the music was very successful, it would seem almost ungracious to complain of the choice of *Handel* in preference to other composers. In spite of this consideration, it is obvious that there are a couple of items that ought to be included in the next festival. "Where the money goes" would make a most instructive "part" song, and no concert of the School Board can be entirely appropriate without a setting of the song with the refrain of "Pay, pay, pay!"

OPERATIC NOTES.



Arlequina Pagliacci.

satisfactory, including reports of JEAN DE RESZKE's "health and song."

Tuesday, July 3. Present and Retrospective.—When was my first introduction to *Lucia* after meeting her in Sir WALTER SCOTT's novel? *Ça donne à penser*. Was it at some date when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary? "With my little eye," as the fly says in the nursery rhyme, retrospectively, I seem to see the handsome face and elegant figure of Madame BOSIO distractedly singing—or, stay, was this in *Ernani*? Alas! my first *Lucia*! My first, but not my only *Lucia*! who was your representative, and who subsequently were your representatives? I cannot recall. "For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot!" How familiar is all the music to those who once learnt the airs from some "arrangement for the piano for beginners," by WILLIAM HUTCHINS CATHCART. I can vouch for the christian names; but as to the surname, was it CATHCART? In 1880 I heard it with GRAZIANI and ALBANI and SABATER. But though clearly recalling GRAZIANI, and Mme. ALBANI still with us (how well I remember her *Lucia*!), I cannot for the life of me remember SABATER as *Arturo* alias Lord Arthur Bucklaw, nor, indeed do I recall any SABATER at all. "Such is fame!"

Now it is Madame MELBA who, as the heroine, *prima donna assoluta*, is superlatively splendid. The announcement that MELBA was to be the *Lucia* drew together a crowded house. There sat our music-loving Prince, thoroughly appreciating the performance and welcoming with pleasure the old familiar tunes, for "tunes," the tuniest tunes, they emphatically are. M. SALEZA's *Edgardo* it would be difficult, if not impossible, to beat. MELBA and SALEZA triumphed, duettically, in encores. Once again my memory recalls a good-looking man with heavy black moustache, a green and gold coat, big shiny boots, white gloves, and a profusion of lace about his neck and wrists, playing this part of *Edgar* in English. His living presentment was in all the music-sellers' windows, and do I not remember his rendering of "Fra poco"? Well, that's just the point; do I? I remember the picture (this speaks well for pictorial advertisement), but a speaking likeness doesn't sing, and I doubt if ever I heard SIMS REEVES as *Edgar Ravenswood*. And if I did, who was the *Lucia*? Give it up. At all events, she couldn't have been better than MELBA on this lovely night in July, when at last, thank the Heavens, it is no longer raining as we leave Covent Garden, puzzling ourselves with our bad memories of good things.

Just a glance before retiring into that delightful old translation. Ah, unfortunate *Lucia*!

"He who feels not for her sorrows
In him holds a tiger's heart."

And then *Edgardo*, almost as love-sick a loony as *Lucy*, sings—

"Now pierce my heart—and let my silent corse
Over these nuptial rites preside."

Terrific picture! recalling the story of *Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene*.

"My ghost at your wedding shall sit by your side
Shall tax you with perjury, make you his bride,
And bear you away, IMOGENE!"

But no more at present from yours truly. Long life to the oldest Operas! and may their *libretti*, as translated, be immortal!

Wednesday.—Reappearance of JEAN DE RESZKE announced. Wary old opera-going birds believe only when they see, and venture their own opinions only after hearing those of others. Once "caught by chaff," ever after shy. But JEAN *did* appear, looking all that could be wished, perhaps a trifle more, reminding one of the drapers' advertisement imploring customers to "Try our stout jean." But what of that? The more there is of JEAN DE RESZKE, evidently the more valuable must his services be—if measured by weight. Ah! 'tis the voice, that's the first thing, then the dramatic talent; and as to "appearances"—well, think how uncertain, as a rule, are those of a delicate-throated Meistersinger, and let the lover of music, who may be compelled to be economical in luxuries, act always on the proverb "Don't trust to 'appearances.'" JOHN was not up to the mark. This may sound as if the present writer were about to deliver a divinity lecture: but far be it from him, very far. He goeth not in divinity beyond a Diva, say MELBA, TERNINA, or ZELIE DE LUSSAN, and asketh no more. Sufficient for to-night is the Master Singer thereof. How merry was WAGNER, how he chuckled, how light-hearted he must have been when he wrote this overpoweringly comic opera! (Ahem! with an accent on the "overpoweringly.") Some of the characters, as for instance, *Beckmesser*, played by Herr FRIEDRICHS, are decidedly comic, though perhaps rather more than less farcical; likewise the gratefully heard, but only once seen, *Nightwatchman* of Mr. PRINGLE. VAN ROOY was excellent as *Hans Sachs*, and good was Herr KLOPPER as *Vert Poynd*. Frau GADSKI and Fräulein HIESER, as charming *Eva* and nice nurse *Magdalene*, respectively, were excellent. After the Quartette in Second Act, enthusiastic applause. But 'tis a long drawn out bit of humour, this comic opera, from 7.30 till nearly midnight. WAGNER's Waggeries, undramatic as they are, must be taken seriously, and let us be thankful that he wasn't always in the cyclist vein. Not a word against WAGNER when waggish. As *Hans Sachs* sings:—

"Disparage not the Master's ways
But show respect to Art."

And so say all of us included in a house as crowded as enthusiastic! *Vive Wagner!*

Friday.—Were there within the walls of the Opera House, Covent Garden, a small Theatre, an *imperium in imperio*, as there was, not so very many years ago, in the block known as Her Majesty's Opera House, Haymarket, it might probably have been so arranged as to have been devoted to the performance of small operas, such as *La Bohème*. The Evening Fête scene would necessarily be shorn of its present proportions, and but a third of the Orchestra would be required for *La Bohème* in reduced circumstances. Amusing and interesting little opera; still it is little, though there are some good histrionic opportunities, of which not all at Covent Garden avail themselves. That, with the exception of the duett—in which, a first-rate tenor like Signor LUCIA has the best of it—there is nothing great enough for MELBA is evident. Prince and Princess present, perfectly pleased.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—Q. Why should the German Emperor always do well in deep water? A. Because he never wearies of too much Kiel.

SUITABLE RESORT FOR A BI-METALLIST.—By the Silver Sea.



"POSTE RESTANTE."

"Like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,"—*Hamlet*, Act III., Sc. 4.

Mr. Punch. "NOW THEN, SIR! WAKE UP! THIS SORT OF THING WON'T DO!"



IN THE ROW.

Mr. Noker (a modern millionaire, to noble M.F.H.). "I WANT TO GET HOLD OF A DOZEN OR SO FOXES FOR MY LITTLE PLACE IN CHESHIRE, SIR 'ENERY. DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY TO SELL?"

HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

(July.)

HAVING followed carefully my previous hints, you may now expect (if yours is a sanguine temperament) that your garden will be a vision of beauty. Perhaps you will even aspire to exhibit at the local flower-show, so I will give you some advice on this subject. In order to secure a prize the necessary materials are gum, a box of paints, and a few bottles of dry champagne. It is an important point in show-flowers, I am told, that their petals should be perfectly flat. This can be managed easily enough with the help of the gum. Again, some of your blooms

may seem rather commonplace in colour. By the judicious use of the paint-box you will be able to introduce some interesting new varieties. Even a large green apple can be made quite decorative by the application of a little vermillion. I need hardly mention the use of the champagne. It is meant, of course, for the consumption of the judges, whom you will invite to lunch with you on the day before the show. Should all these precautions fail to win you a prize, you will wander through the tents explaining to everyone that the judges are hopelessly incompetent. All the other unsuccessful exhibitors will agree with you.

If you can't find any suitable flowers in your garden, obtain some fine specimens

from a florist at the other end of the country, and send them to the show labelled "not for competition." Then you will remark in public that you don't care to compete at these little local shows, and your hearers will conclude that you generously wish to give smaller growers a chance of a prize. And if they choose to assume that the flowers marked "not for competition" were grown in your own garden, that isn't your fault.

In order to keep up your reputation, you must be careful what you say when you are being shown round a friend's garden. Never ask the name of a flower; it may be some quite common thing which you ought to know. There is a regular ritual to be observed on such occasions. First, you dig your walking-stick into the soil, and observe: "Ah, a nice useful loam, I see." (This remark applies to almost any soil, so it is quite safe.) Then you may ask whether the wall has a south aspect. "I should cut back those trees a trifle more," is another sentence which is recommended. When your friend takes you to inspect his roses, or grapes, or cucumbers, your expression should indicate tolerant approval. You will contrive to suggest that, while these are all very well in their way, they are vastly inferior to those which you grow in your own garden. It is a good plan to learn up the Latin names of a few common flowers. "Not a bad specimen of *Reseda odorata*," you observe casually, pointing to your friend's mignonette; and he is hugely impressed.

I will conclude with a few cultural notes for the month. (They are carefully modelled on the style of those published from time to time in ladies' journals, and will be found quite as useful.) July is a warm month, but the nights are often colder than the days. All routine work should be attended to, and everything kept in good order. Dead geraniums, pansies, &c., may be removed, for it is improbable that they will continue to grow. Transplant roses, asters, and hollyhocks, either now or within the next eleven months. In certain circumstances, a top-dressing of nitrate of soda and lime—three parts of soda to one of lime—may do more harm than good. Water freely, but not immediately after a heavy thunderstorm. A shrewd old gardener put me up to this wrinkle, and it is worth remembering.

A. C. D.

A VEGETABLE BOS.—A vegetarian journal states that a fungus has been discovered, which, when cooked, cannot be distinguished from roast beef. After this, we shall be on the look out for vegetable marrow bones.

THE REAL MEANING OF THE LETTERS "G. P. O."—Great Procrastination Office.

THE LAMENT OF MAN.

["At the University College, London, the ladies have carried off all the principal prizes in the various faculties."—*Daily Paper*.]

FAREWELL to the dreams that my infancy cherished,

Farewell the ambitions I can but deplore!

Like the glories of Tyre, they have faded and perished!

Like the splendours of Sidon, their place is no more.

I thought to be one of the Empire's creators,

Or fondly I fancied myself in the van

Of the legal profession, a Bishop in gaiters,

A peer in a coronet—I, a mere man!

But, hey! for the dreams that are vanished and fled,

And lack-a-day me for the hopes that are dead!

Exams. I attempted in endless succession,

But failure on failure was all that could be.

What else could I look for when every profession

Was crowded with women? What prospect for me?

Vain, vain my endeavours to cope with mathematics,

'Twas all to no purpose that I would perplex

My brain with Greek, Latin, or problems in statics;

'Twas useless to ape the superior sex.

Ah, hey! for the rack of exam-tortured head,

And lack-a-day me for the hopes that are dead!

Professions were closed to me. How get existed

Mid the fierce competition of feminine churls?

Methought as a Jaggers I might have enlisted,

But even boy messengers have become girls.*

No, nothing was left me, if single I tarried,

But want, destitution, unspeakable woes,

So when my wife asked me to marry, I married,

And now I look after her buttons and hose.

But, hey! for the needle, and ho! for the thread,

And lack-a-day me for the hopes that are dead!

* A Company has been started in Bayswater to supply girl messengers.

"CAUGHT TRIPPING."

As it is not yet vacation time not a single one of our G.P.O., i.e. General Punch's Own, ought to have been "tripping"; still less ought he to have been caught at it. But so it is, and Mr. Punch has only to thank a well-read correspondent for having most politely drawn his attention to a slip of memory on the part of a literary lieutenant in last week's issue, whereby the familiar quotation concerning "two single gentlemen rolled into one" was attributed to SHERIDAN. What was in the writer's mind, among many other things in store, was, of course, Mrs. Malaprop's question, put to *Captain Absolute*, "You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?" And by the same trick of memory the line "Two single Gentlemen rolled into one," an inspiration that came to GEORGE COLMAN (the Younger), poetically, was given, prosaically, to Mrs Malaprop. For the line in question overhaul *Broad Grins*, by aforesaid GEORGE COLMAN, and when found make a note of it. Here it is:—

WILL WADDLE, whose temper was studious and lonely,

Hir'd lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;

But WILL was so fat he appeared like a ton;—

Or like two Single Gentlemen rolled into One.

By the way, as far as versification goes, if the above be taken as a fair specimen, the author of *Bab Ballads* can give GEORGE COLMAN (the Younger—always the Younger) a lot, and then beat him on his own private Pegasus fitted with wings from the Savoy stage.

So, henceforth be it known to all men by these presents that the quotation about "two single gentlemen" being "rolled into one" does not come from SHERIDAN's Mrs. Malaprop, but from COLMAN the Younger's *Broad Grins*. Also note that "Like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once," belongs to SHERIDAN's Mrs. Malaprop.



Tommy. "I WONDER WEDDER DIS 'ERE IS A PLUM OR A BEETLE!"
Bobby. "TASTE IT."

STAGE-COACHING 'EM.

ON May 25, of this year, Mr. BEERBOHM TREE addressed the Oxford Union Debating Society on *The Staging of Shakspeare*, which lecture has been recently published by Mr. COURTNEY, in *The Fortnightly Review* for July. Undoubtedly Mr. TREE scores several points. Undoubtedly he proves that, when there is a stage whereon to represent the plays of SHAKSPEARE, and when there is a public which pays its money in order to see Shakspearian plays done on that stage to their taste, such a public ought to get all it can for its money in the way of scenery and acting, or, of acting and scenery. But "Who deniges of it?" as Mrs. GAMP inquired. Is there anyone so lacking in a sense of proportion as to assert that if I, as one of the public, pay sixpence to a public-provider I am not to get my sixpenny-worth in full?

Much is it to be regretted that we have not at the present moment either such space or time at command as could be utilised in giving our support in the main to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's Thesis. "The Satirical Rogue" asks "whether the severest sticklers for the methods of Elizabethan days would advocate that *Ophelia* should be represented by Mr. THIS and *Desdemona* by Mr. THAT?" Had he said Master instead of Mister, we shakspearianly fancy the junior title would have been the more correct. No matter: our "muse labours, and thus she is delivered":

"*Ophelia—Mister This*"—the cast's not rich—

And "*Desdemona—Mister That*," quite pat,

Or "*This*" or "*That*" *Ophelia* must be—which?

If "*This*" be-witch—Horror!—we can't stand "*That*."

And finally, we are quite in accord with Mr. TREE, thinking and saying that SHAKSPEARE himself was by no manner of means satisfied with the representation of his plays. But, then, what author ever was? Ask BROWN, SMITH, ROBINSON, or even JONES. "Fudge!" quoth the poet, dropping into prose.



WHICH ?

Skittish Young Thing. "OH, MR. DANKS, YOU MUSTN'T REALLY; THESE HORRID SNAP-SHOT THINGS ALWAYS GET JUST MY ONE WEAK POINT!"

IMPROVE EACH SHINING HOUR.

MRS. S. A. BARNETT describes in the *Nineteenth Century* how the children of various schools were examined on their day's outing in the country. Amongst other questions, they were asked: "When sheep get up from lying down, do they rise with their front or hind legs first?"

"Do you think pigs grunt as an expression of pain or pleasure, or both?"

"Have you ever noticed a rabbit wobbling its nose?"

"Why do you think he does it?"

Mr. Punch would like to add a few suggestions:—

1. Does it greatly enhance the enjoyment of your one day in the country to know that you will be examined on what you have seen?

2. Would you rather be a naughty, ignorant little boy, with a healthy appetite

for cake and jam, and similar vanities, or a precocious little prig?

3. Have you noticed that some people are always trying to improve you? Why do you suppose they do it?

4. Do you think bores bore because it gives pleasure to them or pain to you, or both?

5. Wouldn't it be nice to have one day in the year a *real* holiday?

PALL MALL PROPHECY.

1900. Painful incident at Aldershot.

1901. New cap considered on completion of rough sketch.

1902. Competing designs for new cap considered.

1903. Cap selected, but found absolutely useless.

1904. Pause in all things military.

1905. "As you were" at the War Office and Horse Guards.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A PET DOG.

O LEARN, good folks of every sort,
A lesson from my song—
For dogs, indeed, if Life be short,
To men may Art belong!

In fair South Kensington (oh, list!)
There lives a man to-day,
Who is a true philanthropist
In his peculiar way.

He spends his time in paying calls,
His courtesy is such,
Alike at flats and "marble halls"—
And ladies love him much.

One fatal day, a year ago—
So comes the tale to me—
A lady whom he chanced to know
He chanced to "draw" for tea.

He stumbled blindly up the stair
(Having forgot his "specs");
The servant bade him take a chair,
And wait for Mrs. X.

Now in that house a dog was found,
The subject of my song,
A wretched little fluffy hound
About six inches long.

The caller peered around the room,
And spied a cosy seat—
Alas, for little *Fido's* doom!
'Twas *Fido's* pet retreat!

Invisible amongst the fur
That lay upon the chair,
To *Fido* it did not occur
That he would sit down there.

The caller weighed some fifteen stone,
Fido was soft and fat,
One moment, and the deed was done—
He'd squashed poor *Fido* flat.

O horror! Instantly the deed
He sought some means to hide.
How tell poor Mrs. X. that he'd
Committed canicide?

How tear the apple of her eye
Completely from its socket?
He bundled *Fido* artfully
Into his coat-tail pocket.

The lady came and gave him tea,
His talk was bright and gay;
She felt quite sad and dull when he
Departed on his way.

Upon the Underground unseen
He left his guilty load;
He dropped poor *Fido's* corpse between
Earl's Court and Gloucester Road.

* * * * *
The truth the lady does not know—
Nor will she, I aver,
Unless she reads these lines—but, oh,
The difference to her!

The callous caller cheerfully
A moral draws, and it,
In all its grand simplicity,
Is—"Look before you sit!"

OUR CARNIVAL.

I DON'T know whether you could fairly say that our Carnival at Dulwell was a success or not. Anything in aid of the Khaki Fund is sure of a *succès d'estime*, and this was certainly not denied us. Of course, it was not in our favour that a heavy and persistent rain should have fallen throughout the whole march of the procession—nor was it conducive to enthusiasm that no one at the windows of the houses could see anything of it, on account of the torches refusing to light up, in their wet and sodden condition. On the whole, it might have been worse—but not much.

We had our preliminary meeting, to settle the order of march, at the Vicarage. The Mayor was to ride at the head of the *cortège*, attired in Field-Marshal's uniform—being extremely fat, string had to be freely employed in enlarging the lower part of the chest of his red tunic, and as he could not ride we were reluctantly compelled to agree that he should go in a gig. This, to my mind, rather took off from a Field-Marshal's dignity: however, the rest did not think so, and it was so settled. Then Miss GUSHINGTON eagerly volunteered to aid us. Speaking from the back of the crowded room, she exclaimed: "I will go as Godiva—Minerva, I mean!" she added with a shriek. She meant well, but naturally we felt rather—well—embarrassed, and for a minute or two, no one had any further suggestion to offer. Then the Vicar came to the rescue, and kindly said that he would either carry a collecting box, attired in the dress of the "Handy-Man" (he is the most unhandy man, I know), or form one of the procession disguised as Colonel of the New South Wales Lancers. As he could supply his own mount—the white chaise pony—the latter character was finally chosen. Then came offers of soldiers, sailors, ambulance men, hospital nurses, military blacksmiths, the local volunteer fire brigade, and one or two allegorical cars. The meeting broke up very pleased with itself, and we awaited the eventful day in feverish expectancy and busy preparation.

With the hour came the man—I mean the rain. Not the ordinary shower, but a dull, leaden-skied, persistent soaker. Nevertheless, at seven o'clock precisely the Mayor led off (later on, he fell off). The gig's wheels had been draped with union jacks, and unfortunately these got entangled in the spokes, delaying our start for some minutes, during which time the Cape Mounted Infantry (consisting of the Butcher, his two assistants and the Livery Stable keeper) got very restive, and were inclined to be uncivil to the Vicar, whose pony could not be kept from nibbling the tail of the horse immediately



'Arrid. "WOT TOIME HIS THE NEXT TROINE FER 'AMMERSMITH!"

Clerk. "DUE NOW."

'Arrid. "'COURSE OI DAWN'T NOW, STOOPID, OR I WOULDN'T BE HASKIN' YER!"

in front of him. These little matters adjusted, we "processsed." Clowns, Zulus and other fearful wildfowl ran along beside us, with collecting boxes into which the public were supposed to drop money—and did not. As far as I could see, they only jeered. And when the Mounted Infantry not only bid their khaki under cheap mackintoshes, but absolutely hoisted umbrellas, the crowd became positively uproarious in their disapprobation.

Tickling the noses of "the Force" with peacocks' feathers seemed more to the taste of the populace than attending to the collecting boxes, and when, after a fearfully wet tramp of some three hours in the rain and slush, and dark—for, as I have said, the torches wouldn't light up—we got back and counted the money, it was found that the nett result of our labours and sufferings totalled up the somewhat disappointing sum of seven shillings and threepence.



Hotel-keeper (who has let his "Assembly Room" for a Concert). "WELL, SIR, I 'OPE YOU FOUND THE ARRANGEMENTS IN THE 'ALL SATISFACTORY LAST NIGHT?"
Mr. Bawlington. "OH, YES; EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT. THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO OBJECT TO. I FOUND THE ACOUSTICS OF THE BUILDING NOT QUITE—"
Hotel-keeper. "No, SIR; EXCUSE ME. WHAT YOU SMELT WAS THE STABLES NEXT DOOR!"

A CIRCULAR OF THE DOG DAYS.

[ON account of the existence of rabies on the Continent, it is a matter of great importance that dogs from abroad should only be admitted in instances where it has been satisfactorily established that some useful purpose will be served by their admission, or, where otherwise, be separated from their owners for a prolonged period.—Circular of the Board of Agriculture.]

Examination Paper to (follow.)

1. Does your dog wait to receive food until it is told that the comestible is "paid for?"
2. Can your dog walk on its hind legs, stand on its head, or carry the letters from the box to the dining-room without eating them?
3. Does your dog bark at the burglars?
4. Are you sure that on the approach of

house-breakers your dog will not keep fast asleep during their visit, or wake up to play with them?

5. Does your dog whine at the names of KRUGER and WILFRED LAWSON, and wag its tail when you refer to BOBS, CHAMBERLAIN and Lord SALISBURY?

6. After answering the above, can you suggest any other satisfactory establishment of the usefulness of your dog?

7. Please say how long would your dog be separated from its owner were you to leave it on the other side of the Channel?

8. Can you produce a medical certificate to prove that such a separation would be injurious to your health?

9. If your application for the admission of your dog is refused, will you write to the newspapers?

10. If your request is granted, will you undertake to say (and publish in other ways) that you consider the Board of Agriculture the best possible Government Department?

TRAMPS.

[In spite of the demand for recruits, the number of tramps remains undiminished.—Daily Paper.]

WHY does not patriotic fire
 My all too torpid heart inspire
 With irresistible desire
 To seek the tented camp, Sir,
 Where Glory, with her bronze V.C.,
 Waits for the brave, perhaps for me?
 Because I much prefer to be
 A lazy, idle tramp, Sir.

I toil not, neither do I spin.
 For me the laggard days begin
 Hours after all my kith and kin
 Are weary with their labours;
 The heat and burden of the day
 They bear, poor fools, as best they may,
 While I serenely smoke my clay
 And pity my poor neighbours.

When Afric burns the trooper brown,
 By leafy lanes I loiter down
 Through Haslemere to Dorking town,
 Each Surrey nook exploring;
 Or 'neath a Berkshire hay-rick I
 At listless length do love to lie,
 And watch the river stealing by
 Between the hills of Goring.

Why should I change these dear delights
 For toilsome days and sleepless nights,
 And red Bellona's bloody rites
 That bear the devil's stamp, Sir?
 Let others hear the people cry
 "A hero he!"—I care not, I,
 So I may only live and die
 A lazy, idle tramp, Sir.

CRICKET EXTRAORDINARY.

Suggestions due in 1901.

Play to commence at 4 a.m. and to end at midnight.

Should the light fail, the ground to be illuminated by electricity.

When a batsman has been in a quarter of an hour his innings to be declared closed.

An over to consist of eighteen balls, and the change to be effected on wheeled skates.

No luncheon interval to be permitted, and the tea pause to be abolished.

Umpires to be exceedingly particular to give the bowler the benefit of the doubt.

The size of the wickets to be increased by four inches and the bats to be decreased by a quarter of a foot.

The game to be carried through at express rate speed, and no time be allowed for refreshments.

N.B.—By the observance of these rules a first-class match may be brought to a conclusion and a draw avoided.



THE CLOSED DOOR.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, July 2.
—Mr. FLAVIN, recovered from depression into which he was plunged last week by the machination of sinful man in connection with penny-in-the-slot business, came to the front to-night, and posed PRINCE ARTHUR with terrible question. "Is it a fact, that in Austria the franchise law is ten years, while Mr. KRUGER's was five years, and if so?" (here his voice became truly awful in its sternness) "why did we go to war?"

Why, indeed? PRINCE ARTHUR has the tongue of a ready speaker; equal to most occasions. Shrank from confronting this one. Shifted his position uneasily. Sat as mute as harp that once through Tara's the soul of music shed. Members tittered; only a sort of hysterical movement to cover their uneasiness. General opinion is that Mr. FLAVIN had the First Lord of the Treasury there.

Dreadfully dull. Went off to State Concert at Buckingham Palace. Met PHARAOH, who had been dining at Marlborough House.

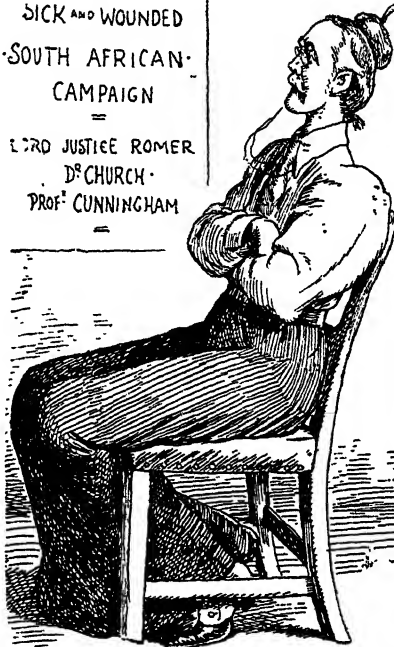
"Thank you, TOBY, yes," he said, when I expressed the hope that he was getting on nicely. "I like your country and your climate. Can't imagine anything more delightful than one of your real June days shut up in a steamer at Port Victoria, and feeling a little seedy. This been another thoroughly enjoyable day; raining incessantly since early morning; stopped indoors all day. Quite exhilarating; would be boisterously happy in this gay scene, only can't help reflecting on my true position. Remember, a year or two ago, one of your Members of Parliament passing through Cairo called to pay his respects. Crossing the Tweed early in the century with a threepenny bit in his pocket, he, by shrewd habits and untiring industry, acquired much wealth. Brought a friend with him to the palace, whose



Misther Doogan, M.P.

COMMISSION
ON
CARE AND TREATMENT
OF
SICK AND WOUNDED
SOUTH AFRICAN
CAMPAIGN
=

LORD JUSTICE ROMER
DR. CHURCH
PROF. CUNNINGHAM



A TROUBLESOME "FOLLOWER"; OR, MISS LEDA BALFOUR IN ONE OF HER TANTRUMS.

"Oh, this insufferable person! I hope it does not show a hard and callous heart, but I have thought nothing of him from beginning to end! He does make me so angry and unladylike!"

name I did not catch. 'Who is he?' I took opportunity of asking. 'He?' said the Hieland gentleman, looking upon his friend with air of proud proprietorship. 'He's the Lord of the Isles, and I have his islands.' Learned afterwards that the possessor of the historic title, wanting a little money, the Hieland gentleman provided it for him in exchange for his patrimony. I, too, am an islandless Lord. I am the KHEDIVE, and you have Egypt."

Business done.—Housing of the Working Classes Bill passed Report stage.

Tuesday.—There are in the popular calendar several well-known days. There is Independence Day, Dominion Day, and, lately added, Mafeking Day. With us this has been DOOGAN'S Day. In private life Mr. DOOGAN tills the land in far Fermanagh. In intervals between hay harvest and corn he comes to Westminster to look after interests of Empire. To-day put up as spokesman of United Irish Party to move rejection of Gas Order Confirmation (No. 2) Bill. Title not informing, nor did Mr. DOOGAN's speech elucidate it. What with intensity of his indignation moving him to munch his words as if they were hay, what with succession of blood-curdling pauses, what with disposition of Members to indulge in private conversation, difficult to follow sinuosities of his argument. Thrilling merely to watch him

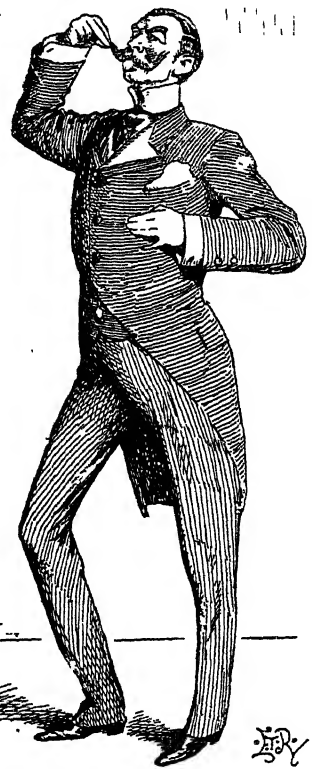
discourse. Had rolled up tight a copy of the Orders into form resembling a *bâton*, without which, held in right hand, no field marshal of the Napoleonic era ever had his portrait painted. This weapon Mr. DOOGAN, when he came to the more impressive portions of his case, threateningly shook at the Speaker.

It seemed, from snatches of discourse caught here and there, that Dungannon is cursed with a grinding monopoly of a Gas Company. Somebody wants to buy it up; handsomely offers cost price. As market value is nearly double that standard, a mean-spirited trading corporation decline the bargain offered.

Mr. DOOGAN's sense of this iniquity was marked by an unusually prolonged pause, during which another gentleman rose under impression that the Member for East Tyrone had concluded his remarks. Far from it.

There was a man somewhere (it was not Mr. DOOGAN) who, in early days, invested £800 in this Gas Company. He is now drawing fifty per cent. "Fifty per cent.!" repeated Mr. DOOGAN, turning round and inadvertently pointing his *bâton* at JOHN BRUNNER, Bart., who never heard of such a thing in his life. Forty per cent. quite good enough for him.

This not to be endured. Gas Order Confirmation (No. 2) Bill had something to do with it. Whether supporting or



undermining it, Mr. DOOGAN did not make clear. No misunderstanding the righteous indignation with which, beating the *bâton* up and down as if it were the flail in use on the farm at Fermanagh, he, after another dramatic pause, said, "I move that this Bill be read a third time this day three months."

Business done. — PRITCHARD MORGAN, believing the Government are failing in their duty in the China crisis, desiring to solve the difficulty by making LI HUNG CHANG Regent, moves adjournment of House. JOSEPH WALTON, wholly differing from him on both points, enthusiastically seconds the motion. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, unexpectedly called upon to make Ministerial statement on peculiarly delicate matter, acquitted himself admirably. An unpretentious affair without note of preparation. One of the best things he has done since he went to the Foreign Office.

Thursday.—It is always painful to contemplate Unrecognised Merit. The pang is the more acute when the point of observation is BURDETT-COUTTS. There is something dumbly pathetic in the way he, whilst he addresses the Speaker, feels the fit of his clothes, especially about the waist. The manner in which he gazes on the gas-lit roof, as if in search of sym-

pathy above the head of Man, dims the eye of the most callous. There were tears in his voice as he told to-night how, sometimes in the serenity of Stratton Street, an on in the baronial home at Holly Lodge, he sat expectant, awaiting the summons from a perturbed Ministry that should call him to their counsels. And here was PRINCE ARTHUR smilingly protesting that, "In constituting the Hospital Commission I honestly admit I never thought of the hon. gentleman rom beginning to end."

In the family circle B. C. is recognised as the most important factor in public life. He is the Man of the Moment. He has stirred the great heart of the people as none have done since our dear BILLY RUSSELL wrote from the Crimea. By his powerful pen he has put in the shade that historic service to the State. It is his show. He is the pivot on which all turns. And a callous Ministry, nominating a Commission of Inquiry, so far from inviting his assistance, utterly ignored him!

SARK remembers attending a funeral in a suburb of Glasgow. Among the mourners was one whom no one seemed to recognise. Yet he was always in the foreground. He stood nearest the grave of the departed;

joined most loudly in the responses; took a seat in the first coach; when the funeral baked meats were served, he ate more boiled ham drank more neat whiskey than any other. The curiosity of his fellow mourners overflowing, one ventured to ask him who he was.

"Mon," he said with fresh access of self-assertiveness, "I'm the brither of the corp."

BURDETT-COUTTS is "the brither of the corp" in the War Hospitals of South Africa, and thinks he should be treated accordingly.

Business done. — Constitution of War Hospital Commission sharply criticised.

Friday.—Went to see PHARAOH off after his enchanting stay with us. "Going on to House of Commons?" he asked. "How's my old friend JOHN AIRD? Sent me a picture the other day; myself drawn by one of your young men. Why is JOHN AIRD worse than your Lord JEFFREY? Give it up? Well, you remember how SYDNEY SMITH testified that he heard JEFFREY speak disrespectfully of the Equator. That bad enough; but JOHN AIRD has damned the Nile."

Not bad that for a KHEDIVE.

Business done.—Scotch Votes in Committee of Supply.

A POLONAISE.

"*Nemo me on pony lacescit.*"

MAD bards, I hear, have gaily trolled
The boundless joys of cricket;
Have praised the bowler and the bowled
And keeper of the wicket.



I cannot join their merry song—
Non valeo sed volo—
But, really, I can come out strong,
Whene'er I sing of Polo!

Let golfophiles delight to air
Their putter-niblick learning;
And, scarlet-coated, swipe and swear
When summer sun is burning!
Let Artful Cards sit up and pass
Their nights in playing Bolo:
But let me gambol—o'er the grass—
And make my game at Polo!

On chequered chess-boards students gaze
O'er futile moves oft grieving;
With knights content to pass their days,
And constant checks receiving.
'Mid kings and queens I have no place,
Episcopari nolo—
I'd rather o'er the greensward race,
And find no check in Polo!

Then let me have my supple steed—
Good-tempered, uncomplaining—
So sure of foot, so rare in speed,
In perfect polo training.
And let me toast in rare old port,
In Heidsieck or Barolo,
In shandy-gaff or something short—
The keen delights of Polo!

SOMEONE IN THE CITY?

DETERMINED to be in a position to report all that was said and done when His Highness ABBAS HILMI visited the Guildhall, I elbowed my way through the crowd at the Mansion House and presented myself at the door betimes. "I am from *The Thunderer*," I exclaimed excitedly to the pampered menial. All he said in reply was conveyed by the toe of his boot, and I was quickly translated from the step to the street, of which, it seemed, I was presented with the key. Undeterred by this hostile reception, I again charged up to the door, meaning to pass myself off as an Egyptian. To this end I smoked an Egyptian cigarette, and donned a fez which I had brought in my pocket. "I am OFFENDID PACHA," I said loftily to the

janitor, attempting to pass in. But this man was very firm. He grasped me by the back of the neck and the waistband, and once more I made a sudden entry into the street. I turned to rush back at the door, when two gentlemen who had been engaged to be in attendance on His Highness's arrival took charge of me very kindly—they were BOBBI BEY and Serjeant BASHAW. Between them I was conducted round to a private entrance, treated with every respect, and without even having to send in my name at once ushered into the presence of the Lord Mayor. With the utmost cordiality, he invited me either to contribute forty shillings to the Mansion House Fund or to stay with him as the guest of the Nation—an honour not even offered to the Khedive himself—for seven days. And he meant it, too. And, although SHAKSPEARE tells us that "parting is such sweet sorrow," I did not find it so. Just as I was on the point of asking for change for a thousand-pound note, it occurred to me to mention the name of Mr. Punch as the most honoured of my patrons. You should have seen the effect!!! That I should dare to claim the protection, etc., etc. Alas! they would not believe me. And here I am.

Without a Quid
IN QUOD.





to clothe it in flowery language, but simply describe it as it happened.

Those who read these lines shall be spared the description of the gambling rooms, the marble terraces that stretch down to the Mediterranean, the magnificent atrium, with its surging crowd of haggard gamblers, the matchless orchestra, and the general *mise-en-scène* so dear, and so useful, to the novel writer.

I was, financially speaking, pretty well on my last legs when I went there. A long series of undeserved reverses, added to an uncontrollable aversion to work which has pursued me all through life, had left me rather low. Still, I had some money and a little credit. I could confidently get through the winter till the racing season began, unless any unforeseen catastrophe occurred. But it is just when you don't want them that unforeseen catastrophes do occur, and I got mine "straight between the eyes." I had encountered ups and downs at the tables, but for the first month there was a larger percentage in favour of the ups. I was beginning to think how easy it was to win if you only had brains and made use of them. I even affected a certain intellectual superiority over my friends who lost, and smiled pityingly but with infinite good nature when they told me of their misfortunes. I also gave them excellent advice, telling them to abandon the struggle, with *sous entendu*, that they didn't know how to play, and when they revolted against the suggestion and declared that the luck must turn, I grimly assented that it was not their luck that was at fault, but that their misfortunes arose owing to their manner of playing. I always went to the Trente et Quarante table; the giddy Roulette, with its scrambling and often dishonest crowd of old ladies, struggling for their five-franc pieces, had no fascination for me. My game was a serious one, requiring thought and infinite patience and calcu-

N unromantic episode came into my life two years ago at Monte Carlo. So devoid is it of romance and pathos that I will not attempt to describe it as it

happened. Consequently, I preferred the sober, quiet game of Trente et Quarante. The great rush of people had not arrived when first I began to play. The January racing men, book-makers, touts, pickpockets, and pigeonshooters were not there and I attributed my success to the comparative calm of the rooms which enabled me to work out the most difficult problem. Those who played at this time were for the most part serious players like myself, who were not there to fool away their money but to fight an obstinate, dogged battle with the Bank.

During this first month I was always well ahead, and I formed the virtuous resolution to leave off the moment I saw that luck had really definitely turned. I likewise built certain castles in the air, deciding what I should do with my winnings when they had reached a certain sum. I am afraid that I was not going to endow hospitals, or to do much in the way of charity; my daydreams rather took the form of putting aside and sinking a few thousand pounds in a comfortable and reassuring annuity.

I had had a great deal of experience of gambling, and the gambler's ultimate fate of penury had often given me an uneasy feeling. Not that I ever intended to leave off gambling—on the contrary; all that I asked was always to have sufficient money to continue my evil ways. I knew most of the regular *habitués* of the Table who were at Monte Carlo at this moment. There was a certain bond of sympathy between us, united as we were against a common enemy; and yet there was no real intimacy amongst us. The true gambler is not gregarious; he rather has an aversion to society, and likes to take his meals alone. Our only topic of conversation, of course, was the game. The various deals compared with those of the day before, the absolute certainty of loss when a certain croupier dealt the cards, the appalling nuisance of the woman who would out them, and various other absurd superstitions which have obtained and will obtain to the end of all time.

There was only one lady who sat there all day, and of whom I knew nothing; and, indeed, no one could tell me anything about her. Some said that she was a Nihilist, exiled from Russia, others, that she was a Polish Princess, *divorcée*, and there were people who even asserted that the large sums she staked must have come from some other source, and that she had never been divorced because she had never had a husband. She was handsome in the peculiar Slav style, and possessed irregular features and a not very good complexion, but her

face was full of intelligence and capable of much expression. She spoke to no one, and appeared to take no interest in anything around her. She simply sat at the tables for three or four hours at a time, patiently pricking her card and patiently losing very heavy stakes. She was staying at the Hôtel de Paris, where I also had my quarters, and, as we both dined very late, I used to notice her being joined at dinner by a meek-looking companion, whose tired features expressed no anger at getting her food at such irregular hours. They talked very little. The lady rarely went into the rooms in the evening. She stayed a long time at table, occasionally smoking a cigarette between the courses, and she always looked bored and tired, but never flushed or irritated, even after her heaviest losses. She was not very young—about thirty I should say, and she interested me—on account of the mystery surrounding her, and her evident dislike to making acquaintances.

I had tried once or twice to draw her into conversation at the Tables, but my efforts had met with the most unmistakable repulse. She had answered "Yes" or "No" to my remarks politely enough, but in a manner which clearly showed that she was there to play and not to talk.

Sometimes I fancied she was exasperated at seeing me win when she herself lost so heavily, but this was only conjecture, as she was outwardly impassive to everything that happened at the Tables.

After a month's winnings my luck turned, and I began to fancy that there must be something wrong with my game. I had shown the usual idiotic self-denial in not making the most of it when I could, thinking myself very clever if I win small sums every day by my very superior play, and then, when luck deserted me, I lost in three days as much as I had won in three weeks. Then came a period of terrible losses every day, and the feverish anxiety to put everything I possessed on the Tables. During this time I became on speaking terms with the unknown lady. I had found out her name at the hotel. She was the Comtesse DE KLITZ, the widow of a Roumanian who had left her a very large fortune. Fate had willed it that I should be seated next to her on several occasions, and one day between two deals she remarked that my luck seemed to have changed.

"I was beginning to think your system infallible," she said, "and once on a time I was on the point of asking you to explain it to me."

"It is very lucky for you that you refrained," I answered bitterly. "There is no system possible. People are fools who play on systems."

"There is a more or less intelligent way of playing your money," she said carelessly. "I am sure that I play very badly."

"You have been winning lately."

"Yes, quite lately; but I have lost so much. This summer I lost two thousand pounds at Ostend."

"That is a great deal for a lady to lose. And yet you like it? You persevere?"

"Yes, I like it," she said without any enthusiasm. "I think that it is the pleasantest way of passing one's time."

"I don't think that I should play if I were rich," I remarked. "I can't see what is the use of winning and losing money when you have got plenty."

"That has nothing to do with it," she answered. "One is either born a gambler or not."

"But one can make virtuous resolutions not to play. I have done that sometimes—and I suppose, at last, one could be cured."

"I have never tried," she said, with a cold smile.

And then a croupier said in a tired, monotonous voice, "Qui desire couper, Messieurs?" And we settled down once more to business.

It was a bad deal for me, and at the end I found that I had made another heavy loss.

"No, decidedly you play no better than I," said the

Roumanian, when she saw that all my inspirations were wrong, and that I went for a "run" when the card was "choppy" and *vice versa*.

"I don't suppose that I have lost as much as you," I answered, rather nettled at her frankness.

"But when you were winning you might have won so much more," she continued mercilessly.

"That is a common fault," I replied. "We are all afraid of winning."

"Of course," she asserted. "It is our cowardice which gives the Bank its great advantage. The actual percentage against us is very small, but the Bank makes its high profits out of the weakness of human nature."

"I have heard all that before?" I said with a smile. "I have even tried to impress it upon my friends."

"Without practising it yourself," she answered.

She was certainly not sympathetic, this Roumanian Countess, and I felt all the more annoyed at her sarcastic manner as she continued to win and I to lose.

That day was a heavy one for me, and when I made up my accounts at night I discovered that two or three more like it would leave me stranded high and dry. But there is always the hope of to-morrow. It seemed impossible that I could go on so long, after a week of such infernal luck as I had experienced. And yet the next day was bad, and the following one also. It then became a question of what was to be done. I had only a few pounds left, and I decided to risk them at roulette. If I could spot a few winning numbers, I should soon be afloat again. But the number I spotted came out the next time, which is an exasperating experience well known to all players. So it was the end, and I must leave off unless I could raise some money in England. To be perfectly truthful, I had not much money to raise. I possessed a share in a complicated reversion, upon which I might, perhaps get a thousand pounds, and this alone stood between me and beggary. Then, too, it would require a certain time to carry out the necessary formalities. I was not in a position to be able to wait. I must apply to the Jews and pay any interest they liked to name, for I must have some money at once. But even then I had several days to wait, and waiting for money at Monte Carlo is not an agreeable pastime. The men I knew there were all "awfully short" themselves. If they had a run they would be delighted to lend me anything I liked, but just now it was impossible. I knew those stock phrases so well, having often used them myself, and then there was their chaff to be encountered. How was it that such a superior player wanted to borrow from people who didn't know how to play?

On the first day of my collapse I still hung round the Tables, trying to "lift a loan" however small, but when I saw how utterly futile was the idea I gave up going into the rooms altogether. There is nothing more irritating than the sight of large sums being won and lost when you have nothing to risk yourself. The band at the Café de Paris bored me; I could not stay five minutes in the reading-room opposite the Post-office without impatiently throwing aside every paper as utterly unreadable, and there were three or four days at least to be passed in this miserable state of mind.

One morning I was seated in the gardens, cursing my luck as usual, when I saw Madame DE KLITZ coming towards me in the distance. I rose and went towards her, curious to know how she had been getting on.

"I have been winning," she said, in answer to my enquiry. "And you? Have you been ill? Have you had the influenza?"

"Yes; financial influenza," I answered grimly. "One of its worst forms."

"And so you have left off," she said. "You are wise. It is no use fighting against bad luck."

"I have left off for want of ammunition," I said, pathetically.

"Perhaps your luck will change when the reinforcements arrive," she said with a smile.

"I hope so; but in the meantime it is weary work waiting for them."

"Have you lost much?"

"A great deal more than I can afford."

"That is hard. You should play as I do, simply to amuse yourself."

"I do play to amuse myself, but the amusement doesn't always come off."

"I admired you so much at first," she said, with her peculiar frankness.

"Physically?" I enquired, with an effort to be jocose.

"I admired your play," she answered, unmoved by my flippancy. "I thought that you would always win, that you were one of the few clever people who would be able to successfully fight the Bank."

"And now your idol is shattered."

"Yes; it is terrible," she laughed. "I admired your coolness, the way you played the money, and the intuition you had of knowing when to leave off. And now I see you impatiently waiting for reinforcements. It is a terrible fall."

"And a very common one," I added.

"Oh, yes; it is common enough. I suppose that it is the real fascination of gambling, to be rich one day and penniless the next," she said.

"There is nothing more hateful than waiting for money," I replied, in a burst of candour. "Have you ever experienced it?"

"No; I don't think I ever have," she answered. "I take my precautions. As long as I want to play, I play. When I consider that I have lost enough, I leave off and go home."

"Do you live in Roumania?" I asked.

"No; I live in Paris," she answered shortly.

And then, after a pause, she said, "Why should I live in Roumania?"

"Are you not Roumanian?"

"No; my husband was. I am Polish."

She spoke French and English equally well, and I told her so, adding, that it was impossible to discern her nationality by her accent.

"It is easy for us to learn languages," she said. "Our own is so difficult."

"Do you stay here all the winter?" I asked.

"I don't know. I stay as long as I enjoy myself, or as long as I do not lose too much. And you?"

"Oh, I have no idea. It will depend entirely upon circumstances—I mean, money."

"Have you no money left to play with now?"

"No; not a brass farthing."

"Would you like some? I can lend you a few hundred francs if you want it."

The temptation was great—only the hardened gambler, deprived of playing can realise how hard—but I am happy to say I resisted it.

"You are very kind," I said; "but I cannot accept your offer. I must say it is a very courageous one to make to a man of whom you know nothing. Suppose I never paid you back?"

"It would be like losing it at the tables," she said, indifferently; "you need not mind accepting, if you really care to play. I am not a philanthropist, but I am sorry for people who are natural gamblers and have nothing to gamble with."

"Morally you are wrong," I said. "You should rather do your best to discourage them."

"I suppose so, but I am not a moralist. I am really a philosopher; I accept the inevitable."

"And you think that the inevitable in my case is that I must always play."

"Of course you will; you will never be cured."

"Until I am 'broke.'"

"You are that now, according to what you tell me; but the

broken gambler rises again and again to the surface. His ingenuity and energy are inexhaustible in procuring money."

"You are complimentary to the broken gambler," I laughed; "but, please, don't forget that I have just refused your offer."

"You refused it because you are sure of receiving money from England to-morrow or the next day; but if not?"

"If not, I should still have refused."

"I don't think so. I do not mean anything unkind by this, but it would be like offering drink to a drunkard."

"Do you really think the one vice is as bad as the other?"

"Quite; and in my case I have it in its worst form. I only care for gamblers—all the other people bore me. That is peculiar, is it not? Drunkards do not care for each other; but really, frankly speaking, the only people in whom I can take the slightest interest are those who pass their time at gaming tables."

"It is a strange admission to make. Was your husband a gambler?"

"Yes, and a very lucky one. He ruined several young men in St. Petersburg one winter; one of them shot himself. It wasn't my husband's fault. Somebody would have ruined him probably; but it affected him, and he used to say he felt like a murderer, and he had no peace till he died."

"What a tragic story!"

"Yes; it was a pity. He took an exaggerated view of the case. He had to leave Russia, and even in Roumania we were not kindly looked upon. So we drifted into this sort of life, with a few months in Paris in the spring."

She said all this very simply, without any attempt at effect or complaint, and as if her story was one of the most natural in the world.

"I wonder it did not cure you of gambling," I suggested.

"On the contrary, it gave me a taste for it," she answered.

"I knew nothing of gambling until I came to Monte Carlo some years ago, and now I care for nothing else."

"Nothing?"

"Practically nothing. I used to like music, and I was a fair musician myself. Also, at one time, I read a great deal. But now—well, I change my dress two or three times a day, and play Trente et Quarante the rest of the time."

"It is not a very elevating life, is it?" I remarked with a smile.

"I don't know. The little meannesses of Society are not much better. Trying to know people better than oneself, and being rude to people who are not quite as good, petty struggles and disappointments, and empty triumphs have no charm for me!"

"And love?"

"Ah, yes; there is love," she laughed; "but one can't fall in love to order."

And then she added—"You are keeping me away from my only love—the Tables. Then you won't have my money to-day?"

"Neither to-day nor to-morrow," I answered; "but I am grateful, all the same."

"Good-bye," she said, holding out her hand.

"It is a pity you only love the Tables," I said, sentimentally.

"Of course you are moral on the subject having no money to play yourself!" she said. "We will discuss the question of love to-morrow. I will come and see you here at the same time."

"Shall I not see you at dinner?"

"Probably not; I am going to hear MELBA. I shall dine early."

And then she left me, and walked swiftly across the Casino.

I wondered if her story was true.

She had told it very naturally, and as if she did not care whether I believed it or not. There was nothing very disreputable about it, after all. She despised Society, and she was the widow of a lucky gambler, and, moreover, a very strange and fascinating woman. Her outspoken frankness was almost refreshing in these days of hypocrisy. She seemed absolutely

callous to the world's opinion. All she cared for was gambling, and she did not hesitate to say so. Also, there was undoubted originality in her offer to lend me money and her indifference as to whether I repaid her. In the face of my previous disappointments, with people I had known for years, it struck me as one of the most original things I had ever heard. And yet I was very glad I had not accepted it. Of course, I could have paid her back in a few days, even if I had not won; but my affairs in London might take some time to arrange, and in the meantime she might lose and want her money, and I should be in a very awkward position. I saw no more of her that day; but the next morning I took up my usual position on the terrace, and awaited her arrival. I had had no news from London, and I was in a very dejected frame of mind. She came sweeping along the terrace in one of her smart Paris dresses, and with her usual sarcastic smile on her lips.

"You have not received your money," she said. "I can see it in your face."

"It seems to amuse you," I answered gruffly.

"Of course it amuses me," she said. "It is all so childish, when one comes to think of it. The money might really be counters for all the good it does us, and we play with it like children play with marbles."

"All the same, it is extremely inconvenient when one has no counters."

"Yes; we fret and fume—still like children; but then, years hence—one year perhaps—what will it matter how much you have lost at Monte Carlo?"

"It will matter a great deal. I am not a rich man."

"Then you can't lose much. There are compensations in all our misfortunes."

"You speak very lightly of these misfortunes. Is there any compensation in being ruined?"

"Is it as bad as that?" she asked, a little more seriously.

"It will be, unless matters take a turn; but tell me about yourself. What did you do yesterday?"

"I won a little. In the evening I did not go into the rooms. The croupiers' voices would have jarred upon me after MELBA'S crystal notes."

"And to think I could not afford MELBA'S crystal notes!" I ejaculated.

"I could have offered you a place. My companion was ill; I had to go alone," she said.

"How do you get on with your companion?" I asked. "Is she agreeable?"

"Well, I don't know," she answered doubtfully. "I engaged her to entertain me when I felt dull, but I fancy it is I who have to entertain her. She is not lively, but she is respectable; and I suppose some of the respectability is reflected on me, which is necessary in a place like this."

"Have you no friends here?"

"No, none; and very few elsewhere. I have already told you I don't like friends."

"Oh, yes; I forgot. And we were going to talk about love to-day."

"Were we? I am afraid I don't know much about the subject."

"Have you never been in love?"

"What an impertinent question! Yes, I was in love with my husband. At first we got on very badly; but, later, when I took to gambling, we were very happy."

"That, surely, requires explaining," I said with a look of surprise.

"The explanation is very simple," she answered. "At first I used to be angry at his leaving me, at his coming in at all hours to meals; and then when once I began to play myself, I sympathised with him, and we lived in perfect harmony."

"You are very unconventional."

"Do you think it unconventional to share one's husband's pleasures?"

I did not answer; I looked at her in wonder. She was so marvellously matter-of-fact and unemotional.

"I was so sorry I had been unkind to him at first," she pursued. "I regretted all the little nagging 'Where have you been?' 'Why are you so late?' 'The dinner is uneatable,' &c., &c., but I made up for it after my first season here. We dined when and how we liked, and we never asked each other where we had been, because the answer was so obvious."

"It must have been a very happy life," I observed, dryly.

"Of course it was," she answered; "it is the only one possible. I don't believe in contrasts marrying; it inevitably results in their pulling different ways. A man and woman must have sympathetic tastes to get on well together."

"Do you think gamblers are ever happy?" I asked.

"They are the happiest people in the world," she said with conviction. "All happiness is prospective, is it not? Well, gamblers have more illusions regarding the future than anyone."

"You have quite a little philosophy of your own."

"I suppose I have," she said, and, after a curious hesitation, she pursued: "If I had the chance of marrying again, I would do so on two conditions only. My husband must be a gentleman and a gambler."

"Some people consider the combination impossible," I said, laughing.

"Oh, only people who know nothing of the world," she answered. "It is an ideal not difficult to find."

"And you have not found it?"

"There must be a little love too," she said; "that adds to the difficulty."

"A little love on both sides?" I asked.

"Well, yes," she answered with hesitation; "at any rate, a little make-believe. I should like the man to pretend that he loved me."

"Surely that would not be difficult for him," I said, getting a little nearer to her.

"Are you going to pretend?" she asked, with her most sarcastic expression.

"I am afraid I have not sufficient eloquence," I answered.

"It is sincerity that is wanted," she said; and then she continued almost as if to herself, "Yes, I am tired of my present life. Poor old Madame RIMMA is very dull, and she doesn't even understand the difference between 'Couleur' and 'Inverse.' I think I should be happier married."

"I am sure you would," I said with increasing fervour; "and so should I!"

"You are poor, are you not?" she said brusquely.

"Yes, very poor," I answered frankly.

"It is a drawback, but not insurmountable to me," and she looked at me, searchingly for a second, and added, "I wonder what sort of a husband you would make?"

"I should think a very good one," I answered modestly.

"We will resume this conversation to-morrow," she said suddenly, rising from her seat; and the next day we were engaged.

It was a topsy-turvy engagement from beginning to end. It lasted all through the winter, during which time I lost the remainder of my fortune. When the spring came she jilted me, which was in perfect accordance with her having been the one to propose. She was capricious, neurotic, and, I rather fancy, indulged in morphine. I don't think I regretted her much. Apart from our common love of gambling, we were scarcely what you would term "Sympathetic Souls."

L. C. Philips.



MORE REFORMS WANTED.

Guardsman. "I JUST TOLD ONE OF THOSE VOLUNTEER OFFICERS THAT HE MUST NOT COME ON PARADE WITH HIS POCKETS UNBUTTONED, AND THE FELLOW HAD THE DEMMED IMPUDENCE TO SAY HE WAS SORRY HE COULDN'T OBLIGE ME, BUT HIS CORPS HADN'T BUTTONS!"

BY THE BRITANNIA-METAL OCEAN.

WHIFFSTABLE.

WHIFFSTABLE is now very gay, and the season may be said to have fairly commenced. Thousands arrive by excursion trains every day, and the local police force has just been doubled—an undoubted sign of prosperity. Unseasonable shell-fish is a good market—crabs being particularly strong in the hot sun—whilst shrimps are booming, and there is a regular "corner" in winkles.

DRAINNOUTH-SUPER-MARE.

This popular resort keeps well abreast of the times, and already the new hospital for enteric and kindred troubles is nearly full, although August is still far from us. A steam merry-go-round, with peculiarly forceful organ attachment, has, it is calculated, doubled the number of excursionists and reduced most of the respectable residents to a state of semi-imbecility. The Municipal Band is quite obsolete now, the steam organ having entirely superseded it.

SMELLBOROUGH-ON-SEA.

To the busy brain-worker who requires distraction this is one of the choicest of Nature's spots. Most people come out into spots after staying here a brief time. The Beach Minstrels—a most distinguished troupe, who have, it appears, been patronised by all the Crowned Heads in Europe—play most industriously, one might almost say continuously, from 8 A.M. until far into the summer night. One or two captious visitors have, indeed, suggested that a weekly half-holiday from their unceasing strains should be instituted, or that if they *must* continue like an eight-day clock, that they should work

it off in front of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum outside the town. In addition to this, the man suffering from brain-fag can go distracted—get distraction, that is—over the fine selection of barrel-organs, gramophones and amateur concertina players so constantly encountered on parade, beach and street. No one can know a dull moment in Smellborough.

ST. JUSTBUILT-ON-SEA.

This rising sea-side resort is now rapidly filling. The handles have just been affixed to the doors of most of the elegant villa residences, which the enterprising firm of JERRY AND SCAMPIT commenced erecting, nearly four weeks ago; whilst the heaps of mortar and brickbats are to be positively removed from the back gardens in the course of the summer. A lime tree has been planted in the main street, and negotiations have been entered into with the Railway Company, to run cheap trips from all the manufacturing districts within a hundred miles. This will make things quite lively.

'ARRYTOWN.

The sunshine of yesterday was taken full advantage of by the visitors to this favourite resort, and the pier and promenades presented quite an animated appearance. "Ticklers" are in great request, whilst the gay strains of concertina, mouth-organ, barrel ditto, and the untrammelled vocal efforts of the tripping contingents, as they reel up and down the streets, all lend their aid in making one sparkling, though erratic, whole. No less than sixty excursion steamers arrive and leave daily, and most of their passengers land here in the highest of spirits, the gentlemen, as often as not, wearing the ladies' hats and *vice versa*. Roundabouts, penny-in-the-slot machines, and wheel stalls do a roaring trade, and the fines at the police court are almost sufficient to keep the Town Band going.

DIGNITY FOR DOGS.

OIDA has great sympathies for the canine race. Perhaps the following table of dog-precedence may be useful to the talented authoress—

Dogs that collect money in boxes for charitable objects.

French poodles (naturalised) that know a dozen amusing tricks.

Dogs that play with children and warn off burglars.

Dogs that play with burglars and warn off children.

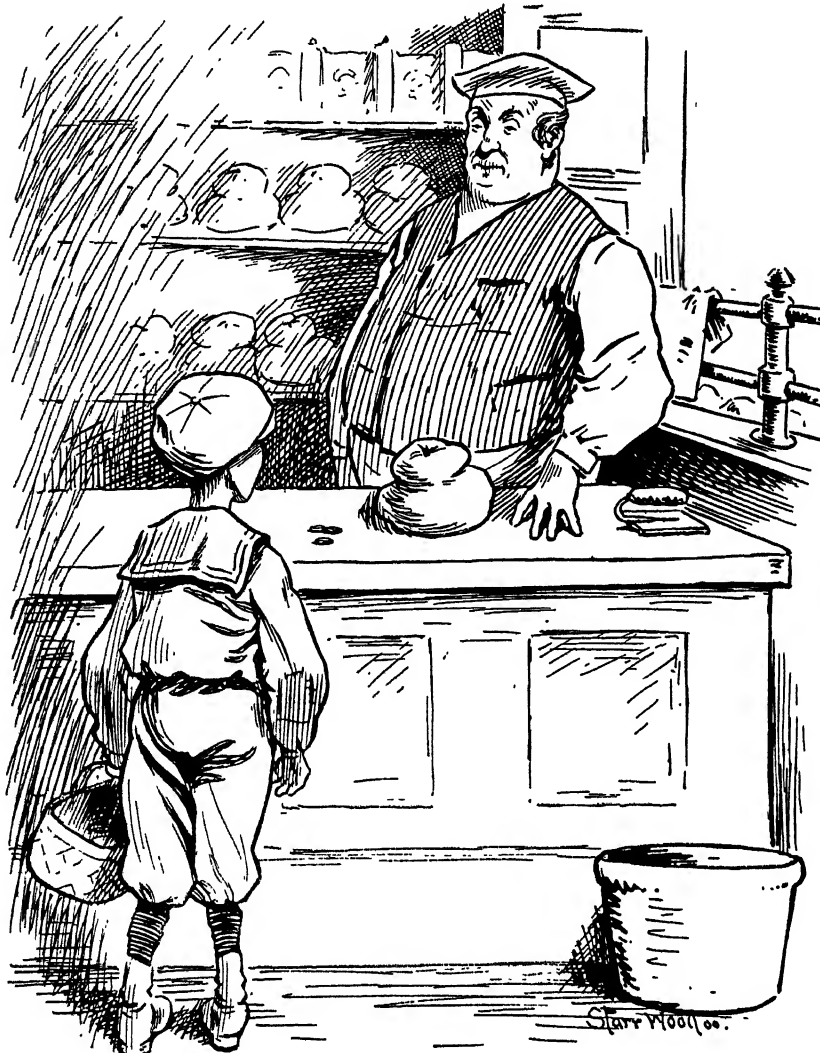
Dogs that never eat the backs of books but are partial to patent leather shoes.

Dogs that draw the line as to feeding nowhere.

Dogs that are safer in their muzzles than out of them.

Bad dogs. Worse dogs.

Degraded dogs that are no better than their masters.



Baker. "I SHALL WANT ANOTHER HA'PENNY. BREAD'S GONE UP TO-DAY"
 Boy. "THEN GIVE US ONE OF YESTERDAY'S."

THE KNIGHT OF PORT D'ARTHUR.

A Fragment, showing how Sir URSE DE BAR-LE-JAP, the Knight of Port D'Arthur, found himself in company of Sir SOL FLAMBOYANT of the Isles.
 (See Cartoon.)

THERewith Sir SOL FLAMBOYANT of the Isles
 Rode armed to break the heathen *cap-à-pie*.
 For he, of all the knighthood, knew the way,
 Having been there, or thereabouts, before,
 And overthrown their strength and made an end
 Most inconclusive, seeing there were those,
 Unscrupulous, who espoused the weaker cause,
 Not moved of chivalry, but with intent
 To spare the spoil thereof against a day
 Whereon the heathen, waxing fat again,
 Should, at the psychologic moment, kick;

And they that once espoused the weaker cause

Should sit full heavily upon the same
 (That other standing by) and make it pulp,
 And the inheritance be theirs, not his.

But they, the heathen, being whole again,
 And waxing fat before the hour was ripe,
 Kicked prematurely, asking no man's leave.

Thereat the knighthood called aloud to arms;

But there was none conveniently near,
 Or, being near, that had the wherewithal,
 Save him that having smote them for himself

And seen his proper guerdon rapt away
 Was like to answer coldly, being informed

What chance was his to serve the common need.

Yet—for in that same peril some there were

His folk by blood and birth, and others still,

The kin of them whose friendship touched him close—

Forgetful of the hurt his honour had,
 Careless of envy, careful for the law
 Whose silent mandate bids the noble knight

Strike to redress the wrongs—he rose at need,

Summoned his might to swell the avenger's ranks

(Impotent else to face the whelming odds
 Of half a world in arms), and went to meet
 The Dragon of the great Li-Dragonship,
 For joy of battle, naming no reward.

So he, Sir SOL FLAMBOYANT of the Isles,
 Rode armed to meet the heathen *cap-à-pie*.

But with him rode—for so by Fate's caprice

These two were linked in outward-seeming love—

Port d'Arthur's knight, Sir URSE DE BAR-LE-JAP,

Smilingly; but when his fellow looked away,

Watching him under brows of gathered hate.

For he, with other two, for private ends,
 Then when the monster first was under-foot,

Had stood between the victor and his spoil,
 Grudging a neighbour's gain, and spared its life

And let the Dragon have another chance;
 And now was sore divided in his heart

As one that needed aid, but not too strong,

Mistrusting him that lent it; so he rode
 Smiling; but, when his fellow looked away,

Watching him under brows of gathered hate.

Then to himself—"I fear him, bringing gifts,

This foe of yesterday, my friend to-day,
 My foe to-morrow when the need is past.

I would his aims were innocent as mine,
 If mine were all that Innocence believes."

But he, Sir SOL FLAMBOYANT of the Isles,
 Though many salient truths occurred to him,

Said nothing audibly, but thought the more.

So they rode on suspicious, each of each.

O. S.

SHAKESPEARIAN'S SOCIETY'S NOTE.—There are still some excellent meaning persons who would Bowdlerise SHAKESPEARE. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* the name of the principal clown they would alter to *Stern*. But how on earth he could be any longer comic while remaining *Stern* is "past the wit of man": "a kind of thing," as the late *Lord Dundreary* used to say, "that no fellow can understand."

QUITE CORRECT.—Salmon cheap to-day. Fourpence a pound. No deception. Fish weighed in its own scales.

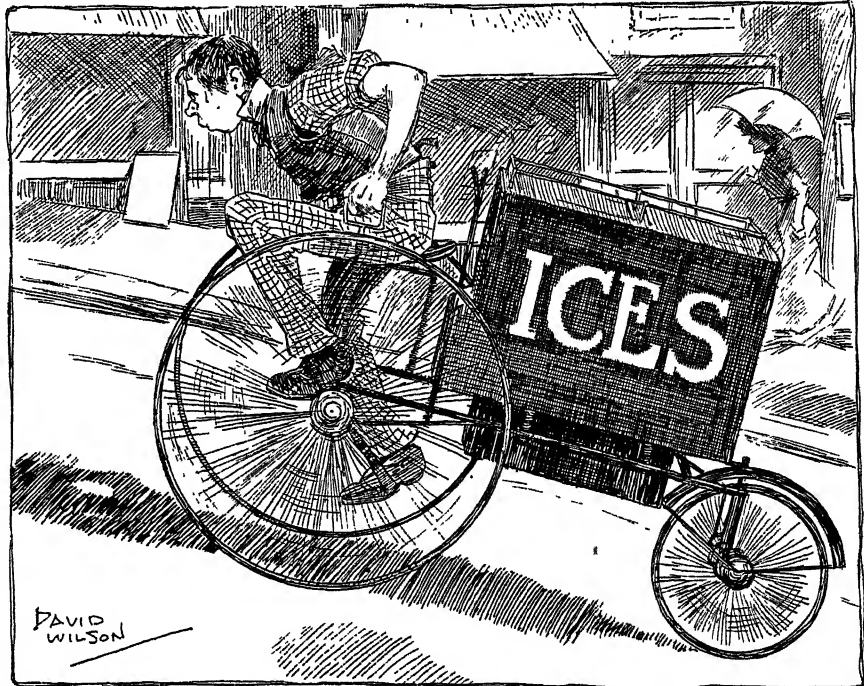
OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

["An American lady of ninety-eight is about to be married to a youth of seventy-five. It is said to be a case of love at first sight."—*Daily Paper*.]

COME hither, maid entrancing,
Thou fairest of the sex!
I see the love-light glancing
Behind thy gold-rimmed specs;
I long to have thee near me;
Come, sweet-and-ninety, hear me!
I'm constant—never fear me!—
I am no gay Lord Quex.

Come let us talk together,
As lovers—Ah! you groan?
This damp, rheumatic weather
Has chilled you to the bone?
I know a cure I think 'll,
Work wonders in a twinkle;
But thou dost need no wrinkle—
Thou'st plenty of thine own.

I, too, have pains infernal,
That shoot from side to side;
But love still springs eternal,
Within the human hide.
My heart was never shielded,
Against the arms you wielded:
I came, I saw, I yielded,
My centenarian bride.



"O, WHO CAN HOLD A FIRE IN HIS HAND
BY THINKING ON THE FROSTY CAUCASUS?"

Richard the Second, Act I., Scene 3.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"AN exceptional occasion," quoth Mr. *Punch's* Special Messenger, as with a courteous bow he hands to the Baron at breakfast-time the first half-yearly volume of 1900, representing what, in a certain limited sense, may be described as "the first six months of the new departure," which, however, for the matter of that, is not absolutely "a new departure." The Baron emphasizes "*May* be described," seeing that in the early days, Mr. *Punch* had always favoured serials and, the Baron mentioning no names, nor dates, nor titles, nor numbers, these serials had so mightily prospered in Mr. *Punch's* hands as to have become "familiar as household words." Then Mr. *Punch* was generous; now he is lavish; and so the extra pages, with whatever may fill them—be it stories short, with other light material, or stories long, running over the full measure and "continued in our next," have become as prominent a feature in Mr. *Punch's* number as, with all respectful admiration be it said, is Mr. *Punch's* remarkable nose or Mr. *Punch's* striking countenance. The Baron, who, could he not honestly praise, would not have said a word on the subject, hereby begs to heartily congratulate Mr. *Punch* on the first-rate appearance of this present volume. It is *Punch* plus *Punch*, and, therefore, *Punchier* than ever! The Baron thanked the Presenter, and the Deputation then withdrew, leaving the volume in the Baron's hands to study at his leisure.

To quote Joe Gargery's song, in *Great Expectations*, addressing it to Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, author of *Some Notable Hamlets*, (GREENING & Co.), the Baron sings with Joe Gargery:—

"With a thump and a sound!—Old Clem!
Beat it out, Beat it out!—Old Clem!
Hammer Boys round!—Old Clem!"

But "Old Clem" doesn't hammer any of "the boys," not a bit of it; he makes it all smooth for them, and the criticisms are beaten out so as to be spread over a fair-sized volume. Years hence they will be marvellously useful to some future historian of the English stage, who will find how SARAH BERNHARDT, was "imaginative, electrical and poetical;" he will also learn

what she did well, and what she did ill, what she overdid, and what she omitted to do. There are plenty of incidental anecdotes wherewith the judge's summing up, always more or less favourable to the histrion on his trial, is considerably lightened for the entertainment of all readers. There is a rather spectral likeness of the author on the frontispiece, a funny one of SARAH, and a quite remarkable one of HENRY IRVING, with half his face blacked. Did he ever play it thus made up? Did he on that occasion tamper with the immortal dramatist's line and say, "'Tis not alone my inky face, good mother?" Odd. But there it is, and, what's more, according to these "living pictures," WILSON BARRETT did it too! Here's W. B. with one side of his face as black as your ordinary London hat! Is this supposed to be "like his cheek?" Let the actor who essays *Hamlet* be certain of "an honest chronicler as GRIFFITH," i.e. CLEMENT SCOTT, to keep his honour from corruption," and to place him on a pedestal in a gallery with *Some Notable Hamlets*. Will Mr. SCOTT follow it up with a "Depreciation," to be entitled *Some Not Able Hamlets*?

The Footfall of Fate, by Mrs. RIDDELL (WHITE & Co.), may possibly remind some elderly readers of *Cranford*; that is, in its admirable reproduction of the very small talk in a very small place, where everybody knows everybody else, and all hunger for something new in scandal. Miss Courtland, a delightfully natural character, tired of the prosiness of her life, unwittingly "drops into verse." She says:—

"Who probably dress,
If they dress at all,
Like ADAM and EVE
After the Fall."

A discovery that may, perhaps, surprise no one more than the author of *Miss Courtland's* being, yeleft Mrs. RIDDELL. The dialogues, which are a trifle protracted and interspersed with some fine old stock stories, become somewhat wearisome to the reader eager to penetrate the secret. The surprise, however, comes in artistically just towards the finish. *Verb sap.*

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"FAS EST AB HOSTE DOCTER."—Read MICHAEL DAVITT's personal notes on the Boer Commander-in-chief in *Freeman's Journal*.

OPERATIC NOTES.



Saturday, July 7.—Memorable for the return of JEAN DE RESZKE with his voice, and for the conducting of *Lohengrin* by M. EMIL PAUR, his first appearance in this most responsible part. Can he conduct? Can't he!! "Oh no, not at all; not neither!" as Mr. Bailey, Junior, might most emphatically have expressed it. EMIL PAUR—"more Paur to his elbow"! (though truth to tell, he requires no strengthening) makes the conducting of *Lohengrin* a violently physical and musical exercise.

Doesn't he pop up in the air, with the sudden energy of a jack-in-the-box, in order to shake his *bâton* at the singer, or singers, as he spots the parties then and there, and brings 'em up to time, or it may be back to tune? And, then, doesn't he with marvellous rapidity disappear from our gaze entirely, utterly, as though he had never been, having apparently dived down head foremost into the orchestra, to come up again to the surface, retrieving, perhaps, some lost notes or dropped *tempi*, as a diver brings up chalk eggs from the depths of the stream? Doesn't he play the fingers of his left hand on, as it were, the heads of such of his orchestra as are within mesmeric touch? Does he not rise to the occasion, dance to it, and shake all over with impassioned fervour as he seems at one time to cajole, at another to implore, at another to threaten or imperiously command? "Now, then, all together—principals, ladies and gentlemen of the chorus! Forward!!" That's it! Ah, M. EMIL PAUR knows how to worry WAGNER! It's a grand sight to see EMIL PAUR conducting *Lohengrin*! *Et après?* When all has gone well, when the final stupendous effort has been crowned with success, when the *tempi*-rature has gradually dropped to normal, then to see him sink down, mopping the inspiration PAUR-ing from his noble brow, smiling, modest, silent, satisfied, content! Then he effaces himself. "PAUR's off!" Congratulations to the Orchestra if, henceforth, for *Lohengrin* they can truthfully say, "The PAUR we have always with us!" EDWARD DE RESZKE was a magnificent King, Miss EDYTH WALKER a slight but vicious *Ortrud* (quite a *Becky Sharp*) and Frau GADSKI, as *Elsa*, a very fine maiden who would evidently have given anything for a quiet life, had she been permitted to make her own choice. Personally, I have never so thoroughly appreciated *Lohengrin* as to-night. And this, as one may fairly believe, is mainly due to Conductor PAUR.

Monday (July 9) is always more or less of an off-night. The Saturday-till-Monday people are tired, and some have extension of leave till Tuesday morning. Then the sudden outbreak of fine weather is *pour quelque chose*. Thus it happens that Frau GADSKI, kindly undertaking the rôle of *Elizabeth*, owing to the indisposition of Fräulein TERNINA, and doing it uncommonly well, and SUSAN STRONG, putting all her strength into *Venus*, appeal to a Poor House! which sounds like a very distressful state of affairs. Yet not much poverty in this House, poor though it may be, if you just look around and sample the brilliants. "Rich and rare are the gems they wear." M. IMBART DE LA TOUR a good *Tannhäuser*, but not altogether *de la tour de force*. PLANÇON "always the same," as *Darby* was to his old wife Joan. Herr BERTRAM, as *Wolfram*, in excellent voice, and EMIL PAUR keeping up his *prestige* as a lightning conductor, but not quite so flashingly as when he led the *Lohengrin* battalion.

Thursday.—PUCCINI'S *La Tosca* produced. Notice deferred until after a second performance. *En attendant*, PUCCINI seems to have scored an opera and a success.

THE PRIVATE MEMBER.

[According to the *Express*, a number of privates are to be run as candidates at the next General Election.]

COME hither, Tommy Atkinse; console me, if you can!
I've been a private; now, alas! I am a public man.
I've fought a fresh opponent, and I've given him a beating;
But now, instead of meeting Boers, I only bore a meeting.

Of course, it sounds delightful; yet life still hath got its rubs:
I once was clubbed with rifles, now I'm rifled with these clubs;
Instead of raising funds for me, as used to be their way,
Constituents all look to me to do the "pay, pay, pay."

They think, as I'm a soldier, when they stretch their greedy palms,

It is simplicity itself to me—presenting alms;
They harass me by night and day; it seems to be their view,
As I've been taught to stand at ease, I'll stand a teasing too.

They write to me for cheques and add anticipating thanks;
The only checks I ever had were on Tugela banks,
And these must have been broken by the run on them, I fear;
Those checks were never honoured by the people over here.

Then, too, my colleagues look askance. I held my head up high

When I was in the ranks, but now a rank outsider I.
Ah me! I mourn those happy days that long have taken flight,
For though we then were drilled all day, we were not bored all night.

"OWING TO THE WAR."

IN consequence of the military manœuvres in South Africa, strawberries are twopence a pound dearer than they have been for twenty years. The price of charwomen has risen threepence a day. The blind beggars of Regent Street have refused to accept coppers. English lamb has been sold as New Zealand mutton. Ladies of the chorus have demanded two shillings a week extra money for postage expenses. The coalowners have resolved to make their wares dearer than ever. The Marquis of LONDONDERRY has become Postmaster-General. A general rise in railway rates is anticipated. Patriotic songsters are at a premium. The London County Council proposes running Trams to Hampstead Heath. Visitors to the Paris Exhibition are being provided with all the obsolete coinage of the past century.

"TELL ME HOW TO WOO."

"You've only to ask, to have." Hard task!
"I've only to"—that is the *crux*—"to ask!"
How do you do it?—and when, or where?
At table—piano? By window—by chair?
Riding, or walking, or sitting, or standing?
Out 'o doors? Indoors? On stairs or on landing?
Tell me. I'm thankful for any suggestion
That may just assist me in "popping the question."

TO INTENDING TOURISTS.—"Where shall we go?" All depends on the "coin of 'vantage.'" Switzerland? Question of money. Motto.—"*Point d'argent point de Suisse.*"

A CAUTION.—"The Photographic Convention" will do most useful work, but it must beware of producing only conventional photographs.

ARMY CHAPLAINS.—Wouldn't they be all doubly serviceable in time of war if they were all canons?



A NAVAL ESTIMATE.

Mr. Punch. "LOOK HERE, MISTER! I DON'T BELIEVE ALL THESE YARNS ABOUT OUR NAVY; BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW FROM YOU THAT OUR SHIPS CAN BE DEPENDED ON."

Coastguard Goschen. "LOR, BLESS YOU, SIR! YOU 'VE NO CALL TO WORRY! THEY'RE ALL RIGHT, AND LOTS OF 'EM!"



First Boy. "CAN FISHES TASTE, GEORGIE?"

Second Boy. "I SHOULDN'T THINK SO, OR THEY WOULDN'T EAT WORMS!"

THE SIX SHOPKEEPERS.

ONCE upon a time there was a queer old customer whose name was CHINA. And there were six Shopkeepers—all very smart and pushing and go-ahead people—competing for old CHINA'S custom. They called regularly at his door for orders, and refused to go away without them, and some of them insisted on supplying him with articles which he did not really require, but which they considered he ought to have, such as opium, and doctrines, and things.

Sometimes CHINA objected, and tried to shut his door in their faces; but, as the six Shopkeepers always armed their representatives with revolvers, and Old CHINA'S sons, though numerous, had no other weapons but pop-guns and bows and arrows, it always ended in his paying their little bills, under protest.

Next door to him lived another Oriental gentleman whose name was Mr. JAPAN. Mr. JAPAN was small, but highly intelligent and progressive. He realised that the ideas and habits of the six Shopkeepers were far more enlightened and civilised than his own, and he soon dealt with them for everything. His very clothes were bought at their stores, and it is said that he even made inquiries as to which were the most comfortable sittings for a Japanese constitution in the various churches and chapels which the Shopkeepers attended.

Now, one day Mr. JAPAN and Old CHINA quarrelled across the garden wall, and all the Shopkeepers were sincerely sorry for poor little Mr. JAPAN, because it happened that they had lately—merely in the way of business—sent Old CHINA in several capital pea-rifles at store prices.

Unfortunately Old CHINA had a fixed idea that the natural ammunition for a pea-rifle was peas, and that the proper way to

clean firearms was to pour a cup of cold tea down the barrel. So that he didn't hurt JAPAN particularly, while Mr. JAPAN drove him and his family indoors and smashed all his windows; for Mr. JAPAN was clever enough to use real bullets in his rifle, and he actually threatened to break into the house, and smash Mr. CHINA'S best crockery.

JAPAN'S notion was to make an arch in the party-wall between the two houses, so that he could use Old CHINA'S ground-floor whenever he liked, and leave Old CHINA and his family the basement or the attics, where they would give little or no trouble to anybody.

But the majority of the Shopkeepers didn't like the arrangement at all. Mr. CHINA was one of their best and oldest customers, and it shocked them to think of his domestic privacy being invaded, and his household gods threatened by a little whippersnapper like Mr. JAPAN.

Besides, it was clear that poor Old CHINA was breaking up fast, and most of the Shopkeepers were privately considering how his house (which was exceedingly roomy and convenient) might best be converted into a general store. However, they said nothing of these dreams to one another, and sternly ordered Mr. JAPAN to respect the integrity of Old CHINA, to keep inside his own dwelling, and not to fire across the garden wall any more, on pain of their displeasure.

So Mr. JAPAN obeyed, feeling that they were better educated than himself and probably knew best.

Now the six Shopkeepers, being deeply concerned about CHINA, and afraid that JAPAN might have another go at him before they were ready themselves, instructed their representatives to point out to their old customer the folly of being so behind the times. They assured him that peas were quite obsolete as serious projectiles, and invited his attention to

their cheap lines of defensive weapons and ammunition. More than this, they threw in instruction gratis, so that Old CHINA and his numerous children could fire the guns without blowing their fingers off with too dangerous frequency.

And Old CHINA, though a sleepy, Conservative old person who only wanted to be left alone, was now fully alive to his danger, and gave some capital orders, out of which most of the six Shopkeepers made a handsome profit, while they had the gratifying reflection that they were assisting the spread of civilization.

Soon, as it became clearer than ever that poor Old CHINA was too feeble to keep his own house in order, the six Shopkeepers very kindly (for it was not strictly in their line of business) arranged to do it for him, each firm to undertake a particular set of rooms.

But here a difficulty arose, because every Shopkeeper wanted the best rooms for himself, and they couldn't agree which should have which, or whether their doors should be open or closed to one another.

Somehow Old CHINA managed to hear of these disputes, which were not exactly conducted in a whisper, and he mentioned the matter to his sons, who attacked all the representatives of the firms they could find in the house and forced them to barricade themselves in a cupboard.

Nothing could have been a greater surprise to the Shopkeepers, who had never imagined for a single moment that Old Mr. CHINA could possibly be annoyed by such a trifle, and were quite unprepared at first to take any steps to rescue the prisoners. Of course there was Mr. JAPAN next door, who had got the better of his neighbour before, and who was quite ready now to get over the wall and compel Old CHINA to set his captives free.

But one or two of the Shopkeepers didn't care to be under an obligation to Mr. JAPAN, and were afraid that he might charge too heavily for his services. Besides, if he once got into Mr. CHINA's house, he might stay there—and then none of them would be able to make it into a branch establishment for himself.

So they determined to have nothing to do with Mr. JAPAN, but go in procession to Old CHINA themselves, and insist on his ordering his family to behave themselves and release the prisoners.

But, naturally, there were many things to be settled first. Should they go in single file, or two by two, or how, and which should head the procession? Should they make it a personal grievance with Old CHINA, or should they explain that the quarrel was only with his sons? Should the spokesman be the nearest neighbour, the oldest established firm, or the firm which had the largest orders? And when they got inside the house, what were they to do next?

All these points had to be carefully



Sarah (to Sal). "LOR! AIN'T 'E 'ANDY WITH 'IS FEET!"

argued out, which, as they were all keen men of business, took time, and, finding they could not arrive at any agreement, they decided to go in first and quarrel about it afterwards.

Well, they got to the gates and had pulled down some of the railings, to show that they were not to be trifled with, when, to their horror and dismay, they saw at each of the windows one of Old CHINA's sons covering them with a breechloader of the newest pattern! One of the Shopkeepers happened to know that the breechloaders were deadly, because he had supplied them himself and, being a conscientious person, had furnished a first-rate article at very little more than he would have charged a European customer. Another had equally good reasons

for believing that the ammunition was of the best quality, while a third had taught the young Chinamen so ably that they were now very fair marksmen indeed.

So the six Shopkeepers retired to their several backparlours and talked it over once more, and, at last, they agreed that—at any expense to their dignity—they must invite Mr. JAPAN to join them.

Mr. JAPAN, who was much too sensible to remember old scores, readily agreed; and, at last, they all started once more, and this time they were really determined to sink their respective differences and work together with a will. And then . . .

(Mr. Punch must leave the Powers to finish this story for themselves—and he only hopes they may find it possible to make it end happily.)



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN.

Mr. Marsh. "I'VE JUST HAD QUITE A LONG CHAT WITH YOUR THREE CHARMING LITTLE GIRLS, MRS. ROCPE."

Mrs. Rocpe. "NOT MINE, MR. MARSH. I HAVE NO CHILDREN."

Mr. Marsh (very surprised). "NO CHIL— ARE YOU SURE?"

THE PUBLISHER.

(A Supposititious Study in Contrasts.)

TIME—Spring, 1900. SCENE—Publisher's sanctum.

Publisher (addressing distinguished Poet). Very sorry. Your last volume is really splendid. But it's impossible to accept it. You haven't any martial verse, I suppose—something about drums and Tommy—eh? Only some silly lines you wrote for a smoker, you say. Capital! the very thing. What! Absolute doggerel. Ashamed to sign them? Nonsense. We'll print a first edition of half-a-million copies. You won't have it! Well, don't be rash. Think it over.

[Exit D. P. Enter a distinguished Novelist.

Publisher (addressing D. N.). Extremely regret I must decline your last novel. Quite agree with my Reader that it's a masterpiece. Shows genius and all that sort of thing. Unfortunately, you don't refer to the War in South Africa, and the word "khaki" isn't even mentioned. Now, if you could have transplanted the story—you won't? Well, if you will fly in the face of Providence!—Good day.

[Exit D. N. Enter a War Correspondent to the Daily Trumpet.

Publisher (addressing W. C. D. T.). Ah! that account of yours, dealing with the siege of Ladyking is admirable. The fact that it has no literary merit doesn't matter in the least. I'm glad you've mentioned the fact that it knocks the siege of Lucknow, and, in short, all other sieges in the world's history into a cocked hat. By-the-way, turn the five hundred pages into a thousand, will you? Yes, we're binding it in khaki, and hope to sell at least twenty editions.

TIME—A few months later. SCENE—The same.

Publisher (addressing D. P.). Your poems are first-class. There's only one thing. Could you omit that small martial ballad? You see, the public have been so dosed with war poems that anything—About the Trojan war, you say! Yes, but people are so silly, they're sure to think that Troy is in the Transvaal. Well, think it over. [Exit D. P. Enter a D. N.

Publisher (addressing D. N.). Your novel is very fine. Only one point to raise. It's this: the hero shoots the villain. Now shooting is too suggestive of war-fare, and the public have been so dosed with war stories that—Eh? An essential part of the plot. Sorry, but can't risk it. Well, think it over.

[Exit D. N. Enter a W. C. D. T.

Publisher (addressing W. C. D. T.). Couldn't possibly print another volume. Look here. (Throws open door, disclosing a room packed from floor to ceiling with books.) Those are books on the war. So (grimly) don't think I can well venture again. Good day.

[Scene closes in.

WELL EXPRESSED.—Sketch had a picture last week representing "Group taken during one of Sir BENJAMIN BABER'S visits to JOHN AIRD'S Big Dam Works at Assouan." It's a polite way of putting it, of course. "The Big Big D," within a couple of years' time, will be in every one's mouth.

RIVER GAMBLING.—"Punting," says the *Daily News*, "has become a very fashionable form of amusement on the Upper Thames." So it is at Monte Carlo. Punting is given up by all who find themselves in hopelessly low water.

THE BOER DELEGATES.

SCENE—*The Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Paris. M. DELCASSÉ at his writing-table. Secretary awaiting instructions.*

M. Delcassé. Les délégués boers? Ah, c'est embêtant! Que faire? Eh bien, il faut leur dire des choses banales, à la mode de MACKINLEY. Vue sur le Poto-mac. C'est ça. Faites entrer.

Enter the Delegates.

M. Del. Enchanté, chers messieurs. Veuillez vous asseoir. Vous parlez français?

Mr. Fischer. Neen. I speak English.

M. Del. Perfectly. What beautiful time! How finds you Paris?

Mr. F. We wish to ask your assistance—

M. Del. To visit the Exposition? With the most great pleasure. I give you three tickets of entrance.

Mr. F. No, no. The South African Republic—

M. Del. Ah, I have seed your Pavillon, so charming, and your farm—

Mr. F. Desires to know the views—

M. Del. Ah, you are amateurs of views! How finds you this view on the Seine? As beautiful that the view on the Poto-mac?

Mr. F. Oh, yes. But the South African Republic, while there is yet time—

M. Del. Ah, cher monsieur! You speaks of the time, and I recall myself that it is the hour of the Council. I must render myself to the Elysium. I am desolated. Au revoir, à tantôt! [*Exeunt Delegates.*]

SCENE.—*The Hotel de Ville, Paris. Président du Conseil Municipal, and Councillors.*

President. J'ai appris quelques petites phrases. Ah, voilà nos chers amis. Ils n'ont pas l'air très distingué, hein?

Enter the Delegates.

Pres. Goeden morgen, mijnheer.

Mr. Fischer. Bon matin, mon monsieur.

Pres. Ik—ik—Diable, je ne sais pas le mot! Ik parle hollandsch.

Mr. F. Et je français.

Pres. Il faut essayer le discours en hollandais. C'est terrible. Allons donc! Wij, de conseillers municipaux van Paris, wij—wij—en effet, wij—ah, sapristi, je l'ai oublié! Mais vous parlez français?

Mr. F. Je? Non. Parlez hollandais?

Pres. Pas du tout.

Mr. F. I speak English.

Pres. And me also. I have learned him at the school.

Mr. F. Then we can speak it.

Pres. Comment? Vous désirez—vous desire to speak the language of Sir RHODES, of Sir CHAMBERLAIN, and of the others bandits of Over Sleeve?

Mr. F. I do not quite understand. Why not speak English? It is the only language we both know.



Cyril (aged five). "I SHALL NEVER GET MARRIED, MAMMA!"
Mamma. "BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE SO FOND OF ETHEL?"
Cyril. "YES; BUT SHE BELIEVES IN FAIRIES, AND I DON'T!"

Pres. Jamais de la vie! Président du Conseil Municipal de Paris, est-ce que je parle la langue des brigands de Fachoda? Impossible! Non, cher monsieur, mille fois non! Mais je vais vous dire en français que la France désire témoigner sa plus vive sympathie, que l'héroïsme de vos compatriotes est digne de—de—en effet, de l'admiration du Conseil Municipal de Paris, c'est à dire, de la France, et je vous serre la main, nobles représentants d'un vaillant peuple, luttant contre l'infâme rapacité des tyrans britanniques, en vous priant d'agréer l'assurance des mes sentiments—c'est à dire, de nos plus chaleureuses félicitations, en vous offrant, au nom du Conseil Municipal de Paris, en effet, de la France—nous sommes la France—ce verre d'orangeade. Vivent les Boers!

Mr. F. I don't understand a word. Je comprends non.

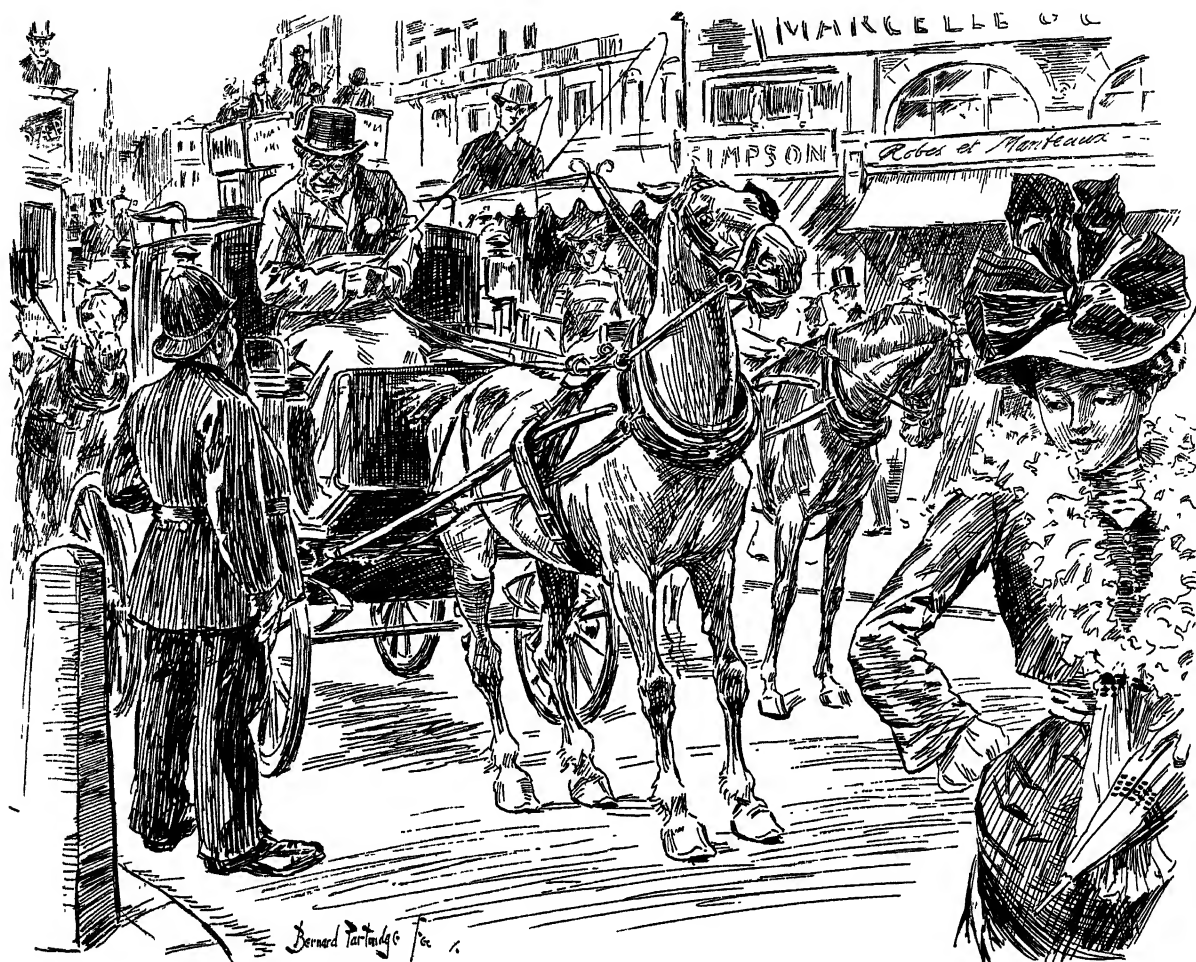
Pres. Tant pis! Au revoir!

Curtain.

WRIT IN ERROR.—Sir FRANCIS JEUNE has rightly protested against the aspersions cast by the *Guardian* on the reporters in the Divorce Court and for which full apologies have been made. Was the writer a special co-respondent?

NOTE BY A CHINESE POLITICIAN.—He who scratches a Briton finds the Tar-tar.

THE BEST DE WETT BLANKET.—The C.I.V. covering.



AMENITIES OF THE ROAD.

Robert. "NOW THEN, FOUR-WHEELER, WHY COULDN'T YOU PULL UP SOONER? DIDN'T YOU SEE ME 'OLD UP MY 'AND?"

Cabby (sweetly). "WELL, CONSTABLE, I DID SEE A KIND OF SHADDER PASS ACROST THE SKY; BUT MY 'ORSE 'E SHIED AT YOUR FEET!"

NINEPENCE.

[“Ninepence will give a child a day in the country.”—*Fresh Air Fund, Henrietta Street, W.C.*]

NINEPENCE!

It's a orful lot o' money, don't yer see?
An' I ain't a-got no friend
Wot is likely fer to spend
Sich a thumpin' sum o' money upon me.

The country!—

They tells me, them as went there wiv
the treat,

That theer 's grors as green as cheese,
Wot yer walks on if yer please,
An' the birds is 'oppin' rahnd
In the trees an' on the grahnd—
Not in ciges wot they 'as in our back street.
Then theer 's flahrs, they tell me, wot's
Growin' wild, an' not in pots,
Dysies, buttercups they finds,
And theer ain't nobody minds
Though they sets to work and picks
'em,

Yus, they actially nicks 'em,
An' theer ain't no bloomin' copper never
comes along an' licks 'em.

In course I knows they're kiddin' me.

I ain't not quite so green
As ter swaller all them yarns o' theirs
as if they're Gospel true;

But I'd like ter see a bit o' wot them
other chaps 'as seen,

An', s'elp me, if I'd ninepence, don't
I know wot I would do?

KINDNESS-TO-ANIMALS POEMS.

II.—THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THERE is a beast which seldom makes
A great amount of fuss;
He lives in rivers, ponds, or lakes—
The hippopotamus.

Now let me give a warning word
To little children, who
May think the creature too absurd,
When visiting the Zoo.

Although his rind is rather thick,
His love you will not win
If you should beat him with a stick
Or prick him with a pin.

So gently pat him on the head
And do not pull his tail,
He may on peppermints be fed,
Or buns, if they are stale.

If new the buns that you have bought,
They need not make him ill,
For indigestion you may thwart
By giving him a pill.

Admire his extra-massive jaw,
His little twinkling eyes,
When into his capacious maw
You empty your supplies.

If you can see the creature blames
His keeper or his luck,
Try calling him endearing names—
An “angel” or a “duck,”

And he will love you (well he may!)
With love that does not cloy,
And all your life will fleet away
In happiness and joy.

ANY BUT A TONIC SOL-FA.—The tropical
weather.



TO PEKIN!

JAPAN. "JEN AVANTI!"
RUSSIA (*aside*). "I DO HOPE HIS MOTIVES ARE AS DISINTERESTED AS MINE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

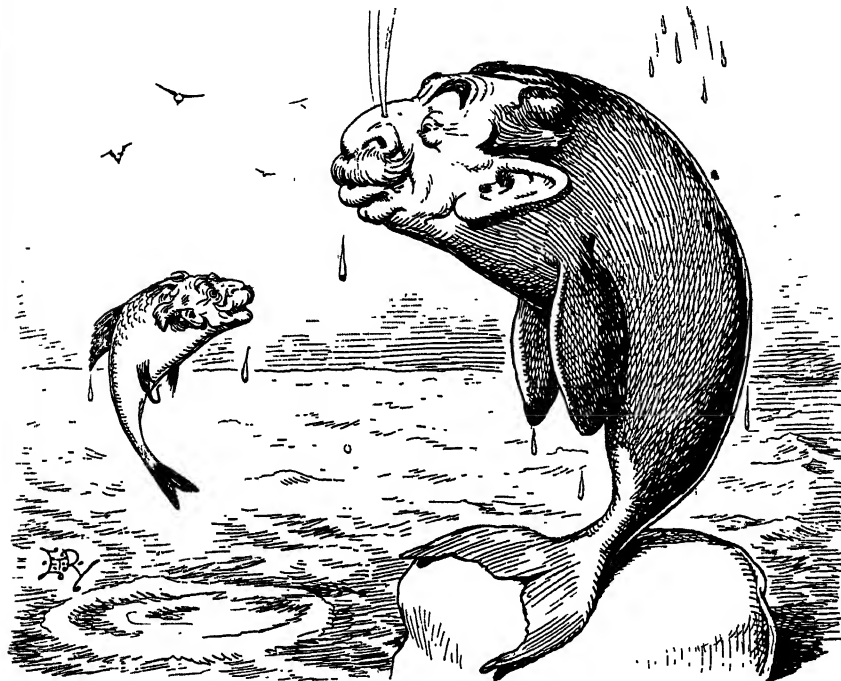
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, July 9.

—"When I die," said RITCHIE, trying to look as like the late Queen MARY as

Undersized Fish Bill at same time last year. Observing JEMMY LOWTHER egging the CAPTAIN on to-night I asked him what he was doing.

"I'm throwing a sprat to catch a whale," he said, glancing from the trim



THE SPRAT AND THE WHALE;
OR, THE BOLD BEHAVIOUR OF AN "UNDERSIZED FISH."
(Cap'en T-mmy B-wl-s and Mr. R-tch-e)

possible, "you will find Sprats engraved on my heart."

This, of course, a hyperbole. But Sprats play considerable part in disturbing digestion of President of Board of Trade. Last year he brought in Bill designed to preserve the precious lives of juvenile fish. For occult reasons, JEMMY LOWTHER and Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES took objection. Succeeded in so obstructing measure that it was dropped. RITCHIE lay low and said nuffin. Acceptance of defeat only apparent. Measure of last year known as "Undersized Fish Bill." On early day in present Session, RITCHIE strolled in with look of superhuman innocence on his face, bringing with him what he called a "Fisheries Regulation Bill."

For a time all went well. Leave given to introduce and print it. Then came thunderclap. The CAP'EN, casually turning over leaves with mailed fist, thought he had somewhere seen something like the operative clause. On closer inspection, discovered the pious fraud.

Fisheries Regulation Bill nothing more than Undersized Fish Bill, with its tail painted and the fins slightly twisted.

TOMMY tipped the wink to JEMMY, and the Sprats were in the frying pan. Fishery Regulations Bill no forrader at this advanced period of session than was the

figure of TOMMY to the Leviathan unsuspectingly reclining on Treasury Bench.

Up got the CAP'EN and asked President of Board of Trade if he was in a position to state approximately how many Sprats there are in the sea between the Needles and Lands End? RITCHIE said the Question was one that evidently required notice. SPEAKER sustaining this objection, JEMMY and the CAP'EN subsided; only temporarily.

Meanwhile, Select Committee engaged in investigating the whole question. Easy to know what room they occupy by flavour of Billingsgate that pervades the passage. RITCHIE has come to hate the whole business. Curious how interest grows upon one. To see the President of Board of Trade and the First Commissioner of Works (neither undersized) on their knees over a basket of Sprats with a foot-rule in hand, engrossed in measuring contents, you would think their personal fortunes and the existence of the Ministry depended upon exactitude.

Business done.—House sat till daylight did appear, driving Irish Tithes Bill through.

Tuesday.—Troubles never come singly. RITCHIE having yesterday sorely suffered for the sake of small fish, to-day finds himself made occasion of serious revolt

on Ministerial benches. Anxious to get the Companies Bill through Committee, he moved innocent-looking motion giving Grand Committee on Trade permission to sit every day, and, if it pleased, all day. With thermometer at 85 in the shade, this too much even for Members accustomed to sacrifice themselves on altar of duty, GALLOWAY led the attack. That Cap'en TOMMY should seize opportunity of sticking pins in fresh places on author of Undersized Fish Bill a matter of course. More serious was interposition of the Blameless BARTLEY, with pained inquiry as to whether a member of a Grand Committee, other than the Chairman, might submit such motion?

As the storm spread, RITCHIE—his heart lacerated, so to speak, with the razor-edged bones of Sprats and other undersized fish—sat on Treasury Bench with air and attitude of an Early Martyr. The whole thing quite unexpected. Had consulted Clerk at Table, who provided him with copy of Resolution usual in such circumstances; moved it, with this disastrous result.

If he persisted, a division would show some awkward figures. To withdraw the motion would be an act of surrender, following too closely on PRINCE ARTHUR'S capitulation in matter of War Hospital Committee. Finally whittled motion down till it became quite undersized; as such passed through the sieve of discontent on back benches.

Pretty to see AKERS-DOU LAS instinctively feel in his pocket for his foot-rule, with impulse to measure the truncated resolution, as if it were a sprat or a whitebait. Such is the force of habit.



Looking on the "Brightside" of Parliament.
(Mr. M-dd-s-n prefers legislation to garden parties.)

Business done.—Agricultural Holdings Bill considered on Report stage.

Thursday.—Met the DOOK OF DEVONSHIRE among the brilliant throng at Lady SASSOON's party in Park Lane to-night.

"Heard about the revolt against the Government?" I asked.

"In the Lords, do you mean?" the DOOK said, beginning to yawn.

That, of late, such common occurrence as to be monotonous. Peculiarly trying to temperament so sensitive to boredom as is the DOOK'S. Regarded matter more seriously when he learned that mutiny broken out among young bloods of the party in the Commons.

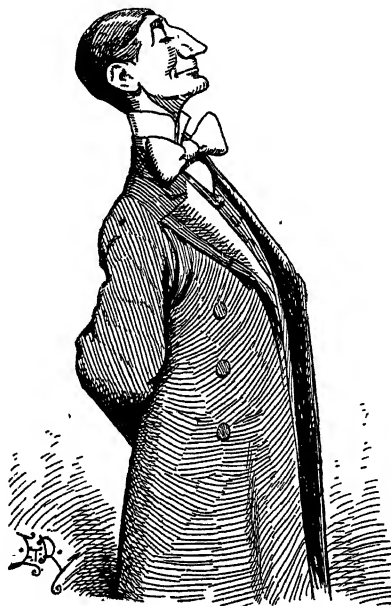
HUGH CECIL, a modern PRINCE HENRY, was at the bottom of this well-concerted attempt to snatch the crown from the sovereign head of his sleeping Father. Agricultural Holdings Bill proposes to give tenant privilege of allotting three acres of his holding to the making of garden, orchard, and osier-bed.

Earl PERCY, fresh from Chevy Chase, led the attack. As it is written in SARK's private edition of the *Reliques*:

The Persé owt of Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wolde oust from Holdings Bill
These very acres three,

In manger of doughté WALTER LONG
And all that with him be.

With PERCY rode PRETYMAN, a very pretty speaker; that high agricultural authority Squire VICARY GIBBS, who re-



"A definite matter of urgent public importance."
(Sir Th-m-s Esm-nde.)

garded with despair prospect of osier-bed made in front of the Bank, E.C.; BETHELL, who hoped that, at least, Ministerial Whips wouldn't be put on to coerce his young friends; LAURENCE HARDY, whose old-world park in Kent is hospitably open to wayfarers; and HUGH CECIL, the exquisite phrasing of whose short speech was as good as anything his father, the MARKISS, ever did.

WALTER LONG, in charge of Bill, sat unresponsive on Treasury Bench. It was a risky situation. If Opposition were to pull their forces together and fling them into division lobby with Ministerial malcontents there was possibility of Government being defeated. That sort of ambush common enough in Fourth Party days. Out of fashion now. When division bell rang Opposition to a man went out to save the Government, Mr. FLAVIN walking shoulder to shoulder with PRINCE ARTHUR, Mr. PATRICK O'BRIEN, going slightly ahead of HANBURY, as sometimes on calm days in the Channel one sees afar a bustling tug towing a stately three-master.

Business done.—Agricultural Holdings Bill passed Report Stage. Half a hundred young Tories representing landed interest mutiny.

"WHERE TO GO."

No. I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—That awful question again crops up at this time of the year, namely, "Where to go" for one's holiday, and I am writing this letter to you hoping to get your valuable advice on the subject. Curiously enough, many of the sea-side resorts that I like my wife has a loathing for. I am sure this difference of opinion must be the exception to the rule of married life. So, as we found it difficult to agree on the places we had previously visited, my wife suggested that we should explore new ground, and, for a change, try the Norfolk Coast. So it was decided that I should take my bicycle, and ride from one place to another, staying at cheap, old-fashioned inns, which would be a far greater saving of money than if we all went together to search. I may mention that things not being over prosperous with us this year, we were desirous of not expending more than twelve or thirteen pounds for our three weeks' holiday, including the railway fare for my wife and self and the two children. There would be no occasion to take the nurse, as she having casually mentioned that she had an invitation to stay with some friends at Bow I strongly urged her to accept it, making one mouth less for us to feed.

So last Saturday, with a small bag and my bicycle I started, and took a week-end ticket to Hunstaysay, "which the guide-books described as a quaint old sleepy sea-side village," with "excellent fishing and boating." The journey seemed extra long, for I was looking forward, like a child, to seeing this ideal fishing village. Then imagine my disappointment on arriving to find that Hunstaysay simply consisted of a few streets of absolutely modern red brick houses, built on some fields adjacent to the sea. In vain I looked for the quaint old straggling High Street, and the fishermen bustling about in their oilskins, but there was nothing of the kind. There was no harbour, and only a pier made of iron pipes, with advertisements all the way down the side. I looked for the quaint old inn, with the red-faced, cheery landlord, but couldn't find it, so

was obliged to stay at the Shoddingham; when, on making my entrance, I heard the head waiter (a German) say "Cyclist!" as he turned away to attend to a "gentleman" who had just arrived, dressed in a frock-coat and a white yachting-cap.

I was at last received by a lady who emerged from the office, and I apologised to her for my rather dusty condition; she replied, "Oh, never mind; the *table d'hôte* is at seven, and as it is not continuous, you had better go in at once." But at the risk of sacrificing the soup, I obtained her permission to wash first.

I pined for a chop or cut of cold meat; but no, I had to have the *table d'hôte* or nothing. It consisted of brown soup, fish (I don't know what) with brown sauce, and *entrée* with brown sauce, roast beef, and a small sponge cake with brown sauce over it. After dinner I adjourned to the smoking-room, and chatted with a most charming gentleman who was smoking a large cigar, and most courteously offered me one; I accepted on the condition that he would have a whiskey and soda at my expense. He accepted with great charm of manner. He was a very good-looking middle-aged man, with a slightly pointed beard. As he seemed to know the neighbourhood so extremely well, I was prompted to ask him whether he, like myself, had come down for the week-end, or whether he lived in the neighbourhood. He replied, with a smile, "In the neighbourhood. I live in a park close to here, called 'Sandringham.'" I started from my seat at once and took off my hat, thinking for the moment it was —. But it wasn't. He laughed at my embarrassment, and replied, "No, no; I'm only in the Electric Department." His conversation was so entertaining that I did not notice how many glasses of whiskey and soda I had ordered, but in my bill next morning, which to my horror came to £1 10s., I was debited with whiskey and sodas, 10s. 6d. They must have been eighteenpence each, and I have never paid more than sixpence.

Going on to Sherrytounge to-morrow. Will resume notes. Most interesting and useful, aren't they? Yours,

"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."

NEW REGULATIONS FOR LORD'S.

(Hourly expected).

1. MEMBERS of cricketing county elevens will be charged a guinea ahead gate money daily.
2. Umpires will pay a fee of five guineas a match of three days.
3. Balloons passing over the ground will be expected to pay a shilling a second during the passage.
4. Residents of houses surrounding the ground by paying five guineas per annum can avoid the erection of view-impeding hoardings, and thus secure a splendid view of the matches.
5. A small charge (2/6 per person) will be made for the use of the ground during the luncheon interval.
6. Competing county elevens requiring the pitch to be rolled will pay five shillings a time between the wickets or three times for twelve and sixpence.
7. After rain saw-dust can be secured at four shillings an ounce.
8. Should the crease require re-marking, pipe-clay can be obtained at ten shillings a brush full.
9. The scoring boards will be erected in a tent, and the public will be permitted to examine them at a shilling a peep.
10. Tickets for gentlemen of the press will be issued at a guinea a day, and accommodation will be found for the ticket-holders behind the chimneys of the grand stand.

CHARITY IN DISGUISE.

(Page from the Diary of a fair Organiser.)

Monday.—"Breakfast Burlesque" in aid of the Distressed Charwomen. Quite a new idea. Start tea and coffee in costume at 11 a.m., and carry on until it's time to dress for dinner.

Tuesday.—"Triviality Tea" to the Members of the Society for Pleasing the Charity Paupers. A variation of the *Breakfast Burlesque*. Costume last century. Incroyables. Liqueurs supplementary to temperance drinks.

Wednesday.—"Lunatic Lunch" in aid of the Summer Holiday for Skate Fasteners. Somewhat similar to the last notion. Everyone in most eccentric costume conceivable. Manners—go as you please.

Thursday.—"Display Dinner" in aid of the Starving Sweepers. Evening dress—not much of it—with invaluable lace and jewels. Starving sweepers admitted to the gallery to see the feasting.

Friday.—"Saucy Supper" for the benefit of the Octogenarian Pew Openers. Unconventional "Boy and Girl" Meal. Boys elderly—girls with considerable experience. Great fun—kept up well into the next morning.

Saturday.—Recovering from the *Saucy Supper*. Resting and thinking of something novel. For the moment originalities used up.

THE SCORCHING SKETCHER.

As gaily I glide on
And go where I like
I paint, as I ride on
My metalsome bike,
Such matchless "impressions,"
In greens, reds and blues;
Such graceful concessions
To 'Pressionist views!

Though drawing be painful
And colours don't please,
You'll find me disdainful
Of trifles like these!
I mount up the mountain
And glide through the glade;
And frisk by the fountain,
And sketch in the shade!



"Peinture à l'wheel."

My technique, though thinnish,
I cannot gainsay,
The pictures I finish
Would fill the R.A.!
They're worth the Gold Medal—
Don't tell me they ain't—
I paint and I pedal,
I pedal and paint!

I whirl through the parish
And limn the whole shire;
The desolate marish,
And tramps by the fire:
The cottager's humble
And picturesque porch—
I scorch and I scumble,
I scumble and scorch.

BUTS AT BISLEY.

(Compiled by an even-minded enthusiast.)

THE shooting could not be more satisfactory but for the customary "accidents."

Everyone would make a "bull" but for the haze and the shiftiness of the wind.

The catering is in every way excellent, but heavy meals scarcely assist in getting on the target.

It is delightful to entertain visitors—

especially ladies—at the camp, but champagne-cup and provisions generally run into money.

It is healthy to sleep under canvas, but when the thermometer marks ninety in the shade or the rain pours down in torrents a bed in an inn is preferable.

Bisley is a beautiful place, but Woking cemetery is a dismal neighbour.

Distinctly it is nobly patriotic to spend a fortnight with the N. R. A., in the cause of the Fatherland, but is it quite worth the trouble?

ON THE WING.

(A page from a Diary.)

Monday.—Fancy we ought to go to Paris. See the best Exhibition of modern days. Everyone full of it. Still, English unpopular and board and lodging exceedingly dear. Think over the matter to-morrow.

Tuesday.—Ought to get beyond France. Run through Switzerland. Over the Simplon. See Florence, Rome, Naples, and back by Monte Carlo. Shall settle it to-morrow.

Wednesday.—Why not "do" Scotland—the Trossachs, Skye, and Loch Maree, the Crinan and Caledonian Canals? Wish I could make up my mind.

Thursday.—Why not America? Might visit New York, 'Frisco, and Canada. Do the whole thing in a month. Really worthy of consideration.

Friday.—Might look up the Colonies. Only to get to the Antipodes. Persuade my wife to come—if possible. Should be a very pleasant change.

Saturday.—Had arranged all details for self and wife to personally conduct ourselves round the world. Suddenly wife decided against it. Wife dotes upon sea air. So we give up all ambitious schemes of foreign travel. Under marching orders for some quiet English watering place. Fancy it will be Southend!

HINTS ANENT THE COMING HAT.

Khaki. Why not the slouch hat worn at South Africa? Good many about—why not sample it?

An Enterprising Inventor. Why not try the Anti-Everything Sunshade patented by myself?

Nelson's Statue (Trafalgar Square). Might do worse with the hat I wore at Trafalgar. Why not use it?

Wellington's Statue (Hyde Park Corner). Military better than naval. Why not try one like mine.

Palmerston's Statue (Westminster). Always liked the Albert Hat myself. Caught on with the police. Why not with the soldiers?

Blue Coat Boy. Why have a head-covering at all? I do without one. *Verbum sap.*



THE girl was fooling along, neglecting her business, and looking up absently at the green boughs over-arching the beautiful road, when suddenly the inevitable happened, and with arms wildly waving above the metal steed that staggered drunkenly under her, she took a smart header into a ditch containing five feet of black mud, and a little water, while her bicycle lay comfortably down in the road, glad to be rid of her.

Plop! The black ooze closed round her as she stood symmetrically on her head, then was sucked down into a sitting posture, whence she floundered up, and tried to climb out by the side of the ditch, but the slime that streamed down her face, and caked her hair, and fell in rivers from her hat, weighted her too heavily, and she slipped back and back, apostrophising the senseless and grinning cause of her sorrow, a thing without bowels or intelligence, as the most bucking brute of a horse never is.

"And if I do get out, I shall have to walk through the village, where everyone knows me, looking like a sweep who has been ducked in a horse-pond," she soliloquised, fishing out a sodden black handkerchief that lay alongside a sodden purse, "and when I have been giving myself such airs about learning a bike so quickly, too!"

She tried to arrest the black runnels down her face and remove some of the caked filth in her hair, then thrust out a lamentable head level with the road in time to hear a man's cheery whistle approaching round the bend of the lane, and she clutched the weeds delightedly, for at last help was coming; and from a man, too—a woman would have been of no use!

The man stopped at sight of the prone bike, then his astonished glance sought the ground, and fell on the crushed hat with the Royal Yacht Squadron ribbon half smudged out, and the zebra face below it, and hurrying up, he stretched out both hands to pull the girl out, instead of which she all but pulled him in, and for a breathless moment it seemed as if the greedy ditch would hold two soused persons instead of one.

"There!" he said, as she stood on dry ground with cascades of inky fluid pouring from her garments, and, indeed, there was not one stitch of anything that was not black upon her; then, looking hard at her through her disguise, he almost shouted out "GWYNNE!"

"Well!" said the young woman, coolly, and, indeed, the dip had mightily refreshed her, and she felt game for anything, even so unexpected a meeting as this. "And why shouldn't it be GWYNNE? Give me your pocket-handkerchief, it's bigger and drier than mine." He gave it her; then he began to laugh, irrepressibly, tried to pull a straight face, and asked anxiously if she had hurt herself. Then, as she wiped her muddy eyes, and rubbed the roots of her curly hair, began to laugh again; then finally gave up the attempt at gravity, and fairly roared.

"Yes," said GWYNNE, energetically rubbing at her cheeks. "wasn't it awfully clever of me not to swallow any? We little thought when we last parted—in the way we did, that——"

"We should be able to say, We met—'twas in a ditch!" concluded JOE, cheerfully. "And, 'pon my word, 'twas very lucky, for it's rather an unfrequented lane, and you couldn't have got out by yourself, you know."

"And, pray, what are you doing here?" said GWYNNE, turning an extremely pretty, if smeared, countenance on JOE; and the girl who could look even decent under the circumstances must have possessed claims to distinct originality, both of looks and of character.

"Oh, just having a walk round," he said vaguely; "but you mustn't stand about in these wet clothes," he added, and took her arm authoritatively. "There's a lodge not far off; I've no doubt they'll act the good Samaritan to you there."

But GWYNNE drew the black muslin-covered arm (that had been white when she started) sharply out of his, and picked up her bike as if she meant to use it as a means of escape from him there and then.

"You can't ride back like that," he urged, keeping his eyes averted from her deplorable figure lest he should laugh again. "Let me take you to the lodge." And as she desired nothing so much as to hide her disgrace from the village, she swallowed her pride, and walked beside him.

"It is my favourite ride," she said; "nearly a mile under green boughs—I come here every day; and that"—she nodded to a half-seen great house sitting proudly in seventy-two acres of park—"is just a place one would love to live, and to die in."

"You like it?" cried JOE quickly, and with a flash of keen interest in his eyes.

"Yes, if I had the money I would buy it—look, it's for sale," she said, pointing to a great board that set forth all the glories of an historical house built by INIGO JONES, but without mentioning how much more beautifully Nature had done her share by the grounds.

"It was sold yesterday," said JOE, in an odd voice. "Look at the date—to-day is the 14th."

"And no doubt some horrid *parvenu* has bought it," cried GWYNNE, indignantly. "How I shall hate him! The very thought of him will spoil my ride round his estate. For this lane is his—and—"

"And the ditch," said JOE gravely; "and of course he may object to you drowning yourself in his ditch, and thus spoiling it, for it practically amounts to *felo de se* when a girl who can't ride a bike goes careering all over the country alone."

"How dare you!" cried GWYNNE, and turned a look of hate upon him. "You have never seen me ride, so how can you know?"

"Good riders don't fall into ditches," said JOE drily. "A bike is a tricky thing—you think you know it, and it kicks you off at the first opportunity." He was looking with fresh interest at the stately house, that at a bend of the road came suddenly nearer; the lodge, too, was well within sight, and desirable as a haven of refuge.

"I ride so well," said GWYNNE witheringly, "that I can ride with one handle—"

"Just now you appeared to ride without either," said JOE unkindly; then, with a sudden change of tone, "poor little girl, I do hope you won't catch cold, and if you'll tell me where you are staying, I'll cut off to your maid and bring you some dry clothes in a jiffy."

"If I tell you, you'll promise not to call till I ask you?" debated GWYNNE.

"Honest, GWYNNE. How long have you been here?"

"Oh, ever since I saw you at Hurlingham. The boys are mad on boating, you know, and they just rushed me along, before the season was half over."

"And the *mater*?"

"In town, of course! What do *maters* and *paters* want on the river? Two young people under a red umbrella in a backwater are all right, but—"

"Oh!" said JOE shortly. "Well, I don't call careering about the country alone—and—and the red umbrella without a chaperone, at all the thing for Miss EDEN."

"No?" said the girl, provokingly. "I wonder what you would have said to see me last week, brought home by a man I'd never seen before in my life?"

"What!" shouted JOE.

"You know I never learned a bike in town—father wouldn't let me—that's why I was a duffer at first *here*. Well, I picked it up quickly—the rudimentary part—you know, not the graceful, how and where to fall off—"

"In a ditch," remarked JOE drily.

"Now, that is mean," flashed out GWYNNE; "but what I do love, is to ride on level roads after dark, only the lights twinkling to guide one—it's just like flying! And we have a perfectly delightful young landlady—such *esprit*; about the smartest woman I ever knew—can bake and bike, and wash and cook, and wave my hair; and is game for anything—and I was out with her, and she heard a trap coming behind, and told me to go slow—and I *did*—but there was a rubbish heap at the side, and it jerked me clean under the horse's feet—and a man who was passing on his bike, whipped off and snatched me out in the nick of time. Cyclists are awfully good to one another when they come to grief," concluded GWYNNE earnestly. "Why, the other day, I dug a postman out; he had his parcels slung on his shoulders, and lost his balance, and there he lay, like a donkey with his panniers, and his bike on the top of him—of course he couldn't move."

"But the man who took you home?" cried JOE grimly.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? It was my landlady's husband, come to look for her. He adores her, you know; and they have two lovely children. But what are you doing here," she added abruptly, "wandering about country lanes and neglecting your duty to your country?"

"Didn't you know?" he said. "I've sold out; my uncle," he paused, "wanted me to go in for the life of a country gentleman, and by way of beginning"—he pulled up, and again his eyes sought the INIGO JONES house that seemed to smile back at him in its own stately way.

"You will grow fat, and lazy, and horrid," said GWYNNE, scornfully. "Too much money is infinitely worse than too little!"

"I've tried the too little," said JOE, "and I don't like it. I shall probably like the other—for a change. Here we are," and he propped up the bike, and held the side gate of the lodge open for the dripping girl to pass in.

"Ours is called the White House," she said. "Send my maid—please don't trouble to come back," and she disappeared ungratefully over the flags beneath the veranda before he could reply.

Following her nose she came to a delightful kitchen, where a sweet-faced little woman was busy ironing, and in no way surprised at the apparition at the door; indeed, the mishap seemed a very small one to the experienced person who had received four or five badly injured cyclists within those walls, and would doubtless receive many more, as GWYNNE'S favourite ride was close to four cross roads, one of which led to a race-course. It was only when GWYNNE saw her clothes in a black heap in the neat bedroom, and found herself viewing various misfits that would require abundant safety-pins to secure them at all, that she found time to ask herself, why was JOE here? Not to see *her* evidently, as he did not know her address; was it—as it became a certain horrid woman . . . So many horrid, unpresentable women came to the river, and with such smart men, too—the laxity of the air seemed exactly to suit the laxity of their morals . . . Well, if that was so, he should not come to the White House . . . Then suddenly an idea struck her, and she laughed delightedly. Huddling on the clothes offered her, and ramming down over her eyes and caked hair the weird hat provided, she ran out into the kitchen, and said, "Give my clothes to my maid when she comes—I will return yours, and thank you so much." Then putting some money in the woman's hand, the girl flew to her bike, and had mounted it, and was away by the road to the left, just as JOE, bearing a large bundle, appeared, running fleetly, at the end of the road facing the lodge.

He just saw the dowdy, flying figure; but it could not be GWYNNE, he said to himself rather half-heartedly, for he knew her tricks, only to find on reaching the lodge, that it *was*.

"Little devil," he said to himself under his breath, then laughed, for anyway she would have to go back to the White House some time; and then he did a rather surprising thing, for having put down the bundle, he walked straight up to the house, just as if it belonged to him, the woman thought, with sudden intuition, and her heart sank, for she loved the family that had lived so long in the house that was sold yesterday, and could not bear the thought of new faces.

An incredibly short time later, leaning back on the rose-coloured silk cushions that matched her parasol and the carnations at her belt, which made the one point of colour in her white toilette, feeling moreover that a punt fulfils ones utmost dreams of luxury, and gives you more pleasure than any other thing on earth does for your money, GWYNNE meditatively remarked to the brother who scientifically wielded the pole, "You wouldn't think, would you, that half an hour ago I was standing on my head in a ditch of black mud?"

REGGY looked enquiringly at the delightfully airy and cool vision before him, and then at her hair, considerably darker than usual, and partially hidden by a veil (veils on the river

are barbarous, and out of the picture), then remarked, brutally, "I thought I smelt bilge water somewhere. Didn't I tell you, when you were bragging at lunch to-day that you could ride with one handle, that you'd get carved up directly?"

"But I didn't—mud washes off—and my bike never turned a hair. It sat down in the road when I took to flying."

"H'm! Who pulled you out?"

"JOE. He—he *happened* to be there, you know!"

"You're not ragging, are you?" enquired REGGY suspiciously.

"Course not! He left me at the lodge, and went to our place to get my clothes—and I just got off by the skin of my teeth before he came back—in the old woman's togs, you know. They wouldn't meet anywhere. I was safety-pinned to death, and there was next to no brim to her hat; not a soul in the village knew me as I scorched through."

"Don't break your neck with the *mater* away," grumbled REGGY; "I won't take the responsibility of a funeral. 'Spose you know JOE'S come in for a fortune? And one condition was, he must buy back Brimber Court—that rattling fine place, in a big park, built by some swell buffer."

"In I go JONES!" said GWYNNE pertly. "The very remark I should have made, if I had wit enough, when I headed into JOE'S ditch; I suppose it is his ditch?"

"They were talking about it in the billiard-room last night," said REGGY, bringing the punt up under their favourite willow; "said it was bought by some young chap—probably it is JOE'S by this time."

"And never, never, never will I take any more mud out of his ditch!" cried GWYNNE, sitting erect, and clenching two angry little fists.

"What's the good of having plenty of mud if your friends can't roll in it?" said REGGY. "Help yourself, by all means—and use his lodge for cleaning-up purposes, and send him like a lackey for your clothes, then sneak off round a corner when you see him coming. He's too good a chap all round for you, GWYNNE, and you know it," concluded the boy indignantly, as he stuck the pole in the bottom of the river to secure the punt, and picked up his coat to hunt for tobacco.

But GWYNNE was beginning to unpack the tea-basket, and spread the contents out on the board before her; and this was a task that she loved, and her face grew peaceful as she filled the kettle. For to be in a punt, with dancing shadows of green leaves patterning her frock, and a cool breeze to ripple around her, with the certainty of a good novel to enjoy presently, and the hope of tea and sandwiches in the immediate future, was her nearest idea of heaven here below. And if sometimes, lately, she had sighed, and wished her cushions were shared by JOE—well, JOE was not far off now, and perhaps. . . .

A watched pot never boils, and while she waited, GWYNNE looked away to the sunbeams that filtered in a never-ending cascade of light down the reeds on the opposite bank, and, as she looked to the landing stage a little way below, there came a quaint and striking procession that at first puzzled her, and seemed to plunge her into the times of WOLSEY and ELIZABETH, and, indeed, with WOLSEY'S Palace well within sight, it was not easy to forget either of those proud and potent rulers of men.

First there came a boat displaying a flag, bearing the effigy of a swan, together with a large ensign, with a gold crown and the royal initials in red letters; the rowers wore scarlet jerseys and white swan quills in their hats, and a cheer rose from the gazers, for this was the Queen's boat, which always took precedence of the others, and close behind came three others, also having the swan sign, and manned by men in blue jerseys, who wore an air of great responsibility, not to say alarming dignity. For these were the swan-uppers, and, in the course of their upstream journey, they chased and captured every swan on the river, for the bird has to be "upped or marked with a small undulation or 'nick' on the bill. It is a painless operation, but an enraged swan is

a dangerous and powerful adversary, and only really harmless when on shore where, an unwieldy, waddling beast, she seems to lose her courage with her elegance, and falls an easy prey to the "nicker." The Queen's birds receive a single nick, the Vintners' swans have two, and the Vintners Company three, possibly because Mr. VINTNER has so few left. When at last the procession of boats had passed, making their way up river to Datchet, Bray, Maidenhead, Marlow, Henley, Goring, and Abingdon, the kettle had boiled over, and GWYNNE came back to herself with a start, to meet JOE'S eyes as he punted in a leisurely way past them, and as he coolly raised his hat, she said to herself that he had not wasted much time—and had, indeed, been almost as quick as she. On the yellow cushions of the punt reclined a faded, once lovely, woman, who looked keenly at GWYNNE—for each knew the other well enough by sight, and breathlessly GWYNNE asked herself how dared JOE—how *dared* he?

Plop! splashed the water into the teapot, and GWYNNE thought of that other and much larger splash she had made an hour earlier in JOE'S ditch, and out of which she had been ignominiously pulled by JOE'S unworthy hand.

"Poor chap!" said REGGY. "It's rough on him to have a sister like that; and as Lady MACLAREN, they say she was the prettiest woman in London."

"His sister?" exclaimed GWYNNE, grown suddenly white as she remembered the insults she had heaped upon JOE at their last meeting, when he had tried to explain (only she would not hear him) how he had come to be driving about town with a woman "of a certain class," as with unmaidenly frankness she had told him. And it was on account of his—sister—that there had come the rupture of their engagement!

"Didn't you know?" began REGGY, who was fishing, but at that moment got a bite, and stopped talking; and GWYNNE stopped making sardine sandwiches, and looked at the golden ray of sunshine dancing on the reeds by the river, and its gladness stole into her very soul, and smoothed out all the pain that had been in it for the last four weeks.

"Sir PETER gave her everything, they say," went on the boy rather shyly. "Position, money; everything but love. He wasn't unkind to her, only severely let her alone. And another man cut in, and Sir PETER divorced her—and she and the other man married and—parted. They mostly do, and JOE'S the only one who has stood by her. Sandwiches? Rather. That tea looks beastly—and there's no sugar in it," he grumbled, then forgot everything as he got another bite, and played his fish.

* * * * *

GWYNNE had wrapped a lace scarf about her head, and stolen round after dark to her favourite ride, and as she stood peering down into the black water whence JOE had pulled her that afternoon, she sighed, for she had been such a beast, and *he* such a dear.

Suddenly a man loomed up out of the gloom, and brought her heart to her mouth, and as she turned to fly, his strong arms went tightly round her.

"Darling," said JOE'S voice in her ear, "it's *our* ditch, won't you share it with me? You know now about poor ALICE. . . ." and GWYNNE stretched up her arms of her own free will, and clasped them about his neck, and her soft little mouth did not shun his.

"I might have known it was your lodge," she said quaveringly, "when they were so kind to me in it. . . ." But though the night was dark, and many lights were shining beyond them in Brimber Court, neither could see them for the love-light in each other's eyes.

Helen Mathews



"WHY WAS THAT MAN'S FACE SO BLACK, MUMMY?"
 "HE'S A NIGGER, DEAR. IT WAS MADE LIKE THAT."
 "WHAT WAS IT MADE WITH, MUMMY?"

MY PATENT.

NOT long ago a brilliant idea occurred to me. It was that of a double button-hook to fasten both boots at once. It came to me like a flash of inspiration, and my first impulse was to tell MONTGOMERY JONES about it. He is fond of mechanical inventions. Then wiser counsels prevailed, and I resolved to take out a patent before telling anyone.

Now I had not the faintest idea how to take out a patent. I concluded that it was done at the Patent office. I would consult *Whitaker*. Everything is there.

I search the index, and find "Patent Office." It is in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, so I jump into a hansom

and go there. On the way I meditate on my idea, and am more than ever convinced that it will yield a fortune. Imagine the saving of time in these hurried days. The old-fashioned single button-hook was well enough when the stage coach waited at one's door. Now, when one must run to catch the electric train, something more rapid is needed.

I spring out, full of enthusiasm, and discover that the Patent office no longer exists. In its place there is a heap of rubbish, surrounded by a hoarding. All my magnificent scheme is dashed to the ground. I could weep. I could even gnash my teeth, if I knew how to do it. Why the British government should destroy the Patent office at the very

moment of my inspiration is more than I can explain.

A policeman strolls up. "Why," I cry, in a voice of anguish, "why has the Patent office been pup-pup-pulled down?" I finish with a sob. "Patent Horfice," he answers; "through the garding."

Then it still exists. I rush into that garden, I hurry up the steps, I burst in at the door, and I meet a tranquil official. "I want a patent, please," I say; "where do I get it?"

"Not here," he replies. "You search the indexes in the library—just now in Bishop's Court; then you get a form at the Law Courts, write a specification in duplicate, get the form stamped—costs a sovereign—bring it here, get a receipt, get an acceptance. Then you've got Provisional Protection, which doesn't protect you from anything."

I listen in amazement. I thought I only had to go to some office, and get a patent as one might buy a postcard. How shall I get through this complicated arrangement? I walk to the library. I turn out volumes. I search the index. It seems that half the population, at least, invents things and patents them. I begin to despair. I will consult JONES.

So I go and see him, and explain it all. I ask if he thinks I ought to take out a patent, and he says, "Perhaps."

Then I set to work; I get forms, I elaborate sketches, I study dimensions, I prepare descriptions, I write specifications, and one day I pay a pound for a stamp, and deliver my application. I am provisionally protected. I repeat all my efforts and apply for the complete patent, paying three pounds more.

I find it has already been granted to MONTGOMERY JONES. He just forestalled me in each application, and now he threatens to prosecute me for infringing his patent for my invention. H. D. B.

NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

(Voices that may be heard through the wires some day.)

First Voice. Have you received all the ironclads?

Second Voice. Yes; England has sent all the stock she had in hand.

Third Voice. Have all the guns been delivered?

Fourth Voice. Yes, there's not another in Great Britain.

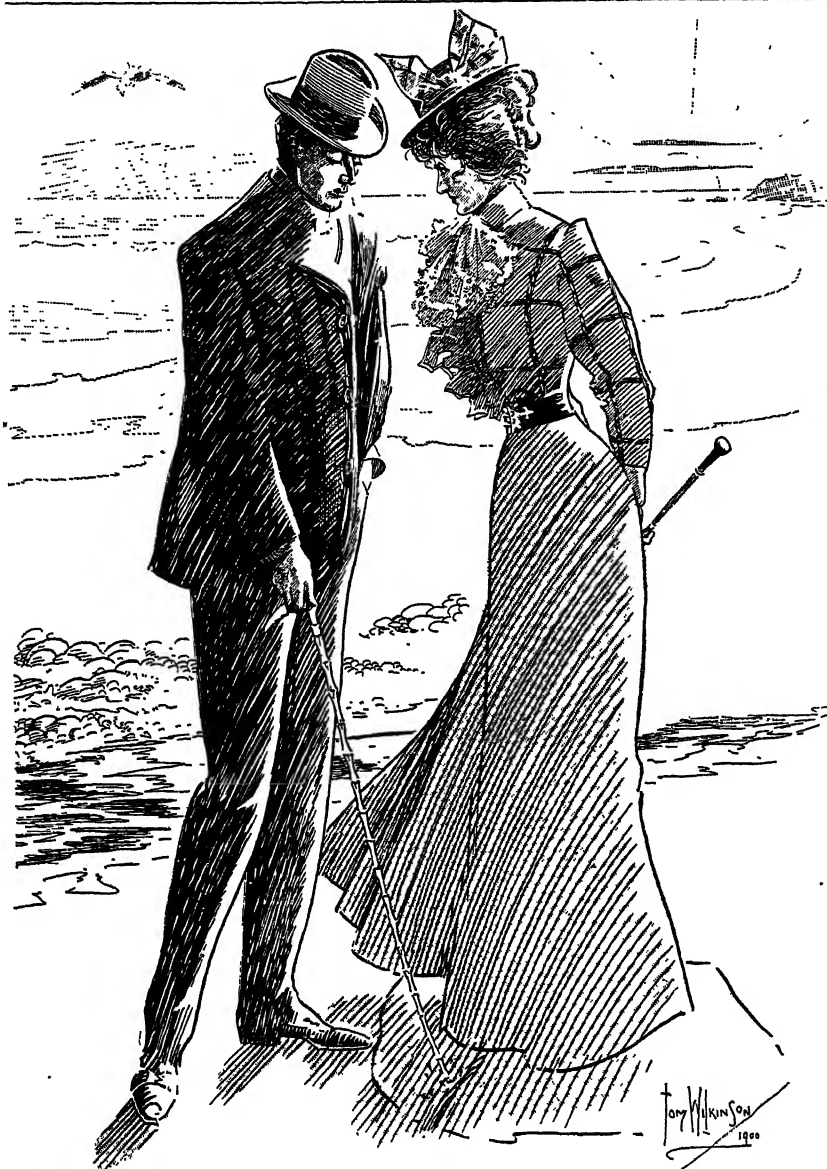
Fifth Voice. Has the ammunition reached you?

Sixth Voice. To the last cartridge. There is not another shell to be found between Skye and Plymouth.

First Voice. Then, my dear colleagues, having arranged our secret treaty, all we have to declare is war against—

Other Voices (joining in chorus.) England! War against England!

(Enthusiastic cheering.)



She. "WELL, ARTHUR, DID YOU TELL DAD THAT LITTLE FIB ABOUT THE PROSPECTIVE LARGE SALARY YOU CONFIDENTLY ANTICIPATED YOU WOULD SOON BE EARNING?"
 He (gloomily). "M'YES." She. "WELL?"
 He. "HE BORROWED A COUPLE OF POUNDS ON THE SPOT!"

THE GENERALISSIMO.

IN reference to the commander of the allied armies to be sent to China, there is reason to believe that the following telegrams have been received at the Foreign Office, from the cities named:—

St. Petersburg.—Enchanté général anglais commandant en chef. Crains cependant résistance France et Allemagne. Propose général russe.

Berlin.—Admiral proposition général anglais. Cependant France et Russie. n'accepteraient jamais. Généraux allemands tout prêt.

Paris.—Immense admiration superbes talents généraux anglais. Mais adhésion Russie et Allemagne impossible. Généraux français très nombreux désirent s'occuper. surtout plusieurs en retraite.

Rome.—Avec plaisir. Mais qu'en diraient Allemagne, Russie, France? Généraux italiens à disposition.

Washington.—Would willingly agree, but election coming on. If English general born in America of Irish father and German mother, or German father and Irish mother, could be appointed, might be able to consent. Could find here Irish-German-American colonel and make him general. Should prefer this.

Tokio.—Would consent, but convinced Japanese general better acquainted country. Suggest, therefore, Japanese general.

St. Petersburg.—Si nomination général russe impossible accepterais général français.

Paris.—Au lieu général français en cas opposition accepterais général russe.

Berlin.—Hostilité envers généraux allemands étonnante. Les meilleurs du monde. Si inévitable peut-être supporterais général italien avec rang allemand, étant nommé Feldherr. Mais préfère général allemand.

Rome.—Si généraux italiens refusés accepterais général allemand.

Washington.—Rather busy forthcoming election. Don't mind much. Would agree any nationality if of Irish-German descent.

Tokio.—Impossible agree Russian, German or French. Propose English. Prefer Japanese.

Madrid.—Caramba! Pourquoi no general español.

Vienna.—Proposerais général autrichien mais Hongrie demande amiral anglais depuis fêtes Fiume.

St. Petersburg.—Evidemment faut trouver commandant de nation neutre. Propose général bulgare.

Paris.—Seul moyen nommer neutre. Propose général mexicain.

Rome.—Pourquoi pas général roumain?

Berlin.—Si nomination général allemand absolument impossible. Peut-être général suisse de canton allemand.

Washington.—No time. Election. Have anybody. Provided Irish or German.

San Marino.—Guardia civile della Serenissima Repubblica s'offre comme generalissimo.

Tokio.—Suggest offering command AGUINALDO.

Washington.—Never. Better KRÜGER.

Paris.—Toujours opposé. Très agaçant. Propose enfin amiral suisse.

St. Petersburg.—Parfaitement.

Rome.—Très bien. Si Ticinese tant mieux.

Berlin.—Accepte. Mais de canton allemand.

Vienna.—Très volontiers. Hongrie même contente.

Yokohama.—Yes.

Washington.—Yes. Swiss partly German. Should prefer Swiss partly Irish also. H. D. B.

WHEN SHALL THE VOLUNTEERS LEAVE THE KINGDOM?

(Answered by General Intelligence.)

Not when Australia is over-run, because someone must look after Putney.

Not when Canada is attacked, because Herne Bay must not be left unprotected.

Not when India is threatened, because Dalston must have its defenders.

Not when Malta is surrounded, because Southend requires the lads in grey.

Not when the Cape requires more men, because Kew must be occupied by warriors half-disciplined and wholly unpaid.

Then when shall the Volunteers leave the Kingdom?

Why, when England is invaded. Then, and only then, should the Volunteers leave their native shores!

"WHERE TO GO."

No. II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — Being still on the look out, I rode to the next important town we had put down on the list, Sherrytounge, also in Norfolk. It was the same style as Huntstayan: twenty or thirty houses, of the West Kensington build, erected on a field near the sea. No old-fashioned hotel, so had to stay at the Hotel Metafool, a gigantic house with at least 200 bed-rooms. I was received with some suspicion by the German waiters, who ordered me to take my bicycle round to the shed. I apologised for being a bit dusty, but the head waiter said it didn't matter; but I think it did, for he took me to the far end of the dining-room, so that I shouldn't be in contact with the other guests, some of whom were dressed as if they were going to a ball. I asked if this were the case. The waiter replied, "No but they like to dress at the hotels. It makes a greater change from their home life."

The menu was the same as at the Shoddingham. Brown soup, brown sauce with fish, *entrée* with brown sauce, &c. The dinner was very expensive, and I told the head waiter so. He replied, the class of people they had there never complained, and he couldn't see, himself, how it could be cheaper, as they had recently spent £5,000 on re-decorating the hotel. The dining-room paper was certainly very fine. It was a rich crimson and gold stamped paper, in imitation of stamped leather, the same as at the Shoddingham.

I had a bad night's rest; the bed-room curtains, being made of some cheap flimsy material, didn't keep out the light, and the bed faced the window. Why do they always place the beds facing the light?

I rode on to Crumer, which my wife said was an old-world place and sure to suit us. But I found it to be precisely the same as the other towns, only worse.

Two or three hundred modern mansions built on the fields, with the regulation iron-pipe pier and concrete parade.

I explored the town, but the few apartments that were to let, were £8 a week. Feeling hungry, I wandered in search of a cheap dining-place, but not one could I find.

The Hotel de France (which, like the others, was occupied by Germans) I dare not enter with my bicycle. So I went to a smaller one, about the size of Stafford House. I was about to enter, having lifted my bicycle up the steps, when the door was barred by a lady, dressed in rich black silk, who, on seeing me approach, had flown to the entrance and was shouting "Not here, please!" I replied, "Is there anything catching?" She seemed much alarmed, and said, "Mind the paper!" The hall, I may mention, was papered in crimson and gold, the same as at the Hotel



SORROWS OF A SUBALTERN.

"CURIOUS WAY THAT BOY HAS OF SALUTIN'. DON'T BELIEVE IT'S CORRECT!"

Metafool. I apologised, and when a boy had taken the bicycle she permitted me to enter, and allowed me to have some light refreshment, which cost five or six shillings.

I enquired of the waiter (a German) whether there was any boating or fishing! He replied that he didn't know; he wasn't a regular, he was only an extra, and had come down with "a week-end ticket."

My next move is to Oldborough. You shall hear next week.

"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."

OUR TRAVEL BUREAU.

(Hints to intending Holiday-makers, re Desirable Countries to Visit, and their Respective Attractions.)

France.—Lessons in idiomatic French with independent cabdrivers. Collection of obsolete coins, by way of small change, from waiters. Study of Nationalist

newspapers. Visits to the Boer Pavilion at the Exhibition. Possibility of meeting Dr. LEYDS. Army manoeuvres in the north.

Belgium.—Home of judges who acquitted SIRIPO. Opportunity of fraternising with anarchists and their legal patrons and abettors. Lessons (gratis) in equity and gratitude.

Holland.—Cousins of Brother Boer. Locale of the last Peace Conference. Ideal place to celebrate peace on conclusion of the war.

Germany.—Staple commodity, post-cards complimentary to the British.

Russia.—Passports. Dvorniks. Isvostchicks. Muzhiks. Interest displayed by officials in one's whereabouts, movements, and private correspondence. Collection of visas. Cold soup. Fish soup. Cabbage soup. Ham soup. Tart soup. Mud soup. Omnibus soup. Passports.

OPERATIC NOTES.



La Tosca, en Bicycliste.

Saturday, July 14.—Hot weather. Thermometer up to anything. Just the night for an Egyptian Opera. Frau GADSKI sings and acts with great feeling as *Aida*, and LOUISE HOMER is vocally satisfactory. IMBART DE LA TOUR and Frau GADSKI highly appreciated; while SCOTTI as *Amonasro* the success of the evening. PLANÇON majestic. House thin and, so, cooler than otherwise it would have been.

Monday, July 15.—*La Tosca*, by G. PUCCINI, Second Performance.—In my humble opinion, to turn a successful modern acting play into an opera, is to court failure. Eight times out of ten the attempt at operatizing a drama is a clever mistake. *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Merry Wives* and *Hamlet*, have all served for *libretti*,

and the success of each is just in proportion to its poetic merit. *Hamlet* as an opera is heavy; so *Othello*. All the merriment was taken out of the *Merry Wives* by the composer, who hit only on one catching melody which rejoiced us in the overture, and then "was heard no more." Even taking *Roméo et Juliette* as an exceptional success, what has there in it that has achieved popularity except the waltz, the Page's song, and the duet?

To illustrate the action of a drama with music, *i.e.* with "melodrame," is one thing, for here the music is part and parcel of the drama's success. But to pull to pieces the plot of a well-known stage-play, to substitute verse for its prose, to introduce into it subjects for song, and invent opportunities for concerted pieces and chorus, is a labour so fraught with danger both to the success of the new musical entity thus galvanised into existence, and to the popularity of the original, that it had better never be attempted.

SARDOU'S strongly dramatic, but repulsive, play of *La Tosca*, ought to have been severely left alone by Messrs. ILLICA and GIACOSA, nor should M. SARDOU have been so ill-advised as to sanction the work of librettist and composer. As an Opera the character of the drama is left unchanged, and not all the skill of the composer, whose worth will come to be more and more appreciated by musicians, can relieve the material gloom, nor in any perceptible degree elevate the revolting character of a tragedy which probably would never have existed but for the influence of the Sara-scenic BERNHARDT over the sensation-loving French dramatist.

The *Floria Tosca* of Fräulein TERNINA is vocally (with so little worthy of her) and dramatically excellent. SCOTTI, as Scarpia, did his very best as singer and actor; and exactly the same may be said of Signor LUCIA, as *Cavaradosi*. If among my readers there be any old playgoers who can recall PAUL BEDFORD, in the good old Adelphi days of TOOLE, and before him of WRIGHT, they will find in M. GILBERT, as *Il Sagrestano*, the old "I-be-lieve-you-my-boy PAUL" *redivivus*. The resemblance in face and physique is very striking, and his acting in this character is very much as "little PAUL" would have rendered the part, singing included, for PAUL was a full chorister first and something of a droll after. The scenery by Mr. BRUCE SMITH and assistants is excellent, but the property man and stage-manager rather marred the otherwise fine effect of the church scene. Church and stage never do get on well together. The opera, the public is informed, has been "produced with great success in the principal cities of Italy and South America," and, as far as I am concerned, those places are welcome to keep it to themselves as an opera. As music, there is much I should like to hear

again. The season is now finishing. A few nights more, then up go the shutters, and away fly the song birds.

Pleasant to record as the last note of the season that at Windsor. After the performance the QUEEN graciously presented her photograph mounted in, says the *Daily Telegraph*, "a beautiful silver frame to Mlle. BAUERMEISTER." And this was after seeing her only as *Martha* in *Faust*! What form, worthy of her remarkable talents, would not the royal reward have taken had the QUEEN seen and heard her as *Juliet's* Nurse as *Carmen's* Companion, as *Cupid*, as *Alice* (not the sweet one that *Ben Bolt* didn't remember, but *LUCIA's Alice*), as *Turiddu's* Mother (in *Cavalleria*), *Giovanna* (in *Rigolletto*), an attractive priestess *Una Sacerdotessa* (in *Aida*), and in many other characters, young and old, comic and tragic, with a voice to suit everything and satisfy everybody! Bravissima, BAUERMEISTER! As Mr. Cyrus Angelo Bantam, M.C., would have exclaimed, "Re—markable!"

WISDOM WITHOUT WIGS.

["At the Kent Assizes Mr. Justice MATTHEW and the Counsel transacted justice without their Wigs."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

SAYS Mr. Justice MATTHEW, "In full fig, I won't appear this weather. Dash my wig! Why not sit only in our gowns? Forsooth, Our duty is to learn the naked truth. If *Nuda Veritas* be here, she ought To be well hidden in the well of Court. Let her come forth unclothed! She will not mind. Justice, as Madam Truth should know, is blind, So let's be free and easy all together. Next case—say iced champagne. Oh—pshaw! What weather!"

"WHO WOULD BE FREE!"

SIR,—I am a lover of freedom. I hold that everybody ought to be free, and anyone who differs from me on this point, I would have locked up. "An Englishman's house is his castle." I would insist on all castles being thrown open to the public. If there be an Englishman who differs from me on this point, let him be locked up in his own castle or house, as the case may be. Only, how am I to lock him up anywhere if I insist on Open Houses and Open Doors everywhere? I don't quite see this. And, mind you, if any inquisitive person comes poking his nose into MY house unasked and uninvited—out he goes, neck and crop. Sir, at the next Election, let us rally round the Flag of Freedom! Those who won't rally must be made to rally.

Yours,

A TRUE BRITON, F. AND I.

AS IT OUGHT TO BE.—Professor CUNNINGHAM was objected to as a Transvaal Hospital Commissioner because of his somewhat remote connection with the War Office. But, points out "H.W.L." in the *Daily News*, it has escaped observation that Mr. HARRISON, of the L. & N. W. Railway, more recently appointed on this commission, has been for some time on the War Office Advisory Council (as to transport service), "a capacity that confers on him the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel." Of course, he is emphatically in the first rank as a soldier of the line. (L. & N. W.)

POETIC JUSTICE. HORACE AND A LITTLE ODE.—Mr. HORACE SEDGER, well-known in the theatrical world, is certainly to be congratulated on his having got out of what seemed to be a very tight place, though, in reality, as his solicitor, Mr. RUBINSTEIN, observed in a letter to the D. T., "That the magistrate held there wasn't even a *prima facie* case against him," or as Sir F. LUSHINGTON might have expressed it: "He had never before heard of SEDGER case!"



PROFIT AND LOSS ?

French and Russian Admirals. "AH, CE CHER JOHN BOOL ! HOW KIND TO SELL US ALL THIS COAL WHEN HE WANTS IT SO MUCH HIMSELF !"



BETWEEN DEVIL AND DEEP SEA.

A SOLILOQUY.

Trainer (teaching his Apprentices the new style). "IF I LET 'EM SIT ON THE SADDLE, I SHAN'T HAVE ANY RACES, AND IF I DON'T, I SHAN'T HAVE ANY LADS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If it's old-fashioned melodrama you want, read *The Mystic Number*, by ANNABEL GREY (SIMKINS), and you'll very soon have enough of it. The sanguinary situations are led up to with some skill, for never would the guileless reader imagine when he first makes the acquaintance of *Miss Glen Daile*, burlesque danseuse and popular favourite, that he will soon be in the company of such old friends as gipsies and stolen children, that he will once again meet the bad baronet, and be soon up to the eyes in murders, mysticism, marriages, and madness! If only the reader, in whose hands fate may place this book, be an accomplished "skipper," then in a few minutes he will have satisfied whatever curiosity the authoress may have skillfully aroused.

Reading *Robert Orange* (FISHER UNWIN) my Baronite sighs for the sweet simplicity of *The Sinner's Comedy*, for the succulence of *Some Emotions and a Moral*. The story is hampered at the outset by the fact that it is a sequel. That is not an insuperable difficulty, for in *The Virginians* we find some old friends met and loved in *Esmond*. Still there is (up to now) only one THACKERAY. A more marked failing in the latest work of JOHN OLIVER HOBBS is that that brilliant writer has unhappily been led aside from her own path to tread the carpeted and tinselled platform DISRAELI built for himself. The worst thing about DISRAELI'S novels is their affected style. It handicapped even a supreme genius. Borrowed, it is simply odious. Towards the end of the story, about the time we get rid of *Lord Reckage*, a painstaking echo of some of DIZZY'S political personages, JOHN OLIVER casts her borrowed trappings and is herself again. The scene between the *Marquis of Castrillon* and his valet, all the business of the comedy in which *Mrs. Parfete* appears, above all, the challenge to the duel are excellent. The best writing in

the book, alike in style and matter, are the letters—*Agnes* to *Lord Reckage*, *Brigit* to *Orange*, and even DISRAELI to "My dear F." This last comes nearer to life than any other passage in which DIZZY is carried in clothes-horse-wise, with intent to hang on him a few glittering phrases. *Brigit* is delightful, but occasionally incomprehensible. *Robert Orange* is often incomprehensible and rarely attractive. A man who, immediately after his wedding, drags his bride off by a night boat to St. Malo, really deserves, when he arrives, to find a telegram mentioning that her first husband happens to be still alive. In the duel scene alluded to, it is stated that "the interview took place in French." But "*à l'outrance*," twice printed on the same page, is not French; neither is "*il faut marcher*" on page 354; nor is "*Milles tendresses*" on page 257. This may be JOHN OLIVER'S subtlety. Her great exemplar, DIZZY, was woefully weak in his French, and these apparent slips may be touches of perfection in the way of imitation.

Messrs. GAY & BIRD have added to their charming Biblot Library, *Sydney Smith's Wit and Wisdom*, and *An Elizabethan Garland*. These dainty volumes, so near in their literary charm, so far apart in form, will greatly increase the value of the collection. In *An Elizabethan Garland* the Editor, Mr. POTTER BRISCOE, has bound some rare (in the sense of being little known) wildflowers, gathered in a rich and olden field.

MARIE CORELLI'S new story, *Boy* (HUTCHINSON & Co.), would alone suffice to establish her reputation among the very best of our novelists whose works English readers would not willingly let die. Among the rather large family of boys who will ever hold their place in our literature, such as little *Oliver*, little *Mas'r David Bo'*, *Tommy Traddles*, little *Paul*, *Pip*, and little *Lord Fauntleroy*, the last comer, this new *Boy* of MARIE CORELLI'S, will not only hold his own, but to him will be assigned, by the Baron at least, the very first place in the above

distinguished category. We may be very proud of *Our Boys*, so far, and, doubtless there are many more names that, for the moment, escape the Baron's memory. This story of *Boy* is simply charming. It is true to life, genuinely humorous, and powerfully pathetic. The poor little chap's well-born, soddenly-drunken father, and his "jelly fish" of a mother to whom "it was useless to talk about anything but the merest commonplaces," are convincing studies of character drawn to the life by a masterly hand. These, the evil genii of *Boy*, are admirably contrasted with the equally true types of goodness, represented by the kind-hearted, loving, faithful spinster, Miss Letty, and her honest, upright admirer, Major Desmond, who is worthy to march side by side with our dear old "Cod Colonel," Thomas Newcome. Than this no higher praise can be bestowed. The juvenile hero of the tale runs great risk of becoming a spoilt *Boy*. He will be invited everywhere, fondled, petted by all. He will be smiled upon, hugged, wept over, taken up lovingly, again and again, cherished and then parted with, for a time, most reluctantly. Often, in years to come, will he be brought down from his resting-place in the library, to become acquainted with new friends and admirers, or to be welcomed by those in whose hearts the memory of *Boy* will be ever kept green. The Baron is inclined to pronounce this a work of genius. As to its success, that is already assured. THE BARON DE B.-W.

SELF-DENIAL.

"[The instinct of compassion led them to believe that, provided they gratified that instinct, they were certainly doing good. Their work was to teach men that this instinct was wrong, and to educate men in this great truth. Benevolence might easily degenerate into selfishness.]—*The Bishop of London to Delegates of Conference on Charity Organisation.*]

My needy friend, as sick you lie,
And hungry at my gate,
Your sufferings as I pass you by
Make me compassionate.

My itching fingers to my purse,
As if by instinct, stray;
I yearn to send you leech and nurse
Your sufferings to stay.

Thus, as with sympathising breast
On to my house I go,
My bosom tingles with the zest
Of self-approving glow.

Ah, hateful feeling—I perforce
With bitterness confess
The motive urging to that course
Is purely selfishness.

Then, lest a false benevolence
My selfish bosom guide,
I close my pocket, keep my pence,
And pass the other side.



Policeman (to slightly sober individual, who is wobbling about in the road amongst the traffic). "COME, OLD MAN, WALK ON THE PAVEMENT."
Slightly Sober Individual. "PAVEMENT! WHO DO YOU TAKE ME FOR? BLONDIN?"

A PACK OF LI'S.

SCAN the papers every day,
Search and puzzle as you may,
O'er the Boxer Movement poring,
Reading rumours of the warring,
Massacres and plot's infernal
Chronicled in every journal;
Yet to-morrow you will see
All will contradicted be,
And the why it seems to me
Is not difficult to see.

For the Chinese nation's made of
People who are not afraid of
Owning they have long ceased trying
To refrain from wholesale lying:
And enunciate the same
By adding LI unto their name.

So with YUNG LI'S, Old LI'S *ad lib.*
LI'S of HUNG CHANG (Chinese for fib)
LI'S of every rank and station
Perfect in prevarication.
Life to them is not a riddle
But a thumping tarradiddle.

But the Powers eight uniting
Now against the Chinese fighting
Mean to touch the Boxer host
Where they think he'll feel it most
So, as Truth they do despise
We must fight them by Allies.

A NEW TERROR.

Johnson. Hullo, THOMPSON, you look
peekish. What's wrong?

Thompson. The vibration of motor car-
ring has got on my liver.

Johnson. I see, automobilious!

"THE MASSES AND THE CLASSES."—Five-
sixths of the masses, and six-sevenths of
the classes, are asses.

A PERSON NOT ALWAYS APPRECIATED IN
THE HIGHER THEATRICAL CIRCLES.—The
Ibsen-minded beggar.

IN THIS TROPICAL WEATHER.—A visit to
"Loch Swilly." What a delightful place!
The Duke of CONNAUGHT'S going there.
From Cork to Swilly! Take out the Cork
and the Swilly's all right.



SCENE.—A Pro-Boer Meeting. Riotous Opposition making itself felt.

Orator. "GENTLEMEN, WE DO NOT DISGUISE FROM OURSELVES THE FACT THAT OURS IS NOT A POPULAR CAUSE. BUT THAT DOES NOT DISCOURAGE US. WE SHALL CONTINUE TO STAND UP FEARLESSLY TO THE LAST, TO BATTLE FOR THE THING WE BELIEVE TO BE RIGHT." (Uproar) * * * (hastily to his Neighbour) "QUICK—TELL ME, WHICH IS THE BACK DOOR TO THIS HALL?"

QUIS CUSTODIET?

[Mr. FLYNN: It is a fact that these fashionable soothsayers are visited by Bishops?

Sir M. W. RIDLEY: All the more reason why they should be prosecuted.—House of Commons.]

THE apron does not make the saint.
Alas! our gaitered Bishops ain't
Invariably free from taint

Of being sometimes human;
The heart episcopal beguiles
Its idle moments with the wiles,
And nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles
Of woman, lovely woman.

Yet is their only crime, I ween,
Mere innocence; no harm they mean.
They seek the fortune-telling queen,
And, sitting down beside her,

Are charmed with tales of some great
Of fortune, and fair ladies' eye— [prize
They little guess that they, poor flies,
Have flown unto a spider.

Must they, so webbed, be left a prey?
Perhaps you know as well as they
How hard it is to fly away,

When once the spider hath you.
You save the guileless nursemaid. Then
Protect these still more simple men,
And from the fatal Siren's den
Deliver them, Sir MATTHEW!

MOST "REGRETTABLE INCIDENT."—Some-
how the Boers, when even utterly routed,
invariably contrive to get off with their
guns. We have only captured one big gun
—and he is out at St. Helena.

"CHRONIC!"

[Temperature, on July 16th and 19th, over 92° in the shade.

N.B. — In popular phraseology the term "Chronic" appears, in defiance of the dictionaries, to have acquired the meaning of *extraordinary* or *excessive*.]

THE papers give advice ironic,

How to keep cool in all this blaze,

When (to repeat a 'busman's phrase)

"The temperature is something chronic!"

"Keep cool," I read with glance sardonic,

"By bidding all your worries cease!"

I might in piping times of peace—

To-day 'tis piping hot, 'tis "chronic!"

"Keep cool," and take a mental tonic

By thinking how Cooked Tourists toil

Round Paris, and New-Yorkers broil!

But *our* shade - readings still keep
"chronic!"

"Keep cool, and drink no beer Teutonic,
Nor alcohol in any form,

And seek no port, until a storm

Shall clear the atmosphere that's
"chronic."

"Keep cool; avoid the histrionic,

The omnibus, the underground;

Wear flannels, bathe the whole day
round,

And then you'll feel the heat less
"chronic!"

I can but, in reply laconic,

Observe that all things have an end;

This sultry weather soon will mend

However hot, it can't be chronic?

AT THE LYCEUM.—On the 28th Sir HENRY's season terminates. If the thermometer be, as lately, at 95 in the shade what a warm reception he will have! He is to play *Shylock*. Antonio will lose pounds of flesh in this heat before *Shylock* "can say knife." And the programme is to be gone through *twice* on that day! Poor Sir HENRY! What will be left of him!

FASHIONS FOR JULY.—Straw hats are being worn in London. Straws show which way the wind blows—would they had a chance of doing it!—but, anyway, straws show how tropically hot it is. So do the straws in Sherry Cobbler. My ice! what weather!

FIDES BELGICA.—"Directly the verdict in the SIPIDO case was known at Ostend the Kursaal hoisted the Union Jack." Of course this was in honour of the British sovereign, always rapturously received in Belgium.

AN UNHAPPY FACT.—The "Mailed Fist" in China was met by the Boxers.

NOTE.—Jersey and Guernsey riflemen Bis'ley engaged all last week.



THE AVENGER!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 16.—PRINCE ARTHUR endeavouring to state arrangements for public business recalls the good man struggling with adversity. To-night became his duty to announce definitively what Bills Ministers intend to proceed with in what remains of the Session, and which must needs be dropped. Approached task with accustomed smiling confidence. For what has been regarded as Session wherein attempts at legislation must needs be limited, list amazingly long. Members seemed to hear for first time of Bills which lie, more or less, close to Ministerial heart.

In business-like fashion, PRINCE began by dividing the collection into "classes." There was about the procedure echo of Mr. *Micawber's* immortal formula: "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen nineteen six; result happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds ought and six; result, misery."

"I will," said PRINCE ARTHUR, looking firmly at his notes, "divide the Bills on the Order paper into a series of classes."

Got along admirably till he lighted on the Oil in Tobacco Bill. This fatally influenced an active, intelligent mind prone to philosophic doubt. What did the Oil in Tobacco Bill propose to do? Did it impose on the retail dealer necessity of steeping ounce packets of shag in oil before handing them across the counter. Or was such custom already established? Was it viewed with disfavour by the Customs and Inland Revenue? and was the Oil in Tobacco Bill designed to check pernicious practice?

PRINCE, looking up, caught Mr. CALDWELL's eye fixed upon him. No use attempting to generalise. Mr. CALDWELL doubtless had the provisions of the Bill at his finger ends; attempt to deceive House would result in shamed discomfiture. PRINCE ARTHUR's mind made up in a moment. Best thing to do was to make clean breast of it.

"In Class I," he continued, "comprising Bills introduced since Government asked for full time of the House, there is the Oil in Tobacco Bill. I confess I am not personally possessed of full information of its purport, but I have no doubt it is an excellent measure."

This what might have been expected from a man of PRINCE ARTHUR's upright, honourable character. Scorned to deceive the House; might have slurred the matter over: might have ignored the Oil in Tobacco Bill. Not that kind of man. As they say on the golf links, PRINCE ARTHUR, strong in his brassie shots but off his driving, played a fine approach off a hanging lie, got down an awkward putt



ALI BALF-UR AND THE FAULTY FIVE.

(He gives them their "quietus.")

for the hole, where he stuck, ultimately becoming dormy one.

His first ball thus driven into the trees and dropped into the lime putt, he never secured the lead. Might have got straight again if there had not been such stages as second and third readings of Bills, not to mention the preliminary process of introduction. These he mixed up in inextricable confusion, only partially smoothed out by JOKIM on one side of him and WALROND on the other, alternately prompting him.

"Yes, quite so," said PRINCE ARTHUR, cheerily, when he had spoken of a Bill not yet introduced as having passed its second reading.

Business done.—Irish members made last stand against Tithe Bill, which passed third reading.

Tuesday.—THE BRITHER of the CORP to the front again. Elbowed his way through the crowd: stood upon the coffin the better to be seen of men. PRINCE ARTHUR announced names of additional members completing War Hospital Committee. THE BRITHER, decently dressed in black, his voice tolling like a funeral bell, asked whether opportunity would be given for discussing constitution of Committee. "No, Sir," says PRINCE ARTHUR sharply; whereupon THE BRITHER asked leave to move the adjournment.

His manner of performing this familiar office really appalling in its solemnity. Yesterday NAPOLÉON B. JOHN REDMOND,

returning from temporary retirement at Elba-on-Suir, found that in his absence JOHN DILLON been usurping his functions. Must reassert himself. Nothing cheaper in way of effective advertisement than moving the adjournment. If successful it, at a step, places least important Member in position of precedence over Ministers and ordered business of day. Anything will serve. NAPOLEON B. discovered something wrong with Commissioners of Irish National Education. Tossed off in rapid voice his application for leave.

That all very well for him. For one occupying position of BRITHER of the CORP quite another demeanour is the thing. Accordingly THE BRITHER, asking leave to move the adjournment, intoned the formula in time marked by the roll of the minute gun at sea ; lingered over each syllable as if he felt he would never see it again ; wrung the hand of each preposition ; clasped each conjunction to his bleeding bosom.

This naturally occupied time. When performance over, SPEAKER declined to permit repetition of Debate on Hospital Committee raised by similar device a fortnight ago. Whereupon THE BRITHER, cambric pocket-handkerchief held to his eyes, retired to the cloisters, leaning on sympathetic shoulder of SWIFT MACNEILL, who had meant to work in a speech and found himself foiled.

"PRINCE ARTHUR pretty sharp with BURDETT-COUTTS," said SARK. "Good Min-

isterialists sneer at his banality, his egregious sense of his own importance, his general bad form. If they took a juster view of situation, they would get the Lord CHANCELLOR to go on his knees night and morning and thank Heaven for BURDETT-COUTTS. If any but he had brought this terrible scandal of hospital failure to light, even if he had managed to efface himself for half-an-hour in performance of his mission, it would have shaken to its centre strongest government of modern times. Conclusive proof of substantiality of charges is found in fact that, even with BURDETT COUTTS in his worst manner fathering them, the heart of the people is sorely stricken."

Business done.—JOKIM consents to have the Belleville boilers examined.

Friday.—With a thermometer at 85 in the shade, anything you like—indeed more than you like—in the sun, the House a weary place. Attraction of terrace irresistible. Crowded from end to end: a flower garden of summer frocks. When division bell rings Members rush off to vote; hasten back



A GREAT EXPONENT OF ORDER.

"Quasi lucus a non lucendo."

(Mr. Swift MacNeill.)

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair.

"Did it ever occur to you," mused the Member for Sark, mopping his lofty brow, "whata luxury it would be in this weather to have a wooden leg?"

It never did. But when you come to think of it, in such circumstances there is certainly one limb that would be pretty cool.

GOOD SAMARITAN (*irascibly*). "You told me, Mr. JINKS, the other day when I relieved your want, that your son was serving the QUEEN, and now I find that he is a convict at Dartmoor."

Mr. Jinks. "Well, Sir, it isn't for the likes of me to question where Her Most Gracious Majesty wishes to employ 'ARRY's services."

Is it true that the next automobile show is to be dignified by the name of the Auto Car-nival?

THE MOST PROMINENT "HARMONISING FACTOR" OF THE DAY.—The Pianoforte maker.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

VIII.—THE VARIETY SECTION.

JULY 1ST.—Great British Victory. Lord METHUEN routs the Boers. *Evening Patriot.*

2ND.—Great British Victory. Lord METHUEN again routs the Boers. *Ibid.*

3RD TO 5TH.—We have to record another of those regrettable incidents that are apt to occur when it is necessary to maintain long lines of communication. DE WET—after having been frequently routed by Lord METHUEN, who carried the Boer positions at the point of the bayonet, the enemy on each occasion anticipating by flight the impact of our infantry—has succeeded in cutting the railway at three points, capturing a convoy and two mail-trains, along with a few isolated battalions of the Wessex, who found themselves without ammunition or water at the critical moment. The necessity of proper scouting becomes apparent as the war proceeds. Still, these accidents—which are recognised in the highest military circles as being a characteristic feature of irregular warfare—may postpone, but can in no way affect, the ultimate and inevitable issue of the war.—*The Military Critic.*

6TH.—The End at Hand. Cordon closing round DE WET.

Evening Patriot.

7TH.—The Death-grip. British hold on DE WET tightening hourly. *Ibid.*

8TH TO 10TH.—Great disappointment has been experienced among our troops in the Orange River Colony, the now familiar name which the ex-Free State received at the time of its submission to our conquering arms. For months the cordon had been closing round the diminishing and disaffected forces of DE WET, and it was confidently supposed that he would be compelled to surrender yesterday, thus putting a period to the usual guerilla warfare in which the dying flames of a vanquished people are in the habit of flickering out. The annoyance of our Generals may be imagined when they discovered that DE WET had broken through the British lines during the night with all

his guns, having previously sent on his commissariat the night before. The cavalry are now in hot pursuit, but their efforts are greatly impeded by the difficult nature of the ground and the almost total absence of horses. Our hospital arrangements continue to be all that can be desired.—*The Military Critic.*

11TH.—Last phases of the struggle. Five hundred Boers surrender their arms. *Evening Patriot.*

12TH, 13TH.—It would seem that our clemency is misunderstood. The humane system under which we have accepted antique fowling-pieces and other military curios as a token of *bonâ fide* submission, giving a free pass in return, has been greatly abused. If this sort of thing goes on for another six months it will be necessary to adopt sterner measures in the case of those who have on more than, say, three occasions been proved to have returned to their commandos after surrendering muzzle-loaders and being reinstated on their farms.

The Military Critic.

14TH TO 16TH.—"I'm sure Eton will win," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON oracularly. "Look at their colours; it's a struggle between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, like the war in China."

"They can't exactly win," said Lord GOSLING; "you see, it's a tie already."

"You were always so practical and prosaic, GOSLING. But if it's a tie why aren't they satisfied to stop, instead of running about in the sun and making everybody feel so hot, and noisy?"

"Ties are made to be broken," said Lord TOMMY. "And yet half the people here want this tie *not* to be broken. It's rather like the different parties in a Divorce Court."

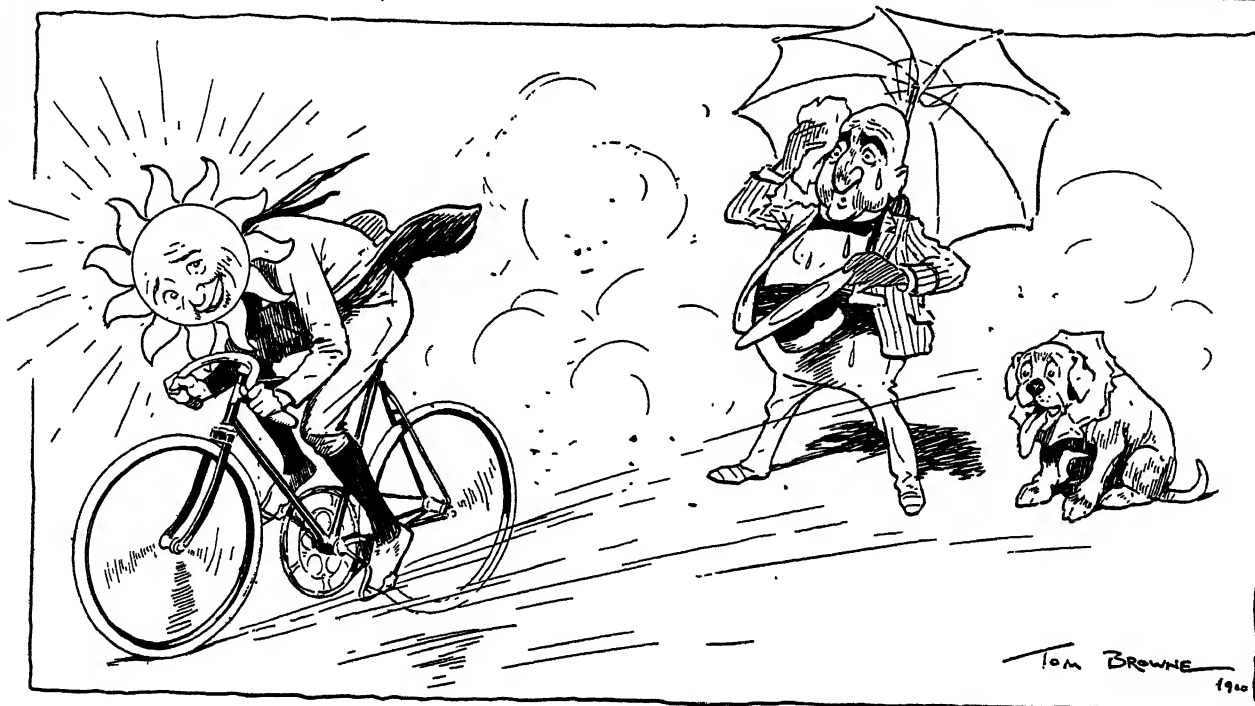
"Unless there's no defence," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON.

"But there's a very good defence going on at the wickets," said Lord TOMMY.

"Or else collusion," continued her ladyship, "as when WOLVERHAMPTON proposed to me. I wish they wouldn't shout so: it makes you forget the things you were going to say. Oh, Harrow's won, have they? I knew they would!"

Ell-n Th-rn-cr-ft F-wl-r. ("The Aldersgates.")

17TH TO 20TH.—"You were very reserved at Lord's the other day, Mr. QUARQUAR," said DEBORAH. "Were you out of dream-sympathy with the rushing world of frivolity?"



"THE REAL SCORCHER."

[*"The Pall Mall Gazette* also thinks that the Commissioners of Police might take pattern by Berlin, and prohibit cycle-riding and scorching in the crowded central thoroughfares altogether."—*Weekly Cycling Paper*.]

"I suppose your fine friends are very brilliant and scintillating, Miss ALDERSGATE?" replied QUARQUAR, bitterly: "but I found their conversation lacking in intensity of purpose. My soul seemed to stretch out to you, across a wilderness of fatuities."

He spoke with that indefinable charm which so often imposes upon the amateur female artist.

"You must not judge them too harshly," said DEBORAH. "Genius, like yours, should be generous to the foibles of others less gifted. It was not their fault that they were born to the purple."

"I glory," said QUARQUAR, "in the fact that I am essentially middle-class without being too obviously vulgar. After all, these blue-blooded worldlings only tolerate you. They would never invite you to share their future, as I, at this moment invite you."

"I admit," replied DEBORAH, "that I find you sympathetic. I respect your artistic talent, particularly in the matter of colour-schemes and back-grounds; and I have the true woman's desire to improve you. But can I, on this account, be accurately described as entertaining a passionate love for you?"

"Assuredly," replied QUARQUAR.

"Then I will take till Michaelmas to think it over," said DEBORAH. "But it upsets all my previous calculations to feel so undecided. Everything seems to conspire in your favour; you paint, you are earnest, you need improving, and you are unmarried; yet—if you don't much mind—I will take the rest of the current quarter to think it over."

Ibid.

21ST TO 25TH.—

Oh! listen while the Muse records
(Don't ask me what it cost her)
The doughty deeds achieved at Lord's
By Mr. R. E. FOSTER.

He made a brace of centuries
Each better than the other;

He gave them Worcester Sauce and is
A credit to his brother.

And J. T. BROWN was comilfo,
He punished Mr. JESSOP,
And so did good old HAYWARD, though
He knocked a little less up.

They battled till the day was spent,
And stuck to work like stayers;
Each player was a perfect gent,
And all the gents were players!

Then fill the pewter's foaming tide
High as the Tower of Babel,
And drink a health to Surrey's pride,
"The Guv'nor," Cap'en ABEL!

Mr C-r-g, the Poet of the Oval.

26TH, 27TH.—Stabling my metalled Pegasus at the sign of the "Goat and Compasses" (for Pan is not yet dead, only he plays with scientific instruments to-day instead of the reed-pipe), I stole through the moonlight to the river's bank: shyly, for fear I might disturb Diana at her evening dip. The grey-green petticoats of the aspens quivered bewitchingly; and a breeze out of the dead West lifted them, showing a delicious undersheen, as of white lace-work. I had left my pocket-mirror in the little bedroom with the dainty dimity curtains; but I know that I blushed thrillingly. *Mr. Le G-l-l-nne's Latest Travels.*

28TH TO 31ST.—*Pelleas*. It is dark, MELISAUNDE. Can you see to work in the dark, MELISAUNDE?

Melisaunde. Yes. I can see to work in the dark. But it is not dark, PELLEAS. The limelight goes all round me. Cannot you see the limelight all round me?

Yniold (at the window). There's little papa! there's little papa. I am going to meet little papa!

[*Exit*.

Pelleas. Your husband will find us in the dark together.

Melisaunde. No; he will not find us in the dark together.

There is limelight all about me. Did I not tell you there is limelight all about me?

[Enter GOLAUD and little YNIOLD, the latter with a wax-candle.

Golaud. You two were in the dark together.

Melisaunde (fretfully). No; we were not in the dark together. There is limelight all over me. Cannot you see the limelight all over me? I called the attention of PELLEAS to it just now; but he keeps on forgetting about it.

Yniold. I have brought a candle. Oh, look, little papa; she has been crying! Little mamma has been crying!

Golaud. Do not hold the candle under her eyes!

Melisaunde. I do not mind the candle if he likes to hold it under my eyes. The candle is of no use whatever. The candle is less than the limelight. Anybody can see by the limelight that I have been crying.

Golaud. I do not like the look of things. Still, there is the limelight, as she says. The limelight must have somebody to work it. I will go and ask some questions of the limelight-man.

Maeterlinck (R-y-ly Theatre Version). O. S.

THE PROVERBS OF PILJOSH.

Freely rendered into English from the original Styptic.

BY F. ANSTEY.

Translator's Note.—The compositions of this philosopher have, as all Orientalists are aware, long enjoyed a considerable reputation in their native land. Of the author himself, little is known except that he was born on the 1st of April, 1450 (old style), and filled the important and responsible office of Archi-mandrake of Paraprosdokian. Many of his so-called proverbs are in the nature of short parables or fables, though the text of the "applications" is frequently so corrupt that even a conjectural reading can only be hazarded with the utmost diffidence. The translator has not hesitated to commit a few slight anachronisms whenever he considered that they would render the original meaning more intelligible.—F. A.

I.

THE Butterfly visited so many flowers that she fell sick of a surfeit of nectar. She called it "nervous breakdown."

"Instead of vainly lamenting over those we have lost," said the young Cuckoo severely to the Father and Mother Sparrow, "it seems to me that you ought to be very thankful that I am left to you!"

"I am old enough to be thy grandfather!" said the Egg to the Chicken. "In that case," replied the Chicken, "it is high time that thou bestirredst thyself."

"Not so," said the Egg, "since the longer I tarry here the fitter am I for the career I have chosen."

"And what may that be?" inquired the Chicken.

"Politics!" answered the Egg.

And the Chicken pondered over the saying.

There is only one thing that irritateth a Woman more than a Man who doth not understand her, and that is a Man who doth.

A certain Artificer constructed a mechanical Serpent, which was so natural that it bit him in the back. "Had I but another hour to live," he lamented, "I would have rendered its action yet more perfect!"

The Woman was so anxious to remain independent of Man that she voluntarily became the slave of a machine.

A Singer had a small mole behind her ear, which spoilt its symmetry—but she would never have known of it had it not been for her relations.

The Idol went on smiling, rather than tell the priests that the flowers were making its head ache.



QUITE A DIFFERENT THING.

Vicar's Wife. "WELL, MRS. BLOGGS, I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOUR HUSBAND HAS GIVEN UP DRINKING. I HOPE HE'S ALL THE BETTER FOR IT?"

Mrs. Bloggs. "OH, YES, 'M, THAT HE BE. WHY, EVER SINCE 'E TOOK THE PLEDGE, HE'S BEEN MORE LIKE A FRIEND THAN A HUSBAND!"

"She used to be so fresh; but she's gone off terribly since I first knew her!" the Slug observed of the Strawberry.

The Ass heard the Lion roar, and exclaimed: "The Plagiartist!"

Someone said to the Mole: "What a splendid sunset this evening!"

"To tell you the truth," he replied, "sunsets have so much deteriorated from what they used to be in my young days that I have long given up looking at them."

"A cheery laugh goes a long way in this world," remarked the Hyena.

"But a bright smile goes further still," said the Alligator, as he took him in.

"I trust I have made myself perfectly clear?" observed the Cuttlefish, after discharging his ink.

The Cockney was told that if he placed the Sea-shell to his ear, he would hear the murmur of the Ocean-waves. He heard not the waves, but he distinctly caught the melody of the negro-minstrels.

"It is some satisfaction to feel that we have both been sacrificed in a deserving cause," said the Brace-button to the Threepenny Bit, as they met in the offertory bag.



BOMB exploded on the break fast-table of Captain and Mrs. CARAWAY, just as Mrs. CARAWAY

was pouring boiling water upon the Indian tea.

"JANE!" cried the old gentleman; "I'm called out! They want me at the depot."

"GEORGE! it's impossible! Oh, they can never be so cruel!" "They want me immediately," he made answer. And then his wife burst into tears.

You see, Captain CARAWAY was in the carpet-slipper period of life. He had never been a keen soldier, and with his twelve years of service accomplished, and his pension attained, the gentle-souled little man had laid by his uniform and retired into civil life with a glad heart. On his pension and a small income enjoyed by Mrs. CARAWAY, the worthy couple had lived for many years on the outskirts of London, going regularly to church on Sunday and tending their garden and three Persian cats during the week. He envied no general his fame, never abused the War Office, belonged to no military club, and never back on his soldiering as the majority of undergraduates look back on their schooldays. That he should ever buckle on his armour again was the last thought that ever entered the captain's placid mind.

Now, while Mrs. CARAWAY dreaded the breaking-up of the home more than anything else, Captain CARAWAY, it must be confessed, viewed the order from the War Office in other lights as well. To go back to barracks, meant to him a return to bullying, or, at any rate, to what schoolboys call, "ragging." His Colonel, a man named WATT, he remembered distinctly as a fine dashing Major who loved to make him the butt of mess-room witticisms. If, then, he had been ragged by the Major in those far-away days of his early manhood, how much more would he find himself chafed and teased now that he was in middle-life, and less like a soldier than ever? Thoughts of this kind gnawed at Captain CARAWAY's heart, but he kept them from his wife.

Mrs. CARAWAY was a fine bustling woman. Her first grief over, the good lady insisted on making the old uniform do,

and herself let it out where necessary, arranging for belts and sashes to hide the trail of her needle. "We must save as much as possible," she said, when her husband hinted that WATT was always very particular about kit.

Then the day came for Captain CARAWAY to depart. As he kissed his wife thoughts of all she had been to him, all she had grown to mean to him, surged tumultuously into his heart.

"What shall I do without my pretty JANE?" cried he.

"Take care of yourself," she answered, "and remember to see that your servant airs your shirts and underclothing. Oh, GEORGE, promise me," she went on, "that you will change your boots and socks whenever you have been out in the rain?"

"I promise," he said, a little hoarsely.

"Then it will soon be over," said she, cheerfully, "and you will come back safe and sound. I wrote last night to the Colonel, asking him to see that your bed was aired—"

"JANE!" he shrieked in horror.

"Dear GEORGE. What is it?"

"Of course, I did. Now, none of your ridiculous nonsense about military etiquette. I wrote secretly, because I knew you would be sure to raise some trifling objection of that kind. Your life, my dear, is much too precious for me to stand on ceremony in things of this kind. Good-bye, GEORGE, good-bye; and promise that you will change your boots—!"

And so he departed from London.

It was sunset when he arrived at the country station, and hailed a fly. The train was late, and with a three-miles' drive before him, he was fearful of arriving late for mess. Never did milksop entering school for the first time suffer greater torments than did poor CARAWAY during that drive. The thought that his wife had asked the Colonel—the Colonel!—to air his bed caused the poor fellow infinite anguish. He pictured to himself the fate in front of him. The Colonel would meet him on the steps of the quarters with carpet slippers and a tumbler of warm milk. The other men would be grinning at the Colonel's side, and saying over and over again, "Are you quite sure, Sir, that you've aired Captain CARAWAY's bed?" And his servant would be in the background witnessing his humiliation. The mess-waiters would have heard the Colonel roaring over his wife's fatal letter that very morning at breakfast, and now all the men in barracks would be making merry at his expense. But worse than forfeiting his company's respect

was the prospect of being baited by the young sprigs of subalterns. What would they say to him? What would they do to him? A cold wind blew across the darkening fields. The sun's last beams flickered behind the chimneys of a manufacturing town in the distance. Captain CARAWAY shivered.

He began to remember different points in the landscape, the trees in the hedges, the bends of the road. A few minutes more, and the dust-stained fly would turn sharp to the left, jolt up a narrow lane, and then—the red-brick barracks! He pulled out his watch, and shivered again. It was eight o'clock; he had fifteen minutes in which to dress for dinner!

The fly turned the corner, crawled slowly up the lane, and presently rattled slowly over cobble-stones through the barrack-gates. The sentry, a smooth-faced boy, looked up at the Captain but did not salute. The barrack-square seemed empty. Outside the officers' quarters, a dull, cheerless red-brick building, a civilian was lounging. When the fly stopped, he approached and touched his forehead. "Captain CARAWAY?" said he. "Yes," said our hero. "I'm Private MOORE, Sir, and I'm told off to be your servant. You've got ten minutes to dress in, Sir."

Captain CARAWAY followed his servant meekly up the steps, and climbed with him the echoing wooden stairs. Full as his mind was of apprehension, he yet had room there for thoughts of his home, and the girl he had left behind him. Ah! how greatly to be desired was that little snug villa, with its thick carpets, its pretty curtains, and the three comfortable Persian cats! He looked about him, and his heart grew sick. Here was his room. MOORE had returned to the fly for his luggage, and he stood alone in a big, bare, hideous apartment; a few seedy old wicker-chairs and a dull deal table occupied the larger half of this room, while on the other side of the partition was an untidy dressing-table, a miserable washstand, and a bed. The bed! He took a step forward, his mouth open, his eyes staring from their sockets. The bed! There on the pillow, peeping wickedly out of the sheets, was the handle of a warming-pan. A warming-pan! Poor CARAWAY moved hurriedly across the room, and thrust his hand between the bed-clothes. They were warm, horribly, vilely warm.

When MOORE returned he was prepared for the worst. While the soldier knelt over his boxes, he undressed with a swiftness that surprised himself, plunged his face into warm water, and dried it on towels that were warm too. After all, thought he, it can only be for a few weeks, and I shall soon be back again with JANE and the cats. But his heart was aching very badly when he hurried down the steps and passed out into the open on his way to the Mess. When he opened the door of the ante-room his agony of mind was intense.

"CARAWAY," said a voice he seemed to remember; and the next minute he was shaking hands with the Colonel. "I'm very glad to see you again, my dear fellow. Eh, what? We're a very dull party here, a very dull party, but you mustn't mind that. Eh, what? You must speak up when you talk to me; I'm as deaf as a post—can't hear a single word. Let me introduce you to Major BULLEN. D'you remember BULLEN? After your time I think. Eh, what?" A very fat old gentleman with two stout walking-sticks in his hand, extricated himself from the depths of an arm-chair, and hobbled over to CARAWAY.

"Very pleased to meet you," he wheezed. "Fear you'll find us a bit dull after town. The Colonel's deaf, and I'm lame. Gout. Anything the matter with you?"

"A little sciatica at times," said CARAWAY, wishing to make himself pleasant.

"Sciatica! Cure you in two days. Remedy of my own. Perfectly simple, and no demmed quackery. Come over to my quarters after dinner, and I'll tell you about it."

"And now," said the Colonel, "let me introduce Captain SIMMONDS. He thinks because I'm deaf, he must shout; the greatest mistake in the world. I can hear well enough, if people only talk distinctly."

Captain SIMMONDS came forward. He was a big fellow, boasting a great chest measurement and a deep bass voice.

"Beastly nuisance calling us out," he said. "I believe we shall be here for a couple of years!" And then he burst out laughing. CARAWAY laughed too.

"What does he say?" asked the Colonel.

"He says, Sir," replied Major BULLEN, asthmatically, "that we shall be here for a couple of years."

"A couple of what?" said the Colonel.

"A couple of years, Sir," cried Captain SIMMONDS.

"Don't shout, don't shout!" the Colonel said. "Well, what if we are? We're four now, and that's enough for a rubber."

"You're still fond of whist, then?" CARAWAY asked.

"Eh?"

"You're still fond of whist, he says," bawled SIMMONDS.

"Oh, yes; very. Never lost my love of a rubber. How that fellow SIMMONDS does bellow!"

The Mess-Sergeant threw open the door, and announced dinner. Colonel WATT took CARAWAY'S arm and led him forward. Major BULLEN, wheezing horribly and stumbling painfully along with his two sticks, followed at a respectable distance. Captain SIMMONDS lounged behind, yawning loudly.

"Oh, by the way, CARAWAY," said the Colonel, "your wife was very wise to write about your bed. Directly I arrived here I sent out for warming-pans. A most important point, that. Eh, what? Ah, glad you agree with me. A damp bed is the devil, the very devil. I have kept my bed aired every night since I came here, and BULLEN does the same. SIMMONDS, of course, is young, and doesn't take advice. Never heard a fellow shout as he does," he continued, whispering. "Got a voice like the bull of Bashan. Eh, what?" CARAWAY smiled, and bowed acquiescence. The Colonel, no longer the dashing Major, seemed to him the pleasantest fellow he had ever met. BULLEN, in spite of his groans, was a cheerful companion, and as long as one laughed at his single joke, SIMMONDS seemed harmless itself. This, then, was his return to soldiering. A deaf chief, a lame Major, and a Captain who made one joke and went to sleep after dinner. In his own room that night Captain CARAWAY, happy as a schoolboy, sat down and wrote a letter to his wife.

"MY DEAREST JANE,—Here I am, a soldier again. Much as I like the quiet of civilian life, there is, I must confess it, a certain fascination about the dashing life of a soldier. When I had got into my kit I felt the old glow again, and when I walked into the ante-room I felt all that elation—shall I say swagger?—which an ignorant public associates only with the Blues. The men are charming. Colonel WATT—you remember what a dashing fellow he was—is just as handsome as ever. BULLEN, the Major, a very good sort, and another man, Captain SIMMONDS, is a tremendous wit, and keeps us all on the roar. One cannot be dull in his society. We are all very gay and jolly. And now, with love to yourself and the cats, ever your devoted husband. "GEORGE CARAWAY.

"P.S.—The fellows were awfully good about the 'bed' business. The Colonel took it quite nicely. I will write more fully next time."

To describe Mrs. CARAWAY'S feelings on reading this letter is quite impossible. Over and over again did the dear soul peruse her husband's words, and every time the foreboding at her heart deepened. Finally, she sat down at her modest little escritoire, and took paper and pen. What she wrote it would be wickedness to divulge, but we may at least disclose the concluding sentence of the postscript:—

"Promise me, dear GEORGE," it ran; "promise me that you will not allow the dashing recklessness of a soldier's life to make you despise our little home."

By the next post Captain CARAWAY gave her the promise.

Harold Begbie



END OF THE SESSION.

Troublesome Voter. "I MUST SAY, SIR, THAT I CONSIDER YOU HAVE BROKEN YOUR PROMISE TO YOUR CONSTITUENTS."

Young M.P. "REALLY, MR. BANKS, I'M AWFULLY SORRY, DON'T YOU KNOW; BUT"—(amiably)—"I THINK I CAN MAKE ANOTHER JUST AS GOOD!"

THE PROVERBS OF PILJOSH.

Freely rendered into English from the original Styptic.

BY F. ANSTEV.

II.

MISTRUST the Bridegroom who presenteth himself at the wedding ceremony with (or without—the Styptic is capable of either interpretation.—*Trans.*) sticking-plaster upon his chin.

"What! is my Original dead?" cried the Statue. "Then have I lost my last chance of becoming celebrated!"

"What is your favourite perfume?" they asked the Hog, and he answered them, "Pigwash."

"How vulgar!" exclaimed the Ape. "Mine is patchouli." But the Fox said that, in his opinion, the less scent one used the better.

"What a cruel contrivance is that 'Catch-'em-alive-oh' paper!" sighed the Spider, as she sat in her web.

The Parasol fell violently in love with the Umbrella, because he had such a handsome golden head. But when a rainy day came she saw through him only too plainly.

A certain Pheasant was giving herself considerable airs upon having lately joined the Anti-Sporting League.

"Softly, friend," said a wily old cock, "for, should this

League of thine succeed in its object, every man's hand would be against us and we should rest neither by day nor by night—whereas, as it is, our lives are protected all night by guards, and spared all day by our owner and his guests, who are incapable of shooting for nuts."

"It is not what we *look* that signifieth," said the Scorpion, virtuously, "it is what we *are*."

"I have composed the most pathetic poem in the world!" declared the Poet.

"How canst thou be sure of that?" he was asked.

"Because," he replied, "I recited it to the Crocodile—and she could not refrain from weeping!"

A certain vain-glorious Gas-lamp was once exulting over a Glow-worm.

"It is true," replied the latter, "that thy light may be more brilliant than my own—but at all events I do not raise my prices 6d. a thousand feet at the slightest provocation!"

And the Gas-lamp, having no answer, turned blue and whistled with seeming carelessness.

"It is always gratifying to find oneself appreciated!" said the Cabbage, when they labelled him as a Cabaña.

"Don't talk to me about Cactus!" said the Ostrich contemptuously to the Camel. "Inspid stuff, I call it! No, for real flavour and delicacy, give me a pair of Sheffield scissors!"

"I think we belong to branches of the same family?" said the Toad to the Turtle-dove.

"The accommodation is not luxurious, certainly," remarked the philosophic Mouse when he found himself in the trap, "but I can put up with a few inconveniences for the short time I shall be here."

"I cannot understand his conduct," said the Extinguisher of the Candle, "no sooner do I approach than he goes out!"

There was once a Musical Box which played one tune, to which its owner was never weary of listening. But in time he desired a novelty, and could not rest until he had changed the barrel for another. However, he sickened of the second tune sooner than of the first, and so he changed it for a third—which he liked not at all. Accordingly he ordered the Box to return to the first tune of all, and lo! this was an abomination to his ears, and he could not conceive how he had ever been able to endure it. So the Musical Box was placed on the shelf, and the owner purchased a mouth-organ, which played according to his liking.

"I may not have quite the range of a rifle," said the Popgun, "but then see how light I am to carry!"

"Do come in!" snapped the severed Shark's Head to the Ship's Cat. "I'm carrying on business as usual during the alterations, and I daresay I can accommodate you somewhere."

"Thanks," said the Cat retreating, "but you don't seem to have a place to put me in just now—so I'll come back when you're more settled."

A certain Sociable Cockatrice entered a Mothers' Meeting, determined to make himself agreeable, but was astonished to find himself universally shunned.

"How particular women are about trifles!" he thought bitterly, "just because I said good afternoon with my mouth full! I shall go back to the Infant School and finish my lunch."



TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Augustus (to fair Cousin, at whose house he is paying a visit). "I HAVE BEEN SPENDING THE MORNING UP AT THE RUINS OF THAT OLD NORMAN CASTLE THAT YOU ALL TALK SO MUCH ABOUT."

Fair Cousin. "OH, YES! WHAT A SWEET PLACE IT IS! AND DO YOU KNOW THAT IT IS FULL OF THE MOST CHARMING AND ROMANTIC ASSOCIATIONS!"

Augustus. "IS IT? —IT'S A FINE PLACE FOR RATS!"

POSTAL PROGRESS.

(From a newspaper of the future.)

YESTERDAY, at the North Kensington Police Court, Miss GRACE GOODHART, aged sixty-eight, was charged under the Post Office Act of 1920, with the very serious offence of infringing the monopoly of the Postmaster-General. It appeared that prisoner, who resides at Bayswater, wrote a letter to a lady living at Notting Hill, that is, in an adjoining street, and then conveyed the letter with her own hands to the addressee's house.

Such a gross abuse of the privileges of the Post Office recalls the worst days of

the District Messenger Service, an almost forgotten corps of boys abolished at the beginning of this century. We believe that, in the last century, not only were these boys permitted to compete with the Post Office—at that time an institution which courted popularity by foolish concessions to public needs—but private persons were actually allowed to convey their own letters. This seems almost incredible now.

The prisoner pleaded guilty. It was urged in her defence that she was hardly aware of the enormity of her crime, having been accustomed, when a young woman, to the easier morality of postal affairs in

those days. The solicitor appearing for the prisoner, incidentally referred to the District Messenger Boys in the course of his remarks. He also urged that the letter was important, as it contained a cheque for a subscription in aid of a postman suddenly ill from overwork in hot weather. Miss GOODHART, a lady of ample means, with no temptations to crime, had carried the letter herself to avoid delay.

Official witnesses from the Post Office stated in cross-examination that an ordinary letter was conveyed from Bayswater to Notting Hill in about 15 hours, an express letter in 14½ hours, and an extra special express letter, with a fee of five shillings, in 14½ hours, supposing that the compressed air motor postal van did not break down on the way, which often happened. In that case the letter would be delivered within three days, but no part of the five shillings would be refunded. A telegram requires nine hours. A message by the electric-magnetic-hydraulic-pneumatic tube, provided the tube is not blocked, can go sometimes in eight hours.

The Magistrate said that these side issues did not in any way diminish the guilt of the prisoner. If persons so abandoned were allowed to break the law with impunity, the British Empire would drift into a condition of complete anarchy resembling that of Germany or Russia. If the Post Office were treated as an institution supported by public money for the public benefit, instead of a magnificent monopoly above all competition, the British Empire would be tottering to its fall. Nevertheless, in view of the prisoner's age, and seeing also that it was her first offence, he was about to inflict an unusually light punishment. She was therefore sentenced to imprisonment, without hard labour, for three calendar months, was ordered to pay a fine of £100, and was bound over to be of good behaviour for fifty years. H. D. B.

G. E. STRIKE.

(CHORUS—"The Monkey on the Stick.")

COOK! COOK!

Did it all on his own hook,
In a very clever way!

And he wrote to say "The men
Would the Masters meet, till when
Not a word from me, or 'G,'"

"Goodday!"

MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Companion song to CONAN DOYLE'S "Who carries the gun?" will be "How does the gun carry?" appropriate for the shooting season. Perhaps the reply is anticipated in WEATHERBY'S new song "Ever so far away." The patriotic song by CHARLES MACKAY, "There's a Sea!" and "There's a Air!"



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

BIG GAME HUNTING.—I.

TIGER SHOOTING IS BEST ENJOYED FROM THE BACK OF AN ELEPHANT. THE BIGGER THE ELEPHANT, THE BETTER.

LAST OPERA NOTES.

AH, my dear *Barber of Seville*! Welcome, thrice welcome on this tropical night! Light airs refresh us! The sweet melodies of ROSSINI soothe us, enchant us, and bring back some of the very happiest memories of our earliest operatic evenings. Immortal work! Our "heart weighed down by weight of" WAGNER; we drop into poetry and sing—

Wearied of WAGNER. MEYERBEER. PUCCINI,
We welcome sweet, melodious ROSSINI.

From the very first chorus to the very last note, it is all delightful, and delightful in every part. Never for one instant dull, never heavy. All the performing vocalists are singing, saying or doing something that adds to the complications, creates laughter, and develops the plot. A model of a comic opera! Ah, if only all the artistes would play it without clowning! Why degrade genuine light comedy into pantomimic farce? Let us take the goods the gods provide and be very thankful that MELBA is as sprightly a *Rosina* as any young lady of Spain not yet out of her teens could be, and singing so admirably, so perfectly, that not one young lady of Spain, or Italy, or Australia, whether still in her teens or out of them, in a thousand, could come within measurable distance of her. The part, as far as acting goes, suits MELBA: it is sprightly fun, it is *intrigue*, and she thoroughly enjoys it.

Mr. BENSAUDE is stiff as *Figaro*; he can't skip about naturally, his facial expression is limited, and, though his singing is of the best, yet his tongue refuses to wag rapidly enough for the Ah, Bravo, *Figaro*, while his legs and hands are not those of the nimble dancing barber. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER is charming as *Bertha* (with a song), but too bad of that great big six-foot Basso boy EDOUARD DE RESZKE, as *Basilio*, to romp

about with the fragile little woman all over the stage as if he were a hobbledehoy home for the holidays, and ready for a lark with the nurse or the lady's maid. The performance of Signor BALDELLI, as *Bartolo* was the nearest approach to the requirements of comedy, and his singing was excellent. As for Signor DE LUCIA, his singing as *Count Almaviva*, if not so honey-sweet as the serenade and the love music demand, is otherwise perfect; it is not his fault if he is not the ideal Count; *Almavivas* are born, not made; and can't be "made up." MELBA sang "the mad scene" from *Lucia*, probably as a compliment to Signor LUCIA, who applauded it heartily, and joined with Signor BALDELLI (who justified his name by having his wig removed) in the general enthusiastic request for an encore.

"Sing it again! Sing it again!
You sang it so sweetly,
Oh, sing it again!"

Whereupon Madame MELBA, gracefully complying with the spirit but not with the letter of the request, sat down at the piano, and to her own accompaniment, gave us TOSTI'S "*Mattinata*," which, though, as its name implies, a song specially written for *matinées*, would have been most acceptable on this occasion, had it not been preceded by the brilliant song of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S lunatic heroine. Everybody delighted with entire performance, and MANCINELLI happy.

MOZART'S *Giovanni* was down for Friday, and Monday, the 30th, was announced as the last night. *Sic transit gloria Monday*, "which likewise is the end of" *opera omnia* at Covent Garden. Fly away, song-birds, and return with the spring.

MOST REFRESHING FRUIT IN THIS TROPICAL WEATHER.—
"Currents—of air."

A PROPHET'S PROFITS.

MADAME ANGELICA was charged at Bowstring Police Court with fortune-telling. According to an advertisement, she was "a well-known Oriental lady from the land of mysticism."

The Magistrate. This is not a very definite address.

Continuing, Counsel said that this lady professed to find lost property, unearth hidden mysteries, make hair grow on the handle of an umbrella, detect crime, or make sense out of a South Eastern Railway Time Table. On one occasion, a housewife consulted her as to the direction in which the rabbit-pie had gone, when the prophetess at once named Constable B. & S. 621, XX Division, as the culprit: on another, she correctly indicated the fate which had overtaken a gentleman convicted of wilful murder. By means of a guinea fee (paid strictly in advance) the mystic had been making an income of about fifteen hundred a year—there was no mystery about that. Counsel then said that he would read a few hundred letters—

The Magistrate. Not if I know it!

Then, in that case, he would at once proceed to call his first witness, ALEXIS MACFOODLE.

ALEXIS MACFOODLE said that for no earthly reason that he knew of, except that he wanted a job, he consulted the Sage. He was a young man himself, and as one of the young 'uns, he thought it well to have the Sage and young 'uns mixed—

The Magistrate here observed that this was most irrelevant, whereupon the witness, with fine sarcasm, told the magistrate that he was another. Witness, continuing, said that prisoner did not wish to see his hand. It was rather dirty, and that might have been the reason. The mystic advised him not to put his head anywhere within reach of a prize-fighter's fist; to wear flannel next to his skin, and go to church twice on Sundays. Madame said, "I see water at your feet: this means that you had better go out and get some whiskey to mix with it." She also said that if he carried out his intention of going to Australia, there was a long voyage before him. The mystic added that he, witness, would receive a picture of one of his ancestors shortly, and that if he put his foot through it, it would lose considerably in value. She wound up by saying that talking was thirsty work, and a "gin and ginger" would just about fill the bill.

At this stage the learned magistrate observed that he had heard enough. There would be nothing of a mystic nature in his sentence, which was that the Oriental must part with twenty-five of the best, or remain for a period of one calendar.

THE SNAWKLE.

A Fisherman's Story.

YES! Fishing's a subject I know lots about—

Nor snaring of salmon nor fooling of trout,
Nor pulling out gudgeon, when weather is fine,

Nor playing a pike with a rod and a line:
E'en fishing for cod, when the day's rather rough,

I candidly own it is not good enough—
But fishing that's sport is delightful to me;

When Snawkle-fish flash in the Glamorous Sea!

Away in the North—No, I won't tell you where—

Is the sea I have named, with its keen biting air:

Where Snawkle-fish love to meander and play,

And leap, dash, and flounder in search of their prey.



"Haul at Sea!"

With hook like a butcher's and bait like a buoy,
And wire-rope tackle you're bound to employ,

With knives and revolvers 'tis possible we
May catch a stray Snawkle in Glamorous Sea!

He's covered with bristles as thick as a hog;

He blows like a grampus and barks like a dog:

With fin like a foresail and teeth like a shark,

And eyes like port-lanterns that gleam in the dark!

The fiercest of fishes that e'er was afloat,
He'll bite off your arm or will eat up your boat;

Your lot will be sad, if you happen to be
Alone with the Snawkle on Glamorous Sea!

The last one I caught it was glorious fun;
Three miles of the line he took out at a run,

Then quickly returning and howling with pain,
He rushed at the boatman again and again!

He turned the boat over, flung us in the wet:

A battle ensued that I ne'er shall forget.
I pulled out my pistol! Ere you could count three,

The Snawkle lay dead in the Glamorous Sea!

OUR TRAVEL BUREAU.

(Hints to intending Holiday-makers, re Desirable Countries to Visit, and their Respective Attractions.)

Switzerland.—Alpine accident season just begun. Glaciers in fine form.

Turkey.—Celebration of Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Sultan's Accession. Armenian thanksgivings. Effendis, whose salaries are in arrear, basted for not having money to contribute to festivities. Inauguration of University at Stamboul. Suspension of Professors. Expulsion of Students. Fireworks. Dynamite. Young Turkey Party. Great Sack Dive in Bosphorus. Sensational Bowstring Act. Effigy of Mr. Punch publicly burned on occasion of the Selamlık.

Italy.—Trial of 330 Sardinian brigands. Facilities for investigating operations of Mafia in Sicily. Absence of organ-grinders (all having professional engagements in London). Freedom from tune of "Absent-minded Beggar."

Spain.—Riots at Barcelona—opening for special correspondent or pavement contractor. Interview with perpetuator of buried Spanish treasure yarn.

South Africa.—Not taking any, till the autumn at any rate.

China.—Taking still less. Not a health resort at present.

Great Britain.—Excellent locality for the study of the American language and manners, especially at Alexandra Park, Shaftesbury Avenue, and Stratford-on-Avon. Occasionally an aboriginal Englishman can be met with, but such are gradually being ousted by Russian Jews, Swiss and other cosmopolitan immigrants.

A. A. S.

PEN-SYLVANIANS.

THE *Daily Telegraph* speaking of the members of the Lady-Writers Association, calls them "nymphs of the pen." This expression strikes us as being very sweet and even poetical. We can fancy the fair journalists making Fleet Street beautiful, as they trip from one Pierian spring to another, deftly piercing the hearts of the susceptible male editors with well poised goosequills and flashing Birmingham nibs. Hitherto we have never regarded Minerva as a nymph, but in future we shall look upon her, as more or less of the pen-sylvanian school.



THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

Postman. "HERE, I SAY, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE? A LETTER? HAND IT OVER TO ME. YOU'RE MUCH TOO SMART, YOU ARE."
Mr. Punch. "WHAT A SHAME! WHY CAN'T YOU LET THE BOY ALONE, AND DELIVER YOUR OWN LETTERS PUNCTUALLY?"

DARBY JONES ON GOODWOOD.

HONOURED SIR,—Silence, like a public-house tumbler, is made to be broken. This simile may not strike your Magnificent. Yourself reposing, no doubt, under the shade of the Oriental Ice Plant, and fanned by breezes of a Perpetual Punkah, but it is a crystallised fact. His Grace of RICHMOND and GORDON is one of those representative Peers whose ancestry dates back to the Reckless Days of King CHARLES II., a Monarch who promoted horse racing for the good of the Newmarket Ditch, to which we all doff our Tam o' Shanters and Sombreros. But, back to our Southdown Muttons, who browse in birdless groves—not ditches. The Cup is the goblet desired by all Sportsmen because it costs comparatively 0, and means a Great Deal. Waking my Muse, who has been taking Sulphurial Tabloids during the Frying Pan Period, I chortle:

The *Happy Sailor* has a chance
The *Landlord* well to beat;
The *Mighty Arc's* electric dance
May make the *Dalesman* "greet."
But *Liverpudlian vis-à-vis*
The *Foresters* should grass,
And *Second Noddy* going free
Conceited grace won't pass.

I perceive, Venerated Sir, that Sir J. BLUNDELL MAPLE is at a loss to Nomenclature (word registered) a remarkable School of Young Turfites. I am not much of a godfather, but if Sir J. B. M. will accept some of my Impromptu Suggestions, they are at his service. Here is the list of beauties and my Eucherisma.

Bay filly by Common—Priestess. Druidess.
Bay filly by Common—Simons Bay. Simony.
Bay filly by Common—Minting Queen. Copper Pyx.
Bay filly by Common—Omladina. Sherbert.
Bay filly by Common—Blue Mark. Washervoman.
Chestnut filly by Persimmon—Mazurka. Blue Hongroise.
Bay filly by Florizel II.—Schism. Split.
Bay filly by Florizel II.—Bonny Rose. Sweet Petal.
Chestnut filly by Isinglass—Honey Cup. Jellybag.
Bay filly by Royal Hampton—Superba. Royal Pride.
Bay colt by Persimmon—Siffleuse. Persiflage.
Bay colt by Persimmon—Barbette. En Bloc.
Black colt by Royal Hampton or Childwick—La Gloria. Wise Child.
Bay colt by Royal Hampton—Lightfoot. Royal Rout.
Bay colt by Royal Hampton—Blondina. Sir Peter Lely.
Chestnut colt by Royal Hampton—Rosybrook. Redsea.
Bay gelding by Royal Hampton—Donova. Queen's Visit.

Such, honoured Sir, are my humble endeavours to ease sponsors at the Equine Font of the magnate of St. Albans. That the Maple may be syrupy as of yore is the Heartfelt Hope of

Your Incorruptible Satellite,
DARBY JONES.

"THE LUNATIC, THE LOVER."

[*"M. MAURICE DE FLEURY, a Parisian nerve specialist, declares that love is a mania to be put in the same category as alcoholism."*—*Daily Paper.*]

SWEETHEART, the spell is broken,
The bond that bound us cracks;
For hark! the sage hath spoken
Whose wisdom nothing lacks;
And he hath stated clearly
That we who love so dearly
Are—dare I breathe it?—merely
Demented maniacs.

This hunger and this craving,
This longing for my fair,
Is nothing but a raving
Insanity, he'll swear.
Well, well; but then, if we, love,
Are mad, I'd rather be, love,
A lunatic with thee, love,
Than sane with Monsieur there.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



A Chinese Loving Cup of extremely doubtful design. Believed to belong to the Dowager Empress of China.

DEMORALISING EFFECT OF 90° IN THE SHADE.—"Bathing" says the Bournemouth correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* "is at its height" . . . "Practically mixed bathing is winked at though not allowed by the regulations" . . . Fancy the sort of "winking at" the bathing which has become a bit "mixed" must excite! Where it is allowed by the regulations, as at any "bathing station" abroad, there is no "winking" and nothing to wink at. But when, as at Bournemouth, or at any bathing place on the prim English coast, bathing *en famille* is NOT permitted, then any infringement of the law becomes at once a trifle "risky." What trash! Allow it, or forbid it. But no "winking," if you please.

TROPICAL HEAT! CONGESTED TRAFFIC IN LONDON STREETS.—The 'only blocks welcome now are Blocks of Ice.

"WHERE TO GO."

No. III.

I WENT on to Oldborough, but there was no accommodation at the price we wanted, and feeling very hungry and being unsuccessful in discovering any cheap restaurant, I was obliged to have my meal at the Hotel Grand. I addressed the waiter (a German) with great firmness. I said, "Waiter, I don't want a lot of dishes, I am not hungry"—that was not true; "I want one thing only." He suggested lobster and salad, which I thought an excellent idea. He brought a lobster which was about four times as big as a prawn, which I had no difficulty in consuming, and, as I was saving over the food, I indulged in a small bottle of hock, 2s. The waiter then brought some outlets and peas. I waved my hand, and said, "I couldn't touch it" (that was not true). In a subdued voice, he confidentially remarked that there would be nothing more to pay. So I replied, in that case, that I would have a outlet. The same rule applied to some hot chicken and bacon, and a gooseberry tart.

I told the waiter I was looking out for a nice quiet sea-side place, and told him of the different places I had visited. He said "Oh, yes, excursion places, trippers, roughs; there's none of that element here, there's no pier to attract them. We have a different class. We see the same faces year after year." I sympathised with him as to the monotony, but said that if they were good-looking faces, it didn't so much matter.

To my horror, the bill for my dinner was 11s. 6d. I expostulated with the lady at the office, who said it was the usual price for the *table d'hôte*, and that I had ordered a lobster, which was a special dish.

I paid the bill and gave the waiter sixpence, which he politely handed me back and told me to give it to the war fund.

In the train coming home I totted up what I had spent in this cheap manner of looking out for a likely place for our holiday, and to my astonishment found that I had spent over £10, so I fear our holiday will have to be curtailed by a fortnight.

I'm thinking of going to the Norfolk Broads. By the way, what is a Norfolk Broad? Can you assist me? Yours, etc.,
"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."

DE-TECK-TED?—"An appointment," says the *Daily News*, "which looks like the removal of an officer from active service at the front" is that of Captain his Serene Highness Prince FRANCIS OF TECK, to be employed in "the Remount Department." Hope the name is of good omen and that he will set up again.



“ERE’S YOUR WERRY GOOD ‘EALTH, SIR!”

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

IX.—THE MR. DOOLEY SECTION.

AUGUST 1ST TO 5TH.—“I hear-r they’s a gr-reat chaunst iv a Gin’ral Diss’lution if th’ weath’r on’y kapes on,” says th’ Sicerety iv th’ Lib’ral Cork’s, in conf’rence with th’ Cla-ark iv th’ Meech’rollogy Department. “They was a platf’m onst again th’ war-r, but ’tis broke,” says he, “an’ th’ Lib’ral Parthy’s f’r paintin’ itsilf th’ue kha-arky. Ivery candydade’s got t’ be a sojer or a sailor or a war-r cor-r’spondhont or ilse a horsp’t’l orderly,” says he. Cap. LAMBD’H’N’S r-runnin’ f’r Newcastle on th’ Dimmycratic tick’t; an’ th’ champeen BADHEN POLE ’ll swape th’ boord at Hyde Park Cor-rner, th’ hotbed iv th’ ray-acshun’ry il’ment,” says he; “onless he furrst ascinds to th’ House iv Payrs,” says he. “Th’ ole counthry ’ll be re-crooted fr’m th’ Mull’gan Gyards, an’ th’ iliction expinses paid be a sprinklin’ iv pathrites fr’m th’ Ph’lippeens. ’Tis pity th’t th’ wan Lib’ral Mimber at th’ Front’s pr’vinted fr’m attindin’ be th’ call iv jooty,” says he. “I dinnaw what ’ll be th’ price iv a loan iv a Lion’s Skin or a Rid Insign, but they’s a tur-rble sthrain on th’ ma-ark’t alridgy, an’ th’ German houses onable t’ ex’cute fur-rther ordhers f’r th’ prisint,” says he.

6TH, 7TH.—“Me an’ me frind fr’m Poort Ar-rth’r ’ll conthroll th’ lines iv commun’cation be rail an thug t’ Paykin,” says the Frinch Gin’ral. “I’ll not have Adm’r’l SAYMORE intherfeerin’ with th’ wurruk iv th’ thransp’t systh’m,” says he. “Let th’ spalpeen thread on th’ tail iv me choon’e,” says he, “an’ th’ distruction iv th’ har-rmony iv th’ Conc’rt ’ll be on th’ hid iv ’m. Fash-shooda!” says he.

8TH, 9TH.—“An’ what ’ll be th’ name iv ye’er new wather-choobe boilers?” says th’ Pos’masth’r-Gin’ral.

“Bellvill,” says th’ Fur-rst Lord iv th’ Adm’r-lty.

“An’ a fine proshpect f’r th’ public,” says LOND’NDHERRY, “if they’s annything in a name,” says he.

“An’ what might be th’ adhriss iv ye’er new sorthin’ off’ce,” says Mr. GOOSH’N.

“Mount Plisant,” says LOND’NDHERRY.

“’Tis another fine proshpect f’r th’ public,” says Mr. GOOSH’N.

10TH TO 14TH.—“I’ll not have conser-ription,” says th’ Undher Sicerety iv War-r. “’Tis a free counthry,” says he, “an’ not wan iv thim slave-dhrivin’ European monno-polies,” says he. “It’s mesilf th’t’s all f’r kindness an’ th’ Volunth’ry systh’m,” he says. “They’s a power iv good Threes’ry goold been squandhered on th’ Orkill’ry For-rees, an’ they done splendid,” says he. “But it’s mighty unconvanient f’r th’ Sthrateejans not t’ know what la-ads they have t’ dipind upon t’ fight f’r th’ flag again th’ naygers,” says he, “whin th’ squaze comes all iv a suddint,” says he. “I’d have voluntheerin’ made com-puls’ry, same’s th’ Rig’lars; so’s ye may know whar y’ ar-re,” says he. “It’d be conthrairy t’ th’ undherlyin’ princ’ples iv th’ sarv’ce,” says Mr. ARN’L’ FORSTH’R. “An’ a sop t’ Cerbeerius,” says SORR HINNERY, “t’ give thim th’ chanst t’ clane the’er dirthy lin’n in privat,” says he. “If I’d on’y known,” says th’ Undher Sicerety iv War-r, “th’t me proposh’l’d cause offince, I’d ’ve dhropped it b’fore I took it up,” says he. An’ he dhropped it.

15TH, 16TH.—“Chiny’s me th’ue frind,” says the Rooshian Cza-ar; “an’ fr’m what I r-read in th’ free Press iv me counthry,” he says, “th’ other gr-reat Powers’re blazin’ jeal’s iv me succiss in that quarther,” says he. “Don’t tell me th’t th’ Chiny Impress’s a monsther iv ingratitchood,” says he; “though be all appearance she dis-ssembles her affictions. Is’t war-r again Sibeery th’t she’s afther makin’?” says he. “An’ she may that,” says he, “an’ never do a betther day’s wurruk f’r us,” says he.

17TH TO 19TH.—I’ll not intertain th’ disthressfull dillygates on mass,” says th’ Chairm’n iv th’ Gr-reat Easth’n Comp’ny. “Lave thim come be twos an’ threes,” says he “an’ I’ll dishcoorse with thim sip’rate,” says he. “’Tis a livin’ wage they’s shtrikin’ for, is it? An’ how manny times will I till ye



Mrs. Brown. "WELL, I MUST BE GOING IN A MINUTE."
 Mr. B. "WHAT FOR?"
 Mrs. B. "WHY, I FORGOT TO ORDER THE FISH FOR DINNER."

th't th' livin' wage's not th' concern iv th' Comp'ny, nor th' gin'ral con-vanience iv the public nayther," says he; "it's th' inthrests iv th' div'dhends," says he, "same's a Sugar Thrust. They'se some'd have us ray-form th' thrack," says he, "an' clane out th' ca-ars, an' mop up th' dirt iv Fenchurch St. Depot, an' sim'lar couns'ls iv per-fiction. What nixt?" says he.

20TH—23RD.—"An' what'll all th' flags mane," says I, "an' th' red tape an' th' pathriotic choones an' thranparencies? Is't th' new christ'nin iv Praytoory, or th' jub'lee iv Pa-ardy-berg; or have they caught anny wan on th' inside iv a kyordon?" says I.

"They have not," says a mumber iv the polis; "'tis just a ca-arn'v'l'n aid iv th' funds," says he.

"An' what funds?" says I.

"F'r th' ray-construction iv th' War-r Off'ce," says he.

"An' what's wrong with the wurruks?" says I.

"I dinnaw," says he. "B't I hear-r th't th' Gin'ral's're s'lected f'r fam'ly raysons," says he; "an' th' guns not sighted sthrait, an' th' mount'n in-f'nthry walkin' f'r want iv ca-ars," says he.

"'Tis a tur-rble on-ditemint," says I, "an' I hope ye'll thrun 'em out."

"I hope that," says he.

"An' will ye dhrink t' th' disthruccion iv th' systh'm?" says I.

"I will," says he.

24TH TO 28TH.—"Were ye iver in a sha-am fight 't Aldershott?" says I, t' a Corp'ral iv th' Inn'skillin's fr'm th' front.

"I was," says he.

"An' does't bear anny ray-sim-blance to th' field iv ca-arnage?" says I.

"Savin' thransp't an' th' sunsthroke, it does not," says he.

"Do they dhress y' up f'r it?" says I.

"In invis'ble rid," says he.

"An' do they not larn ye to take cover?" says I.

"'Twud be playin' hide-n-sake on a goluf green," says he.

"An' is they niver an ambushcade?" says I.

"Divvle a wan," says he, "with both parthies knowin' ivery inch iv th' ground be hear-rt, an' th' nixt move rig'lated be th' Gover'mint rools," says he.

"Have y' no wurrud iv difnse f'r th' systh'm?" says I.

"'Tis a gr-rand thrainin' f'r bein' kilt," says he. "Thru'e f'r ye; they'se not anny betther matarial th'n th' British inf'nthry be rayson iv the-er cour'ge an' dog-headness; but 'tis th' instruction th't makes thim th' finest ta-arg't in th' wurrud," says he.

29TH TO 31ST.—"Have ye anny notion iv th' Far-r Easth'n question," says O'LEARY.

"I have," says I; "but 'tis inthr'cate. Fur-rst, ye see, they'se th' Boxers. Thim's pathrites," says I, "same's th' Moon-lighthers; an' be that token, th' Chiny Gover'mint's again thim, an' thrates thim's in'mies. But they'se both again th' furrin divvles, an' 'tis why th' Chiny Gover'mint thrates thim's frinds. An' th' 'lied Powers're frinds with th' Chiny Gover'mint whin it's again th' pathrites; an' in'mies whin it's not again thim; an' 'twud shoot th' Powers fine t' be frinds again th' common in'my," says I, "if on'y they wasn't nath'ral-bor-rn in'mies iv wan another fr'm th' commincemint," says I.

"Ye follow me argyments?" says I.

"I do," says he; "an' the poor down-throdden crayther has me thru'e symp'thy."

"Who's that?" says I.

"Th' Sult'n, iv coorse," says he.

O. S.

A FABLE.

A COMPANY of children found

A bold cock-sparrow on the ground,
 And laid their plans with careful thought
 So that the sparrow might be caught.
 Lines of attack with skill they trace,
 And draw a cordon round the place.
 One faced the bird, devoid of fear,
 One fortified a kopje near,
 One, finding thus the foe at fault,
 Approached the sparrow's rear with salt,
 When suddenly, to their surprise,
 Away the "slim" cock-sparrow flies.

MORAL.

When cordons round the Boers you draw,
 Ponder these maxims: "Rats can gnaw,"
 "Don't count your chicks before you hatch them,"
 And "To cook hares you first must catch them."

THE WASHING UP.

["New Australia, the socialist colony, which started with such lofty ideals, has gone to pieces upon the extremely vulgar question who was to do the washing up."—*Sydney Bulletin*.]

To live for others, sinking self,
And deeming all the things of earth,
Rank, title, glory, honours, pelf
As nothing worth;
To share alike one common lot—
So, so we thought to drink the cup
Of happiness. Ah! we forgot
The washing up.

The dignity of labour—thus
The burden of our chorus ran—
This, this alone should stamp for us
The nobleman;
All should be equal, so they worked;
But ah! when we would dine or sup,
We all invariably shirked
The washing up.

To take his brother by the hand,
And lead him on to higher states,
Was each man's wish. But none could stand
The greasy plates.
Some even whispered, "Why not leave
Them on the ground? Some hungry pup
Will like them clean, and so achieve
The washing up."

Ah me! that such a cause, so vain,
Should wreck so sweet and fair a dream!
Well, if we ever try again
A social scheme
Where all are equal in our view,
A maid, non-socialist, shall sup-
plement our household staff and do
The washing up.

TOURIST'S ALPHABET.

Amiens—if you want to stop short of Paris.

Boulogne—if you don't mind the Porte.

Calais—if you are satisfied with a good buffet minus anything else.

Dunkirk—if you know how to get there.

Etretat—if you prefer it to Dieppe.

Florence—if you are dissatisfied with your own National Gallery.

Geneva—if you propose doing Mont Blanc on a bicycle.

Heidelberg—if you are fond of climbing ruins.

Ireland—if you have never been there before.

Jamaica—if you have a taste for rum.

Kiel—if you are in doubt about the sincerity of the Germans.

Lucerne—if you like to be personally conducted.

Margate—if you prefer good air to "smartness."

Naples—if you have not seen enough of it at Earl's Court.

Oschy—if you prefer comfort to glacier scaling.



Mr. Tipkins (who has never even SEEN a Cricket Match, and is suddenly called upon to fill up a gap in Mr. Bilbury's Local Team). "WHERE DO I STAND?"
Umpire. "OH—STAND OUT OF THE WAY!"

[To be continued.]

Persia—if you wish to see how the country is getting on without the Shah.

Quebec—if you desire to see Canada.

Rome—if you don't mind the cold damp after night falls.

Sweden—if you prefer it to Norway.

Turin—if you can get no further South.

Uig—if your heart is in the Highlands.

Verona—if you sympathise with Romeo and Juliet.

Wiesbaden—if you can dispense with play when taking the cure.

Xeres—if you care for pure wine.

Yokohama—if you went to see something of the Chinese War.

Zurich—if partial to the local fair waters.

WIGS AND CONSERVATIVES.—Mr. Justice COZENS - HARDY, following the sensible example of Mr. Justice MATTHEW, dashed his wig aside and cooled his noble brow. But the Bar in his Court, unlike the learned barristers in Judge MATTHEW's Court, retained their wigs on their heads. We all know the Irish expression of "Wigs on the Green," but few Saxons understand it. Here was an illustration, for how green they were to keep their wigs on when so good an example had been set by their HARDY Judge.

HEAVENLY DOGS.—Skye Terriers.



Mamma. "NOW GO AND SAY GOOD-NIGHT TO YOUR GOVERNESS, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL, AND GIVE HER A KISS."

Little Puss. "I'LL SAY GOOD-NIGHT, BUT I WON'T GIVE HER A KISS."

Mamma. "THAT'S NAUGHTY! WHY WON'T YOU GIVE HER A KISS?"

Little Puss. "BECAUSE SHE SLAPS PEOPLE'S FACES WHEN THEY TRY TO KISS HER."

Mamma. "NOW, DON'T TALK NONSENSE; BUT DO AS YOU'RE TOLD."

Little Puss. "WELL, MUMMY, IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, —ASK PAPA!"

[Tableau.]

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

In *Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country* (FISHER UNWIN) is a record of travel and discovery in Central Africa. The country is not new, since STANLEY was through it years ago and told the world all about it. Mr. LLOYD went as a Missionary, spending four years and a-half in Uganda and the neighbouring region. He modestly disclaims "pretensions to literary ability," but the manner of telling his story has the best of all literary excellencies, simplicity. His progress was full of adventure through strangest pathways. Happily for the work he was engaged upon Mr. LLOYD is of the class of Christian known as muscular. There is a graphic account of his facing a body of his escort, some seventy strong, bent upon thieving. "I dashed at the man who was leading them," writes the reverend gentleman, "seized him round the waist, and gave him the throw, at the same time bringing my stick down across his bare shoulders. Although he was a man half as big again as myself, and carrying a gun, he was thoroughly cowed." On consideration, the remaining three-score-and-nine thought they wouldn't go a-thieving. Missionaries seem planted out all along the line. As Mr. LLOYD writes of one station he visited, "they could not speak of any very marked results of their work" in the way of converts. What these minute results cost in the way of human suffering and loss of life, Lord SALISBURY will be interested to learn. Of the five hundred porters who started with this particular mission from Zanzibar, not more than twenty-five arrived at Nasa. Their sufferings

were so terrible, that happier were they who died by the way-side than those who crawled over the last stage of the journey. The value of the book is enhanced by abundance of illustrations from photographs.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HER MAJESTY'S.—In spite of *Hamlet's* having said "Great CÆSAR dead and turned to clay," Mr. BEERBOHM TREE is going to revive him in the autumn. He has also taken Mr. SHAKESPEARE'S Moor for the grouse season and hopes to make some fine bags. We trust these bags will so fill his treasury that he will not be under the necessity of going to the King of the Jews for any temporary assistance. *The King of the Jews* by Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS must be a piece of considerable interest, sixty per cent. probably. The King in question, Mr. B. TREE informed his friends, is *Herod the Great*, chief part by Mr. TREE, who will outheroed *Herod*. Altogether, fine chance for His Majesty at Her Majesty's perpetrated by one gifted creature and some few talented assistants.

GOOD GRACIOUS, WHAT NEXT!—Imagine the utter astonishment of good Mrs. MUDDLEHEAD on coming suddenly on this line in the *Daily News*—"Mr. Kruger, with the Executive, has visited Balmoral." "Why, then," she exclaimed, "the War's over, and KRUGER'S in the hands of the police and taken before the QUEEN! I do hope—" But here it was pointed out to her that the news came from "Our Own Correspondent" in the Transvaal, and that there were more Balmorals than one.



"SO PERPLEXING!"

OLD LIBERAL PARTY. "OH, DEARY ME! WHICH PLATFORM SHALL I TAKE?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 23.—Curious how daily associations affect manner of speech. GEORGE WYNDHAM now been so long at War Office that he quite naturally, in ordinary talk, falls into drill phrases. To-night in Committee on Volunteers Bill, CAWMELL-BANNERMAN having on the second reading approved a particular clause, on further consideration found it iniquitous, and supported opposition led by that famous soldier Captain SINCLAIR.

"I am amazed," said Under Secretary for War, drawing himself up to full height,

pleasantly put the matter in another way.

"You know the old saying, TOBY, which, as Member for Manchester, I am bound to accept, 'What Lancashire thinks to-day, England will say to-morrow.' It's something like this with our genial, really delightful friend opposite. What CAWMELL thinks to-day, BANNERMAN says to-morrow, and *vice versa*. The arrangement is picturesque and adds a fresh interest to Parliamentary life. But for practical purposes it would be better if the mental process and the consequent action were less remote in point of time.

Business done.—Lot of Military Bills advanced on march to Statute Book.

golf links, his right arm supple with practice on the violin, he lightly vaulted across table. About to repeat performance, when became conscious of a glare in the eye of the Lord CHANCELLOR that convinced him he'd better do his fielding round the end of the table. So, when the ceremony of giving Royal Assent to Bills comes on in Lords, the Clerk-Assistant, tightening his belt, literally makes the running.

With thermometer at 85 degrees in the shade, things different. TWEEDMOUTH, who behind a smiling countenance hides strong affection for Lord HALSBURY, to-night endeavoured to bring matters to a head. The deadlock about appointment of third



SIGNS OF APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

IN FACT, THEY APPEAR TO BE ALREADY RUNNING DOWN TO THEIR CONSTITUENTS.

"at the right-about action executed by the Leader of the Opposition."

The difference between the lay and the military mind is illustrated by this choice of phrase to describe a particular thing. Remember, many years ago, how JOHN BRIGHT protested to a sympathetic House that in particular circumstances of the moment he declined to turn his back upon himself. I fancy happy possessors of back volumes of *Punch*, given away by the *Times* with a cup of tea, will find a sketch of the Radical Leader of those far-off days vainly endeavouring to execute the manoeuvre described. As put by GEORGE WYNDHAM, late Lieutenant in the Coldstreams, the movement easy enough. Much fear the remark not kindly meant: designed to insinuate that C.-B. belongs to the tribe of REUBEN. PRINCE ARTHUR

House of Lords, Tuesday.—In ordinary weather very well for the Clerk-Assistant in Lords to double part of the Reading Clerk. On the stage such devices are common enough. Indeed, if thermometer is at normal point, and Clerk-Assistant in pretty fair fettle, the situation has its compensation. To stand at one side of the table and, in the capacity of Reading Clerk, recite the names of Bills awaiting Royal Assent, thereafter to run round end of table, come up smiling at other side, and pretend to be Clerk-Assistant or Clerk of Parliaments, declaring "*La Reine le veut*," is welcome exercise, varying the sedentary character of the afternoon's work.

When necessity first presented itself, the Assistant Clerk, being still lithe, a member of the Zingari, familiar with the

Clerk at the table of Lords is due to LORD CHANCELLOR. He, following familiar kindly instincts, proposed, in the absence of blood relations (all provided for) to induct into snug office a personal retainer. The Peers, who will stand much of that kind of thing, stuck at this particular proposal. Select Committee, considering whole question of House of Lords' offices, recommended that much-prized vacancies at Table should be filled by promotion from Committee Clerks. To that end proposed that appointment of Reading Clerk should be vested in Clerk of Parliaments.

"Oh, no, you don't," said LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, of course in more judicial language. "It is one of my many statutory perquisites. You may, in spite of the proverb, get a bone out of a dog's mouth. If you get me to give up any

shred of my patronage, my name never was HARDINGE GIFFARD. You take my man as Reading Clerk, or go without."

Noble Lords, not to be intimidated by hardship entailed on two clerks—who, throughout Session, have had to perform the work of three—declined to approve LORD CHANCELLOR's latest little job. Staff of Clerks at Table has accordingly through Session been reduced by one-third. When batches of Bills come over for Royal Assent, noble Lords have had opportunity of seeing what a member of I Zingari can do when a ball is, so to speak, hit for four to square leg.

To-night TWEEDMOUTH, saying what everybody else thinks, that this sort of thing has gone on long enough, moved that the appointment to the vacancy should be made by Clerk of Parliaments. LORD CHANCELLOR climbed down with ingenious minimising of apparent descent. Proposed that LORD CHIEF JUSTICE should nominate Clerk, promising to complete appointment.

Business done.—Commons spent sultry night with Companies Bill.

Thursday.—C.B., rising to put prosaic question about order of business, startled by burst of cheering behind him. Began above gangway; ran along benches below it, till whole pack in full cry. Very nice in its way; but poor compensation for what happened yesterday. On Colonial vote whole question of necessity, conduct, and policy of war in S. Africa raised. LLOYD-GEORGE sums up, in a phrase, situation from his point of view.

"You went into South Africa for philanthropy," he says, "and stayed for burglary."

That all very well for a Welshman. On some subjects TAFFY, according to the old doggel, speaks with authority. Different in case of WILFRID LAWSON, who hails his gallant countrymen, fighting for the Empire in South Africa as freebooters, burglars, filibusters, and Boxers. By way of emphasising his peace-loving remarks, moved reduction of vote. C.B., emphatically declining to associate himself with the patriotic Cumberland Baronet, would not vote for amendment. Not less disinclined to join in vote of confidence in DON JOSÉ, cannot support motion. Accordingly abstains from division lobby.

That may be right or wrong, wise or foolish. Anyhow, it was the deliberate decision of the titular Leader of the Opposition, presumably taken in concert with colleagues on Front Bench, and approved by rank and file. C.B.'s speech preluded by affecting scene. BOB REID flinging his arms round his neck, straining him to his manly bosom, declared that he was his only leader. Drying his eyes, BOB proceeded to announce that he intended to vote directly against his only Leader, whose conduct in refraining from sup-

porting WILFRID LAWSON's motion laid him open to suspicion of being a freebooter, a filibuster, a burglar, and a Boxer to boot.

Pretty well, to begin with. Immediately after EDWARD GREY, rising from side of revered Leader, announced that he should support the Government in the division lobby. Lest C.B. should plume himself with reflection that he might at least be right in one direction BRYCE rose from his other side, and protested that he was



"THE DEVOUT LOVER"

(Sir R-b-rt R-d.)

"It is not mine to sing the stately grace,
The great soul beaming in my Leader's face.

But mine it is to follow in his train,
Do his behests in pleasure or in pain:
Burn at his altar Love's sweet frankincense,
And go an' vote while he sits on the fence!"

going to vote for the amendment. There being by this time nothing left in the way of pathway for mutiny, the Leader of the Opposition walked out without voting; EDWARD GREY went into the "Aye" lobby; BRYCE and BOB REID into the "No" lobby. If there had been a fourth course presenting opportunity for flouting the Leader, other of his colleagues would have taken it. As it was, they divided themselves among these three ways.

Pretty to see DON JOSÉ's smile as he watched the scene.

"Nice preparation this for a General Election, don't you think, *cher* TOBY?" he said. "United in their detestation of me, in everything else they are divided."

Business done.—Indian Budget brought in.

FOR THIS RELIEF—HOORAY!—Thermometer up to 95 . . . going down a bit . . . then a breeze through open doors—in at windows—"There's air!"

TO PHYLLIS.

(In Summery Attire.)

O PHYLLIS, cynics of to-day
Have—what I'm more than half afraid is
Sometimes their due—hard things to say
About the ladies!

For ways all dark and tricks most vain,
Heathen-Chinee-like not a few are,
But, PHYLLIS, gladly I explain,
How different you are!

You're frank and true, I must believe,
You're one of those *quæ fraude carent*,
You've nothing hidden up your sleeve!
You're quite transparent!

THE HEAT OF THE ARGUMENT.

["During the hot weather some of the Judges dispensed with their Wigs."—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—Court in Royal Palace of Justice.

PRESENT—Bench and Bar. TIME—When the Sun is most Powerful.

Judge. Really, gentlemen, as I find that the glass now touches eighty-two, I think we may dispense with our wigs and robes.

Senior Member of the Bar. As your Lordship pleases.

[*The Bench and Bar disrobe.*]

A.Q.C. My Lord, permit me to make an application. My clients in the well of the Court would feel greatly refreshed if they were permitted to remove their coats.

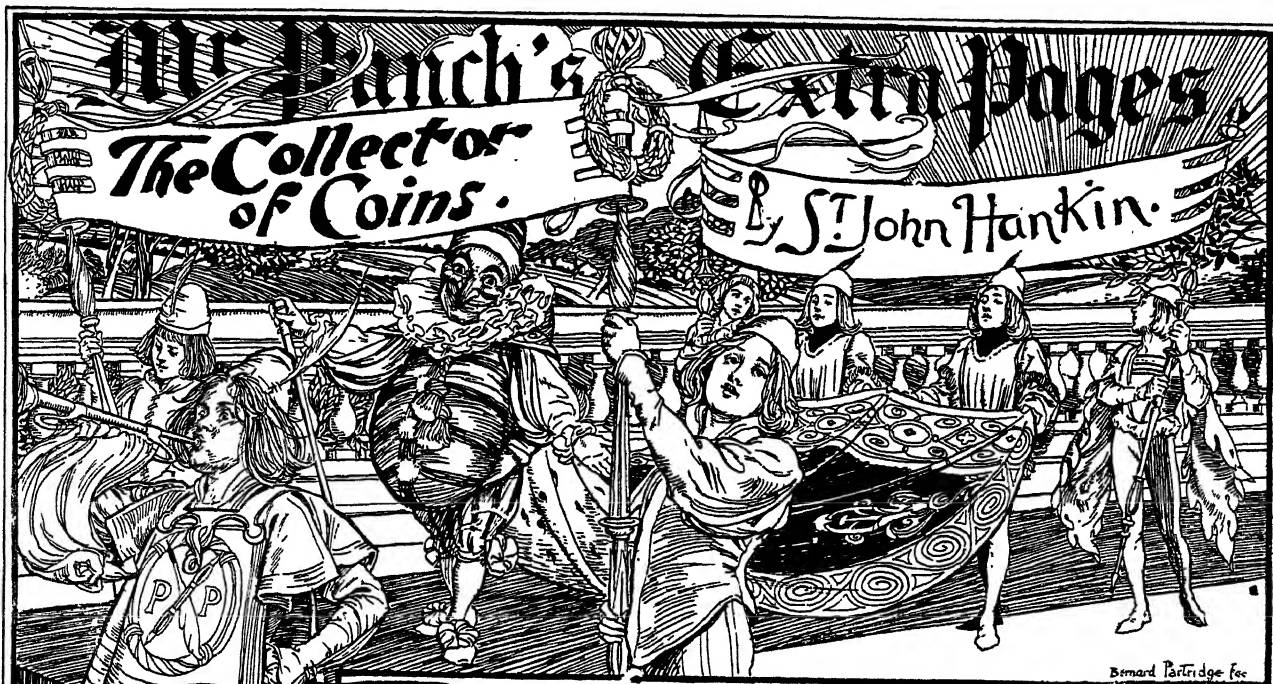
Judge. A very proper suggestion, and one I shall myself adopt. There can be no possible objection to sitting in our shirt sleeves. [Further disrobing occurs.]

Pleading Counsel. And now, my Lord, to return to the application before your Lordship. I do not understand the affidavit of my client. No doubt he was affected by the heat that at present prevails, when he swore it.

Judge. Quite so—a very reasonable explanation of a rather unusual admission. And now as I notice that the glass has reached 84, I think we may go so far as to remove our waistcoats.

Members of the Bar. As your Lordship pleases. [Further disrobing occurs.]

Judge. You say you do not understand your client's affidavit. I am not surprised that in this hot weather you should have been superficially instructed, or failed to show your customary power of comprehension. If you cannot understand it, I fear I cannot assist you. But I will take the matter into consideration. And now, as the glass has risen to 85, and we have gone as far as we can, with safety, in the direction of obtaining relief by disrobing, I think we may follow the glass's excellent precedent. The glass has risen—the court will also rise. I will take the case occupying our attention to-morrow. Those interested may appear in costumes suitable to the temperature. For myself, I shall deliver my decision—from a shower bath. [Scene closes in upon the glass reaching 92.]



Bernard Partridge fec.

LEO LANGTON was wandering uneasily about his chambers in the Temple in a

state of some mental agitation. The reason for

his restlessness was a sufficiently commonplace one. His "Laundress" had decreed that his windows required cleaning, and an unknown man was even then poised perilously on the window ledge plying a wash-leather. But the "Laundress" was nowhere to be found. Could he leave his chambers unprotected, to the ravages of a mechanic?

Had they been ordinary chambers, meagrely furnished with a few bachelor necessities, he might have done so. But LANGTON was a *virtuoso*; his small—but, he believed, judicious—collection of china and bric-a-brac was very precious to him. A silver cream-jug, *temp.* CHARLES I. shone on his oak dresser. A little bronze hawk damascened in gold stood on his mantelpiece, with some of Netsuke's exquisite ivory figures, while he had one or two really valuable coins. What if the grotesque figure in its shirtsleeves, now engaged in polishing his windows, should appropriate any of these in his absence. The thought was unendurable.

He examined the window-cleaner critically from this point of view. Did he look like a person who was likely to plunder the rooms of a confiding employer? LANGTON had to confess he did not. Respectability was stamped on every line of his features, on every crease in his well-worn black trousers. With his white hair and his mild brown eyes, he looked almost venerable. But then appearances might be deceptive. What was to be done?

LANGTON was not an idle man. On the contrary, his mornings were busy. It was not easy for him to devote one of them exclusively to the task of keeping an eye on a window-cleaner. And it was already half-past eleven. At such a crisis, the presence of his "Laundress" would have been invaluable. Mrs. CRISPER was entirely trustworthy. She would, he felt,

sure, have guarded his possessions like an elderly lioness. Why did she not come?

He would give her ten more minutes. Meantime, it was only prudent to lock up the more obviously valuable of his treasures. China and Netsuke would have no attractions for a window-cleaner, but the bronze hawk and the silver cream jug of the time of CHARLES I. might arouse his cupidity. He would lock them up in a cupboard.

He proceeded to do so, glancing the while suspiciously at the window-cleaner; but that venerable person seemed absorbed in his task, and did not raise his eyes. With a sigh of relief LANGTON turned once more to his chambers and surveyed them impartially, wondering what else it would be expedient for him to secrete. His eye fell on the beautiful gold medal which reposed in an open leather case on his bureau. Why had he been so careless as to leave it open? It was obviously gold and, therefore, to a window-cleaner, obviously worth stealing. What if the man had noticed it already?

Swiftly, almost furtively, he stole towards the bureau, seized the case and bore it towards the cupboard.

"You're quite right to put that away, Sir," said a gentle voice from the window.

LANGTON swung round almost as if he had been detected in a theft.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I said you were quite right to put that away," returned the window-cleaner, swinging his leg over the ledge and coming into the room. The outside half of his task was done.

"Er . . . yes," said LANGTON, nervously.

"It is a beautiful piece," continued the other in his gentle, melancholy voice. "A very beautiful piece. Rare too."

"It is unique," said LANGTON, the enthusiasm of the collector overcoming the fears of the owner.

"I noticed it this morning as soon as I came," replied the window-cleaner, politely. "I congratulate you, Sir."

"Do you know anything of medals?" asked LANGTON.

"A little," answered the other modestly.

In the presence of a brother connoisseur, LANGTON's fears vanished. How he had wronged this respectable working man!

The medal was unique, but so was the window-cleaner who could appreciate it.

"Would you care to examine it?" he said, holding it out. "It was struck by WILLIAM OF ORANGE when he assumed the English crown. The motto is '*Non rapui sed recepi*.'"

"I remember," said the old man, "Dean Swift said of it 'the receiver is as bad as the thief.'"

The story was new to LANGTON, who relished it greatly. It gave an added interest to his treasure.

"But you were going to put it away," the window-cleaner suggested.

LANGTON blushed. "I thought, perhaps, . . ." he stammered.

"You were quite right, Sir," said the man, replying to his unspoken thought. "In such cases one cannot be too careful."

"Things are so apt to get lost," said LANGTON, apologetically, as he placed it in his cupboard.

The window-cleaner turned to his work again, and LANGTON once more surveyed his room. Another medal in a case lay on a bracket by the fireplace. He closed the case with a snap and was about to place it with the other.

"I hardly think I should trouble about that one," observed the window-cleaner, who had his back towards him and was now busily engaged on polishing the inside of the panes.

"I beg your pardon!" said LANGTON, swinging round again.

"Not at all," returned the other, gently.

"Why do you think I need not trouble about this one?" asked the collector fiercely.

"I have examined it with some care," said the window-cleaner. "It is a forgery."

"What!" shrieked the collector.

"I am afraid an undoubted forgery," said the other, in his melancholy voice. "There are only six genuine ones in existence. They were struck by QUEEN ELIZABETH after the Armada, to give to her admirals. The motto is '*Afflavit Deus et dissipantur*.' There are several copies about," he added regretfully.

"This is not a copy," said LANGTON. "It is a genuine original."

"Pardon me," replied the old man firmly. "It is certainly a copy. It might take in an amateur, but it could never deceive a specialist."

"The design is identical with that of the best known examples," said LANGTON angrily. "I have compared it with them."

"The quality of the gold is different," answered the window-cleaner with quiet decision.

There was a terrible certainty about the old man which appalled LANGTON. He examined the medal nervously. "What do you mean by the quality of the gold being different?" he asked.

"It is a question of the alloy," answered the other, returning to his window cleaning.

LANGTON took out the piece, and gazed at it long and earnestly. Then he put it back in its case, placed it in the cupboard and turned the key defiantly.

"I don't agree with you," he snapped.

The window-cleaner said nothing.

"You seem very certain of your judgments," said LANGTON, irritated at the man's silence, in which, though his back was towards him, he seemed to detect a spice of contempt.

"I am a collector of coins myself," replied the window-cleaner simply.

LANGTON laughed. There was a naive absurdity about coin-collecting as the hobby of a cleaner of windows which appealed to him.

"I should be interested in seeing your collection," he said with elaborate irony.

"I rarely show it to anyone," answered the old man quietly.

"I find collectors very unscrupulous."

"You need not be afraid that I should steal from you," said LANGTON haughtily.

"Perhaps not," answered the other, who had now finished his window cleaning and was putting on his coat. "But you would be sure to talk about it. Collectors always talk. And if once my collection were known I should never feel safe."

LANGTON forgot his momentary irritation at the spectacle of the man's obvious sincerity. He was so naively proud of his collection. They were clearly kindred spirits. "I give you my word," he said earnestly. "I will never mention it to a soul."

The man sighed. "I feel half inclined to trust you," he said doubtfully.

"You may safely do so," replied LANGTON.

The man took up his wash-leather and other paraphernalia. He was plainly a prey to indecision, torn between prudence on the one hand and the collector's passion for exhibiting his possessions on the other.

"Come," said LANGTON, laughing in spite of himself. "You may trust my discretion."

"You will speak of it to *nobody*?" said the other slowly.

"You give me your word?"

"My word of honour as a gentleman," replied LANGTON, humouring him.

"As a collector," corrected the window-cleaner.

LANGTON nodded.

"Let us go, then," said his companion.

They went out into Fleet Street. Visions of his neglected work, of luncheon already due, crossed LANGTON'S mind, but he dismissed them. One can work on any day, and luncheon can be dispensed with for once, whereas a chance of inspecting a collection of coins accumulated by the honest savings of a window-cleaner does not come often to any of us. The man, of course, would have nothing of value. How should he? But there was a certain pathos in the fact of his collecting at all, and he appeared to have studied his subject. He might have got together a considerable number of copper coins of various periods at relatively small expense. Many of the Roman period were dug up nowadays, and fetched only trifling prices; and if his knowledge was really considerable he might have picked up several pieces that were interesting, if not precisely valuable. Should he have secured anything of importance, LANGTON made a mental note that he would make him an offer for it, a generous offer.

At the corner of Chancery Lane they took a cab, and the window-cleaner directed the man to drive to the Caledonian Road. Half-way up that depressing thoroughfare he told him to stop, and they got out.

"Shall I tell him to wait?" asked LANGTON.

"It is hardly worth while," replied the window-cleaner.

The cab was then dismissed, and they continued their journey on foot. LANGTON had not the remotest idea where he was, and the window-cleaner led him through such a net-work of courts and alleys that he soon lost all sense of direction. At last they came to some enormous model dwellings, built by the County Council for the housing of the British working man. They were built of a dingy brick, which towered to the heavens. An endless array of windows, all exactly alike, looked down upon them, and an endless number of little doorways, all exactly alike, lay open to the pavement. There were several wings jutting out from the main block, and to one of these the window-cleaner led him.

After clambering an infinity of stone stairs the window-

cleaner stopped before a door, unlocked it and ushered in his visitor, closing the door after him.

"I am afraid you have had a tiring journey," he said courteously.

LANGTON examined the room curiously. At first sight there was nothing in it to suggest the *virtuoso*. The bed in the corner was unmade. The furniture was of the cheapest description. Everything bore signs of poverty, tinged with dirt. "But where are the coins?" asked LANGTON after a moment's pause.

"I wonder if I did well to trust you," said the old man without answering the question. Secrecy was evidently a monomania with him, LANGTON reflected.

"I have given you my word," he said impatiently.

"Forgive my want of confidence," said the old man; "it was only momentary. In my position one can hardly be too careful."

"No doubt," answered LANGTON, reflecting on the hazards of a collection of coins in the wilds of Clerkenwell, if it was Clerkenwell.

Opening a drawer in the crazy table, which stood in the middle of the room, the old man produced a large box which he handed to LANGTON. The box had no lock. He opened it with some curiosity, prepared to display a patronizing interest in its contents.

The first glance, however, showed him that the patronizing note would be out of place. The window-cleaner's collection was small, but it was exceedingly choice. Apparently his interest was confined to gold coins, for no others were to be seen in the box. And such gold coins!

"Your collection astounds me!" he said.

The window-cleaner bowed courteously. "I felt that you would appreciate it," he said.

"They must be very valuable," said LANGTON; "many of them are exceedingly rare. How did you manage to secure them?"

"I can give you the whole history of my collection," said the old man, his mild eyes beaming with satisfaction. "It is of no small interest."

"I feel sure of it," replied LANGTON.

"Observe this Roman coin," said the window-cleaner. "It's a Campanian issue. It has the helmeted head of Mars on one side, and the eagle standing on the thunderbolt on the other. What a treasure! I got that from old Professor SMITHSON, in Onslow Gardens."

"It is a very rare piece," said LANGTON.

"This," continued the old man, "is a gold penny of the reign of HENRY III. It is the first decorated coin known in England, and belonged to Sir HARRY VARDON. This gold piece of EDWARD III. came from the CROOME collection."

"I did not know that the CROOME collection had been sold," said LANGTON, but the old man went on without heeding him.

"This rose noble of EDWARD IV., I got from Lady WESTERTON'S in Park Lane."

"You seem to move in very high circles," observed LANGTON.

"I go to many of the best houses," replied the old man.

"But these must have cost a great deal to buy," said LANGTON, involuntarily casting his eyes round on the poverty of the room. Next moment he was ashamed of the action. But the old man, absorbed in his treasures, appeared to have noticed nothing.

"As you say," he answered, "they cost a great deal—to buy."

The man's resignation; his simplicity, touched LANGTON deeply. How he must have pinched and hoarded, have denied himself

little luxuries, and even bare necessities in order to scrape money together to purchase the coins he now had. What years of patient waiting must have been passed before he could buy some coin he had set his heart on. What anguish he must often have endured when another, which he coveted, was for sale, but at a price beyond his means. As he looked at the old man's face, his white hair, his sooty-black garments, his intense respectability, LANGTON thought with a pang of the years of probity and self-denial which had gone to the gathering of that collection. Small wonder that he went to many of the "best houses," and that their owners, no doubt, respecting his singleness of purpose, helped him now and then to the acquisition of some special piece when it came into the market!

But the old man went on with his catalogue. "This," he said, "is what is called a 'Bonnet' piece of James V. of Scotland. It has the bust of the King, wearing a bonnet or cap. It came from a country house in Surrey—a very beautiful house," he added, meditatively.

"It is a very beautiful coin," said LANGTON.

"Yes," replied the old man, "a beautiful coin and a beautiful house. It seemed almost a pity to part them. But I was obliged to do it."

"Of course," said LANGTON encouragingly, "You could not allow sentimental considerations of that kind to weigh with you."

"You think so?" returned the other. "I am glad of that. You are a true collector. You know the passion which seizes one to possess something precious, something unique. But there is one more coin which I must show you. It is my ewe-lamb. I keep it separate from the others."

Turning to the drawer, he produced a leather case very like that in which LANGTON kept the medal of WILLIAM III. The old man opened it proudly.

"Look at that!" he said, enthusiastically. "Isn't it a beauty! It is a double royal of HENRY VII., and worth any money. I did six months for that!"

LANGTON leaned heavily on the table beside him. Could he have heard aright? "I think I must have misunderstood you," he said. "Would you mind repeating that?"

"I was saying," replied the collector, beaming on him, "that I had done six months for that."

In a flash the hideous truth struck LANGTON. The man was a thief. The collection he was displaying with such pride was the fruit of a long series of robberies. He took out a handkerchief, and wiped his brow. The room seemed to have suddenly grown close and stifling. He sank into a chair.

"Do you mean to tell me that these are *stolen*," he gasped.

The old man surveyed him with pitying astonishment.

"Did you suppose that I had *bought* them?" he asked. "Did you take me for a mere huckster?"

"Great heavens!" said LANGTON. "And I cannot even denounce you to the police!"

"It would be a breach of hospitality," replied the old man. "Besides, I have your word."

"And you are a thief?" said LANGTON, looking curiously at his mild features and the respectable poverty of his appearance.

"Theft!" answered the old man. "What a misuse of words. I am a collector. These coins were, many of them, quite unappreciated by their former owners. Probably they never knew the loving care of a true enthusiast till they fell into my hands. I rescued them from neglect, and you call that theft!"

"It is the usual name for it," put in LANGTON, feeling himself called upon to offer some explanation of his word as it seemed to have annoyed his companion.

"The usual name!" replied the old man severely. "Only thoughtless or foolish persons accept words merely because they are usual. I am a collector, an impassioned collector if you will, but it is absurd to call me a thief. How many men would have been at the pains to acquire a collection that I have been? It has sometimes taken me years to gain a footing in a house where there was a coin which I wanted. I have had to learn a dozen trades in the pursuit of my object. You only know me as a cleaner of windows. I am also a carpenter, a glazier, a chimney-sweeper, a painter, a paper-hanger and a locksmith, especially a locksmith. And you speak to me as if I had never learnt to handle anything but a burglar's jemmy. Why, there is hardly any mechanical occupation that I have not mastered in the interests of my collection. I have given my life to it!"

The indignant eloquence of the old man was too much for LANGTON. He rose from his chair. Argument with this criminal enthusiast was beyond him. He wanted to get away, to escape from the stuffy room and from the companionship of a felon. Already he felt himself threatened with one of those headaches to which he was a martyr. He would go while he could still do so with any dignity of demeanour. He went towards the door. The old man opened it for him and bowed politely, and he staggered through it and downstairs with swimming head.

The court in which the collector's model dwelling stood had an entrance at either end, a fact which LANGTON had failed to observe. The one by which they had entered was on his right. As ill-luck would have it he took that on his left and soon found himself in a maze of small courts and streets at the back of Clerkenwell. Once or twice he asked for directions, but these were not very clear or, perhaps, his headache, which was now becoming acute, prevented him from taking them in. "Why didn't I have some lunch before coming?" he thought bitterly, as he at last emerged into a wider thoroughfare.

A stray hansom was in sight, returning apparently from some distant "fare" in North London. LANGTON got in, ordered the man to drive to the Temple, and closed his aching eyes.

By the time the Temple was reached he felt himself too much exhausted even for food. Sleep was the only thing which could cure headache, and though it was the middle of the afternoon he lay down on his bed and slept.

Towards five o'clock he awoke with a start. For a minute or two he could not collect his faculties sufficiently to realize what was the noise which had wakened him. Then he heard the step of his Landress in the next room. He called feebly:

"Mrs. CRISPER!"

Mrs. CRISPER came to the door between the two rooms. "Lor, Sir, how you startled me!" she said. "I didn't know you was 'ome."

"I had a headache, and lay down to get some sleep," said LANGTON. "Something woke me. What was it?"

"It must have been the door slamming, answered Mrs. CRISPER. "It do shut rather loud."

LANGTON remembered now. It was a door slamming—doubtless Mrs. CRISPER coming in to see to his fire.

"That was it, of course," he said. "You may get me some tea, Mrs. CRISPER."

He got up, and went into the sitting-room. In a minute or two Mrs. CRISPER brought him some tea. The time seemed favourable for cross-examining her as to the identity of the mysterious window-cleaner. "By the way," he said, "who was that man who was cleaning my windows this morning? What is his name?"

"I don't know his name," replied Mrs. CRISPER, cautiously.

"What do you know about him, then?" he asked.

"I don't rightly know him at all," answered Mrs. CRISPER, "But he looked a respectable man, most respectable, and he seemed very anxious for the job, poor soul. He said he went to many of the best 'ouses."

LANGTON recognised the phrase with a grim smile. "I've no doubt he did," he said. "Now mind this, Mrs. CRISPER, that man is never to be allowed in my chambers again."

"Very well, Sir," replied Mrs. CRISPER, highly offended at this scorn of her new protégé. "But he did his work well, I must say. Cheap, too. He come back for his money not above ten minutes ago. Only one and threepence for them three windows. I 'ad to go across to Mrs. BARNET to get change."

"He came back!" cried LANGTON, jumping up.

"Of course, Sir," replied Mrs. CRISPER indignantly. "Poor soul, he 'ad to be paid. It was his slammin' the door behind him as woke you up."

With a dire misgiving LANGTON rushed to the cupboard in the corner of the room. The key was in the lock! How criminally careless he had been to leave it there. He turned it, and flung open the door. All seemed undisturbed. There was the silver cream jug of the time of CHARLES I. and the bronze hawk, damascened in gold. There, too, was the medal of QUEEN ELIZABETH lying in its case. But then the window-cleaner had said it was a forgery. In breathless anxiety LANGTON renewed his search. Where was the medal of WILLIAM III?

The medal of WILLIAM III. was gone!

The remainder of that evening and many succeeding evenings, LANGTON spent in tracking grey-haired old men of respectable appearance through the streets of London. Window-cleaners, carpenters, glaziers, chimney sweeps, painters and decorators, but especially locksmiths he examined with peculiar care; and, indeed, for months he could not pass the British working man in any one of his protean disguises without scrutinising him narrowly. A hundred times he believed that he had found the particular block of model dwellings inhabited by the collector of coins, but as the County Council buildings for the working classes are precisely alike, he could never identify with certainty the abode of the window-cleaner. For years he haunted the purlieus of Clerkenwell until his constant presence attracted the attention of the police, but with a scrupulousness which did him honour, he never took them into his confidence. He has never recovered the medal of WILLIAM III., and I begin to fear that he never will.

John Hankin



MR. TIPKINS—HIS INNINGS.

Mr. Tipkins has hit a Ball by accident.

Chorus. "RUN! RUN! RUN!" Tipkins. "WHERE?"

A MADGE-IC LETTER.

DEAREST MAUDE,—Cows week finds us at our old trysting place, "The Pig and Puppydog." At this most fashionable caravanserai, where most of our own *haut ton* friends assemble, I notice that the lady visitors put even less soda than before into their morning "quencher," while most of the smart men take their Glenlivet neat at breakfast.

My cousin—no, it really is my cousin, this time, dearest MAUDE—has joined us, wearing a most becoming, though unusual,

costume—pink striped shirt, and collar with deep black border, a blue serge reefer suit—though dear CHARLEY has never cruised in anything of more importance than a penny steamer—and one of those delightful white yachting caps with a gold lettered band round the front which you can obtain for one and sixpence, at almost any of what CHARLEY so humourously calls the "Reach-me-down" shops. White flannel trousers, with a broad stripe down the side, and ordinary black boots made up quite a *chic ensemble*.

This morning, MABEL—I think you know

her—daughter of a Banker in the Old Kent Road—lives at the big corner house with three gold balls hanging outside—MABEL and I went into the sea, with our new bathing dresses—green and orange striped tunic over a foundation of white sateen, with large pattern of black diamonds on it—and were enjoying our bathe immensely, when a stupid Inspector of Police came to the water's edge and peremptorily ordered us back into the machines again, on the ground that our costumes might frighten the passing cab horses, and so cause a street accident.

And now, dearest MAUDE, you will be wanting to know what is my latest dress. Well, it is a *confection* of FORTNUM and MASON'S, consisting of an ice cream—I mean a nice cream-coloured skirt, scarlet *surat* blouse with *bolero*, or tailor-made *crêpe de Chine* jacket, and a peaked white cap like CHARLEY'S. In fact, he and I often exchange caps whilst walking on the front, or yachting. "Oh," I hear you say, "I did not know MADGE did any yachting." Well, we do, dear, constantly. The steam-yacht calls for us at the pier head every morning at eleven-thirty, and we enjoy a trip across the blue waters of the Solent, and back in time for tea and shrimps. All the smartest people are eating shrimps this season, winkles seem to have quite gone out. You ask if we do not find yachting a very costly pastime? No, we do not. By taking a book of half-a-dozen tickets, we get a reduction, and the ginger-beer on board is a dream. CHARLIE says it has quite a vintage flavour.

Yesterday we went to the R. Y. S. Club grounds, and remained there quite ten minutes, until I saw the lodge-keeper coming. Poor CHARLEY, who was placidly smoking his twopenny Flor de Smellerosa—which, he always declares, has a more powerful aroma than most Havannahs at twice the money—did not observe the approach of the fellow, and was seized and put into the street with such unnecessary violence that it has given him quite a crick in the neck. No more at present from

Your ever-loving MADGE.

TO THE BARON DE B.-W.

(*A propos of a recent notice.*)

"MISS ANNABEL GRAY"

Thus writes to say

Her name isn't spelt

With an "e," but an "a."

Also, that she

Would like to see

In the name of "SIMKINS"

Appear a "p."

And here's another mistake. O Heaven! To "Mystic Number" add one word, "Seven."

So the Baron salutes "Miss ANNABEL GRAY,"

With a reverence low, and walks away.



MEMS. FOR MOTORISTS.

IF YOU SHOULD HALT AT A WAYSIDE INN, KEEP AN EYE ON THE NATIVE BOY, OR HE WILL PROBABLY GET INTO THE CAR, MANAGE TO SET THE WORKS GOING, AND FIND HIMSELF KIDNAPPED.

A COCKNEY COMPLAINT.

[“A woman complained at a London police court that she could not sleep for the cooing of pigeons and crowing of cocks.”—*Daily Papers*.]

NOISE!

As if we hadn't noise enough before
With our yelling paper boys,
And the hawkers hawking toys,
And the yodel of the milkman at the door.

And now the birds must join them with their never-ceasing din;
The blackbird sings the daylight out, the cockerel crows it in,

While the parks
Teem with larks
Which are always singing too,
And, dark or light,
By day and night
The pigeons coo, coo, coo!

I thought that here in London one would certainly be free
From the terrors of the country. But one's not.

IN MEMORIAM.

H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED OF ENGLAND.

SUMMONED to lordship in a stranger land,
He left his English birthright of the
main;

Now, swiftly touched by Death's restoring
hand,

He is the QUEEN's again!

HOMŒOPATHY.

[“M. MAURICE DE FLEURY declares that love is a malady of the mind.”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

DAPHNE, whom since first we met
Night or day I can't forget,
Of the fate that then befell me
Pedant Science comes to tell me,
(All my doubtings to appease)
“Love is only a disease.”

Ah! not therefore, DAPHNE, dear,
Need you scorn my plaints to hear;
And, my worship still refusing,
Plead not that as your excusing:
Even if their tale be true,
The disease I caught of you.

Call it madness, or disease,
Or whatever else they please,
Be its symptoms joy or pain
DAPHNE, this at least is plain,
For the love you gave me, sure,
Love alone can work the cure.

A LUBBOCK REVERIE.

(London, August 6, 1900.)

STREETS comparatively empty; some persons using cabs and omnibuses. Shops all closed. Railway stations crowded. A fair number of visitors to free museums, exhibiting customary lack of enthusiasm. Publicans nothing to complain of. Theatres nearly all closed. The Thames with steamers few and far between from London Bridge to Chelsea. Blinds down in the West End. Nothing in the City.

And the cause of this?
Bank Holiday!

There's a starling or a linnet perched in every blessed tree,
And a nightingale on every chimney pot.

When the hours do slowly creep,
And the birds do murder sleep
With their hateful rustic chorus, have you no advice to give?
With this cock-a-doodle-dooing
And interminable cooing,
I ask you, Mr. Magistrate, how is a soul to live?

A YACHT-MAIDEN TO PAPA.

It is not that I fear, darling, the tossing of the sea,
Nor do I mind the wind-gusts that with my hair make free.
The rattling of the buckets on the deck at break of day
Is not what I complain of, nor the splashing of the spray.
But in the watches of the night I oft and oft deplore
A sound that keeps me wakeful—'tis not the ocean's roar,
But one long continued rumbling that comes through your cabin
door.
Don't be angry if I tell you—it's when you and mother snore!

KINDNESS-TO-ANIMALS POEMS.

III.—THE "SCORCHER."

"THE scorcher," you may loudly call,
 "However groomed and cleaned,
 Is not an animal at all,
 Because he is a fiend."

Your judgment does not trouble me
 Or move me in the least,
 Because on second thoughts you'll see
 He really is a beast!

And therefore claims our kindness, so
 We must, as you'll agree,
 Allow our hearts to overflow
 With love for such as he.

Reflect how many reasons for
 Affection you can find,
 He charges down upon you or
 He catches you behind.

Perhaps he doesn't always ring
 The necessary bell,
 But he can give that useful thing,
 A truly raucous yell.

What though the nervous invalid,
 He frightens into fits?
 He energises such, indeed
 He brightens up their wits.

For invalids must look alive,
 And ladies skip about—
 What other mortal could contrive
 A hygienic shout?

He kills a few? Perhaps, but stop!
 I will not have him banned,
 Considering the over-pop-
 ulation of our land.

So do not prosecute him when
 He cycles on your toes,
 But treat him very kindly; then
 Your conscience will repose. F. E.

FIRST AID TO THE ARMY.

WHEN a column marches through an enemy's country it is well to see that no one is hiding behind a bush, or that guns are posted on either side of the road.

When a company of a hundred men are taken prisoners by a force of thousands who have crept up to the encampment when no one has been looking, it is scarcely an excuse to exclaim, "I wonder how they came to think of such a clever thing."

When an enemy's force is surrounded by your own men, it is foolish to allow your opponents to pass you unobserved. To explain that you, at the moment, were really looking another way is scarcely satisfactory from a purely common-sense point of view.

It is as well that a general in command of a large force should know his right hand from his left.

Finally, it is of the utmost importance that officers and men should impress the fact on their memories that two added to two does not make three or five, but simply four.



Governess (who has asked Bobby to make the best attempt at a Map of South Africa he can until she returns—examining result). "Now, BOBBY, HAROLD HAS HELPED YOU WITH THIS, HASN'T HE?"
Bobby. "No."
Governess. "BUT, BOBBY, THINK AGAIN. SURELY HE MUST HAVE DONE SOME PART OF IT!"
Bobby. "No. HE DID IT ALL!"

ALLITERATIVE ALTERNATIVES.

(Tourist Trial Trips.)

AFFABLE Aldershot for the Army's Amiability.

Business-like Birmingham for Beautiful Brooches.

Cheerful Coventry for Clever Cyclists.

Delightful Dover for Dainty Dishes.

Evergreen Eastbourne for Entertaining Evenings.

Famous Folkestone for Fairylike Fellowship.

Green Guernsey for Generous Gaiety.

Happy Hastings for High-class Harmony.

Ingenious Ipswich for Instant Inspiration.

Joyous Jersey for Juvenile Junketings.

Kind Kenilworth for Keen Kleptomaniacs.

Lively Lewes for Luxurious Loungers.

THE WORLD FORGETTING—

FAR from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,

One summer's evening, 'twixt the light and dark,

I wandered in a place devoid of life—
 Hyde Park.

Yet had some mortals to this fastness hied,
 For on a sudden and a handy chair
 (One was sufficient for their needs) I spied
 A pair.

Perchance I too in some secluded spot,
 From some fair lip love's nectar may
 have quaffed—

Did I, then, pass discreetly? I did not.
 I laughed.

Thus, haply into some confusion hurled,
 They had the joy of knowing they were
 not—

Albeit the world forgetting—by the world
 Forgot.

"WHERE TO GO."

No. IV.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Being still on the look out for a suitable place to spend our vacation, and so far being unsuccessful, it



A Norfolk Broad.

occurred to me to call on my friend Mr. MYERS, a railway agent, who might be able to assist me. On the way to his place of business I walked through the park, which was more crowded than usual with smartly dressed people, who were driving up and down in all kinds of conveyances, mostly hired.

A great many occupants of the carriages held large cards in their hands, which they pretended to fan themselves with. I recognised several of our neighbours in hired Victorias, who also carried cards, which they held quite prominently, as they bowed to me. I enquired of a constable who was standing close by the meaning of the cards, as to whether they were voting cards, or whether the people holding them were going to take part in the great Paddington Carnival.

He seemed amused at my question, and replied "To-day is the garden party at Buckingham Palace, and those that have got invitations are taking jolly good care that their friends should know it. They have been driving up and down here for hours, and some have got their invitations stuck in their parasols. I wonder they don't stick 'em in their hats, and have done with it."

I must say I was fairly astonished that anyone living in our unpretentious little road should be a personal friend of our dear and beloved QUEEN. I had a long chat with Mr. MYERS, and the result of his advice was, that the next morning my bike and I, assisted by the train, arrived at Potter Lowham for the purpose of exploring the Norfolk Broads. Whilst lunching at the inn, a couple of young men arrived dressed in oilskins and sou'-westers, and busied themselves in cramming bread and provisions into large canvas bags. I presumed they were going on a long voyage where food was unattainable, but the waitress said they were only sailing round Hacklin Broad.

I said, "But I suppose, at times, they encounter very heavy seas, hence their costume," which resembled that of the Deal boatmen. She replied, with a smile, "Oh!

dear no; it's not sea, at all. It's fresh water, and as calm as a duck pond, only I suppose it pleases them to play at sailors. It makes so much change from their every-day life."

After lunch, I made my way to the boat-house of Mr. APPELGATE, Jun., who advertised that he had sailing, camping-out boats, and cabin yachts to let. I explained what I wanted, and he answered, "What you want is a wherry." I was on the point of replying "Wherry good," but it occurred to me almost instantaneously that that particular kind of humour, substituting the W's for the V's, the welly vell, and the vich, vy, and vot kind of fun, which flourished in the days of SEYMOUR'S sporting sketches in the early Thirties, might not be quite so well appreciated now, in the days of "There's 'air!" and "Chase me!" so I left it unsaid.

I went for a short sail on the broads, which much resemble our Welsh Harp "which is Hendon way," only larger and prettier.

Mr. APPELGATE informed me that if you hire a wherry, it includes a man who can do everything. He said, "All at the same time, apparently, he is sailing and steering the yacht, washing the plates and dishes and cooking the dinner. He does everything; you do nothing."

The whole boat seemed to me very compact, but small.

The space where the useful man slept in the bow of the boat was about four feet square and three feet high; in fact, directly you crawled into it, you had to sit down. Besides being a dormitory, it was also the kitchen, the scullery and butler's pantry combined.

The state-room was larger; it contained two couches which could be converted into beds, and a folding table between them. This apartment served as bedroom, dining-room, morning-room, drawing-room, and smoking-lounge.

I summed up a trip on the Norfolk Broads in the following words: That it could be made most enjoyable if the weather was fine. But, if—I say if—the weather should be wet, the tragic side revealed itself to me in its worst light, and I asked myself, could anything be more appalling than, day after day, perhaps for a whole week, my wife and myself being penned in with the two children in that little six-foot cabin, staring each other out of countenance.

My wife would probably discover defects in my personal appearance which have hitherto passed unnoticed, and I can imagine myself at times regarding her as positively plain; and as for the two children, without the nurse, crying and bawling, and none of us being able to get away from each other, why surely, rather than run such a risk, we had better remain at home for ever. The result of these un-

pleasant reflections were, that the Broads were "off," and so was I. I trained it to London, having to my sorrow spent one pound twelve shillings in a day, without being any nearer the desired object. I have one gleam of hope, and that is, that my wife has seen a place on the map that she is "positive will suit us." But these little explorations of mine are not cheap, and have already cut deeply into our holiday fund, which we have been saving up since March. Yours faithfully,

"STILL ON THE LOOK OUT."

BON VOYAGE AUX ARTISTES!

THROW music to the winds! With well-earned fares

Off go the Fraus and Fräuleins with their Herrs

(It should be "Herren," but the word won't rhyme

As we would have it). At some future time They will "come back to Herren" in the stalls,

And smirkingly advance to "take their calls."

To all we here present our testimonial:

To MILBA first, colossal and colonial.

TERNINA, SUSAN ADAMS, and the rest,

Have won our hearts and hands "let this attest!"

As, forty years ago, wrote "Poet BUNN," Whose "books" when set by BALFE were bound—to run

But that's a reminiscence by the way.

This season's opera has been made to pay.

The Syndicate can their departure cheer And hope to "go one better" the next year.

The French choose Italy, Italians France, Colonials everywhere, and to enhance



The present value of their German art These on Wagnerian "cycles" all depart. Sweet singers! thus we speed you on your way With "Au revoir!" till the last week in May.

THERMOMETER 95° IN THE SHADE.—Iced ginger-beer with a dash of brandy in it, is, as SHAKSPEARE hath it, "A consommation devoutly to be wished." Vide Hamlet à la française.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

Oom Paul. "UM! THIS PLACE IS SO OVER-RUN WITH ENGLISH. I THINK I'LL GO AND SEE THE PARIS EXHIBITION. THEY TELL ME THERE AIN'T ANY THERE!"



TROUT STREAM MEMS.

HAVING HOOKED YOUR FLIES IN BRANCH OVERHANGING STREAM, YOU MAY DERIVE CONSIDERABLE ENTERTAINMENT FROM YOUR EFFORTS TO RESCUE THE SAME.

THE PROVERBS OF PILJOSH.

Freely rendered into English from the original Styptic.

BY F. ANSTEY.

III.

THE Bulbul had just ended her song, and the Bullfrog began to apologise profusely for having left his music at home.

THE Halfpenny Ice sent the Doctor a hundred cases in one day, and yet he wrote unkind letters about it to the medical papers.

THE Pigeon was desperately enamoured of a Gingerbeer Bottle, and bewailed the stoniness of his heart in that he responded not. Now the Gingerbeer Bottle was in reality fascinated by the Pigeon, although such was his modesty that he believed that she was but mocking him. So he volunteered for a Shooting Gallery, and fell at the first volley, and the Pigeon married another.

TO a Butterscotch Machine the Penny and the Tin Disc are as one.

"My dears," said the Converted Cannibal reverently, to his wife and family, as they sat down to their baked missionary; "do not let us forget to ask a blessing."

I know but one Singer who cannot be persuaded to give an encore, and that is a Dying Swan.

There is a place for everything. I do not advise thee to hang up thy hat on the horn of a rhinoceros.

"I am doing a series of 'Notable Nests' for 'Sylvan Society,'" said the Serpent insinuatingly, when he found the Ringdove at home; "will you allow me to include yours?"

"But what possible interest can my poor little eggs have for the general public?" asked the Ringdove in a flutter.

"Why," replied the Serpent, "that is no affair of mine, but you must remember that I have my living to get."

"Quite a small party—only those in their own particular set!" said the Cocksparrow, after he had been to tea with the Birds of Paradise.

The Elephant was dying with hunger, and a kind-hearted person presented him with an acidulated drop.

There was once a famous Violinist who serenaded his mistress every evening, performing the most divine melodies upon his instrument. Unhappily for him, she was straining her ears all the time to listen to a piano-organ which was playing "Soldiers of the Queen."

The Performing Lioness kisses her Trainer on the mouth—but only in public.

The Candle complained bitterly of the nuisance of having so many scorched moths in her vicinity.

"I have conceived such a fancy for thee," said the Hawk benevolently to the Field-mouse, "that I propose to put thee into a really good thing." And he opened his beak.

There are persons who are totally deficient in tact. Like the Grasshopper, who insisted on putting the Snail up for his Skipping Club.

"I may be partial," said the Rocket-stick after he had descended, "but I didn't see a single constellation up there that could hold a candle to mine."

The Cat scratched the Dog's nose out of sheer playfulness—but she had no time to explain.

"After all, it's pleasant to be at home again!" said the Eagle's feathers on the head of the arrow that pierced him. But the Eagle made no reply.

A Painter sat down to depict a lovely landscape. "Doth not my picture resemble the scene exactly?" he cried, as he exhibited his canvas to a Passer-by.

"Since thou askest me," was the reply, "thou seemest to me to have portrayed nothing but a manure-heap."

"And is it *my* fault," exclaimed the Painter, "that there was a manure-heap immediately in front of me?"

Before a Man marrieth a Woman he delighteth to tell her of all his doings, even the most unimportant. But after he is married, he considereth that such talk may savour of egotism.

"I shouldn't have minded so much," said the Bee with some bitterness, just before breathing his last in the honey-pot, "only it happens to be my own make!"

"Is the White Rabbit beautiful?" Someone inquired of the White Rat.

"She would be," answered the Rat, "but unfortunately she labours under a terrible drawback. She has pink eyes."

TENDERS INVITED.—If it be true that, in the construction of the new omnibuses, as described in *The Times* last Wednesday, the principal material used is birch, and that all the seats are caned, every school-boy must be deterred by such a description from patronising these conveyances. No cushions.

TO THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

Being more "Lines written during the Castlereagh Administration," after Shelley.

HALF of my letters are lost,
Half the remainder have crossed,
Something's gone wrong with the Post,
And the City looks glum and the West End blue

When they speak about You.

Novelists, artists, and mimes,
Fired by your Post Office crimes,
Write in disgust to the *Times*,
And the Government quakes when these eminent men

Take up the pen.

Marks't thou the eloquent prose
And the indignation that glows
While each is narrating his woes?
Such an outcry might end the official career

Of even a Peer!

You must own it's a deuce of a mess,
You can scarcely describe it as less,
They call it worsenames in the Press.
And what do they call it, I wonder, at present

Up there at Mount Pleasant?
St. J. H.

FAVETE LINGUIS.

[A School for the teaching of Chinese is to be opened in Cannon Street]

MUSING on the Yellow Terror,
Reading of the China School,
Plain at length I saw my error,
Language is the potter's tool.
Why contest the controversial?
Why on snatching spheres be set?
Rather let the young commercial
Learn his tea-chest alphabet.

Not on force be my reliance,
Eastern principles instill,
There's an economic science
Nobler far than that of Mill,
Better art than Piccadilly's,
Ruskinship instead of war,
Breathing "Sesame and Lilies"
To a never opened door.

So I smote the false St. Jingo
On his foolish, swollen cheeks,
And I went to learn the lingo
For innumerable weeks,
In a street whose grim cognomen
Smacks of slaughter and of shell,
And I trust—but *absit omen*—
This in time will answer well.

ON MUDDLEBURY CRICKET GROUND.

Wicket-keeper. How's that?
Facetious Umpire. In.
Wicket-keeper (angrily). What! In?
Facetious Umpire. Yes, the ball in your hands. [*Services promptly dispensed with.*]



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

"BUT, ARE YOU SURE?" "YUS, LADY. 'E'S STRONG AS AN 'ORSE!"
"BUT HOW AM I TO GET ON?" "OH, I'LL LIFT YER!"

SOCIAL-AMERICA DAY BY DAY.

ABOUT fifty of the smartest people in Newport dined at the Casino last night. Amongst the ladies (the other sex is never much worth mentioning in American "Society" papers) were Mrs. WILLIAM K. PORKPAQUËRE, Mrs. PLANTAGENET Q. BLOBS, Mrs. JONES-SMITH, and Miss MEDEA P. SLUMMERS.

On the off nights, when no important dinner parties take place, Society (with a big S, please) is sure to drift down to the Vaudeville shows at Pen-y-Gaffa, entrance 10 cents. The feeble and more risqué the entertainment, the more popular it is with our *haut ton*. Already Mrs. FISHON, C. DIVES and Mrs. GEBHARDT OOFISH have had parties at this place of amusement.

It is rumoured that the engagement of the Earl of SHADYTRICKS—who has been congratulated warmly, on all sides, upon passing his examination in the Bankruptcy Court—to Miss CORNELIA BIGROCKS, the well-known American heiress, will shortly be announced.

Another fashionable engagement is that between the Count XIMINEZ JOSÉ DI PYJAMAS—whose castles in Spain are as much talked about as the Count's own elegant performance of the cellar-flap break-down in private drawing-rooms—and Mrs. SLATTER OELRICHSSEN, relict of the late SOLOMON AARON JOEL OELRICHSSEN, the eminent money advancer.

Our new lady golf champion is Miss ANDREA S. THOMPSON, who is just seven years of age, and began learning the game at the latter end of last month.

There is quite a flutter of excitement over the report that the beautiful bride of SLAGGINS T. SPOOPLEHORDST, one of the most prominent pork packers in Chicago, will soon arrive here on a short visit. She will not be accompanied by her husband.

Miss MINERVA KICKABOUT, whilst taking a lesson in auto-car driving, was thrown out, but immediately got in again.

NOTE BY A DRAMATIC BILLIARDIST.—An actor always likes taking up his cue in preference to the long rest.



A KEEN SENSE OF PROPORTION.

SCENE—A Ducal Lodge Gate.

Town Child. "DO YOU KNOW WHO LIVES ACROSS THE ROAD THERE, AUNTIE?"

Rural Aunt. "YES, DEAR. THAT'S THE DUKE OF ARBERTON'S PLACE."

Town Child. "OH, BUT, AUNTIE, WHAT A TINY LITTLE HOUSE FOR A DUKE TO LIVE IN!"

AGAINST AGGRESSION AND MILITARISM.

IT is believed that the League of Liberals against Aggression and Militarism, tired of shouting to the deaf ears of their fellow-countrymen, who treat the L. L. A. A. M. with placid indifference, is about to extend its operations. Under the guidance of certain serene and discreet politicians, it is probable that deputations of Llaams will cross the seas without delay, and that the following interviews will take place.

SCENE.—The White House, Washington. President MOKINLEY and a secretary. Enter Llaams.

Leading Llaam. Mr. President, we wish you good morning. We have just come to say that your policy in China, as long as you humoured the Chinese, was perfectly satisfactory. You showed nothing but gentleness and kindly thought towards the enemy. We always love the enemy. But, unhappily, in one respect—

President. Sir, will your remarks be long?

L. L. Only of sufficient length. I was about to observe that your conduct in reference to China—

Pres. You have already enlarged upon that.

L. L. As I was saying, your conduct in that respect was blameless. Undaunted by any loud-voiced jingoism—

Pres. My time is rather valuable.

L. L. I had prepared an excellent speech, but I will come at

once to the peroration. I say, then, that the League of Liberals against Aggression and Militarism—

Pres. I can only give you one minute more.

L. L. Well, then. In your war against AGUINALDO you are simply a freebooter, a filibuster, a burglar and a Boxer.

Pres. Sir, pray calm yourself. Is not the view from these windows a pleasing one? (To secretary) Get these men out as soon as possible, and send for a doctor. They must be crazy.

[*Exeunt Llaams, led out by secretary, who murmurs soothing words.*]

SCENE.—The Elysée. President LOUBET, officers and secretaries.

Enter Llaams.

Leading Llaam. Bonjour, Monsieur LOUBET. Nous avons venu à dire que les manœuvres à Chartres ne sont pas exactement le chose si vous voulez à être paisible. Pourquoi avoir tous ces soldats là?

President. Pardon, monsieur, je ne comprends pas au juste.

L. L. Je dis pourquoi avez-vous le flotte à Cherbourg et le armée à Chartres? Vous êtes allant à attaquer quelqu'un. Vous êtes faisant grands préparations à attaquer les innocents Chinois.

Pres. Vous dites?

L. L. Je dis que vous êtes un librebottier, un—un—in fact, you're a freebooter, a filibuster, a burglar and a Boxer.

Pres. (to officers). Quels cris! Je ne comprends pas un mot. Ce sont probablement des voyageurs Cook, égarés dans les rues de Paris. Il faut les reconduire, en cherchant leur guide, ou leur break. Sont-ils drôles, les Anglais!

[*Exeunt Llaams, escorted by police.*]

SCENE.—Potsdam. The KAISER and attendants. Enter Llaams.

Leading Llaam. Mag es gefallen Ihr Majestät, wir sind das League von Liberals gegen Aggression und Militarism. Wir wünschen zu sagen dasz Ihr Majestät hat gemacht ein speech in Bremerhaven—

Kaiser. Ah!

L. L. Aber Sie müssen immer lieben Ihr Feinde mehr als Ihr—Ihr fellow-countrymen, und so Ihr Speech war sehr schlecht—

Kaiser. Donnerwetter!

L. L. Ja, sehr schlecht. Wirklich Sie sind auch ein—ein Freistiefeler, ein—ein—I can't manage it in German; but I mean that your Majesty is just a freebooter, a filibuster, a burglar, and a Boxer.

[*Exeunt Llaams, very rapidly, escorted by soldiers with fixed bayonets.*]

H. D. B.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Juggling Fortune (JOHN LONG), by F. W. SPEIGHT, is an example of the novel "That might have been." The matter is fairly good; the characters decidedly good; the situations not striking but sufficiently dramatic. Somehow the arrangements of these materials is so irritatingly faulty as to imperil any interest that the jerkily interrupted narrative may have aroused. Scene three is played before scene one, scene one after scene two, the remainder kaleidoscopically anyhow, so that the most willing reader "dunno where he are." The Baron feels a trifle diffident in recommending it, except to those about to take a long voyage, when perhaps it might find some friends.

Blackwood is always good. This month it excels itself by reason of an article by Captain HALDANE, describing *How We Escaped from Pretoria*. Captain HALDANE and two fellow officers, anticipating early evacuation of the model school-house at Pretoria, in which the British prisoners of war were confined, passed through a trap-door into a cellar beneath the building. What was calculated upon to be a stay of possibly a day and a night lengthened out into close upon three weeks. Since he read *Monte Cristo* my Baronite has not come upon anything more stirring than the story of the captivity of the other officers.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

BEATUS ILLE ;

Or, the truth about Rural Felicity.
 FAREWELL, the City's roar! Farewell,
 Belgravia's meretricious charms!
 I come to taste the soothing spell
 That emanates from dairy-farms.
 I fling to any summer wind
 The cares that warp my worldly breast,
 And look with certitude to find
 That cure of nature—balmy rest.
 My palate craves no piquant spice,
 No arts that titillate the town;
 What need of Clicquot off the ice,
 To wash the native cockerel down?
 Full filled with milk (a generous tap)
 I seek my chaste and timely bed,
 And on the pillow's rustic nap
 Depose a well-contented head.
 I leave my little casement wide,
 To catch, athwart the whispering
 trees,
 Some murmur of the country side,
Somnos quod invitet leues.
 Out of my beauty sleep I start!
 Was that the whirr of seraph wings?
 I prick my ears; I hold my breath;
The room is full of flying things!
 Bluebottles wanton on the pane;
 Across my temple flits a bat;
 Along my nose an organ-strain
 Booms from a desultory gnat.
 Above, the night-moth caracoles;
 Below, I mark the beetle's hum;
 An earwig tentatively strolls
 About my sacred tympanum.
 I grope for matches fro and to;
 Three times I bark my brittle shin;
 I draw the blind (of Prussian blue)
 And let the awful moonshine in.
 For hours in that religious light,
 One man against a myriad brutes,
 I urge the long unequal fight
 Now with my bolster, now my boots.
 The moon is off; my quickened ear,
 Aided by instinct guides the charge;
 The stars grow pale; the dawn is near;
 The bat alone is left at large.
 3.25.—The thing has fled
 To seek a more secluded bower;
 Fainting I fall beneath my bed,
 And there remain for half-an-hour.
 I wake; I mop my beady brow.
 Is it a "presence" chills my blood?
 Only a cow or so (outside)
 Chewing the coarse nocturnal cud.
 Under the sheet I veil my head,
 And ask myself why I was born?
 And lo! a blast to wake the dead!
 It is the chanticleer of morn.
 Not once nor twice; not vaguely heard,
 Performing on a distant hill;
 Four hundred times this shameless bird
 Trumps just below my window-sill!



MR. MUGGS' GROUSE MOOR.

NO. I.—MR. MUGGS LEAVES FOR THE NORTH. MR. M. AS HE APPEARED, HALF A MINUTE BEFORE THE TRAIN STARTED, MINUS HALF OF HIS LUGGAGE, AND WITH THE GUARD SHOUTING TO HIM TO TAKE HIS SEAT!

At 5.0 the early ducklings quack;
 At 6.0 a donkey seems in pain;
 At 7.0 I rise and swiftly pack;
 At 8.0 I catch the London train.

Welcome, the City's restful roar!
 Welcome, Belgravia's urban charms!
 This prodigal shall roam no more
 A prey to Nature's night-alarms!

O. S.

GOODWOOD FASHIONS.

D-ly M-l, 1905.

[“Straw hats were worn at Sandown this year on account of the heat. . . . The horses in Paris are wearing straw bonnets to protect them from the sun.”—*Daily Paper*.]

BONNETS at Goodwood were smarter than ever this year, and there were really some quite charming creations.

Man Milliner, in a felt hat of the shape known as Panama trimmed with a plain black ribbon, looked very *chic*.

Lord THINGUMMY's colt *Parisien* wore a

straw trimmed with a ribbon of his colours, and was greatly admired.

Mrs. WOTSERNAME's mare *A la Mode* wore a wonderful bonnet from WORTH. The basis of the structure was a pale-grey chiffon, and it was surmounted by three magnificent grey feathers and an aigret fastened by a diamond pin.

Mr. ASTERISK's *Pretoria* had on a very dashing slouch hat of fawn-coloured felt with khaki ribbon. The strings were of Royal Artillery blue and red zigzag.

Sir TOTNAM COURTRODE's mare *Bonnets* did not quite justify her name, for she wore a large black Rubens hat, pinned up at one side, and trimmed with immense black ostrich feathers. This made her one of the most striking-looking animals at the meeting. Etc., etc.

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR A NEW GAME AT CARDS, TO BE PLAYED DURING COWES REGATTA.—Solent Whist.



AN ELEGY IN A COUNTRY BACK-YARD.

"THE SHORT AND SIMPLE (FL)ANNELS OF THE POOR!"

DINING AL FRESCO.

(Extract from an Earl's Courtier's Notebook.)

6 P.M.—Come down early, to get a table. Can't. All the tables booked a week in advance. Very angry. Manager says he'll see what can be done for me—later on. Fairly satisfied. He had better!

7 P.M.—In state of heat. Have a fair appetite. Ask for table. "What table?" "The one promised me—later on." "Very sorry, but they are all engaged." Awfully angry. Explain that I am a person of some importance. Can do the place a great deal of good if I do have a table, and vice versa. Manager desolated. See everybody else stuffing, drinking, and enjoying themselves. How they can have the heart! And I table-less! But, no matter, a time will come. I'll write to

"the Leading Journal" and denounce everything and everybody.

7.15 P.M.—Explosively wrathful. At last! Ha! ha! Got a table. But at the back somewhere. Strong smell of cooking. Distant echo of a band. Exceedingly annoyed. Have tasted *hors d'œuvres*. Sardines decent.

7.20 P.M.—*Bonne Femme* soup good. Have ordered champagne cup. Still annoyed.

7.30 P.M.—Salmon mayonnaise distinctly excellent. Good idea to have cold dinner. Champagne cup well brewed. Don't notice the smell of cooking. Can hear the band. Nice band.

7.40 P.M.—*Pâté de fois gras en aspic*. Capital. Cold joint. First-rate. Salad artistically mixed. Second champagne cup as good as first. After all, place of table not so bad.

7.50 P.M.—*Pièce de résistance*, really worth waiting for. Never tasted better vegetables. More champagne cup, just a small one this time. Cold raspberry and currant tart and cream. Delicious! Ices, coffee, liqueurs. Then might have just one very small champagne cup while sitting out to hear band. Feel quite at peace with all the world. Think the air makes one a bit sleepy. Tell Manager everything first-rate, quite excellent, will come again to-morrow and every day; keep this table for me always. Three visitors pointing to this table. Evidently requisitioning it. No; *J'y suis, j'y reste*. They shouldn't come so late. Bill? Certainly. Really quite moderate. "Oh, lis'en to the Band!" Waiter draws my attention to all the lights being turned out. Let 'em all go. Also to the fact that everybody is leaving. Dear me! Must have been asleep. "Forgetting your hat, Sir." Dear me. Odd. Good cup that; "Cheers, but not inebriates." Off to bed. Ve'pleasn't ev'nin.

THE MOAN OF A FIANCÉ.

SWEET MAUD, I'm really very fond of you; I like you in no ordinary fashion. There's hardly anything I wouldn't do To show how comprehensive is my passion.

For you I'd brave the dangers of the deep,
Or face the perils that occur on dry land;
For you I would ascend the mountain's steep,

Or go and live upon a desert island.

To gratify at once your merest whim,
To any distant region I would dash off;
For you I'd gladly amputate a limb,
Or shave my small but delicate moustache off.

If you would have me join the Volunteers,
Some corps, without a word, I'd go and enter;

For you I'd brave my friends' sarcastic sneers,

And part my hair exactly in the centre.

For you I'd visit ev'ry SHAKESPEARE play,
And other shows to educate the brain meant;

I'd sit through classic concerts any day,
Though I prefer a lighter entertainment.

For your sake I would try, like Doctor LEYDS,

To tell the most unlikely taradiddles;
But ask me not, O most adored of maids,
To listen to your worthy father's riddles!

P. G.

THE MILLENIUM.

In some problematic day
Strife and wrath shall fade away,
Crews no longer blessings pouring
On the coxes who have cox'd,
When the Boers shall cease from boring,
And the Boxers shall be boxed.



SISTERS IN SORROW.

BRITANNIA (to ITALIA). "YOU HAVE LOST A NOBLE KING, AND I A NOBLE PRINCE."

H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT, DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG
AND GOTHA, PRINCE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,
DUKE OF EDINBURGH, &c., DIED TUESDAY, JULY 31.

HUMBERT THE FIRST, KING OF ITALY,
ASSASSINATED AT MONZA,
SUNDAY, JULY 29.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday morning, July 30, SS. "Arcadia," off the Nore.—P. & O. SUTHERLAND, looking



A POPULAR PHRASE WITH A LOCAL SIGNIFICANCE.

(Overheard in Paddington.)

"There's Air(d)!"

over the list of guests on the Channel trip of the *Arcadia*, mused for a moment on the name of VAUX OF HARROWDEN, Seventh Baron.

Whene'er I take my Vaux abroad
How many poor I see

who would like to join us. But, really, the ship is quite full; not expansible; must draw the line somewhere.

So we steamed away from Gravesend on Saturday morning with a company something like six score strong. Mostly Eminent Persons. Quite the salt of the Earth. Large leavening of Members of both Houses. Indeed, original intention was to try experiment of conducting business of nation amid new circumstances. Considerably over a quorum of Members within sound of dinner-bell. Why not constitute "a House," take in hand the Companies Bill, or some other, and work it through?

Would have done it but for untoward accident. All the materials for making a House at hand, save one. There was the quorum aforesaid; there was the Chief Clerk, Mr. MILMAN, with the Mace in his haversack; everything but the SPEAKER. He missed the train at Victoria.

In the House effort frequently made in vain to catch the SPEAKER's eye. When Mr. GULLY arrived at the station his eye could not catch the train. Like the Spanish fleet, it was not yet in sight, being, in fact, already a mile or two on its way to Gravesend. Disappointment at the accident spread even beyond the House of Commons circle. When, twenty-four hours later, the *Arcadia* was sailing over summer seas, skirting the lovely coastline of the Channel, a flock of gulls followed he ship, hovering over the stern, breaking now and then into plaintive cry.

"What do they do that for, I wonder?" asked his Honour Judge BACON with characteristically irrepressive interrogation.

"Who, the gulls?" said F.C.B. "Why, they're crying out for Mr. GULLY."

Business done.—Charming Channel trip, princely hosts, good company, smooth sea, and all sunshine. Saturday to Monday at sea. Got up to town in time to hear ST. MICHAEL-AND-ALL-ANGELS explain how, when in March he said 37½ millions would wind up War expenses, he did not think he should live to come down to the House in July to ask for an additional 13 millions.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Regret to say coolness sprung up between the MARKISS and young WEMYSS. Sat tonight, eyeing each other askance with that "don't-know-you" air habitual to the camel. All arose out of a nameless foreign *attaché*. Young WEMYSS, waking



THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE PERFORMANCE.

(House of Commons. Daily, 4 to 4.30.)

"Professor" W-l-r-n-d attempts to convey telepathically to the Leader of the House some elementary forecasts of the business of the House. The performance does not always come off quite as perfectly as he would wish.

up to consciousness that Session approaching conclusion, realised that if he wanted to make a night of it in the Lords, must lose no time. Accordingly drew up a sort of Shorter Catechism, addressed to MARKISS, with object of ascertaining what he was



The Relief of K-mb-r, M.P.

(At getting away for the holidays.)

doing, or going to do, in the matter of home defences. Cunningly quoted from speech delivered by MARKISS to Primrose League. Wishing to make the Leaguers' flesh creep, the MARKISS darkly hinted at condition of feeling on Continent that boded no good to England. Young WEMYSS, not to be out-done in flight of imagination, capped this by quotation from "a foreign *attaché*," in which that high authority mentioned November next as a period when England would be in dire peril.

Form of prophecy read suspiciously like quotation from *Zadkiel*. Whether young WEMYSS borrowed the idea from that authority, or whether he made it all out of his own head, is immaterial; effect on MARKISS extraordinary.

"Who is this foreign *attaché*?" he asked, turning a blazing eye on his young friend. "Where does he live? What is his name? Or is the noble lord quoting his own opinion?"

Listening to the MARKISS, watching young WEMYSS bobbing up and down, hotly reaffirming and contradicting, the mind turns back to certain humble lodgings in the neighbourhood of Holborn, recalls a historic scene that once varied the joys of afternoon tea.

"Mrs. HARRIS, BETSEY —" "Bother Mrs. HARRIS," said BETSEY PRIG. Mrs. GAMP looked at her with amazement, incredulity and indignation. Mrs. PRIG, shutting her eyes still closer and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words, "I don't believe there's no sich a person."

Behold, how one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. The MARKISS, resenting young WEMYSS dragging in his foreign *attaché*, doubtful of his existence, unconsciously falls into the mental and, in some degree, the physical attitude of *Betsy Prig*. As for young WEMYSS, if he had been a little shorter, a little stouter, had he worn a rusty black gown, a shawl and bonnet to correspond, you would never have known him from Mrs. Gamp, as he turned and glared at his noble friend, who, when he cited his foreign *attaché*, said, as plainly as Parliamentary forms permit, "I don't believe there's no such a person."

Business done.—Rolling off the Bills like winking.

THE WEATHER POET AND THE CLERK.

(A reminiscence of early July.)

THE Weather Poet was angry. How could he write about the glowing charms of summer with the thermometer at 50° Fah., or descant on sun-kissed fields, when the hay was sodden and hailstones almost replaced strawberries.

The Weather Poet arose in his wrath and donning the usual outward and visible signs of his invisible mind—a slouch hat and a velveteen coat—he sought the Clerk of the Weather.

"This is too bad, you know!" said the Weather Poet.

The Clerk of the Weather could resist the obvious in everything but humour.

"What have you been writing now," he remarked.

But the innuendo failed to penetrate the velveteen coat.

"Write!" exclaimed the Weather Poet indignantly. "How can I apostrophise 'Sol's torrid rays' in my great coat or compose serenades with umbrella obligato? Have you no regard for the sacred calling of poetic art—let alone the stray guineas which the sacred calling evokes. Why should the occasional-verse writer be deprived of his 'pastorals' and postal-orders? Kindly let us know if it is July without forcing us first to consult the calendar."

"Charmed to oblige," murmured the Clerk affably, and smiled a sultry smile. Immediately there was a rise in mercury and a fall in alcohol—especially long drinks.

"Are you satisfied now?" enquired the Clerk politely. But silence reigned. Where the poet had once stood there was a pool of water, a slouch hat, and the remains of a velveteen jacket.

"There's no pleasing some people," muttered the Clerk of the Weather.

"Even my melting moods don't satisfy. Quite expect I shall have to throw in a few frosts by way of variation before the month is out."

"A CYCLE TOUR."



HARD
WORK.

ON A RECENT MARRIAGE.

NETHER for the north nor east
Had my lady any zest;
Thus, you see, from south released,
She is wedded to the WEST.

WHY WE ARE CLOSING THE CLUB.

BECAUSE the ceilings of the dining room want dusting.

Because there is a distinct saving effected by shutting up the coffee-room during August and September.

Because it creates good feeling to exchange hospitality with other caravan-serais.

Because, really, the pictures should be varnished or glazed.

Because some of the chairs and other furniture require overhauling.

Because the catalogue of the libraries has not been properly "edited" for ages.

Because the cigar stores and the wine cellars want replenishing.

Because the Committee—and who should know better?—considers it desirable.

And last, but certainly by no means least, because the Secretary wants a two months' holiday!

Reason for not closing the club. Because (confound it!) every other club is closing too!

THE LATEST CATCHWORD.

(by A. A. S.)

Oh, what has become of the Cockney's wit,
Of 'Arry's sally and coster's hit,
When *this* is the phrase they wear thread-bare—

"There's 'air!"

SAM WELLER would squirm within his grave,

And even JOE MILLER would turn and rave,
If they heard the modern wag declare,

"There's 'air!"

Each spring brings forth a new "wheeze" to learn—

"What ho! she bumps!" now has served its turn,

But for lunacy sheer the palm will bear
"There's 'air."

"Get your 'air out!" and "Fancy meeting you!"

And "Chase me, girls!" made us laugh when new,

But the latest we hear with blank despair—
"There's 'air!"

A propos of nothing, from morn till night,
The parrot-like Londoner takes delight,
To give vent to this piece of humour rare—

"There's 'air!"

If you flee on your bike, the country lout
Instead of "Your wheel goes round!" will shout

(What it means he isn't the least aware),
"There's 'air!"

O Doctors, why can't you inoculate
A specific that might perchance abate
Epidemics like these that wits impair—

"There's 'air!"

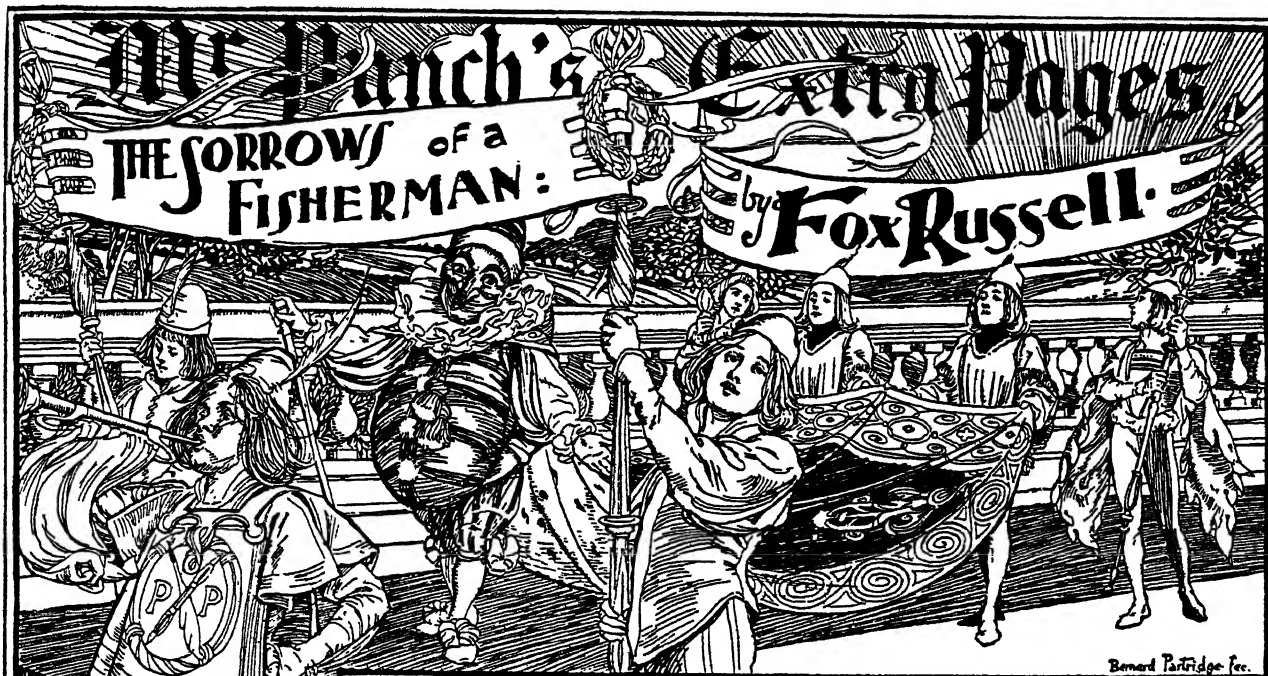
Oh, can't we invent in this year of grace
Some form of address to take its place,
This fatuous catchword we well could spare—

"There's 'air!"

MY LOVE.

I THINK of thee when days are long
And light and bright and cheery;
I think of thee when days are short
And damp and dull and dreary.

Full oft I murmur thy dear name
Within my lonely garret;
And curse the lot that makes me live
Without my love—old Claret!



A

H me! How pleasant, after a life of arduous toil—for up to the age of thirty I have been a

poor, underpaid, over-worked clerk in a Govern-

ment Department, the Great Sealing Wax and Gum Office—to be enabled to indulge my fancy for sport! What a blissful change, to take a moor, or a fishing, in Scotland, to idle my time away, to bask in the sunlight of the heavens, to absorb the beauties of Nature, the air of the the mountains, the extra *cuvée* of the *Veuve Cliquot*; to look upon the sunrise, the glorious dew of the early dawn—and also that of Glenlivet! Ah, would it not all be a very dream of delight? I revelled in the bare idea.

The sudden change in my financial condition was brought about in this wise. I was rapidly getting worn out with the grinding toil of the G. S. W. & G. O.—working from eleven till three, day after day, and getting not a moment to oneself, for what with reading *The Times* and the *Sportsman*, making a few sketches on the blotting-pad, brushing my own coat-collar, and smoothing my Lincoln and Bennett, going out to luncheon and coming back again, and a three-mile journey in a hansom to and from home, there seemed no time for anything else—when my rich bachelor uncle died, and left me all his money. Excellent man, I quite forgive him for the rude way in which he spoke of me in his will, an extract from which erratic document, I give here:—

“I had long determined to leave all that I possessed to that particular member of my family who should have proved pre-eminent in something—I cared not what. They have all disappointed me, and the only one who has asserted his title to be considered pre-eminent in anything is my nephew, ALGERNON BERTIE FITZSIMPLETON, for he is, pre-eminently, the greatest ass I have ever known.”

As I have said, it was rude of him; nevertheless, considering that I have the money safely, I forgive him. As to his remarks

on my mental capacity, let them pass. I can afford to treat the matter with a quiet dignity. I even spent three-and-sixpence on *crêpe* for him, in token of complete amity.

Between the delights of fishing and those of shooting I found it hard to decide, and finally took refuge in the somewhat feeble expedient of “tossing up.” Heads, fishing. I accepted the omen, and my first act was to cab down to BATE & HOOKEM, the agents for Scotch fishings. Rather a bore these agent fellows, but suppose they are a necessary nuisance: it could not be helped, and I had to go.

Called at B. and H.’s office in Strand, and found Mr. HOOKEM in. (Later on, I may observe, that I found Mr. Hookem out, but no matter!) This gentleman was most assiduous in his attention to me, and most obliging.

A Fishing? Ah, he could thoroughly recommend one that had only just that very morning been put into his hands to let: It was in Perthshire—McDoodleskirrie Lodge, with private loch, and also rights of fishing for five miles on the river Itch. The owner? Oh, it was a man not in the habit of letting his place at all; no other than THE INVERNESS himself, who was something to do with the Cape. He and his family would be prepared to leave in two days’ time, if I took the place, and he, Mr. HOOKEM, would strongly advise my closing with the offer at once.

N.B.—Have noticed that agents often do recommend this course.

He informed me, in order to prevent mistakes, that THE INVERNESS’s wife is not “Mrs. INVERNESS” but Mrs. MAC-JONES. Why he should be THE INVERNESS and the lady plain Mrs. MACJONES rather puzzling. Puts one in mind of late BLANK, Q.C., who caused the butler to announce “26, Lennox Gardens, and Mrs. BLANK,” at a Scotch dinner party. After a certain amount of palavering, Mr. HOOKEM and I came to terms. I was to be the guest of THE INVERNESS for the first two days of my tenancy—at the expiration of that period, he and his family would move southwards, and I should be left in possession of “the palatial mansion and grounds”—these were Mr. HOOKEM’s flowing periods, not mine.

Went on to FINNEY & SCALES, the tackle shop, and spent two hours (and nine pounds seven and sixpence) in purchasing all sorts of fearful wildfowl in the shape of flies—my head whirled

with talk of gimp, casts, reels, steel cores, cane handles, and a thousand other terms equally confusing. Struggle feebly into cab, completely exhausted, and have to take bottle of Chamberlain with my luncheon at the club to refresh my worn-out frame.

Next morning early—horribly early—I started on the long pilgrimage north—almost more fatiguing than day at the G. S. W. and G. O. Ah, those terrible, brain-racking days, when sometimes I would wrestle for an hour or more as to whether I should read *The Times* or put a rose in my coat first! But away with gruesome memories of grinding toil! I am a free man, my own master, and no longer a hireling slave to a despotic Government. As soon as I get to Weesmellie, I will absolutely wallow in my new-found freedom.

My cigar finished, I sat up and looked out of window. Passed through quite a decent sort of country—for Scotland. THE INVERNESS has promised to meet me at Weesmellie Station, and drive me to the house. Here we are at last. Heigho! journey had nearly killed me. When I alighted, I looked in vain for the figure I had pictured to myself of the "braw laird." N.B.—Believe it is correct to employ such phrases as these, liberally, whilst in Scotland. Am told it pleases the inhabitants. I looked up and down platform fruitlessly, then outside the station, for some sign of carriage to meet me. Nothing there except cart taking in general cargo of carrots, potatoes, flour, and small quantity of coal. I walked back, feeling annoyed. Told ginger-bearded Bandit—apparently the only porter on whole station—to get my luggage out of van. I had brought perfect armoury of fishing-rods, guns, etc., in addition to my own personal effects, a few cases of champagne and a neat little box containing choice piece of Salvati glass, as a small offering to MRS. INVER—MRS. MACJONES, I mean. Ginger person favours me with stony stare—feel uncomfortable—then smile breaks out upon his face, and slowly travels all round back of his head, and to my utter astonishment he grasps me warmly—too warmly for pleasure—by the hand, and in most cordial manner exclaims—

"Whaurthayewouldbethebitbodyfrathesooth!"

Horror! it is THE OVERCOAT—THE INVERNESS, I mean—himself! Apologise profusely for mistaking him for porter. He hastens to reassure me—at least, I think so, but cannot, as a matter of fact, understand a word he says.

"Arrrakentitonanobbie!" he cries cheerily, or something to that effect.

I nodded pleasantly and smiled. Smile only safe investment, under the circumstances.

"May I ask where your carriage is, INVERNESS?" I said, pleasantly.

He points to general cargo cart with the equine ruin attached, standing outside. "Whaurwoulditbeebutyanner?" he says, and his simple eloquence goes to my heart.

The luggage having been got in, I approach dirty cart, not without certain misgivings for the fate of my new light-coloured Harris tweed knickerbockers. Seat myself very carefully on clean patch of sacking. THE INVERNESS clambers up beside me, encourages the framework between the shafts into an uncertain shuffle, and we are fairly *en route* for "the palatial mansion"—according to HOOKEM.

After some miles of more or less agonised jolting, we arrive at the foot of a tremendous hill, up which the animal was incited to climb by means of an old umbrella, and sundry pieces of small coal dexterously aimed at its head. Two or three miles farther on, still, and we descended a hill so severe that our seat slides down and sack of carrots shoots over us. This *contretemps* remedied, I endeavour to learn something of the prospects of sport.

"What of the fish—the trout? Are there plenty in the river just at present?" I ask. "Is the water in good condition?"

"Ohyeelbevarrapleasedamucklefushins," he replies encouragingly.

"That's very pleasant hearing," I say, wondering what on earth he can mean. I wish to *think* the best of everything, just as I eat and drink the best of everything. It is my way. I am just that sort of man.

Presently, as he flicked his whipthong at a fly on the horse's ear and missed it, catching me on the nose instead, he observed, "Yeelbenearintheweebithoosiethenoo."

"Dear me," I replied, "I should never have thought so."

I fancy THE INVERNESS began to suspect that I did not speak his language, for he now resorted largely to signs, and pointed in silence to a large whitewashed cottage, with the end of his gig umbrella.

"Is this the Bailiff's cottage?" I asked airily, looking in vain for the "palatial mansion" mentioned of HOOKEM.

"Nabaileefisit! TharllbethMcDoodleskirлие - Lodge - itsen." This in a tone of lofty scorn, and two minutes later we pull up with a jerk at door of whitewashed hovel.

Felt damped, if not exactly despondent—am beginning to realise that HOOKEM is a man of vivid imagination. Remember now, that he described host as "splendid fellow"—certainly you get a great deal for your money in the way of inches and avoirdupois—and the house as a "magnificent place." HOOKEM, man who evidently considers truth should be used with due regard to economy. A little later on, felt inclined to go still farther and describe Mr. H. as what poor FRED LESLIE used to call a lamb dyer.

Seven red-haired children come out to welcome me. Fond of children—at a distance; but seven rather overpowering, all at once. Enter house and am shown into scantily furnished room, and received by Mrs. INVER—MACJONES, I should say, lady of angular framework—figure, I mean, and severe expression. She opines that I must have had a tiring journey, and asks me if I would like to take anything? A glass of water, or—? I hastily decline. Am shown up rickety stairs to barrack-like bedroom with painted furniture. Wash in basin size of tea saucer, and go downstairs again feeling trifle depressed. Find, to my relief, that eldest daughter, *et. twenty-five* or thereabouts, has been at school in England and speaks the language of that country. She blushing tells me that dinner is ready, and will it please me to walk in? It pleases me very much—so does she. Never saw such a girl to blush. Well, I don't suppose she sees many good looks—many men in the course of her lonely life. Determine to give her as much pleasure as I can by wearing all my new suits in turn, so that she shall see me in many aspects. Suddenly remember this cannot be done, as she is only to be here for a couple of days. Never mind, one can change a good many times in two days by the exercise of a reasonable amount of industry, and my poor little Scotch girl shall not be defrauded out of what, I verily believe, will prove a source of real enjoyment to her.

Walk into dining-room and gaze at dismal array of bowls and spoons. Whole family sit down to table, and then instead of soup, porridge is dumped into the bowls—not a partaker of porridge myself, and wait for the fish—no fish. Wait for *entrées*—no *entrées*. Ha! something to eat at last! Grouse and venison. Attacked latter with avidity, but not being armed with a respirator was forced to give up the unequal contest. Fortunate thing that deer was killed. Going about in that condition he might have infected the whole herd with typhoid. Cold grouse better.

I learn, during course of dinner, that eldest daughter's name is MCLEOD. Not romantic—cannot imagine any man speaking of "My own MCLEOD!" She has a pleasing face, though in stature something like Mama—one might call her, in the figurative language of "Caledonia, stern and wild," a "bony braw lassie." Haggis finishes the dinner, and nearly performs same office for me. Struggle into the air, in order to get rid of the powerful perfume of hot calves' brains. Cigar in garden, and

then remember my present of Salvati glass for Mama MACJONES. I fetch it from my room, and offer it with a few graceful words—am rather good at graceful words—to my hostess. She looks at it suspiciously, and then proceeds to fill it with marmalade, remarking that if ever they were short of bowls it might do for porridge. Feel, somehow, that my little offering has not been quite a success.

Next morning, up with the lark at 9.30. Breakfast, and then get out all my elaborate fishing tackle. THE INVERNESS makes unintelligible remarks—but evidently by their tone, of a disparaging nature—on seeing it. Rude of him. He obviously jeers at my many books of flies. My MOLEOD to the rescue, with soothing remarks—delightful girl—this morning she looks all innocence and lilies of the valley. We are to try the loch first, leaving the river till later. THE INVERNESS accompanies me: should have preferred the guidance of his daughter, but can't very well explain this to him. At the loch side we are met by a Jelly—beg pardon, Gillie—gentleman possessing very red nose, and an imposing thirst. He commences casting rocky chunks of Gaelic at me, but finding I do not understand a word he says, mercifully desists and relapses into a moody silence. We proceed to embark in extremely dirty boat, about half full of water. This is baled out until, as we sit, the water only covers our ankles—chilly, but still preferable to actually sitting in it. DUGALD—all Gillies, I believe, are DUGALDS—takes charge of my fly-books and flask—feel that this is really too assiduous a piece of attention on his part, and by dexterous piece of manoeuvring, succeed in recovering flask—not so particular about flies. Neither, apparently, was DUGALD, who looks quite defeated when he catches sight of the “pocket-pistol” once more in my possession. Trust no lasting coolness will arise between DUGALD and self over this small matter.

We row out to middle of loch, DUGALD evidently choosing this position as the one in which we can most effectively be drowned should leaky boat founder—a by no means unlikely contingency, I should imagine. Then THE INVERNESS, taking my fly-books in hand, looks pityingly at my Red Palmers, Brown Palmers, Huntley and Palmer—I mean Huntley Dragons, and many other gaudily dressed flies with unaccountable names, discarding each, after a brief examination, as useless. From the expression of his face, one would have thought that the flies had personally insulted him. At length, after an excited and guttural colloquy between my two gaolers, DUGALD selects the fly which he finds least offensive to his piscatorial susceptibilities and affixes it to my cast. Having lit a pipe, so as to give the impression of being perfectly at my ease in this sport, I took my rod, whirled the line gaily round my head and unfortunately hooked my left ear. The next cast was more successful, as no personal injury whatever was caused. I merely got the hook into the seat of my knickerbockers, and less than a quarter of an hour sufficed to free it again completely. Nothing like perseverance; so I cast again, nearly overbalancing the wretched cockleshell as I did so. The next time, I got a rise, and landed a trout bigger than my forefinger. He was a clean-run fish, and in splendid condition. Later on, the scale told me that my capture pulled down the beam at just under three ounces.

I again cast. I was getting excited now; and this time I hooked and missed a tremendous fish, at least a ten-pound trout. Know it was a ten-pound trout, because I caught a glimpse of him quite plainly. DUGALD buries his head in his hands, and croons softly to himself. Wish he would not croon—so upsetting. Persevere, and soon land a second three ounce. Go on for another quarter of an hour, but only succeed in catching DUGALD's Tam o' Shanter and jerking it into the loch. DUGALD quite annoyed at loss of cap; he looks very “dour” at me. No

more trout falling victims to my skill, I get rather sick of fishing and sitting in water, now up to my knees. During all this time, THE INVERNESS has been enjoying good sport and hauling in some fair-sized fish—larger than my brace of three ounces, though they are rather good trout. Watch THE INVERNESS as a fish rises to him. With a swirl, away he goes—it must be a big one—he fights gloriously, and then, bit by bit, the line is hauled in and he comes to the net. But my own sport was not good; it bored me, and I told them I should be landed and try my luck from the shore whilst they continued in the boat. They both seemed actually pleased at hearing this announcement—some people are so funny. Was put ashore with all my tackle, and general impedimenta, including the flask. Sit and rest, and smoke another pipe. Tobacco, after all, best part of fishing. Finish pipe and resume fishing. Fishing very stupid, somehow; not a sign of a trout. Subsequently discover I have no fly on end of line. Think this may account for my not getting any rise. Tie on a Green Harriet (Phœbus! what a name!) and try again. Green Harriet evidently unattractive. Small boy approaches whistling, and at same moment brilliant idea enters my head. Always had fertile brain, and wonder this scheme never struck me before. I confer with small boy and present him with “saxpence”—he disappears, and ten minutes later, returns with some lively red “worrirms,” as he calls them, on a large leaf.

‘Softly humming “Now we shan't be long”—I am very musical, and whenever I am suffering, I sing (a friend once said, “Ah, my dear fellow, on these occasions, it is not only you who suffer.” I don't know quite what he meant, but his tone was sympathetic, as though he knew what suffering was himself. I had often sung to him)—I began baiting with red worms, and scored an almost immediate success—so satisfactory. The trout rose and bit like gudgeon, and I hauled them out of the water almost as fast as I could bait my hook. This was really splendid sport, and I was thinking how my dear old friend DR THUPPENNY BUNNE, who was to join me on the morrow, would enjoy himself, when I suddenly became aware that the boat was returning. THE INVERNESS, despite the imminent danger of such a performance, was standing up and waving his arms frantically, swinging them round like the sails of a windmill. Really, I began to fear for the poor man's sanity. What was it all about, I asked myself wonderingly?

I was not long left in doubt. The ferocious Gillie, with a last wild tug at the oars, runs boat into the side and my host rushes out and makes wild dash for my worm-baited line, roughly dragging it out of the water. Line happened to have another fish on it. This THE INVERNESS quickly disengaged, and quickly hurled into the water. What could he mean? Was I—alarming thought!—standing here on the edge of the lonely loch, far from home and friends and things, practically at the mercy of a couple of homicidal maniacs! The bare thought caused a tremor to run through my manly frame and agitate the very soles of my boots. For a brief flash, I thought I was lost—rather wished, in fact, that I could have been! The next moment, however, relief came. The motive of their puerile conduct was revealed to me. To fish with a worm was POACHING! And everybody knows, as compared with this crime, that that of murder becomes a venial offence in the eyes of the Scottish Laird. All of my speckled beauties which were still alive were

ruthlessly thrown back into the loch, and then THE INVERNESS turned to me, and in tones of withering irony observed—

"Weeliewakthamonamucklefushunoo?"

I said, "Not that I am aware of," with dignity; and he did not seem able to pursue the subject any farther. He turned away from me and muttered an incantation of some sort; but whether he was exorcising the demons of the loch or cursing the gods of High Olympus, I am not at all clear to this day.

A minute later, and a big, "dour" looking outlaw, who I afterwards learnt held the position of Water Bailiff, came up, and in a silence more eloquent than words, struck a somewhat theatrical attitude, and pointed sourly to the small wriggling worm at end of my line.

I thought, perhaps, he had taken a fancy to it; so I at once removed it from the hook and presented him with it. This, however, failed to satisfy his aspirations, apparently, and so I nodded pleasantly and said, "Something has disagreed with you, perhaps?"

"Ooaye, ooaye, ooaye!" replied the official, wagging his head. Hate men who wag their heads—so irritating. He then produced a note-book, about the size of an ordinary port-manteau, and proceeded with elaborate detail to take down my name and address. All this was very alarming for the timid Southron, and it struck me that an appearance before the magisterial Bench might be extremely unpleasant and costly. So I hedged.

* * * * *

Ten minutes later, that dour "offeelial," as he called himself; DUGALD, THE INVERNESS and myself were all seated together on the ground engaged in the most friendly of converse—as far as my limited knowledge of their picturesque but uncomfortable language would allow of such a state of things. If they did not understand "the language of the eye," they certainly did that of the flask. And no expert was needed in order to comprehend the fact that a five-pound note had left my coat pocket, and now reposed within the 'offeelial' trousers. We were all quickly on the best of terms, and after an hour of strict attention to the bot—business in hand, DUGALD proceeded (diagonally) to the water's edge, sat at the boat, missed it, and then incontinently disappeared beneath the placid surface of the loch, wearing a seraphic smile to the last.

I was proceeding to hurriedly cast a fly in the direction of the eddying pool, with some faint, vague idea of rescue, when THE INVERNESS, more practical, assisted by the "offeelial," dragged the Gillie safely ashore.

That evening, the blushing MCLEOD and I—well, philandered rather, in the garden, after dinner. We walked up and down the weeds—path, I mean—together, and she consoled with me upon my want of success in the day's fishing. MCLEOD has very pretty little sing-song voice, and she very truly said "Ah, in this beautiful scenery ye're time's no wasted, whether ye catch fush"—I think she said "fush"—"or not."

"MCLEOD," I began, and then pulled myself up suddenly, "Miss INVER—oh, hang it! Miss MACJONES, I should say. I am quite of your opinion. What matters it whether you hoist a damp, spotty creature out of the water or not? A life spent in the open-air, with just a little genial companionship—" here she most unaccountably turned ruby red. I was alluding to the companionship of my friend DE THUPPENNY BUNNE, who

was to join me in a day or two, "a little genial companionship is all I want."

She hung her head. Why? I wondered. Then she cast her eyes down demurely on the ground and took my hand. I never felt in such an awkward position in my life. At that moment, I could have welcomed the appearance of the dour Bailiff himself.

"This is aye sudden, ye ken," she murmured gently, looking up into my eyes and then laying her head gently on my stalwart shirt-front.

For a moment I knew not what to say. Then my natural cleverness asserted itself, and I began—

"My dear Miss IN—MCLEOD—MACJONES, I—er—I fear—er—that is, I mean that when I said I wanted companionship, I meant—"

"Oh, ye need say nae mair," she interrupted, nestling up to me—wish people would not nestle—always embarrassing. "Say nae mair. I ken all ye would say; I see it in your een." (Now, as it was completely dark, this was a great testimony to her own clear sightedness, or else a downright—euphemism!) "I'll conseeder ye're proposeotion, and ask my father's consent directly we're awa' from here," and off she dashed into the house.

I called after her—cautiously, for fear THE INVERNESS should hear—but she had gone, and I was left there by myself in a highly nervous state.

I did not sleep at all soundly that night. And I carefully forbore to come down to breakfast next day until they—the MACJONES family—had departed for the South. An interview with Papa INVERNESS on subject of MCLEOD would have been too wearing.

Later on, that day, I went down to the river for stroll to quiet my agitated mind. Met very nice young fellow, owner of adjoining place. We began to talk. I mentioned THE INVERNESS, and he smiled and informed me that Mr. MACJONES was not THE INVERNESS, or THE anything else, but the keeper of a small snuff shop and tobacconist's in Glasgow. "THE INVERNESS" was merely assumed to lure the unsuspecting Southron into taking the fishing—

"But the daughter, then—MCLEOD? What of her?"

He laughed.

"Oh, she's always known as the 'man-trap' in these parts. DUGALD is Mrs. MACJONES's brother, and the Bailiff her cousin."

I thanked him, and reeled back feebly into the house.

Next morning a letter arrived from MCLEOD, couched in most affectionate terms and consenting to become my "bonny wee wife"—most upsetting. Have no wish for "bonny wee wife." Later on a telegram (portage for seven miles unpaid) from Papa, saying whole family would return to McDoodleskirrie to "arrange matters."

I seized a *Bradshaw*, packed up hurriedly, and started that night. I seem to have lost all my interest in fishing, and fancy McDoodleskirrie is damp and doesn't suit my constitution.

Fox Russell

RULING THE WAVES.

(From our Special Correspondent on board H.M.S. Billycock.)

WEIGH ANCHOR!

Monday.—The Naval Manœuvres have begun. An hour ago our whistle screamed defiance to the breeze, our screw churned to foam the eddying waves, proudly at our masthead floated the ensign which speaks of liberty, loyalty and law to the poor aliens of other lands, abject in the misery of oppressive thralldom! (N.B. to the Editor. How's that for a start? Yes, your descriptive report will be done properly this year, and no mistake.)

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

I have had a confidential chat with our gallant Captain. No better sailor, my wide experience enables me to state, ever trod the lower capstan-turret. Naturally enough, he was keenly anxious for my opinion on some disputed points. With my opinion of water-pipe boilers he concurred fully. But as to our talk about 9-072 guns, detonating rams, the armouring of the main-boom, and so on, I must say nothing here. For one thing, your readers will not possess that encyclopædic knowledge of nautical matters that distinguishes your special correspondent. For another, our talk was, as I said, strictly confidential. The result of it may, perhaps, be seen in these manœuvres—will certainly be manifest in the next naval war.

IN THE STOKE-HOLE.

Having at last persuaded the Captain to spare me for a few minutes, my eye for fine descriptive effect led me to visit the stoke-hole, where the furnaces were working at a pressure of something like 42.5 pounds to the square yard. The fires shone brightly red. The coal-black fuel added fury to the flames. Murky shadows of stokers in that lurid Inferno fell fitfully upon the gleaming main-centre-thrust-block. "Here," said I, striking an attitude, "here is the secret of England's greatness made manifest. Rule, rule Britannia!" Overcome with emotion, I then went upstairs again. (N.B. To the Editor. Fancy some of the technicalities in last par. mayn't be quite right. It doesn't matter much, but you'd better get somebody to revise them, if time allows.)

THE NIGHT.

Darkness fell fast. It was twenty-one bells. With measured tread the vigilant sentries paced the central quarter-deck. Far across the dazzled main lay the bright gleams of our search-light. Ill would it fare with any rash foe who tried to approach us in the fancied security of the darkness! Long into the night I lay awake, occupied solely with the thought of my country's greatness. Rule, rule, rule Britannia!



STIRRING DEEDS.

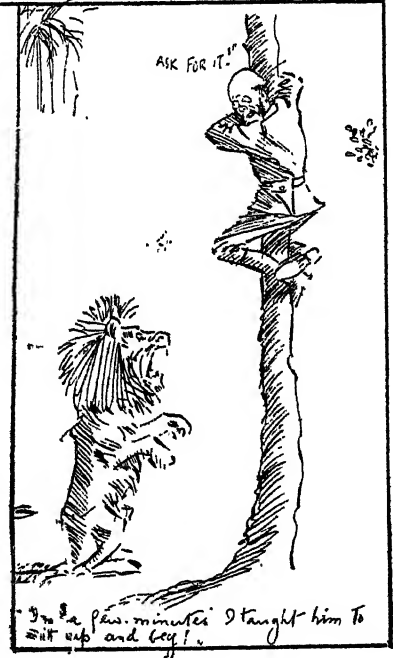
Just as I was dropping off to sleep, a sudden tumult above my head showed that the mimic warfare had begun. One of the enemy's fleet had stolen up to us in the dawn, and had poured a host of boarders on to our decks! To describe the fight that followed would tax the resources of a pen more eloquent than mine. In other words, it was indescribable. At length, after a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, the boarders were repulsed. Then with a terrific roar our cannon spoke—and the Billycock quivered from stem to stern. Again they spoke, and silence followed. Victory was ours! Ah, in spite of puling decadents, the spirit which animated DRAKE, FROBISHER and NELSON survives to-day in the breasts of our British tars!

(Later. N.B.—To the Editor.—For goodness sake suppress last paragraph. Not feeling very well, I stayed in my cabin all the morning. The noise I took to be a battle seems to have been made by sailors scrubbing deck, and the guns were only fired for signalling purposes. Many apologies for mistake.) A. C. D.

THE LAMENT OF A YANKEE GLOBE-TROTTER.

(A Hint to Hotel-keepers.)

I DEARLY love the British Isles,
Where pants and boots are cheap,
Where anyone may roam some miles
Before he meets the deep;
But what I really cannot stand,
In fact, it's far from nice,
Though freezing seas surround your land
You rarely give me ICE.



RECIPE, VALUABLE IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER.—How to convert a small Vegetable into a Cool Drink:—Take some broad beans, five will suffice. Place them on ice. Select a bean well iced. Add an "S" to it. It will then be "A Bean S well iced." [Exit.]

NOTE FROM AN IRREPRESSIBLE.—"Judging by the weather on Bank Holiday and during the greater portion of last week, I should be inclined to believe that DE WET had taken refuge in England."



First Traveller. "CAN WE HAVE BEDS HERE TO-NIGHT?"

Obliging Hostess. "OH, YES, SIR."

First Traveller. "HAVE YOU—ER—ANY—ER—INSECTS IN THIS HOUSE?"

Obliging Hostess. "NO, SIR. BUT WE CAN GET YOU SOME!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ON Bank Holiday, the weather being all that Bank Holiday-makers could not possibly desire, the Baron reclined on his divan and passed the greater part of the day in reading FERGUS HUME'S *The Crimson Cryptogram* (JOHN LONG). Just the book for such a day. A strange, puzzling story, adroitly told, keeping the ingenious reader on the tenter-hooks of suspense from the first page to very nearly the last. And when the murder is out, as out it will, what a well-contrived surprise! "Mum's the word," says the Baron. There's no picturesque writing; there are no fine phrases lost; but the story "is the thing," and Mr. FERGUS HUME manages that, intricate though it be, in his own straightforward style.

The Baron has some recollection of having dipped into *John Bull et son île* and *Les Filles de John Bull*, and also into *Jonathan et son continent*, but certainly it was not owing to any pleasure derived from the above-mentioned works that he decided on reading Mr. MAX O'RELL'S latest "*roman moderne*," entitled *Femme et artiste*. Mr. MAX O'RELL probably flatters himself on his knowledge of London bearing some sort of resemblance to that of Sam Weller's, which, as every Pickwickian is aware was "extensive and peculiar." And considering that Mr. MAX O'RELL (did he abbreviate it and Irishize it from Aurelius Maximus?) is a foreigner with a long experience of London as student and as Professor, his acquaintance with the manners and customs of St. John's Wood and "all round and about that quarter," is remarkable. As a Back-Woodsman, he is evidently past master of his craft, and knows "The Groves of the Evangelist," *au bout des ongles*. Mr. MAX O'RELL, as he elects to style himself, having absorbed English literature as *Joey Ladle* "took in" the wine, "through the pores," has exercised a facile pen with such perseverance and such literary ability as to have produced six novels written in English and translated, presumably by himself, into his native tongue; or the process was reversed

and the works were written in his native tongue, and then reproduced in that of the alien. Perhaps the latter course is the one he has adopted, seeing that the publisher is CALMANN LEVY in Paris. Mither, or Monsieur, O'RELL bewails the Babel-like towers of flats which will soon make London resemble Chicago, and will destroy "*ces jolis quartiers rustiques, frais et retirés, qui rendaient Londres, en été, la plus belle ville du monde*." Really, Mither O'RELL might rechristen himself Monsieur O'BLARNEY. The *rus in urbe* of London is to be found in "Chelsea, Saint John's Wood, Hampstead, et bien d'autres encore." "Approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY," especially when the equivalent to Sir HUBERT is a Frenchman, "is praise indeed!" Then, judicial with impartiality, Mons. MAX compares the absurd ideas that some uneducated and untravelled English and French entertain mutually of one another, and strikes a balance in favour of neither. The scene of his novel is laid in his beloved St. John's Wood, where "*la plus grande partie de la bohème intellectuelle de haute volée*" do mostly congregate, which means, according to Monsieur MAXIMUS, that in these sylvan glades "*les CHARLES WYNDEHAM, les WILLARD, les WILSON BARRETT,*" *se reposent des fatigues de la scène*." What a paradise! Without an Eve to upset everything; at least, she is not *en évidence*. "*C'est là, en un mot, que réside l'intelligence de Londres*." Ahem! if this be the case, the intelligence of London must be slightly limited. Should this book catch the eye of Kensington, the Kensingtonians will do well to be jealous; and on the same hypothesis Belgravians will be angry; while, let the volume penetrate to the great squares on the Nor'-West and West Central sides of London, how disdainfully indignant will be the noble, learned and scientific residents in those parts! However, the above is only *à propos* of his introduction to the story, the dialogue of which is, in a general way, brightly written, though the plot, both in design and execution, is about as weak as a *risqué* novel of GYP'S might be, were it, *per impossibile*, bowdlerised for simple and highly "proper" English readers. However, no doubt it will not be long ere Mons. MAXIMUS takes us several steps further and lifts the veil that has hitherto concealed from public gaze the mysteries of St. John's Wood, "*ce quartier privilégié*."

In *A Prince of Swindlers* (WARD, LOCK & Co., publishers) Mr. GUY BOOTHBY has taken a hint from *Sherlock Holmes*; but instead of showing how the police capture the villains, he narrates how the villains, in every instance, get the better of the police; how the chief of the rascals achieves stupendous wealth, bears an honourable name, moves in the very best society, and finally retires from business, disappearing nobody knows where or how. The Baron is inspired by this book to write a story which shall put this entirely in the shade, where no doubt, with the thermometer at over 100 degrees, it would be pleasant to remain. The Baron thinks he sees his way to an *Emperor of Scoundrels*, or something of that sort, quite at the top of the tree. Should publishers make a rush for this work on reading this announcement, the Baron says "let 'em all come," but let 'em wait. *En attendant*, the sensational-loving public can prepare themselves for the forthcoming work by reading GUY BOOTHBY'S *Prince of Swindlers*, which is a collection of short stories of frauds and robbery perpetrated by one gifted creature with a few mildly-talented assistants. THE BARON DE B.-W.

A TACTFUL MANAGER. — According to the *Daily News* of August 9th, the Prince of WALES, going *via* Flushing in order to avoid Belgium (and serve Belgium right), was brought into close proximity with a number of Transvaal Boers. The Continental Manager, Mr. J. AVIS (S. E. & Chatham R.), cleverly contrived that H.R.H. should be an "Invisible Prince" to the Boers and the Boers well out of the ken of H.R.H. Bravo! The Continental S. E. & C. R. Manager shall henceforth adopt for his motto, "*Rara Avis in terris*."

MR. MUGGS' GROUSE MOOR. No. 2.—"PONTO."



"WELL—DEALER SAYS HE'S A WONDERFUL DOG; NEVER MISSES A BIRD; BROKE TO CARRY THEM, TOO, IN THE CONTINENTAL WAY."



PONTO NEVER DOES MISS A BIRD.

THE CRICKET CRANK.

TELL me not of Boxer's fables,
Of the Empress—do not speak.
Summarise the Chinese cables
Say, once every other week.
Meanwhile let me, please, peruse
Every scrap of cricket news.

Does the Boer War still continue?
Are DE WET and BOTHA free?
Is "BOBS" straining every sinew?—
Oh! that doesn't interest me.
But minutely tell me o'er
Every first-class cricket score.

Read me not the turgid speeches
Of the eloquent M.P.
Doubtless he some moral teaches,
But he only wearies me.
Tell me then, again, how STORER
Made his twenty-second fourer.

Crowd the Hospital Enquiry,
And the leaders dull and solemn,
Court News, and My Social Diary
Into less than half a column.
But with every detail tell
How the Surrey wickets fell.

Is the Empire's glory waning?
Is our downfall drawing near?
Are our Volunteers complaining?
I have not the least idea!
But I'm pretty certain that
RANJI is a clinking bat.



AND CARRIES THE ENTIRE BAG—BUT. . .

RE-LAPSE.

Anatomical correspondent, meditating on the Chinese crisis and the uncertainty of things in general, sends the following query to *Mr. Punch* from the British Embassy, Constantinople:

ARE the "knees of the gods" any relation to "the laps of time?"

Correspondent says it struck him in bed that morning. It is evidently a serious case, and it is to be hoped that he will eventually recover from the impact. He had better try a course of therapy at Therapia. We fear that, with the present Turkish censorship, a very long time will have elapsed before he sees his bedridden jest in print.



PONTO.

DIED AUGUST 13TH
1900 FROM THE
EFFECTS OF EATING
SIX AND A HALF
BRACE OF GROUSE

THE LESSON OF THE MANŒUVRES.

(Note of a conversation in the ante-room.)

"It was famous fun," said the Major. "We advanced in column, and as thick as bees. As we came along the artillery blazed away at us almost point-blank."

"But surely," commented the Critic, "you would have all been killed."

"Why, yes," admitted the Colonel, "I suppose we would. But it was magnificent to see our men progress as steadily as if they were on parade. A fine sight, Sir—a fine sight!"

"It must have been—to the enemy's artillery."

"And then we marched along the ridge of the hill—our outline in silhouette most effective, I can assure you."

"Yes," again put in the Critic; "but with such a mark the enemy could not have failed to have potted every man jack of you."

"Possibly," acquiesced the Colonel; "but we were wonderfully active—full of go!"

"That may be so," said the Critic, "but it strikes me that by the laws of the game not one of you should have escaped. But, fortunately, it was only a peaceful contest."

"But, Sir," cried all the officers in a heat, "we should have done precisely the same thing if it had been real fighting in the time of War!"

A BALLADE OF AN ANNUAL VISITATION.

WHEN August follows on July,
When ends the tedious Debate,
And Ministers no more reply
To questionings importunate;
Ere passengers with teeming freight
Of children throng each sea-bound train,
This is the sign for which they wait—
"The Great Sea-Serpent's here again."

When readers find the papers dry
That fatuous problems agitate;
When wordy warfare waxes high,
And disputants each other slate;
When sages maresnests formulate,
And bores their several fads explain,
Then comes the annual "par" to state
The Great Sea-Serpent's here again.

O hardy myth that will not die!
O monster of primeval date!
Emerging once a year to spy
Our century degenerate;
The ages may annihilate
The Auk and Dodo; but in vain
Your species would they extirpate—
The Great Sea-Serpent's here again.

Envoy.

Then with strange faith and obstinate
(As in ST. SWITHUN's six-weeks' reign)
Once more will we reiterate—
"The Great Sea-Serpent's here again."

THE BOBBY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

THE day was close, the sun was high,
And all creation hot and dry!
Despite the scorching noontide heat
The burly Bobby paced his beat;



For notwithstanding drouth and sun,
He kept his Hi on every one!
While people all beheld with awe
This incarnation of the law;
And those with predatory views
Distinctly shivered in their shoes.
They all bowed down—well, all save one—
A Butterfly, replete with fun,
And her refusal was direct
To treat the Bobby with respect!
She gaily danced upon his toes,
And fluttered round his ruddy nose;
She kissed him lightly on the cheek,
And worried him with elfish freak;
She teased him with a childish glee,
And laughed to scorn his dignity!
The Bobby said, "This must not be!
If passers-by should chance to see
This light fa-mil-i-ar-i-tee
Why, what on earth becomes of me?

To flout the Force, it is a sin,
I'll stop it—or I'll run her in!"
And off he started, smart and spry,
To catch the blithesome Butterfly.
Through street and square, through park
and place

The Bobby has to go the pace;
He threatens wildly with his staff
He longs for pots of half-and-half;
He knits his brows and shakes his fists
But can't put darbies on her wrists;
He loses her and says, "I'm blowed!"
Just turning down the Edgware Road,
And finds her when he's close upon
The Terminus at Padding-
ton.

He sees her enter, says,
"At last!

I think I've copped you
hard and fast!"

While down the platform
flutters she

So gaily and so merrily:
She's here and there, as
if in doubt,

She's up and down and
round about!

The Bobby thinks, and
thinking smiles,

"I'll be revenged for all
her wiles."



A Quart—er—to
One.

He grabs his victim, with a frown—
But, missing her, he tumbles down!
While she regards him with disdain,
And settles in the starting train;
Then, as the carriage moves away
The prostrate peeler hears her say:
"You thought, dear Bobby, there's no
doubt,

To run me in—I've run you out!
But one so stout should take more care.
Good-bye! I'm off for change of air!"

MORAL.

O Bobbies, be forewarned and wise
And ne'er run after butterflies!
Oh, ne'er be tempted from your street,
But keep your hearts upon the beat!

THE RESULT OF A RECENT DECISION.

SCENE—Sub-Editorial Office. PRESENT—
Sub and Orator.

Orator (angrily.) I have to complain,
Sir, that the speech I delivered yesterday
was badly reported. I consider it dis-
graceful.

Sub. (apologetically.) Very sorry, Sir.
We usually are most accurate.

Orator. Why did you not take me ver-
batim?

Sub. That was done, Sir, by the Daily
Wire who gained the copyright.

Orator. Why did you make me say that
I wanted the Income Tax doubled?

Sub. Didn't you say so, Sir?

Orator. Certainly not. I said just the
reverse. You can easily discover that by
reading the report printed in the Evening
Moon.

Sub. Ah! evidently that's how the
mistakes crept in. Our contemporary
has the correct version, and we must, for
the sake of exclusive use, give the wrong
one.

Orator. Why, Sir? Why?

Sub. (calmly.) To secure the copyright!
[Scene closes in upon a very strange
situation.]

THE NAME AND THE SITUATION.

(As applied to some of our popular public
performers.)

Desirable in a storm at sea—Miss
JANETTE STEER.

Undesirable ditto—Miss MARIE TEM-
PEST.

Ought to be a model host—Mr. WILLIAM
GREET.

No good with foxhounds—Mr. JOHN
HARE.

A kindly examiner—Mr. WALTER PAS3-
MORE.

Funereally inclined—Mr. HAYDN COF-
FIN.

Rapturously received on August the
12th—Miss M. MOORE.

Anti-fatuous—Mr. DAN LENO.

Invaluable at any game—Mr. ARTHUR
PLAYFAIR.



THE STAIN ON THE BELGIAN FLAG.



Little Slingsby (feeling for an invite). "BY THE WAY, MRS. JOCELYN, I HEAR YOU'VE TAKEN A RIPPIN' LITTLE PLACE ON THE RIVER THIS YEAR."
Mrs. Jocelyn (seeing through it). YES. I HOPE, WHEN YOU'RE PASSING, THAT YOU'LL—ER—DROP IN!"

"WHERE TO GO."

No. V.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We are still undecided where to go for our holiday. But I had the good fortune to meet my friend Mr. SLARGE the other evening, on my way home, who said, "If you will have a bite with me, I'll settle the question for you."

I told him I had "done" the Norfolk Coast, which prompted him to rush into poetry saying, "Lowestoft for Leisure," "Yarmouth for Pleasure," and "Bloaters also," I quickly replied. He took no notice of my remark—which was unkind, because I have always laughed at his jokes, no matter how feeble they have been—and taking me by the arm led me up the steps of the Koodle Club.

Here, while as a guest enjoying some modest refreshment, SLARGE informed me

that he was going with his wife to Dover, and suggested that I should accompany them. I impressed on him the fact that I was compelled to be extra economical, but he greatly comforted me by telling me that two guineas would cover everything: a first-class return ticket, and accommodation at the best hotel, from Saturday till Monday. *Vide* advertisement.

So the following morning, Mr. and Mrs. SLARGE and myself found ourselves comfortably settled down in the Hotel Brillington, on the South-Eastern coast. Magnificent pictures adorned the walls of the public rooms, but, curiously enough, some of the pictures by GAINSBOROUGH and Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS very closely resembled those I have seen in the National Gallery. A band of pretty ladies, all dressed in red, played at meal-

times, and I must say it was a wonderful dinner, and the waiters most attentive, though a scientific gentleman sitting behind me evidently thought otherwise. He was complaining to the three waiters who were attending on him, and was asking to see the Manager, who very wisely kept out of the way. While ordering the numerous dishes to be removed, he was drinking whisky and soda, the former of which he was supplying from his flask, and I heard him shouting, "What do you say? Which *entrée* will I take? Both, if I please. Where's the Manager?" etc. I don't fancy the management made much profit out of him.

By the way, I think it would be good policy to engage an interpreter at the hotel to translate the *menu*, which—it being an English hotel—was, of course, written in French.

My bedroom was gorgeously furnished, but I took exception to the glare of the electric light, which rendered reading in bed an impossibility. There was a twenty-five candle-power electric lamp hanging above my head as I was lying down reading. The glare was appalling, and the heat from it was gradually frizzling my hair; so the manager, a wonderfully obliging gentleman, complied with my request and gave me a good old-fashioned candle, the light of which, in my opinion, is very difficult to beat.

I was disturbed at six o'clock by that detestable seaside pest the early morning bather, who walks down the front with his barking dogs rousing the whole neighbourhood. I confess I was fervently praying that he and his dogs would swim out a considerable distance and be carried further by a strong current, or that the lot of them would simultaneously enjoy the luxury of cramp and kick each other to death.

I am delighted with this old town, and if my wife is of the same opinion I think we shall spend our holiday here; but a horrible thought has just occurred to me. There are no sands for the children! I fear the children might follow the example of Mrs. SLARGE, who, being unable to occupy her mind for two minutes together, keeps throwing herself back in an arm-chair, exclaiming, "What are we to do, here?" Yours truly,

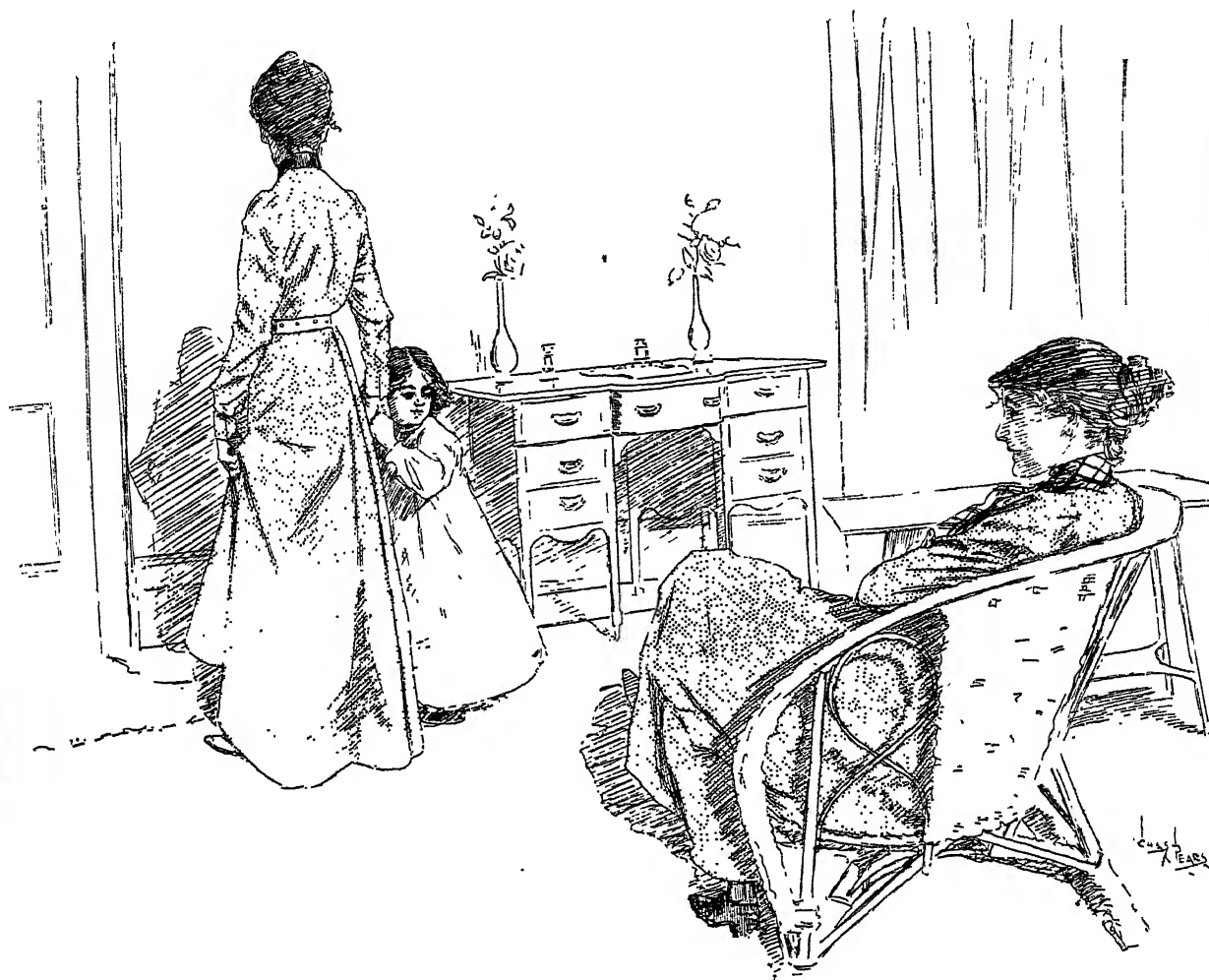
"STILL ON THE LOOK OUT."

NOWHERE.

Author (to Publisher). I called in to ask whether there were any profits on my book.

Publisher. Profits! Why, my dear sir, there are the papermaker, the printer, the binder, the advertisement agent, and Myself to be paid!! and you inquire about profits! The heat has evidently upset you.

THE MOST "ORCHID" CUSTOMER IN THE WORLD.—Mr. SANDER of St. Albans.



Little Girl. "AUNTIE, DO COME AND SEE ME IN MY BATH, WHEN I HAVE NOTHING BUT MY BODY ON."

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

[Supposed to be part of the sympathetic correspondence addressed (*ridé* Delagoa Bay) by certain Members of Her Majesty's Opposition to Mr. KRUGER, and lately discovered at Pretoria.]

I HAVE no lusty lance to bear before thee;
I have no falchion handy in a sheath;
I have no shield (in case they try to floor thee)
For thy devoted head to hide beneath;
I cannot sit a horse, much less a charger;
My legs are rather groggy at the knee;
My pectoral dimensions might be larger;
But oh, the heart within is all for thee.

I have no gun except for sniping rabbits;
I have no prickly spur upon my heel;
I have no taste for military habits,
Nor martial ancestors, like SWIFT MACNEILL;
I have no nerve to bear the battle's thunder,
I never could endure the cannon's boom;
I have no flag of truce for fighting under,
But oh, my heart, my heart is all for Oom.

I have no bandolier to strap outside me;
I much prefer my braces to a belt;
I have no scout's intelligence to guide me,
Nor any close acquaintance with the veldt;

I have no gift for physical exertions;
I shrink from detonations on the line;
But RHODES and JOSEPH are my pet aversions,
And, as I said before, my heart is thine.

I have no song, no stirring song, to send thee
(These lines are practically void of art);
I have no treasonable aid to lend thee,
Discretion being valour's better part;
I cannot go and cheer thy foreign legions,
Apart from war I so dislike the sea;
But though I rest in these immediate regions
My spirit (in a transport) flies to thee.

Ask me no more! I shun an open quarrel
With views that represent the nation's choice;
The courage I profess is largely moral,
And not adapted to the living voice;
Prudence forbids me, my beloved Dopper,
To call a Pro-Boer gathering and shout;
Nay, since a note like this is barely proper,
For Heaven's sake don't leave the thing about!

O. S.

FRIENDS IN AND OUT OF NEED.—When you are *not* in want of anything, where is the friend who will not rush to assist you? But when you are in want of everything, where is the friend who will step to your aid?



"WHAT HO! SHE BUMPS!"

A Sketch on the Scarborough Sands.

THE PROVERBS OF PILJOSH.

Freely rendered into English from the original Styptic.

BY F. ANSTEY.

IV.

WHEN the Ass first saw his cousin the Zebra, he exclaimed: "It is the first time that there has ever been any eccentricity in our family!"

"This eclipse of the Sun portends some dire calamity to the World!" said an aged and experienced Ant. "For the last time it occurred a human Child sat down upon our ant-hill!"

The full-blown Sausage professeth to forget the days of his puppyhood.

Had anyone met the Red Herring in the sea and foretold that he would one day be pursued by hounds across a difficult country, the Herring would have accounted him but a vain babbler. And yet so it fell out.

"Will you allow me to pass?" said the courteous Garden Roller to the Snail.

An officious Person seeing a Phoenix well alight promptly extinguished her with a watering-pot.

"Had you refrained from this uncalled-for interference," said the justly irate Bird, "I should by now be rising gloriously from my ashes, instead of presenting the ridiculous appearance of a partially roasted fowl which you now behold!"

Everyone knows his own business best.

"Alas!" sighed the Learned Pig, when dying of brain fever after endeavouring to solve the problem of how many two and two make, "why was I cursed with intellect?"

Character is everything. A Tiger is an exemplary husband

and a strict Teetotaller, yet it were unwise to give him the entrée of the Nursery.

"This will be a lesson to me for the future!" gasped the Fish in the landing-net.

A Merchant sold a child a sharp sword. "Thou hast done wrong in this," said a Sage, "for he will assuredly wound himself or some other with it."

"The blame will not be on my head," cried the Merchant, "for when I sold the sword, I did recommend the child to put a cork upon the point."

A certain grain of Millet fell out of a sack in which it was being carried into a city, and was trampled in the dust. "Alas!" cried the Millet-seed, "I am lost! Yet do I not repine for myself, but for those countless multitudes who—lacking me—will now inevitably perish of starvation!"

"If Men could but contrive to grow tails," said a wise old Monkey, "they would not be so very much inferior to Us."

"I have given up dancing," said the Tongs, "for they no longer dance with the elegance and grace that were fashionable in my youth."

"But for the mercy of Providence," said the Fox piously to the Goose, when he found her in a trap that had been set for himself, "our situations might now be reversed!"

"She really sang quite nicely," remarked the Cuckoo, after she had been to hear the Nightingale one evening, "but I found her just a little monotonous."

The Mendicant desired to make a will. "But what hast thou to leave when thou diest?" cried the Scribe.

"As much as the richest," he replied, "for when I die I leave the entire world."

"Forgive me," said the Toad to the Swallow, "but, although you may not be aware of it, you are flying on totally false principles."

"Am I?" said the Swallow, meekly. "I'm so sorry; do you mind showing me how you do it?"

"I don't fly myself," said the Toad with an air of superiority, "but I thoroughly understand the theory of it."

"Then teach me the theory," said the Swallow.

"Willingly," said the Toad; "my fee—to you—will be only two worms an hour."

A certain Canister found its way by chance into an Arsenal wherein were several huge Shells. The Canister was oppressed by bashfulness in such company, but, greatly to its surprise, the Shells rose and made way for it with the most profound deference.

"Surely ye mistake me for another," said the modest Canister, "for ye are steel, and laden with explosives—whereas I am only tin, and contain naught but the carcass of a long-deceased lobster."

"Nevertheless," replied a Shrapnel, "thou art mightier than us all, for when we burst, we may slay none, or at most some half-a-dozen—whereas thou, when thou art opened, will number thy victims by fifties!"

"I can't bear to think that no one will weep for me when I am gone!" said the sentimental Fly, as he flew into the eye of a Moneylender.

GREAT EASTERN MEN'S MOTTO.—"Strike while the weather is hot."



"AND SHE ONLY CHARGED EIGHT-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS, AND"—(interruption from *Husbands*. "ISN'T THE VIEW MARVELLOUS!")
General chorus in reply. "OH!—ER—YES!"—"AND NOW I SIMPLY GO THERE FOR EVERYTHING!"

IN MEMORIAM.

Lord Russell of Killowen.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

BORN, NOV. 10, 1832. DIED, AUG. 10, 1900.

SWIFT thought and eloquence that smote like flame—

By these his country's kingliest prize he won,
 And from the judgment-seat still kept her fame
 Clear as the cloudless sun.

Now in the Courts of Sleep he rests apart,
 Mourned by a people's love, his dearest pride;
 So close was wisdom in that noble heart
 With gentleness allied.

"O? What is the Old Man thinking?"

"IN what mood do you think is Mr. KRUGER now?" asked our own Interviewer of one who knows the President well, and who replied, "As to his mood, it varies; it's not imperative, and I don't think it's particularly indicative. But he is in-tense-ly anxious as to the Paulo-post-future."

"What do Women most admire in Men?"

Miss PRYM and Miss LETTY LAVISH discussed this topic over their *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Quoth Miss PRYM, "I don't exactly know that I admire anything in them. But I like them at a distance."

"Yes," said Miss LAVISH, "I loathe a man when he's 'near.'"

"MAFIKENG."

(By A. A. S.)

[Canon BALFOUR of Bloemfontein, in a letter to the *Times*, explains that the name should be spelt as above, *Mafika* being the plural of *lefika* (a rock), and Mafikeng meaning *at the rocks*; "but the first Postmaster did not trouble about that."]

OH, bother! Must we reconstruct our patriotic rhymes,
 Because a Canon's just gone off and written to the *Times*?
 We've turned out odes *ad libitum* and songs like anything,
 And now we're told 'tis "Mafikeng" instead of "Mafeking."

We gather that this famous name means merely "at the rocks,"
 Where BADEN-POWELL, limpet-like, sat tight through countless
 shocks;

But Mafikeng's a rock whereon the rhymster's vessel splits—
 Try all he may, he cannot find an assonance that fits!

The purist and the tourist, and the history-man as well,
 Now learn too late by many months the immortal word to spell;
 To judge from all the recent tricks the G. P. O.'s been at,
 You can't expect the postal mind "to trouble about that!"

Still, Mafeking or Mafikeng (whichever may be right),
 We've not forgotten your Relief nor May 18th night;
 Though letter-sorting postmasters your i's and e's confuse,
 At least you taught the braggart Boers to mind their p's and q's.

The New Central.

First London Traveller (to friend). Come with me by the
 "Twopenny Tube."

Second London Traveller. Can't. It's not my line. I'm a
 District Visitor. [Disappears underground.]



BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT.

Lock-keeper (handing ticket). "THREEPENCE, PLEASE."

Little Jenkins. "NOT ME: I'VE JUST PAID THAT FELLOW BACK THERE."

Lock-keeper (drily). "IM? OH, THAT'S THE CHAP WHO COLLECTS FOR THE BAND!"

JUST ENOUGH.

[Letters on the question "Are Smoking and Drinking sinful?" have been appearing in the *Daily News*.]

"ARE smoking and drinking sinful?"

Here! of best wine a skinfull!

A box of cigars, the very best brand,

A pipe and tobacco are here to my hand;

That's just for a nightcap to end all,

When away *pour se coucher* we send all.

"If smoking and drinking be sinful?" Say Yes?

Why, then, what a lot we have got to confess!

"Sinful!" Good Heaven! Wherein is the "sinful."

Unless you persist in a skinfull on skinfull,

And stupidly drink to your own stupefaction,

Thus leaving yourself without reason in action;

For then to the level of brute you have sunk.

No, no—beg brutes' pardon; brutes never get drunk.

They know when to stop—but a man, obfuscated

By drink, beneath brute-level must be located.

TO THE GERMAN MEASLES.

(By a Sufferer.)

If I must keep my bed at all

And pay my doctor's fees,

I like to have what one may call,

A dignified disease;

Some manly and obscure complaint

My constitution aimed at,

Whose very name will turn you faint,

Not one to be ashamed at.

Let bulletins be posted where

They meet the public gaze,

So that a crowd may stop and stare

In horrified amaze;

All my acquaintances, I'm sure,

The fond ones and the formal,

Will like to know my temp'rature

Is much above the normal.

Oh, let a trained and skilful nurse

Be always at my side,

To give me medicine far worse

Than anything yet tried;

And, lest my doctor may have missed

Some point, what I'll propose is

That he shall have a specialist

To help his diagnosis.

But vain these cherished hopes, I stand

At present face to face

With a disease that's childish and

Extremely commonplace;

No very special drugs I need,

No powerful narcotic,

My malady is mild indeed

And most unpatriotic.

So friends keep chaffing me, instead

Of looking all aghast,

And I must hide my humble head

Until infection's past;

No pens can write, no brushes paint

On anybody's easels,

My deep disgust at this complaint,

The wretched German Measles.

P. G.

THE BELIEF OF THE ORCHARD OWNER.—
Fruiturity.

He's out of it; but for the moderate smoker
And moderate drinker, and player of "poker,"
Of whist, or of spoo, or of whatever game
Which to go with a quiet cigar you may name,
There's nothing but praise, as, whatever his station,
In all things consistent his rule's "moderation."
With such a man safely you may be in touch,
He never will say, do, or give you too much.

ALLITERATIVE ALTERNATIVES.—(TOURIST TRIAL TRIPS.)

MERRY Margate for Musical Moments. Neighbourly Newport for Never-ceasing Nonsense. Overpowering Oxford for Out-and-out Originality. Pretty Pangbourne for Prosperous Picnics. Queer Queenborough for Questionable Quarters. Romantic Ramsgate for Regular Rejoicing. Sensible Sevenoaks for Scientific Searchers. Tolerable Tonbridge for Tuneless Tourists. Universal Uxbridge for Useless Upbraiding. Venerable Ventnor for Various Vagaries. Welcome Whitby for Weary Wanderers. Yearning Yarmouth for Youthful Yeomanry. Zealous Zoo (Regent's Park) for Zinky Zealanders.

“WHAT’S THE GOOD OF MY POINTING! HE’LL NEVER GET A BETTER CHANCE THAN THIS!”

DISPOSITION

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY. M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 6.—"Rather hard lines for us, dear boys," said PRINCE ARTHUR, taking seat on Treasury Bench, "to have to be here as usual whilst all the world is enjoying itself on Bank Holiday."

"Yes," said JOKIM, gloomily; "it's sad to think that if we weren't here I might be sailing boats with the rest of 'em on the Serpentine."

"There's a good game," remarked ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, with far-away look in his eyes, "we used to play on some

Greenwich Park," said MATTHEW WHITE
BIDLEY.

"Order! Order!" said the SPEAKER. "The CLERK will now proceed to read the Orders of the Day."

These included second reading of Appropriation Bill. BASHMEAD-ARTLETT usually "says a few words" on such occasion. Prepared to-day to observe cheerful custom. Brother BILL, however, wanted a look in. Last opportunity this Session, perhaps in this Parliament, for bold advertisement. Evidently more than House could stand, to have two descendants of Pilgrim Fathers holding forth on one Bill. Embarrassing to have two sons

with painful question of national interest, his eternal *Ego*, had accustomed effect on PRINCE ARTHUR, who, amid groans of sympathetic horror from SWIFT MACNEILL, poured contumely and scorn on Brother BILL.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read second time.

Tuesday.—JOSEPH WALTON, M.P., had high old time in his visit to China last autumn. In House of Commons he is recognised as the only man who can pronounce miscellaneous Chinese names, whether of men or places. Fame of this gone abroad to Far East. From Wei-hai-wei to Port Arthur, from Tientsin to Peking.



HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS; OR, ALL THE MAKINGS OF A HAPPY RECESS!

[Our artist's eyes must really have deceived him. That Mr. BURDETT-COUTTS should have gone off on a long visit to Mr. BALFOUR is *rather* improbable, and that Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL and Mr. LABOUCHERE have left for Highbury as the guests of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is, perhaps, not quite what one would expect; but that Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BRACH and Mr. GIBSON BOWLES intend camping out together on Salisbury Plain, while Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT and Mr. BRODBRICK have arranged a nice little *tête-à-tête* walking-tour together, puts too great a strain on our credulity !]

ground I once had near Salisbury Plain. I've sold it since to the War Office. But that's another story. *Tom Tiddler's Ground* we used to call it, and there was a refrain about picking up gold and silver."

"Kew Gardens are open to-day," remarked DON JOSÉ. "I believe they have some orchids THISELTON-DYER says are as good as any grown at Highbury."

"I've been told," said RITCHIE, smacking his lips, "that the place to spend a happy day is Rosherville."

"A brisk donkey-ride on Hampstead Heath isn't bad," observed GEORGIE HAMILTON, pressing his knees on imaginary ribs and whispering "Gee up!"

"For real pleasure, combined with health, give me a roll down the hill at

in the firmament on same day. Glancing at list of Orders, BASHMEAD-ARLETT noted War Loan Bill down for third reading. Happy thought: deliver his speech on that Bill, leaving Appropriation Bill to Brother B.

Soit. When War Loan Bill called on BASHMEAD thundered along with fearsome energy at great length. Sure to bring up somebody from other side. Then GEORGE WYNDHAM would follow. Thus he would have a Debate all to himself. When he sat down dead silence reigned; nobody moved. SPEAKER put Question. Bill run through. BASHMEAD almost abashed.

Brother BILL had no complaint on the score of being ignored. His ineffable manner, his vainglorious fashion of dealing

from Shan-hai-Kwan to Chin-wang-tao, from Pei-tai-ho to Tong-ku, through all the long length of the Yangtse Valley, he was tiffed, dined and, more precious still, had opportunities of counselling Chinese, Russians, Germans, and mere Britishers how they should best govern the country.

In respect of the quality of the meals served, J. W. met with something of disappointment at Newchwang, where he went to dine with Mr. TITOFF, Engineer of the Russian Railway. "He," writes the traveller, "made many apologies for being able to provide only tinned meats, as his cook had died of bubonic plague two days before, and as a precautionary measure he had immediately burnt to the ground the kitchen and adjoining rooms

in which his servants lived." For a really cheerful welcome, a pleasant prelude to an evening meal, this is hard to beat.

Nothing affects the equanimity and good nature of our Mr. JOSEPH WALTON, traveller in Foreign Politics and yarns. He bustles through the highways and byways of China with unruffled countenance, spreading largesse of advice. He has written a book, *China and the Present Crisis*, well worth reading for its shrewd observation, its bold application of business principles to foreign politics.

Business done.—Business wound up.

Wednesday.—"Well, good-bye, TOBY, and the same to you," said the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, as we parted in the Cloak Room. "Just a word in your ear before you go. Been wanting to ask your advice for day or two. Couldn't come across you. Suppose I—or, to be more precise, suppose you—had written what I might regard as a compromising letter. Assume the case that your handwriting is so atrociously bad that few men can read it under a three months' training. Suppose—you will see it is quite a hypothetical case—you had written to Mr. KRUGER before the war, giving him your views on the home situation. Conceive, when the letter came into his hands, Oom PAUL delightedly exclaimed, 'Ach! LAB—I mean TOBY, M.P., writes Dutch.' Imagine that, after turning the letter upside down and holding it sideways, he found that the language at least wasn't Dutch. Conclude that in the end he was never able to read the scrawl; that, therefore, whatever information or counsel it was designed to convey was actually never communicated. In such cases should I—I mean would you—be held responsible in the eyes of the Law Officers of the Crown?"

Rather hard to follow this. Guess it's one of the SAGE's jokes. But he looked very serious when putting the complicated case.

"I'm not a lawyer," I said. "Don't feel competent to advise. Better ask SARK, who knows everything."

"Thank you, I will," said the SAGE, and he hurried off to look for the Member for Sark.

Business done.—Parliament prorogued. Will it ever meet again? That's just what Members don't know. Meanwhile, significant to see the run on *Rogers on Elections*; erudite work that tells you all about preparation for, and conduct of, Parliamentary election, whether it take place in October or the Spring. New edition of this classic opportunely out.

BY AN EX-MOOR EX-SPORTSMAN RECENTLY WED TO A CHARMING WIDOW.—Given up stag-hunting. Have married "a warrantable dear."

MY JAGGERS.

["The District Messenger Service is to be discontinued by the decision of the Postmaster-General."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHO takes my letters to my loves,
As swift as Aphrodite's doves?
Who knows the sizes of their gloves?
My Jagggers.

Who, when I haply go away,
Doth guard my mansion night and day,
And keep the burglars all at bay?
My Jagggers.

Who's ever ready when I call,
As buttons, Mercury in small,
Invaluable all-in-all?
My Jagggers.

Who is it that is doomed to go,
A victim to his bitter foe,
The jealous, jaundiced G. P. O.?
My Jagggers.



USE FOR 'ARRIET'S OLD 'ATS.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE Dean of St. Paul's has appeared in an entirely new and most unexpected character—that of a humorist. It is in connection with the mutilation and misplaced "decoration" of the unfortunate cathedral by an obstinate painter, manifestly ignorant of architecture, appointed by some well-meaning clergymen as ignorant of that art as he. A gentle and courteous protest, signed by a number of architects, recently appeared in the *Times*. It had been sent to the Dean. In his answer, published on the 6th, he remarked that not one of the signatories had shown interest in the decoration of St. Paul's by subscribing to the fund raised for that purpose. Is not that facetious?

But there is a rare spirit of charity in the system which he advocates. If one strongly disapproves of that which the Dean himself writes between inverted commas, "the decoration of St. Paul's"—the "decoration" of St. Paul's was of course what he meant to write—one ought nevertheless to subscribe to it.

Henceforth, let us follow this noble teaching. If a dog next door barks all

night, let us give our neighbour a second dog who will bark more. If the house on the other side is let to a young ladies' school, and through the livelong day we hear the sound of endless scales and exercises, let us buy a new piano—a cast-iron, concert-pitch, A 1 piano—for the schoolmistress. If the house opposite is painted pink, with stripes of green and yellow, let us beg the owner to allow us to share the cost. Let us, in addition, obtain for him a flash-light advertisement to fix on the front. If we are engaged in literary work—say, in writing a sermon—and a piano-organ is played just outside our window, let us no longer send for the police, but go out to the filthy foreign beggar and, with a pleasant smile, give him half-a-crown. If we see a picture, or an engraving of one, by Sir W. K. C. B. RICHMOND—such as "ORPHEUS returning from the Hotel Shades" in a very festive condition—and do not admire it, let us promptly buy it and hang it in our house.

The next time I go to have my hair cut, an operation of which—judging by appearances—the facetious Dean and his precious painter altogether disapprove, I will ask them to subscribe towards the cost. The work is a good one, since it makes me, or anyone else, look neat and tidy. That is more than can be said for the misshapen panels, and the pink and green and yellow streaks, in WREN'S cathedral. H. D. B.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MIXED CLUBLAND.

(To be considered during certain closures.)

1. BISHOPS using the Sword and Cutlass are requested to close their ears when the Admiral from over the way expresses his opinion in stronger language than usual anent a badly cooked chop.

2. Literary guests of the Drum and Trumpet are requested not to interfere with the Librarian of the Club when that esteemed functionary is engaged in carving the joint.

3. Gentlemen from the University are strongly advised not to interrupt Ex-Commissioner CHUTNEY when he commences his story about the elephant and the tiger, and how he shot both.

4. Strangers are invited not to regard soldiers and sailors as brainless machines when honorary members of a Service Club, and warriors are begged to remember, while on the strength of the Pen and Pencil, that literature is not half bad for some people, don't you know.

5. Perfect sportsmen are begged to quit the smoking-room of the Mitre before 4 in the morning, as the prelates have conscientious scruples about late hours.

6. Grumblers are advised to make the best of everything, as expeditions into strange Clubland only prove the contention that, from a bow-window point of view, there's no place like home.



[The *Daily Telegraph* of July 31, says, "An illustration of the growing demand for athletic clergymen was recently given by a country curate, who received notice to quit, because, though unexceptionable in other respects, his Vicar declared that 'what this parish really needs is a good fast howler with a break from the off.'"]

Mr. Punch clearly foresees something of this kind:—TIME—A.D. 2000. A few minutes prior to an examination for a Curacy.

Chaplain (ringing bell in background). "NOW, GENTLEMEN, 'TIME!' THE CALISTHENIC CANDIDATES WILL PLEASE STEP INTO THE BISHOP'S GYMNASIUM!"

A DRAWING-ROOM SONG.

YOUR love is dead, or else you would not beat me;
 You have forgotten all the dear old days;
 Your sunny smile, which always used to greet me,
 No longer in the eyes I worship plays;
 Your sunny smile, your sunny smile,
 No longer in the eyes I worship plays.

How could you change when, still your slave, I listen
 To each of your commands about the cook?
 How could you change, nor see the tears that glisten?
 Have you no kisses left, no loving look?
 How could you change, how could you change?
 Have you no kiss for me, no loving look?

Yet do I live, remembering how silly
 And yet how sweet you once were wont to be,
 And when you swear because the dinner's chilly
 I think how once you bore all that for me.
 And when you swear, and when you swear,
 I think how once you bore all that for me!

ON AN OLD FRIEND.

"DEAR Old TIP!" That is how everyone affectionately spoke of QUINTIN TWISS, from the very first moment of making his acquaintance up to the last of retaining his friendship. An excellent comedian, *primus inter pares* among the "Old Stagers," and simply "Tip-Top" among amateurs less experienced than those of the Canterbury Week. It was on the Tuesday of this last Canterbury Week that he passed away. No doubt the Treasury robbed the stage of a good sound actor; yet it may be that the majority of professional actors would prefer the sweet security of the Government, to the uncertainties of a Theatrical Treasury. "TIP" was ever the ready "TIP" in the cause of charity, and throughout his honest, manly career he could ever be relied upon as "The Straight 'Tip.'" He acted with "the Punch men" under MARK LEMON, "Uncle MARK," when, for the BENNETT Fund they played in London and at Manchester. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; and,

most emphatically, there never was, at any time, anything but good to be spoken of our dear old friend, TIP TWISS.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRIT.

INTENDING English visitors to Spa, who may wish to become, temporarily, members of the *Cercle des Étrangers*, will be pleased with the following courteous circular:—

"Casino de Spa, Cercle des Étrangers."

"M.,—In polite replying of your esteemed letter of the — I will hasten to send you a statute of the "Cercle des Étrangers" with a formulary at this annexed.

"Please to send us the formulary back, as soon as possible, the formalities for the reception as member wanting two days time.

"We dare inform you that only those persons are allowed to go into the drawing-rooms of the Casino, which previously have fulfilled the prescribed formalities of admittance.

"With the greatest respects

"In order of the directorship of the Casino

"THE CHIEF SECRETARY."

"Casino de Spa, Cercle des Étrangers."

"Under-signed, having been acquainted with the statutes of the 'Cercle des Étrangers,' wishes to fulfill the prescribed formalities in order to have inlet and therefore gives following indications:—"

(Space for particulars as to name, forename, title, or trade, "spot and datum," with signature, here follows; and so this most interesting document concludes.)

OOM PAUL SINGS:

"[The wrinkles on Mr. KRÜGER's face have disappeared.]—*Central News Telegram.*]

"MY wrinkles disappeared! You bet I'm up to lots of 'wrinkles' yet."

SHORT DIALOGUE.—"Why is the play I've written," asked a dramatist of his companion, "like *musa, musæ*, in the Latin grammar?" And his friend, to whom the question was put, replied, "Because it's always being 'declined.'" "Vous avez raison," said the dramatist, who knew French. And so they parted.



ONCE upon a time there were two uncles, of whom one was good and one

was wicked. They were the sons of a rich mer-

chant of the City of London, who had made Uncle JOHN, the elder, a partner in his business, and had sent Uncle HARRY, the younger, to the University with a view to making him a barrister and a gentleman, so that he might ultimately become a Lord Chancellor or a Lord Chief Justice or, at any rate, an eminent Queen's Council and a member of the Athenæum Club. This result would not only have been very nice for Uncle HARRY but would have reflected gentlemanliness and eminence on the family and the business, which was lucrative but not of a kind which in itself exalted its proprietors like banking or brewing beer. Uncle HARRY, however, was so unwise and ungrateful as to spend his time in going to horse races and playing games—and not so much nice innocent games, in which even clergymen can join, such as lawn tennis and croquet and guessing acrostics, as games at which people smoke and drink and lose money, such as roulette and baccarat and pool. This extraordinary conduct so incensed Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE that he allowed Uncle HARRY only five hundred a year, and announced his intention of leaving his money to Uncle JOHN. It was at this time that Uncle HARRY acquired his definite position of Wicked Uncle in the family, and although he abandoned his old, reprehensible amusements for the comparatively inexpensive (and, when moderately indulged, even innocent) pursuit of whist, it was felt that some less negative reform on his part, some achievement producing wealth or honours, was necessary before the unfortunate stigma could be removed from him. And such an achievement Uncle HARRY showed no inclination whatever to attempt.

There was a painful contrast in the habits of the two uncles. Uncle JOHN had a large house in the salubrious district of Hampstead. Uncle HARRY had a small set of chambers in a fast place called the Albany. Uncle JOHN was always glad to see his nephews at lunch on Sunday and to take them afterwards for a nice long walk, inculcating as they walked great moral truths appropriate to the day, the importance, for example, of looking at every penny before they spent it and the wickedness of spending a shilling when sixpence would have done as well. But if they called on Uncle HARRY quite late in the morning they found him in a dressing-gown, smoking a pipe and reading light literature. Moreover, his conversation left much to be desired, not infrequently consisting of (as he thought) jocular remarks and questions insinuating the most deplorable habits on the part of his nephews, remarks and questions which they did not openly resent only because it was beneath their dignity to do so. It was true that Uncle HARRY sometimes gave them gratuities to a larger extent than Uncle JOHN, but then it was felt that whereas Uncle HARRY did no work for his five hundred a year Uncle JOHN drove down to the City four times a week for his money—which was probably quite seven thousand a year. Besides, Uncle HARRY sometimes accompanied his gifts by a distressing confession that he had been lucky at cards. Another difference was that Uncle HARRY was careless of appearances and frequented Bohemian society, while Uncle JOHN's circle rose every year higher and higher, until it included retired generals and dignitaries of the Church; he did everything that was correct, and was really growing quite like a country gentleman. Another difference was that Uncle JOHN was a very abstemious man, only drinking port at lunch and champagne at dinner by the doctor's orders; but Uncle HARRY, not content with drinking a whisky-and-soda while he played his whist, had been known to confess that he liked a little hot drink before going to bed; consequently it was always said in the family that he was an incurable dipsomaniac. But we might dwell on these unfortunate differences for ever: enough to say that Uncle JOHN was good, and Uncle HARRY wicked.

Now, shortly before Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE'S death he felt an impulse which was (perhaps) creditable to his kindness of heart, but was extremely unfair to Uncle JOHN. He said that Uncle HARRY had sobered down—"You little know!" said Uncle JOHN, but Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE would not listen—and had been treated rather unfairly; he intended to leave Uncle HARRY a substantial share of the business. Uncle JOHN keenly felt the injustice of this idea, and Aunt EMMELINE, his wife, felt it even worse; but in vain they argued and expostulated, the old man—for it is only fair to remember that he was over eighty years old—persisted in his determination. And when Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE died, it was found by an examination of his papers that he had actually gone so far as to prepare a new will by which Uncle HARRY was left a share in the business worth a hundred thousand pounds! But by a most fortunate accident, an accident which Aunt EMMELINE, who was a profoundly religious woman, did not hesitate to call an interposition of Providence, this wicked will had not been signed. Unluckily, however, Uncle HARRY was present at its discovery; I say unluckily, because the circumstance induced him to make a very painful exhibition of himself. He positively alleged that Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE'S wish, as expressed in the will, ought to be binding on Uncle JOHN. This unworthy insinuation was met at first by a natural silence, but after a while Uncle JOHN and Aunt EMMELINE forced themselves to speak, Aunt EMMELINE first. She pointed out to Uncle HARRY that his suggestion was an insult to his father's memory. The poor old man, she said, his intellect enfeebled by age, had for the first time in his life contemplated an unjust and foolish action; but mercifully better thoughts had intervened, and he had stayed his hand at the last moment and left the will unsigned. It was, therefore, utterly cruel and wicked to rake up the poor old man's mistake—the rash impulse of a moment only. She wept; but Uncle HARRY, dead (as she said) to all good feeling, rejoined with the unworthy quibble, that if Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE had repented of his wish he would have torn up the will. This foolish reply was ignored; but Uncle JOHN descended to argue on grounds of reason. He argued that Uncle HARRY did not work, whereas he (Uncle JOHN), except for three months in the summer, when he was in Scotland, and six weeks in the winter, when he went to the Riviera, worked hard, going to the City four times a week, and staying there till tea-time. He said that he made the money; why should Uncle HARRY have it to spend? To this unanswerable argument Uncle HARRY had the audacity to reply that it was Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE and not Uncle JOHN who had made the business, and that Uncle JOHN'S work was light and mechanical, and that, therefore, Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE was justified in leaving him (Uncle HARRY) a share. This was more than Aunt EMMELINE, patient as she was, could bear, and she was compelled to ask Uncle HARRY to leave the house. Ultimately, of course, Uncle JOHN refused to pay any part of the hundred thousand pounds.

At first, there was some disposition in the family to support Uncle HARRY'S preposterous claim; not that Uncle JOHN could possibly act otherwise than justly, but because Uncle HARRY, with all his failings, was certainly a very generous man, and, therefore, it would have been nice and pretty if Uncle JOHN had seen his way to be generous to him. But when it was found that Uncle JOHN'S determination was unalterable, every-

body agreed that he was quite justified. He had now nearly twenty thousand a year, and had a house in a very nice part of the town, as well as property in Worcestershire, Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE'S property, and mixed in society which was really quite aristocratic. Uncle HARRY went on in his old, bad, useless way, reading novels and playing whist, and drinking something hot before he went to bed. It was very sad, indeed, and showed how right Uncle JOHN had been. A previous will stood, by which Uncle HARRY'S five hundred a year was confirmed to him for his life, after which it was to revert to Uncle JOHN or his heirs.

We must now take leave of the uncles for a moment, and say something of the nephews and nieces. There were several of them, but it is perhaps unnecessary that we should talk of any except RICHARD and MAY. They were first cousins (Uncle JOHN and Uncle HARRY were real uncles to both), and had married one another and were a very nice young couple. The story may suggest that they were like the Babes in the Wood, but in truth they differed from those perhaps too innocent children in some important respects. Experience of the world had brought them caution and it is improbable that any wicked uncle could have deceived them, nor would they have been so imprudent as to lie at night on the damp grass and use leaves instead of bed-clothes. RICHARD was a doctor but was not as yet prosperous; Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE had made him a small allowance, but it ceased on his death and Uncle JOHN did not continue it, because it was far better and healthier for RICHARD to be dependent on his own exertions. But do not suppose that either RICHARD or MAY was cross with Uncle JOHN on that account. Oh, dear no! They went to stay with him whenever he asked them, and listened gratefully to his good advice. MAY was a splendid manager, and it was wonderful how comfortable they seemed to be and how well she was dressed. She often got RICHARD new patients, and, like a good wife, never permitted him to be slack in his work. She was indeed a good young woman, and so kind-hearted that she even had charity for Uncle HARRY. Of course, she could not avoid sharing the family opinion of him, or contradict Aunt EMMELINE when she spoke of his wickedness and dipsomania. But when she met him she used to talk to him in a kind of playful manner which was very pretty to observe. She even asked him to dinner sometimes, saying to RICHARD: "I think it's worth while; you never know." By which she probably meant that Uncle HARRY might turn over a new leaf. She was his favourite niece, and when he had had a good run of luck at whist he used to buy her presents. Of course she disapproved of the source of them, but it was better the money should be spent in this way than in horrid dissipation.

Well, one day RICHARD and MAY went down to stay from Saturday to Monday with Uncle JOHN in Worcestershire, and on Saturday night when MAY had gone to her room (RICHARD staying up to get good advice from Uncle JOHN) old Mrs. HOPKINSON, who had been Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE'S house-keeper and had known MAY all her life, came in to talk to her. She talked of Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE'S last days, and presently she said:

"You know, Miss, I sometimes have misgivings about something which happened two days before the dear old gentleman died. He sent for me and GUBBINS"—GUBBINS had been the butler, and had retired with a pension—"to the library, and

asked us to witness his signature. We couldn't see what the document was, and he didn't tell us. But I can't help thinking it was something important, and, as I said, I have my misgivings. Why? Why, you see, Miss, before his death Mr. BIRDLEBRIDGE was changed like—not that he wasn't as clear-headed and sensible as ever, dear gentleman, but he grew careless. I've known him put letters he had written in a drawer, and forget to have them posted for days."

"I see, I see," said MAY, taking a kindly interest in the old lady's chatter. "Did you speak of this to Uncle JOHN?"

"Yes, Miss, and he said it had either been posted all right or was of no importance. Still, my mind misgives me. To the best of my belief, no letter was posted after that. Mr. BIRDLEBRIDGE sat reading all day."

"Reading?" repeated MAY, still keeping up her kind interest.

"Yes, reading all day, and having his meals in the library. And then, poor gentleman, he was taken suddenly ill."

"Yes, yes," said MAY regretfully. Presently she said she was tired, and, kissing old Mrs. HOPKINSON as she had done when a child, sent her away. She proceeded to undress, a thoughtful look on her frank young face. She did not, however, try to go to sleep at once but looked rather languidly at a book she found on a table, still, it seemed, thinking of Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE. The book happened to be *The Newcomes*, and she opened it at the part where ETHEL finds old Mrs. NEWCOME's letter in *Orme's History of India*. Suddenly MAY shut the book with a snap, and sat up in bed. No doubt she had heard RICHARD's footstep on the stairs. The next morning MAY had a headache and would not go to church with the rest, and when they were gone she went to the library. It appeared, however, that physical exertion rather than repose was necessary to her complaint, for she at once began a curious game of taking down book after book and shaking it. When she reached the hundredth book or so a paper fell out, and proved to be a letter addressed to Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE's solicitor. MAY felt that the possible importance of this, and the fact that it had been delayed for over a year, made it necessary for her to overcome her natural delicacy and to open the envelope. And, lo! inside was a will signed by Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE and witnessed by Mrs. HOPKINSON and GUBBINS. It was substantially the same as the unsigned will, but contained some alterations of form and detail which had made a fresh copy necessary; it left Uncle HARRY a hundred thousand pounds.

* * * * *

Late on Monday morning while Uncle HARRY sat reading a novel over his fire he was surprised by a visit from his favourite niece MAY. The dear girl came like a ray of sunshine into the dismal little room. She almost danced up to Uncle HARRY, and kissed him affectionately.

"Now, Uncle HARRY," she cried, "I've not come to gossip. I've come on most important business. But, first, you must make me a promise. If through me—through me, mind—you get a large sum of money, will you give me half?"

Her frank, innocent eyes sparkled with fun, and the old man looked at her affectionately; he was not really old, being still under sixty, but he had a red face and a large white moustache. All the same, he did not seem to like promising in the dark. But MAY laughingly insisted. "Promise, Uncle HARRY!" she cried, shaking a playful forefinger at him—it was really a very pretty scene. "Promise at once, or I'll go. Seriously, on your

honour as a gentleman!" Uncle HARRY could not resist the dear girl's appeal, and promised. Then she produced the Will.

It is regrettable that at first, in his excitement, Uncle HARRY permitted himself to speak rudely to MAY, and failed to see the fun of her little joke. He said that the promise was ridiculous. She took his passing fit of ingratitude in very good part. She left the promise to his sense of honour and kindness; but pointed out that he had no use for all the money, and half of it would be such a splendid thing for her and RICHARD. Uncle HARRY did not know how hard the struggle with poverty had been—especially for her, because RICHARD had the resource of his hard work, poor boy. Now, if only Uncle HARRY would be good and kind and noble, they could have such a happy home and he (Uncle HARRY) would always find a loving welcome in it. Uncle HARRY ended by laughing, and called her an artful little cat in a kind voice, at which she laughed so archly and merrily and forgivingly that he could no longer doubt her real goodness and affection.

The will was duly proved, and Uncle JOHN began to pay Uncle HARRY the profit from the business arising from his hundred thousand pounds share, together with arrears, and Uncle HARRY paid half to MAY and RICHARD. Uncle JOHN and Aunt EMMELINE were of opinion that it had been wrong of MAY to leave Worcestershire without saying a word about the will she had found, and they said so in rather trenchant language. They were not mollified by her explanation that she could not bring herself to spoil a delightful visit by making a painful disclosure, and refused to see her any more. When, however, Aunt EMMELINE heard that MAY herself was being enriched by the transaction, she felt bound to criticize her in person and delivered a speech which expressed a very harsh (and, I am sure, mistaken) view of her character and conduct. "But, Aunt EMMELINE," said poor MAY, "we were so badly off, and Uncle JOHN would do nothing for us."

"If I were you," replied Aunt EMMELINE, "rather than touch a penny of that money, I would work my hands to the bone!"

MAY looked sadly down at her hands, which were white and dimpled like those of a child, as, indeed, she was in her innocent heart. But a happy thought restored her cheerfulness.

"But don't you think, dear Aunt EMMELINE," she asked, "that one can often do more good by having money, and time to use it wisely, than by working?"

This had been a favourite sentiment of Aunt EMMELINE's own, and though she did not agree with its present application she did not pursue the discussion.

Prosperity is said, sometimes, to have an evil effect on people, and it is, therefore, peculiarly gratifying to record that its effect on Uncle HARRY was quite different; he showed at once several noble qualities, and the opinion of the family changed. It was found that his companions at whist were men of great intellectual distinction, whom it was very nice for Uncle HARRY to meet. Also whist itself was a fine exercise for the mind, and if Uncle HARRY chose to use his really great abilities in this way, why, he could afford to do so. His little hot drink at night turned out to be absolutely necessary for his tendency to chill on the liver, and it was wonderful to see how temperate he was and how little money he spent on himself. And then he was so kind and generous; MAY's frank enthusiasm for him found an echo everywhere. In fine, his career as Wicked Uncle was (like this idyll) at an end.

G. J. M. G. C.



OVERHEARD AT SCARBOROUGH.

"DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING GOOD FOR A COLD?" "YES."
 "WHAT IS IT?"
 "HAVE YOU GOT THE PRICE OF TWO SCOTCH WHISKIES ON YOU?" "NO."
 "THEN IT'S NO USE MY TELLING YOU."

POST OFFICE REGULATIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that coals are doing so well, Lord LONDONDERRY ought to be able to spare some of his leisure to the Post-offices under his control. Among other things, may I ask why offices provided for the public service and established in the domains of grocers, bakers, stationers, and other private speculators in the Early Closing Districts of the suburbs, are shut at an hour which precludes

the dweller in the neighbourhood from buying stamps or obtaining postal orders?

Secondly, why post-masters and post-mistresses may not, unless they be so graciously inclined, give change for the coinage impressed with Her Majesty's likeness?

Thirdly, when one wishes to "express" a letter, the clerk employed by the Department which desires to abolish the Boy Messenger Company is so paralysed that he has to turn up at least two books of

reference before he can decide what the correct fee may be.

Fourthly, may I ask whether the love affairs of the damsels employed by the authorities of St. Martins-le-Grand take precedence of the ordinary despatch of missives and the delivery of, say, post cards?

If Lord LONDONDERRY would make enquiry into these matters he would greatly oblige,
 Your obedient Servant,

PETER SIMPLE, JUN.

Pump Court, W.C.

BEARDED IN HIS DEN.

[It is reported, states the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, that KAUER has cut his whiskers and is growing a moustache and a long goatee beard.]

I HEARD a voice that spoke to me,
 And filled me with despair;
 At first it seemed to croan to me,
 Beware!

I heard a voice; could I believe
 The warning it did bear?
 Or was it merely to deceive?
 Take care!

I heard a voice; it seemed to say:
 "The whiskers that you wear
 Are emblems of a former day—
 There's 'air!"

"CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT."

(From our Special Correspondent) Sunday.

I LEARN on undoubted authority that Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti has been attacked and is in flames. It is feared 3,000 British are massacred. British Consul disappeared. The five British still besieged in the—(consulate?) ask for help.

(By very trustworthy Native Runner.)
 Monday.

Attack on Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti confirmed. The 3,000 British who are reported massacred, in great danger. Urgent appeals for help and cast-off clothing.

(By trustworthy Native Runner.) Tuesday.

Reported attack on Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti officially denied. Thirty British isolated, without food. Send a few dog-biscuits. Anything but ham sandwiches acceptable.

(By Native Runner) Wednesday.

Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti safe. Hope of saving British. Food plentiful.

(By Runner) Thursday.

Officially stated no British in Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti; never were. No massacre in Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti. No such place as Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti.

SUGGESTION FOR THE TITLE OF A PUNTING RACE (say at Richmond Regatta).—The Monte Carlo Handicap.



"SATIS PLUS."

Auntie. "WELL, DEAR, HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH TEA?"
Olive. "OH, YES, THANK YOU, AUNTIE. MUCH TOO MUCH!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN in *Paris of To-day* (GAY AND BIRD) KATHARINE DE FOREST describes her work as "an intimate account of its people, its home life, and its places of interest," one feels she has undertaken an ambitious and difficult task. My Baronite confesses that it is accomplished with notable success. She knows her Paris *au fond*, and has the gift of communicating her impressions in lucid and sprightly fashion. She deals with the life and the people of the great city at home and in the streets. She is equally familiar with the Chamber of Deputies, the Ministries, Art life and its institutions. In connection with the French writers she avails herself of a series of photographs, apparently due to American enterprise, which give an undesigned touch of comicality to what is really a serious work. There is shown JULES CLARETIE "in his library"; also in a fez, a brodered coat, and deep thought. *Item*, ZOLA "in his study," sitting at a table that looks like a sarcophagus. *Item*, EDMOND ROSTAND, carefully posed in a chair, with that far-away look in his eyes an author always takes on when "in his library." *Item*, PIERRE LOTI, disguised as a Moor, with surroundings *en suite*. These are delightfully French. One secret of the charm of the French capital MADAME DE FOREST finds in the fact that everything in Paris is for everybody, and everybody is apparently getting his share of enjoyment out of it. "Study the streets of Paris if you want to understand her." That is shrewdly written. To my Baronite a fundamental difference between London and Paris is that in one capital the people seem chiefly in a hurry to get out of the streets; in the other they linger lovingly along their leafy ways.

'*Pictures of the Old French Court* (FISHER UNWIN) is an attractive book, alike in appearance and subject. My Baronite eagerly seized it from a pile, looking forward to a few hours' pleasant reading. But, alack! Mistress CATHERINE BEARNE, overwhelmed with ancient learning and wealth of detail, is not gifted with lucidity. She babbles along at tremendous rate, dragging in long lists of names of men, women, and places in

tangle of inextricable confusion. Here is a specimen of her breathless style, which in this particular passage suggests a quotation from one of MARK TWAIN'S invaluable historical works:—"Meanwhile the King" (don't matter which, heaps of 'em) "had another attack worse than ever. He was very fierce, so that no one dared go near him, and refused to undress or wash. This went on so long, and he got into such a dreadful state, that the doctor said it must be stopped somehow. Ten or twelve men, therefore, disguised themselves, wore armour under their clothes and blackened their faces. Then they rushed into the King's room. The King was so frightened that he let them get close to him, and then they seized him, undressed him, and washed him, and put clean clothes on him." To learn what became of his Majesty in these unwonted circumstances, overhaul the wollum. THE BARON DE B.-W.

ELEGY IN A TERMINUS.

HERE, where the roof with iron girders spanned
Veils from my sight the vault of heaven's blue,
In meditative mood I take my stand,
Simply because I've nothing else to do.

On ev'ry side a dreadful chaos reigns;
The locomotives whistle loud and shrill.
I wait for the departure of the trains;
They're legion, yet how rapidly they fill.

The season has once more arrived, worse luck,
When schools break up and exodus begins;
'Tis now the slyly undulating truck
Will do its very best to bark your shins.

Now at the booking-office I will look;
As pilgrims for their long-sought Mecca yearn,
So onward press the crowd who wish to book
A monthly or a fortnightly return.

Paterfamilias observe, with heaps
Of bulky parcels which he tightly grips;
The brawny porter stirs himself, and reaps
A harvest of remunerative tips.

Eheu fugaces! nothing seems to last,
And life's a mass of commonplace events;
That brand-new luggage that has just gone past
Ere long will all be bruised and full of dents.

Even those happy children whom I see,
Their faces at the carriage window pane,
Demoralised and sticky soon will be
From the results of dinner in the train.

Is it worth while, this exodus from town,
This yearly pleasure that so quickly ends?
It merely turns a few complexions brown
And helps to pay the railway dividends.

Alas! but as thus quietly I grieve
That things don't always happen as they ought,
Right in my ear a voice says, "By your leave!"
I turn aside, and lose my train—of thought.

"THAT'S ANOTHER STORY." Says the *Daily News* :—

"Those who have a fancy for occupying houses with a story attached to them may like to make a bid for the solid-looking mansion which the third Napoleon occupied during a portion of his residence in London, situated in King Street, St. James's."

Those who have a fancy for occupying houses with eight or ten storeys attached to them should try Queen Anne's Mansions, overlooking St. James's Park.

A GENERAL DEAL-ER.—A Timber Merchant.

A SHORT AND EASY WAY.

MOSQUITO, long the tropics' pest,
 Who now our British coasts infest,
 Fresh heinous charges, day by day,
 We at your door are taught to lay.

New unsuspected banes you bring
 On your proboscis as you sting;
 With agues you inoculate,
 And loathsome mischiefs, dire and great.

But Science brings its searching light
 To bear upon your parasite,
 And shows the countless ills that swarm
 On you in concentrated form.

Till for life's evils now we see
 At last a simple remedy,
 For their complete eradication
 Needs *only*—your extermination.

"DOUBLE, DOUBLE, SHAME AND TROUBLE."

(Overheard in Tooting or thereabouts.)

THIS is a very sad story. I do not wish to reveal my identity. But I may say that JULIUS CÆSAR was on visiting terms with my people when in B.C. 55, he took a trip to Britain. Then, a little later, less remote ancestors of mine gave WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR some very decent shooting when that illustrious warrior put in an appearance at Hastings. And from that time to this all my forbears have been in the movement.

Now for my grievance. I have a double. He is so absurdly and so ridiculously like me that did I not know I was myself I should imagine that I was he. When I run across him, I fancy I am walking up to a looking-glass.

He wears the same clothes, or rather facsimiles of mine. He has the same grey cutaway, the same plaid cap, the same knitted red necktie.

Then, wherever I go, I find him. If I promenade the pier of a fashionable seaside resort, I see him promenading too. If I engage the *habitués* of the smoking-room with an account of my adventures, he engages them too. I can scarcely speak of a baron but he must talk of an earl. If I happen to mention that I trace descent from Noah, he goes one better, and drags in Adam as the founder of his race.

Then our features are the same. I am generally considered good-looking. And yet he has the same sized nose, the same shaped mouth, the same five feet four inches.

Then to hear his swagger! I can't talk of my clubs, my money, my everything, but he must do the same!

It really is unbearable. What can I do? How can I distinguish myself from his hateful personality? Everyone says we are exactly alike. Exactly. Absolutely exactly!

And the worst of it is—he *isn't* a gentleman!



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.—BIG GAME HUNTING. II.

BEAR SHOOTING. SOME BREEDS OF BEAR CAN CLIMB; OTHERS CANNOT. HUNTERS OF EXPERIENCE RECOMMEND THE LATTER FOR SPORT.

TO THE EDITOR.

My Editor, hark to the curses
 I pour on your obstinate head,
 Which estimates meanly my verses
 Before (I believe) they are read.
 Does it strike you as strange or unlawful
 The milk of my kindness is "turned,"
 When I gaze at this excellent drawerful
 Of verse which the Editor spurned?

Oh, where is your boasted acumen,
 That signally fails to perceive
 That my lyrical waves are what few men
 Could fashion or even conceive?

Why, why is whatever I write to you
 Without an exception returned?
 My book I'll entitle, to spite you,
 "The verse which the Editor spurned."

And when it is published, I'm sure it
 Will be the success of the year,
 And you, you will have to endure it
 Being constantly praised in your ear.
 My triumph will be to have mounted
 Parnassus, my spurs to have earned,
 By what of small worth you accounted
 —The verse which the Editor spurned.



SCENE—A Quiet Nook, five miles off anywhere. Jones has gone down to the Punt to fetch up the Luncheon-basket, and has dropped it overboard.

PUZZLE.—WHAT TO DO—OR SAY?—EXCEPT—

TO AGED JOKES.

(A Holiday Suggestion.)

THE Joke-Detective at Bouverie Street was aghast. An Aged Joke, assisted by a clever and impudent disguise, had penetrated the sanctum of Mr. Punch. What was the disguise? Well, for an Aged Joke it was an uncommonly clever one, and showed distinctly that there was "life in the old joke yet." For if he had not been gifted with some considerable acumen, how could he have contrived to introduce himself into the sanctum as a *horsedealer with a pair of chestnuts for sale*? However, in he walked, and, within five minutes Mr. Punch's electric alarm was thrilling the household.

"What's the meaning of this?" said Mr. Punch, sternly, to the Joke-Detective, when the latter appeared, and he pointed to a cowering form in the corner, an Aged Joke with its disguise in tatters.

"A thousand apologies," murmured the Detective, "but the hot weather must have dulled my wits."

Mr. Punch glanced at the thermometer, and his face relaxed.

"Well, don't let this occur again," he said. "In consideration of your excellent

service in the past, no further notice will be taken of the blunder."

"If you please," protested the Aged Joke, in a quavering voice, "I've led an honourable and distinguished life, Mr. Punch, and it's rather hard in my old age to have nowhere to go."

"You *knew* it would be no good to come here," replied the chief, "and for your deceit you deserve no consideration; yet, to show that we are humane as well as just—here's a suggestion for you. I know quite well that you've a good past record—though it was a mistake of you to degrade yourself by attending—as you have done lately—the dinner-parties of Mr. BOREHAM, M.P. Ah, yes; don't think you weren't recognised. Well, I admit you deserve a thorough holiday. But here's my advice. Don't take it as some of your fraternity do, in the company of nigger minstrels and other beach entertainers. This is enough to blast any humorous reputation. Go to a Home of Rest, where you will be well cared for. An advertisement in the paper will easily effect this. 'Mr. Chestnut being desirous of rest, would be glad to go, &c.' Oh! don't fear; there are many institutions which will be thankful to see you. Only,

mind, don't come bothering here again. We have a drastic way of dealing with troublesome old Jokes."

Mr. Punch smiled grimly across at the Joke Detective. The Aged Joke shuddered at the expression that crept into the eye of that functionary. He moved towards the door. "How long, your Majesty, do you think I ought to remain at this Home of Rest?"

"M'm," said Mr. Punch, rubbing his nose thoughtfully. "I think on the whole it might be better to take a *single* ticket. You see, you want a considerable holiday. And—No! I don't suggest you'll die. Vigorous old Jokes like yourself rarely die. You'll merely 'suffer a sea-change into something'—well, you know the rest. And, after all, a sea-change in July oughtn't to be so *very* disagreeable, eh?" Mr. Punch smiled. Then the door closed upon the Aged Joke.

"The Governor's treated you much too handsomely," growled the Joke Detective; "that's what I think."

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

LET the puerile lips that are healthy,
The tremulous lips of the old,
The lips of the poor and the wealthy;
The lips of the timid and bold;

The lips of all classes and ages
Establish the pleasure derived
From scanning these wonderful pages
By poet and master contrived.

We revelled in daring adventures,
We vanquished our Paladin foes,
When we wot not of shares or debentures
And struggled with dog-Latin prose.

We delighted in raids on the Border,
We envied the din of the strife,
While constantly making disorder
The plague of a pedagogue's life.

And now when a market fluctuation
In bonds or in African mines
Induces a heart palpitation
We turn to Sir W.'s lines.

Your taste I am wrongly ascribing?
And fighting is only a bore?
Then dally with *Oldbuck*, imbibing
His archæological lore.

Yet if, despite every diversion,
These works overrated you deem,
And find them your special aversion—
Our tastes are unlike, it would seem.

NEXT YEAR.

He. I have been trying to remember the name of the colour that was so much worn twelve months ago.

She. Mauve? Rose? White? Green?

He. No; none of those. It was a sort of a drab or maize. Something dust-coloured. Everybody was talking about it twelve months ago. I can't remember it!

She (after two minutes' consideration). I know—khaki! He. That's it. Khaki!



*German Emperor (to Field-Marshal Graf von Waldersee). "YOU ARE APPOINTED TO COMMAND THE UNITED FORCES OF CIVILISATION!
YOU ARE A GERMAN! REMEMBER YOUR KAISER!! AND DO TRY TO BE THERE BEFORE IT'S ALL OVER!!!"*

THE BURGLAR.

(A Tale of the Holidays.)

"WELL, I'm blest!"

I was conscious of these words being uttered in a deep, gruff voice beside me, at the same time that a powerful light was flashed upon my closed eyelids.

I woke with a start, and sprang up. A hand of iron caught me by the arm. "No, you don't," said the deep, gruff voice.



Peering, blinking, blinded by the light, I sought to make out the situation. It was a bull's-eye lantern that was dazzling me, and behind it I gradually divined, rather than saw, a tall

dark shadowy form, crowned with a policeman's helmet.

"I've copped you fair," said the constable. "Better come along o' me quiet——"

"What do you mean?" I cried. "Get out of bed at this time of night? I shall do nothing of the sort. What are you doing in my flat?"

"Your flat? Garn!"

"Yes, my flat, of course. Whose else should it be? Who do you suppose would be sleeping in my bed except myself?"

The policeman seemed a little taken aback. "Oh, if it's you——" he began.

"Of course, it's me; any fool could see that."

"But the caretaker told me the flat was empty; you and Mrs. 'ARRIS was gone to the seaside."

"And I suppose a gentleman can't run up for a couple of days to attend to his own business, and sleep in his own bed, without being taken for a burglar?"

The constable looked at me doubtfully.

"Of course, if you are Mr. 'ARRIS——"

"Who else should I be?"

"That's what I ain't quite sure about."

"Do you mean to say you want me to prove my own identity? Look here at the sheets: H. H.—HENRY HARRIS: pillow-cases—H. H.——"

"I know them sheets and piller-cases belongs to Mr. 'ARRIS. The question is, does they belong to you?"

"Upon my word, you're very hard to satisfy. I suppose if I showed you one of my cards,"—said I, and jumped out of bed.

After some hunting I discovered a card-case, and handed him a card. It was duly inscribed with the name and address, Mr. Henry Harris, 98, Kensington Palace Mansions, W.

The policeman read it. At length he seemed impressed. "You'd better keep

it," said I, with a fine sarcasm, "in case you want to summons me for burgling my own premises."

The policeman—he was not too young—was cowed by my irony, and began to move towards the door. "I'm sure I'm very sorry, Sir; awkward mistake, Sir. Hope you won't report me."

"Only leave me here in peace, and I won't breathe a word."

"Thank you, Sir. Very sorry, Sir. Good-night, Sir."

I listened till the sound of his footsteps had died away down the mansion stairs, and then—I didn't go back to bed. Instead of that, I picked up a bundle of swag that I had secreted in a cupboard, and let myself noiselessly out of the flat.

A few moments later I passed my friend, the policeman, on his beat. He looked at my bundle, not without interest; but he was in no mood just then to arrest another burglar on suspicion.

KRUGER, V.C.

OUR veteran Field-Marshal
Is chivalrous indeed—
'Twixt friend and foe impartial,
Of heroes he takes heed!

For see, for valour splendid
(How pleased the Boers will be!)
He's even recommended
KRUGER* for his V.C.

A pedestal is waiting
Out in Pretoria Square;
For Empire-reinstating
Let's put his statue there!

* An Australian trooper of this name has just been awarded the Victoria Cross.

DIARY OF A SOMEBODY.

Monday.—The same dreary routine. Passed through three separate states, and had to change my uniform thrice. My dresser kept me up to time. Usual deafening salutes and indigestible banquets.

Tuesday.—More rapid changes. Appeared in Switzerland as an Admiral of the Fleet. Got into the smaller German states, and had to remember my various costumes. Fortunately, my dresser had a list.

Wednesday.—At it again. Why should I wear the uniform of a rival army? I wish there was a common form of sword. However, my dresser keeps me from straying.

Thursday.—More rapid changes. More salutes. More splitting headaches.

Friday.—Really think I shall abdicate. Five different uniforms to-day! Yes; I shall abdicate. I would, if I could only find something else.

Saturday.—Hurrah! I have found some lucrative employment. Accept an engagement as "a quick-change artiste" at a Music Hall. Easier work than travelling in state as a potentate.

THE WAY IN THE NAVY.

(A story of then and now, suggested by the Marine Manœuvres.)

The Past.

THE Admiral regarded the operations with complete satisfaction. The ships went about in magnificent fashion. Every stitch of canvas was set, and the three-deckers flew through the waves at a pace that bore down all opposition. Vessel after vessel of the enemy's had struck its colours. Nothing had been overlooked. There were powder for the guns and cold steel for the crews. The men-of-war grappled with the foe, and boarding parties scrambled up the sides and were soon on deck.

"Rule, Britannia!" cried the Admiral.

"Rule, Britannia, it is, sir!" shouted the men.



"And, now, out with the boats to secure our prisoners."

The order was obeyed, and another glorious page was added to the history of England's successes on the sea.

So it was a century ago.

The Present.

Another story.

The Admiral regarded the operation with unmistakable agitation. The officers and crew were of first-rate quality. The guns were excellent. The ammunition was plentiful. But there was a hitch.

"Is everything in readiness?" asked the Admiral.

"Aye, aye, sir!" came from the second in command.

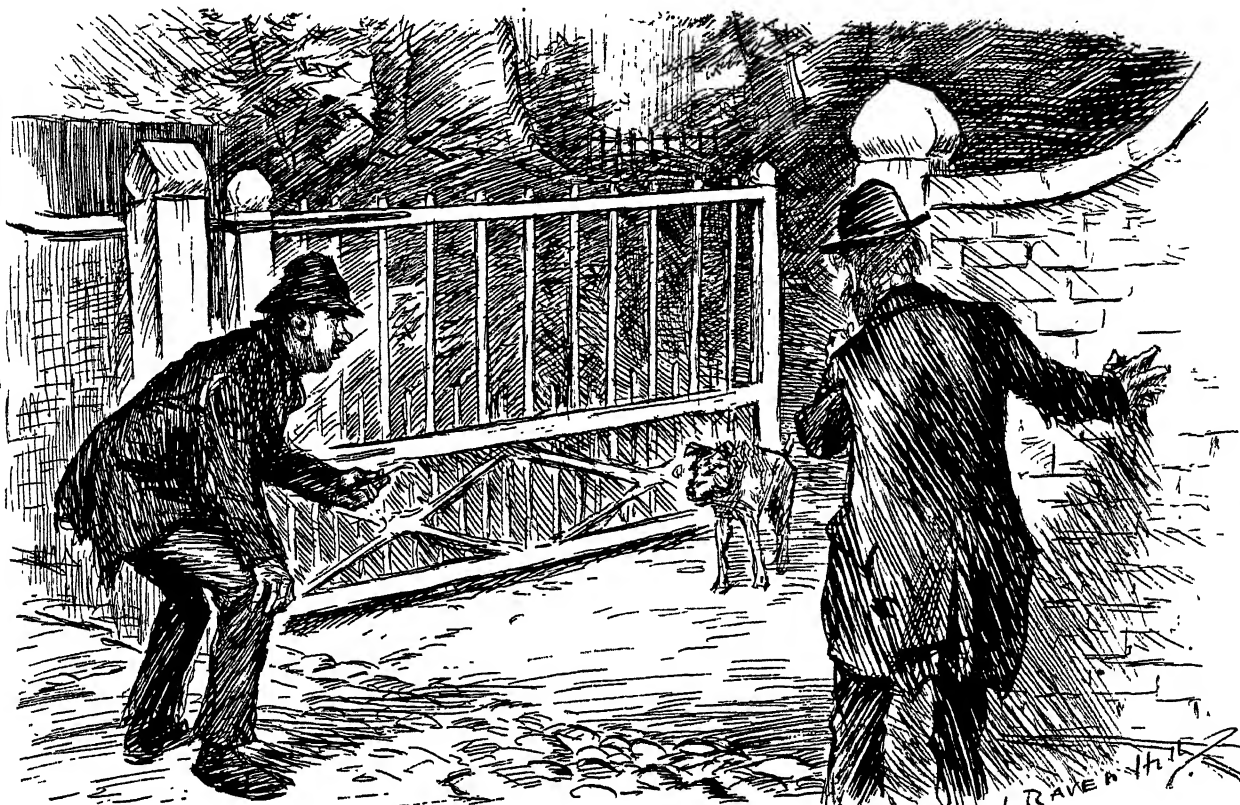
"Decks cleared for action?"

"Aye, aye, sir; and the men are as keen as may be. We shall give a good account of the foe when we get within reach."

"Then what are we stopping for?"

"Sorry, sir; but we can't get nearer. We are waiting for a scuttleful of coal!"

And thus a glorious page was not added to the history of England's successes on the sea.



First Tramp. "WHY DON'T YOU GO IN? 'E'S ALL RIGHT. DON'T YOU SEE 'IM A-WAGGIN' HIS TAIL?"

Second Tramp. "YUS; AN' DON'T YOU SEE 'IM A-GROWLIN'? I DUNNO WHICH END TO BELIEVE!"

PLUMB-LINES.

(Dropped by a Householder.)

[A Daily Paper lately reported a strike of plumbers at Bradford.]

A PLUMBER'S gaze, envisaged emptiness;
A plumber's skill, the rule of dirty thumb;
A plumber's work, perpetuated mess;
A plumber's ignorance, too deep to plumb.

A plumber's bag, without the needed tool;
A plumber's shop, in distance half a day;
A plumber's boy, part truant and part fool;
A plumber's time, spent in the main away.

A plumber's trail, red lead and putty slime;
A plumber's legacy, another bill—
Courage, O men of Bradford! for a time
Tho' reft of these ye may be happy still.

THE END OF THE PIECE.

SCENE—*The London Theatres.* TIME—*August.*

Tragedian (impressively). Let me speak to ye in blank verse. You must know—

Comedian (interrupting). My good chap, that's quite out of date. If you must go in for the legitimate or romantic, you must trust to scenery and accessories. Much better adhere to my touch-and-go style.

Light Opera (same business). No, no! music is the rage. I will sing you a song that will get to the organs in a jiffy.

Comic Vocalist (same business). Out of date, my dear. The only popular places now-a-days are the halls.

(Spectral figure appears.)

Spectral Figure. Forbear!

Chorus of Public Favourites. Who are you? (*Aside.*) We tremble!

Spectral Figure. Who am I? You soon shall know. My duty is to arrest you. Behold (*reveals himself*). I am the Clerk of the Weather!

[*The London Theatrical Season abruptly closes. Tableau and quick curtain.*]

THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

SCENE.—*A House Agent's Offices.* Attendant, searching book. Client objecting to suggestion for the sixth time.

Attendant (wearily). Well, Madame, here is a mansion that will, I think, just suit you. Twelve reception rooms. Twenty-four bedrooms. Lawns. Gardens. Parks. And an electric launch on the river in front of the breakfast-room.

Client (languidly). Very nice, but I had something of the sort last year.

Attendant (after some hesitation). Well, here is something very choice. But you must decide at once, as there are half-a-dozen applicants asking for it.

Client. You may give me the particulars.

Attendant. Dining-room, drawing-room. Two good bedrooms, and for servants—

Client. Never mind about them; they can shift with anything.

Attendant. Quite so. It's not very well situated. It's at the end of a lane, and there's a farm house close to it where pigs are reared. And the rent is rather higher than others on my list. Twice as much as the last I read to you.

Client (growing interested). And the attraction? There must be an attraction.

Attendant. Well, Madame, I am scarcely at liberty to say. No doubt, you have seen that it is to be visited by Royalty.

Client (promptly). That will do. I will take it. [*Does so.*]

TO HER.

You, my monarchy whose will is
(Though your name I'll only say
Might be MAUD or GRACE or PHYLLIS,
Now 's the time to come and play,
While the wind that froze us still
And the bloom is on the May.

Spring is with us—'twould be treason

If we were not all to do

What's expected at the season

And is apt the whole year through.

Dear, we've done with cold and reason,
And my fancy turns to you!



Angler (after landing his tenth—reading notice). "THE MAN WHO WROTE THAT SIGN COULDN'T HAVE BEEN USING THE RIGHT BAIT!"

PARTANT POUR LA CHINE.

(Second version. See "Punch," Dec. 25, 1897.)

YOUR hand, Field-Marshal! Take My final grip
Before you start on this momentous trip.
Bethink you, ere you board the restive train,
It is a chance may not occur again;
Bethink you what a time you have in store—
No prisoners! no quarter! simply gore!
I never, not in dreams, had nursed the hope
To give My mailed fist so fine a scope.
My gallant troops through thirty years' increase
Have worn the honours incident to peace;
One test remained to prove their peerless might—
That they should actually go and fight!
And if My fleet (which I herewith empower
To do an average ten knots an hour)—
If it can emulate that noble bark
On which My Royal Brother made his mark—
They should arrive in time to join the fray
Not later, let Me hope, than Christmas Day.

Herr Graf! I see in you the nations' choice,
Elected by a kind of cosmic voice;
An act of homage rendered to your Head
Both natural and unsolicited;
Indeed, in this arrangement I have traced
A striking proof of Europe's cultured taste.
Do not believe those foreign prints that say
That We are chosen *pis aller*;
Nor those that charge to Teuton missionaries
The present most regrettable vagaries,

And hold that My revenge at Kiao-chow
Supplied the reason which began the row;
That I, as primal cause of all the ill,
Should, so to speak, conduct the purging pill,
Since homœopathy demands of Us
To cure *similia similibus*.
Blind envy! 'Tis a vice, I dare to say,
To which I never yet have given way.
Enough that rightly, as it seems to Me,
The Powers insist on My hegemony;
Nor need I stoop to argue why they count
My claims (and Germany's) as paramount.

You go, *Mein Graf*, if not to guide the van,
At least to catch the hindmost, if you can.
And, even though unhappily you missed 'em,
I would not have you blame Our hallowed system.
We are a fighting nation, you must know,
That waits the KAISER'S "Are you ready? Go!"
Should war eventuate in foreign parts,
I press a button and the Army starts!
We boast, however distant be the sphere,
To reach the neighbourhood within the year!
In this superb mobility is seen
The beauty of a system-by-machine;
And here We leave, to My Imperial mind,
The amateurs of England far behind.

But now the solemn packing-hour has come,
And My emotions leave Me strangely dumb!
Farewell! farewell! I print upon your face
A probably penultimate embrace.
To-night My *Hohenzollern's* band shall tune
A serenade to you beneath the moon.
To-morrow you will trickle toward the sea,
Taking my compliments to Italy.
I recommend Verona's balmy air:
It might be nice to break the journey there;
The time would serve for getting into form
Against the Chi-li climate, which is warm.
Play bowls and croquet with your men; in short,
Foster a British love of martial sport.
Refreshed and rested, you will boldly creep
Across the dangers strewn about the deep;
And oh, I trust you may not run aground,
Or meet the other armies homeward-bound! O. S.

EPISCOPAL REFLECTIONS.

["The Bishop of STERNEY is the busiest man in London; he writes his sermons in trains and 'buses."—*The Globe*.]

BELOVED brethren of my diocese,
Hath not old custom made this car more sweet
Than Bishops' Palaces? Is not this third
More free from interruption than the court,
Where high and low, with wrathful wrangling, flock
To plague us with their pitiful disputes?
Here feel we but the penalty of Cockneys,
The overcrowding; as, the pungent plug
And heavy hob-nail of the working-man,
Which, when it stamps and grinds upon my toe,
Even till I shriek with pain, I smile and say—
No troubling brawlers these, no applicants
Who mar my peace that I may make their own,
But honest toilers on whose humble lot
A Bishop may perpend a homily.
Sweet are the uses of the Underground,
Which, like Avernus, black and sulphurous,
Hides yet the happy Islands of the Blest;
And this my life, passed amid public haunts,
Finds tracts in trams, texts in the running 'bus,
Sermons in trains, and work in anything.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

IV.—THE PERIWINKLE.

How callous are the "common herd"!
 Their shell-fish ends to win,
 The winkle oft is disinterred
 With devastating pin.

I mean, uprooted from its shell
 To crown a cruel feast;
 But whether that be ill or well
 They care not in the least.

And yet, perhaps, the winkle may
 Possess a tiny soul,
 And love to dream its life away
 Where placid waters roll.

Perhaps a spark of poet fire
 Imbues its tiny breast,
 And can our brother man desire
 To slay the sacred guest?

Nay, rather let us all combine
 To cherish, love, and train
 This humble Offspring of the Brine,
 This Tenant of the Main.

Then, it may answer to our care
 And come when we shall call,
 Its glad emotions we may share,
 Its agonies and all.

Oh periwinkle, winkle on!
 Our hearts with thine are one,
 Thy fairy form we gaze upon
 While cruelty we shun. F. E.

A JUSTIFIABLE CRIME.

SUFFOCATED by the extreme heat in London, my friend BLEEBY and I determined upon having a quiet day by the sea—where should it be spent? Margate was voted vulgar, Brighton too crowded, the Isle of Wight too far. Eastbourne? Excellent idea: handy, good train service, not too crowded, and most "genteel": whatever that mystic word may signify. To Eastbourne, accordingly, we hied.

On arriving, we naturally made the best of our way to the sea front, took chairs, and began to discourse upon the beauties of the place. Parenthetically, I may observe that there were a great number of these, walking up and down the parade.

Bent on improving the shining hour, I called BLEEBY's attention to the bold promontory of Beachy Head, the blue, gently rippling water at our feet, and also to an extremely nice-looking girl in white, carrying a red parasol coquettishly over her shoulder. The beauty of the scene had caught my wayward fancy, and I fell into a rosy, half-dreamy rhapsody, as I tilted my chair back, pulled my straw hat over my nose, and gazed straight out at the limpid depths before me.

"At a time like this," I began, "when fresh from the busy haunts of men, one contemplates—No, thank you, I don't want any carnations or roses to-day"—this to an itinerant vendor of the female persuasion. "At a time like this, when



Sister-in-law. "HOW LIKE HIS FATHER THE BABY IS!"
Mother. "HE'S CERTAINLY LIKE HIM IN SOME WAY. HE GENERALLY KEEPS ME UP HALF THE NIGHT!"

fresh from the busy haunts of men, one—What do you say? Will I and 'the gent' be photographed in a group? No, thank you, not to-day. As I was saying, at a time like this, when—No; no bananas," to a beery-looking, coster. "At a time like this, as I was saying—Programme of the band? Yes, thank you—Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, I remember; I was just going to say that at a time like—No, go away!—do we look like people who wanted brandy balls, and pink sugarsticks? You really ought to have more discrimination, and confine your attentions to the cheap trippers. At a time—Will I what? Patronize the Beach Concert Party? No; emphatically no! What with these singers, and two barrel-organs clashing with the Band, the restfulness of 'the front' is materially disturbed. Go away! I do not approve of Beach Concerts." A pause, and then I resumed "Well, as I was just going to say, BLEEBY, at a time—" "Paiper! Paiper! 'Spress, Dily Grapheek, Standid paiper, or Dily Mile!" "No, I

do not want the last 'dition." I heaved a heavy sigh, but once more commenced resolutely. "At a time when—" but here I again paused, and as a second photographer, and a portly female selling flowers, approached me with a business-like air, a steely glitter came into my eye. The ommissary of a German band smilingly advanced, cap in hand, and then, then the forbearance which had hitherto marked my conduct, suddenly gave way, and with a wild war-whoop, I turned upon the destroyers of my peace. I killed five newspaper boys, the two organ-grinders, half-a-dozen flower girls (girls of fifty) and the banana man.

Later on, I was given to understand that the sugarstickist and the photographer, together with the collector for the "Beach Concert Party," had also fallen victims to my unerring stroke and virtuous indignation. I may be a hunted criminal for the remainder of my life: but at least I shall enjoy the consolation of having acted as a public benefactor, and broken up the Democratic tyranny of Eastbourne "front" for ever.



A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

Visitor. "GOOD MORNING: TIDE'S VERY HIGH THIS MORNING, EH?"

Ancient Mariner. "AR, IF THE SEA WAS ALL BEER, THERE WOULDN' BE NO BLOOMIN' 'IGH TIDES!"

THE WEDDING GUEST.

(*Fragment from an every-day West End Romance.*)

THE conservatory was all but deserted. The solitary occupant clad in the regulation costume of a wedding guest—patent leather boots, button-hole, and light gloves, all complete—sat in an easy chair glancing now and again at the magnificent gifts piled up on tables in the adjacent apartment. He sighed as he heard the sweet sounds of a distant Hungarian band, and wiped away a stealthy tear as the

pops of champagne corks told him of good cheer within a reasonable distance.

"We meet again," murmured the Lady BLANCHE, placing her fair hand on the guest's shoulder. "We meet again."

"Yes, my Lady. The last time I met you was at the Bishop's Garden Party."

"And the time before at the Earl's silver wedding."

"Ah, madam, that was a busy day. I wanted a friend's aid sorely."

"A friend's aid! Why did you not appeal to me?"

"Well, ma'am," returned the guest,

showing some slight confusion. "You see, you are not accustomed to it; and it is a little ticklish to accuse anyone of stealing the spoons."

"Stealing the spoons!" murmured the Lady BLANCHE. "What does he mean? Has the intense heat turned his poor aching brain?"

"No, madam, I am sane enough. If you've doubts upon the subject, ask in the Yard."

Lady BLANCHE appeared distressed.

"I am sure you are not well. Come with me, and I will conduct you to our Doctor. He is yonder, playing lawn tennis with my maiden aunt."

"I dare not leave the place, fair lady. It is my duty to remain here."

"Remain here!" echoed Lady BLANCHE with haughty scorn. "And why should you remain here when I ask—nay, beg—nay, command you—to come with me?"

"Because, Madam, it is my duty. Tempt me no further."

"At least, mysterious being, tell me who you are."

"With pleasure, Madam"—and then the secret was revealed. "I am, Madam, the police officer supplied by the Messrs. BLACKLEY, to keep an eye upon the wedding gifts!"

THE HERITAGE OF ENGLAND.

[A French newspaper says that England—meaning the British Empire—"sits in a cockle-shell." So be it.]

THE Sea belongs to England
And England to the Sea,
Not girdled by the Channel band,
But o'er the Wide World free!
Sometime our Mother England
Is lulled by Eastern spray,
Sometime she nestles hand to hand
With the wild Atlantic sway,
And then again in lands afar
The Sea is making waves
For the English of the Southern Star,
The sons of free-born slaves,
Slaves to the Land that made them,
To the Earth-Home of the Sea,
The mother who has bade them
Know she bred them to be free!

Their heritage the Glory
And the everlasting story
Of the land that God created
To be Ruler of the Sea.

For DICK and TOM and HARRY,
And a smile for you and me.

ON THE MOORS.

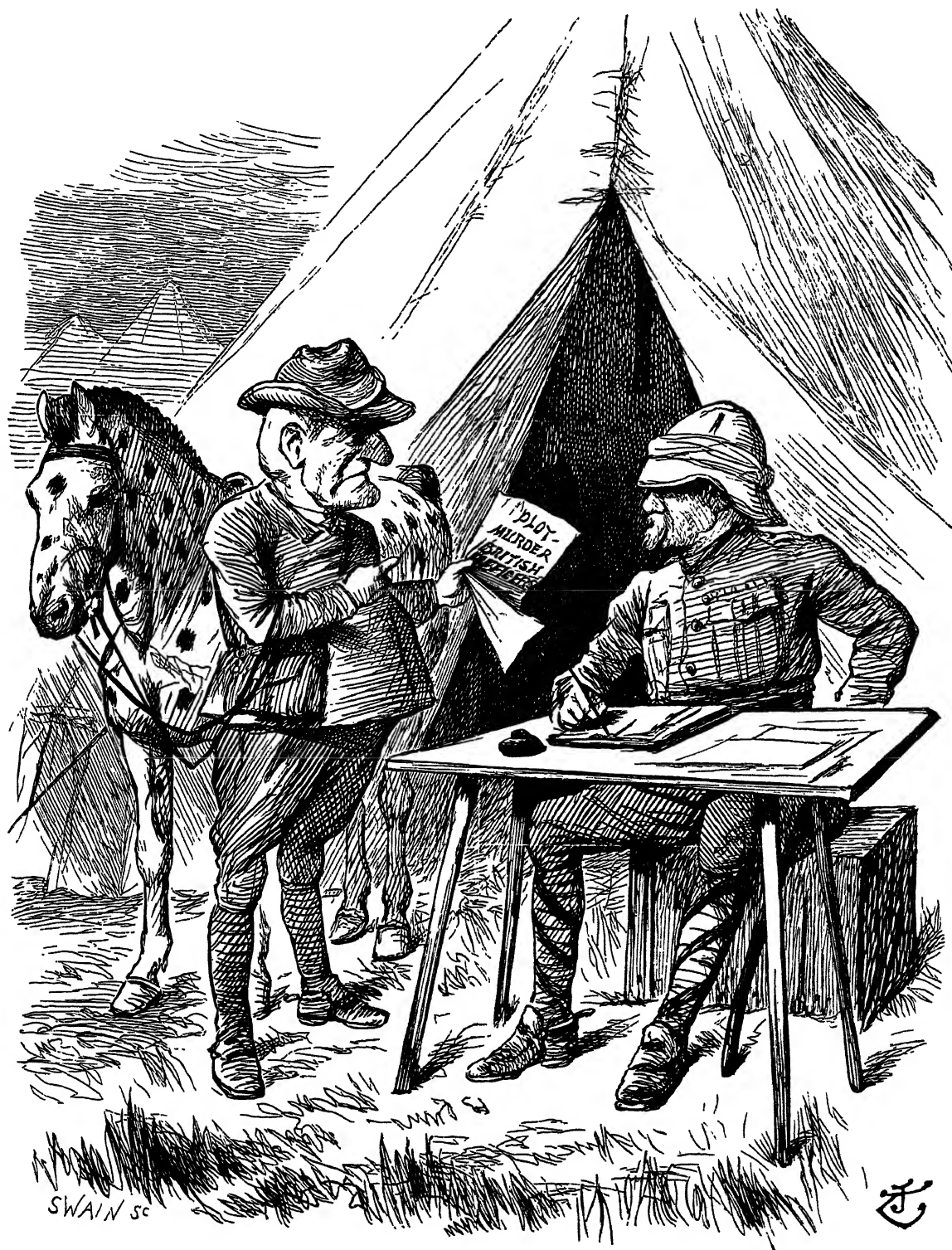
(August 20, 1900.)

Miss Turtle (of Minnesota—during the luncheon hour, to Lord Ditchwater). Do you know what Greek hero rhymes with grouse?

Lord Ditchwater (after venturing "mouse," "house," etc.). I give it up.

Miss Turtle. Nous.

[Lord D. tumbled to the hero.]



THE ONLY WAY.

MR. PUNCH. "YOUR GENEROSITY HAS BEEN MISTAKEN FOR WEAKNESS—ISN'T IT TIME, SIR, TO TRY SOMETHING THEY CAN UNDERSTAND?"

THE CUSTOMS CONGRESS.

AN International Congress, to consider the best methods of simplifying all Customs' formalities and regulations, met in Paris last month, beginning its sittings on July 30. One strictly private meeting, held at the end of the Congress, has not yet been reported.

A Swiss delegate said that the only industry of his country was the tourist. His countrymen lived upon tourists. Therefore everything was done to encourage tourists. He advocated the easiest regulations, if any were necessary.

A German said he approved of all regulations, instructions, official notices, police orders, and so further. They were indispensable, and were found in every well-governed country. The better the government, the more the regulations.

The Spanish delegate said they might be useful if they did not interfere with the comfort of the officials, and if they encouraged travellers to pay a few *pesetas*. A Turkish gentleman here murmured "Bakshish," and fell asleep again.

An English custom-house officer said the remark was incomprehensible to him, as no Custom-house officers understood foreign languages. He did not know why the previous speaker, whose remarks had been translated to him, had advocated the payment of peas-eaters, by which he supposed vegetarian officials were meant. For himself, he preferred honest beef and mutton.

A French delegate said their dear colleague and very honoured fellow-member had spoken absolutely from the point of view of the English. Beef and mutton were good things, but the glory of one's country—*voilà* the true ideal! And without the Custom-house no country could be rich, no country could be glorious. In fine, he ventured to say "*Vive la Douane!*"

The Englishman remarked, with some warmth, that he had caught the last two words of the previous speaker, and that "Do one" might be thought funny by some frivolous persons, but was not a proper name to apply to the English Custom house.

The Frenchman, after hearing the translation of the last speaker's words, stated that he had not said "Dou-unn" short, but "Dou-ane" long, and that no one but an insular, stuffed with beef and beer, would have failed to understand.

The Swiss delegate said this seemed to be German and French mixed, as in his country—where both languages are spoken equally well—*Du âne*, meaning "you donkey."

The Englishman said he was not going to stand abuse from a frog-eating Frenchman. The Frenchman said he had also exercised himself to make *la bête*, and enquired if the Englishman thought himself in South Africa.



TOM BROWNE

Miss Hobbs (who dislikes tobacco). "I SEE YOU ARE AT YOUR IDOL AGAIN!"
Smoker. "YES; I'M BURNING IT!"

The German delegate, entering at this moment, explained that he had been absent for a few moments to obtain some ham sandwiches and a few bottles of beer. Speaking French and English fluently, he was able to explain the whole misunderstanding.

The representative of Holland then emerged from beneath the table, where he had sought safety during the dispute.

An American delegate said he guessed formalities and regulations might suit the effete monarchies of Yewrope, but give him dollars.

At this moment a gentleman rose and said that the true method of simplifying formalities was to teach usually truthful people that lying is no better in the Custom-house than elsewhere, and that cheating one's own government, or any

other, is not more honest than picking pockets. (*Loud cheers.*) For himself, however, in the interests of civilization and progress, he advocated the abolition of all Customs, mere relics of barbarous ages. (*Immense uproar, during which the speaker, discovered to be an intruder, was ignominiously expelled, and the meeting broke up in disorder.*)

H. D. B.

MAKING CONVERSATION.

He. I suppose you have been everywhere during the season?

She. No season. Nothing to read. Nothing to see.

He. Then there is nothing to talk about?

She. No, nothing. Can't you suggest a novelty?

He (brightening up). Yes—the weather. (*Left talking.*)

"WHERE TO GO."

No. VI.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—On my return from the South Coast, my wife and myself carefully studied the map in search of a bracing place on the sea, and at last alighted on a point that she felt positive would suit our requirements; to quote her own words she said, "I want rocks and deep sea, and this place on the map marked Gibraltar, in Lincolnshire, I am sure will suit us." I reminded her of the fact that it was very difficult to form any correct idea of scenery or undulation of the ground by a map; but her answer was that "the little dots at the end of the point meant rocks," and it wouldn't be called Gibraltar unless it was some rugged promontory. She suggested getting farm-house accommodation, so I purchased several penny guide-books advertising farms to let, and apartments, published by the different railway companies.

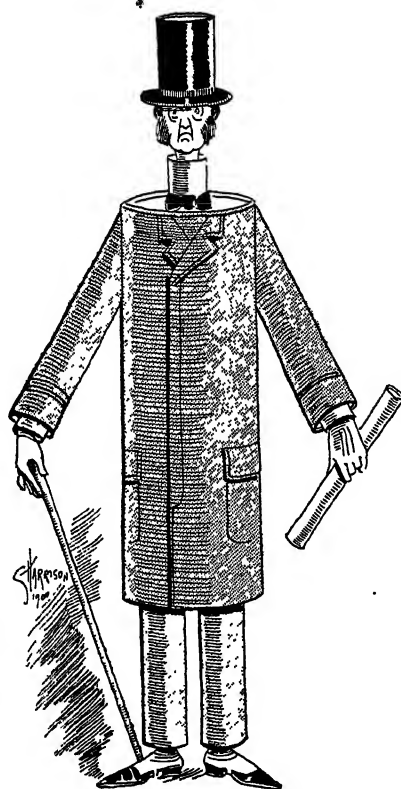
We studied them carefully, and some of the places to let sounded very attractive to read, but in most cases confusing, for instance one farm advertised "share of trap." Now, how can you share a trap? You can't cut in half? and if it means that we have the privilege of sharing it with other lodgers, then I can foresee all manner of inconveniences. We might possibly want to go one road, and the other lodgers another road. Or we might differ about the speed or the time of starting. We might want to go after breakfast, and they before. Again, it doesn't say how big the trap is, for with myself and wife and the two children and the dogs, there might not be room for anyone else, anyway I feel sure the other tenant would think we were monopolising the bigger half, and perhaps unpleasantness would arise. I wish they would be more explicit.

However, the "farm-house accommodation" was novel to us, the children would like it, and the chickens and ducks would amuse the dogs. So off I started with my bike, full of hope, for Gibraltar Point, and took a third single for Scagnass, and got into a carriage the only occupants of which were a nice-looking lady and a gentleman, who were sitting opposite to each other in the corner seats. I was about to retreat, seeing that the other corners were occupied by luggage. But the gentleman assured me that "it was all right, no one was coming; it was only a make-believe." But remembering the old saying that two's company and three's none, I told them that another carriage would suit me equally well, and was again making for the door when the gentleman said, "There's no occasion to go, Sir; you won't be in the way. This lady is my wife."

Presently the guard came to the window,

and beckoned me out. I thanked him, but told him I never took anything before twelve. He explained that he could find me another carriage. But the gentleman in the corner very kindly said he had no objection to me, and told the guard he had done his duty, and the tip would be all the same.

The lady said it was always a good thing to give the guard a shilling or two, to keep out the roughs. She further informed me that they always rode first-class, but the weather being so hot they thought the third-class carriages, having no cushions, would be cooler. They looked at me suspiciously when I said that I always



AWFUL RESULT OF TRAVELLING TOO MUCH ON THE "TWO PENNY TUBE."

took a first-class ticket, but generally rode third as the people were more agreeable.

On nearing my destination, I noticed how wonderfully flat the country was, so flat that it made me seriously reflect as to whether the world was really round.

On arriving at Scagnass, I rode for Gibraltar. Oh! what a journey—across terrible sand-hills, broken bottles, and now and then a rabbit which had been dead for months! There was no road, and I had positively to carry the bicycle in the blazing sun for over a quarter of a mile, and being struck in the head by a golf-ball didn't improve the occasion or my temper. At last I arrived at "Gibraltar," and never shall I forget it. It was the flattest ground I had ever seen. There were no rocks, and the sea wasn't

observable with the naked eye. I might have seen it with the coast-guard's telescope, but he had gone out for the day and taken it with him. The only suggestion of sea was a little narrow creek or channel of black, oily water, oozing between two thick layers of loamy mud.

I carried the bicycle four miles back to Scagnass, and arrived at the station just in time to miss the last train back to London. Yours, &c.,

"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."

THE HARDY ANNUAL.

As over Magdalen Bridge at eve I strolled,
Fresh from the schools, not knowing yet
my fate,
Nor greatly caring, on the parapet
Leaning an arm that trembled, as I
thought,
Beneath the weight of sorrow that it bore,
An ancient man I marked that watched
the flood
Of Cherwell gurgling 'twixt his willows,
gold
With sunset glory. And he heaved a sigh
Of such an anguish that I, pitying, paused
Close at his elbow, and "O man," said I,
"O ancient man," I said in softest tones,
"Whence comest thou?" and he turned and
answered me.

I come from wife and children dear
I leave the gloomy attics
Where I am reading, year by year,
Greek, Latin and Mathematics.

I taste of Plato, and I sip
The lore of Aristotle,
And now and then I take a nip
Of brandy from the bottle.

I slink from home, I hurry down
Unnoticed to the station,
And take the train to Oxford town
For my examination.

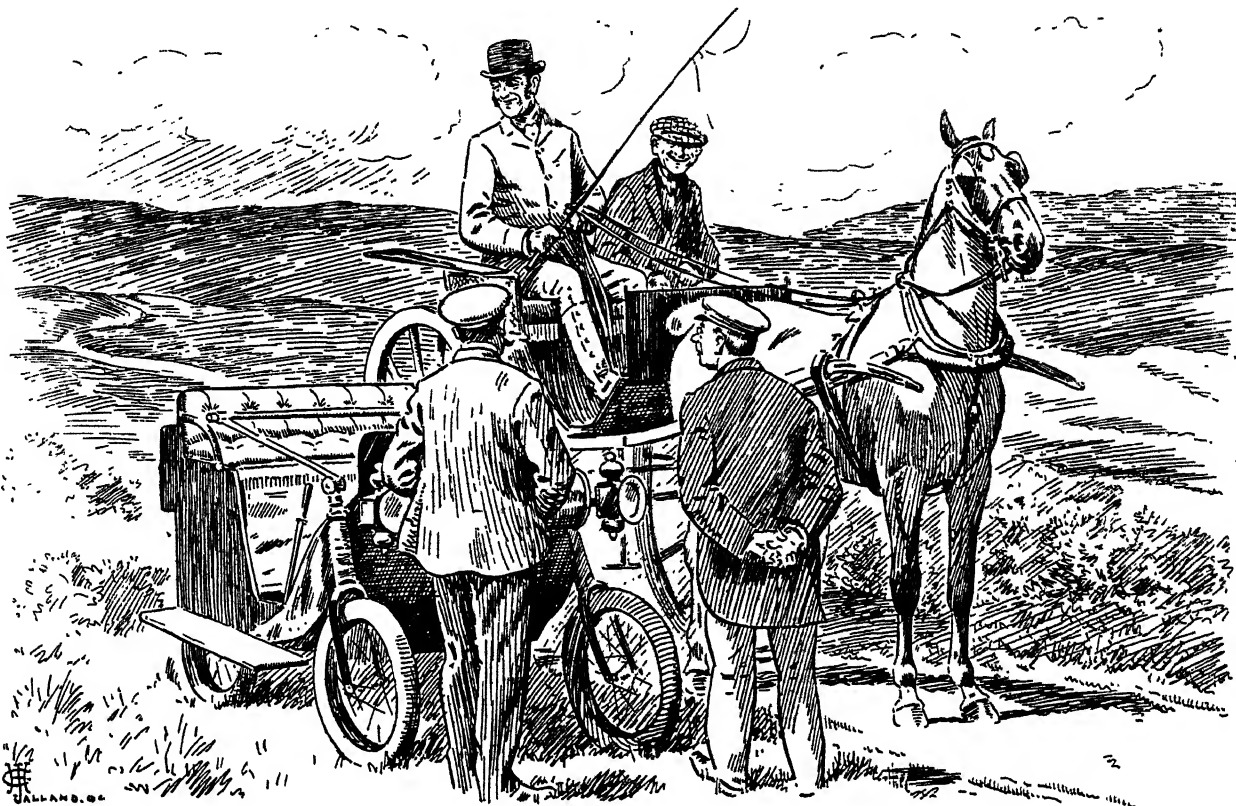
For my degree I try in vain,
But till I can ensure it
I fear that I shall still remain,
As now, a cureless curate.

A prey to tradesmen, Jew and dun,
And always in low water,
With here and there a hungry son,
And here and there a daughter.

So in I wander to the schools,
White-tied, in coat of sable,
And watch the crowd of grave young
fools
Each busy at his table.

I sit, I sigh, I gloom, I glance,
Despairing, at the questions,
And timorously I advance
Some tentative suggestions.

But out again I come and know
That vain is my endeavour,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go in for ever.



THE RIVAL FORCES.

SCENE—Lonely Yorkshire Moor. Miles from anywhere.

Passing Horse-dealer (who has been asked for a tow by owners of broken-down Motor-car). "IS IT EASY TO PULL?"

Motorist. "OH, YES. VERY LIGHT INDEED!"

Horse-dealer. "THEN SUPPOSIN' YOU PULL IT YOURSELVES!"

[Drives off.]

LABUNTUR ANNI.

POSTHUMUS, come and let us dine together
Here where of yore we met for dinner daily,
Braving life's storms and pretty dirty weather
Youthfully, gaily.

Here at this chop-house, nothing much to look at,
Where wealth of wit made up for purses scanty;
Ah, my old friend, how well they used to cook at
This little shanty!

We were a crew of happy, careless fellows,
Did ourselves well on naught wherewith to do it:
This present, when our leaf grows sere and yellows,
Is nothing to it!

Changed are the times, and we, perhaps, have altered,
JONES, the Q.C., is dining with the Benchers,
BROWN (married money) some excuse has faltered—
So to our trenchers.

Posthumus, we will make a resurrection
Of the old days—though long we may not tarry
I from my suburb (Mayfair's your direction)—
Why did we marry?

Appointments under Consideration.

LORD R-B-RTS to be Commander-in-Chief.

Lord K-TCR-N-R, Chief of the Intelligence Department.

Lieut.-Gen. B-D-N-P-W-LL to be Inspector General of Contracts.

And F.-M. P-NCH, to be the Supreme Head of Everybody and Everything.

LOVE!

LOVE, love, beautiful love,

Bread of the lyricist, jam of the crowd,
Rhyming to nothing but dove, above, shove,
Beautiful, constant and sugary love,

Hear while I whisper or shout it out loud,

I'm sick of the verses of which you're so proud

Love, lyrical love.

Had I the faith that can mountains remove

(This is another way one is allowed

To rhyme to the verse-maker's stumbling block, love,
—Another's to rhyme it to words such as rove)

I too would believe, and with head that was bowed

I'd pray at your altar, I'd live in a cloud

Of sentimentality, married and cowed,

Love, rhyming to glove.

"ASK ME NO MORE!"

Query (to be taken at a breath). If your as-yet-unmarried brother, staying at a prominent headland in Berwickshire, is so engrossed with the attractions of the scenery (and congenial society) as to be oblivious of your fraternal claims on his correspondence, how, in the name of KIPLING, would you most appropriately denounce him?

Reply. As an Abb's-Head-Minded Beggar, of course!

[Abb's Head omen!]

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DECIDED to ask Mr. and Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN and their niece, Miss BARBARA LAMB—better known to the profane vulgar as “BAA LAMB”—for a week on the yacht. Also old Admiral ROUSTABOUT. Terrible person; but felt bound to ask him, as matter of duty. To all these I sent invitations, devoutly hoping they wouldn’t be accepted. With my usual luck, they all were. Must ask little BUSKIN, the actor, to amuse them, and keep us all lively. Did so and wrote, telling them all to assemble at Town Quay, Southampton, on Saturday afternoon. Then wired to my Skipper at Dover, instructing him to bring yacht round to Southampton Water.

Skipper wires me, “Impossible to get to Southampton in time unless wind changes.” Very annoying. My yacht, *Isolde*, now lying in Dover. Hate Dover, so will not join there. Wired Skipper to get to Southampton as soon as possible; and also sent wires to the GOBBLEDOWNS, old ROUSTABOUT, and BUSKIN, putting them off from Saturday to the following Monday.

GOBBLEDOWN a great amateur yachtsman. As good as any paid hand. He says so himself, and he ought to know. This is the first time I have ever asked him on the *Isolde*, though he has hinted pretty strongly for an invitation since I first fitted out. Rather loud and strident-voiced man. Mrs. G.’s severe-looking person of eminently correct deportment. “BAA LAMB” quite a nonentity. Admiral a good-hearted man enough, but aggressive. BUSKIN—well, an amusing little beggar. Oh, I daresay we shall all get on admirably together. Still—Well, never meet troubles half way. I put aside any misgivings I may secretly entertain, and start for Southampton.

Skipper and two of the “hands” meet me at Southampton-West Station, and then the Admiral turns up.

“Aha!” he jerks out gruffly. “So you have arrived, eh? Thought perhaps you wouldn’t, after putting me off before. Deuced inconvenient for me that postponement was, I can tell you, my boy. However, I forgive you.”

I thanked him humbly for this concession, and asked if my men should look after his luggage and get it aboard.

“Get it aboard—get it aboard!” he snapped. “Why, certainly. What the devil else do you think I brought it for?”

Felt still more humble after this, and was just turning to tell the mate about calling a cab when a terrific smack on the back—(wish this custom would die out)—made me jump yards. It emanated from GOBBLEDOWN, already attired in blue serge and yachting cap. He stood a pace or two in front of his wife and niece; they had all come down in my train from Waterloo, but mercifully—mysteriously, I mean—missed me at the London terminus.

“Hulloa, my dear fellow! delighted to see you. My wife and niece so glad you have included them in your invitation. Only wish we were off for a year’s cruise instead of a month!”

Very hearty of him; but my letter distinctly specified a *week*, not a month. Determined to try, later on, to drop hint to this effect.

Then GOBBLEDOWN poked me playfully in the ribs, and said:

“I say, old fellow, your men might as well take *our* baggage now they’re about it, eh? Rather a good idea for saving trouble?”

I thought it was—i.e. for saving the GOBBLEDOWN family trouble. Visions of my gig sinking under the load flitted across my anxious mind, and I sighed, in gentle resignation, as I told the mate to order two cabs. Then the Admiral, in a perfectly audible aside whisper, asked:

“Who the devil is this feller, eh?” And for reply, I introduced them, “Mr. GOBBLEDOWN—Admiral ROUSTABOUT.”

With a somewhat dreary attempt at pleasantry, I gave a little, frozen smile, and added: "As you are to be shipmates, you may as well——"

"Yow, yow, yow, yow!" howled a terrier, whose tail had just been trodden on by a fifteen-stone porter.

"Oh, my poor *Agrippa*!" moaned Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN, as she picked him up in her arms, and glared viciously at porter, who went on, imperturbably, with his usual occupation of smashing the passengers' luggage as though nothing had happened.

So *Agrippa* was evidently Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN'S dog, and she had brought him here to share my hospitality and enliven the proceedings on board my yacht. So kind of her—always so kind of people when they bring their pretty pets with them. Of course, I could have done without *Agrippa*, but—— Well, there he was.

Two cabs, loaded with mountainous piles of baggage, were soon groaning along towards the Town Quay.

GOBBLEDOWN was all hilarity. Even Mrs. G. looked less severe as she evidently reflected upon the fact that I should have to pay all the transport expenses, whilst the BAA LAMB prattled gently, with an air of chastened merriment, about nothing in particular.

The Admiral alone was gloomy. He had taken a dislike to GOBBLEDOWN; and this, at the beginning of our short cruise, boded ill.

Arrived at the Town Quay, the luggage heaps were quickly attacked by the gig's crew, whilst I looked, in vain, for BUSKIN. No sign of "this versatile actor," as the newspapers generally dubbed him. BUSKIN must have missed his train.

The mate, who had followed down with the two hands in the second cab, came up to me in profuse state of perspiration. "Can't possibly get no more of these bales"—he meant luggage—"into the gig, Sir, without sinkin' her. Must make another journey for 'em, I suppose." I felt apologetic, but kept firm voice, as I answered airily:

"Yes, that will be best. You can take us aboard, and then come back for the luggage."

"Wha-a-a-a-t!" yelled the Admiral, "leave my bag and portmanteau on the quay here, to be stolen, whilst we go aboard? Not if I know it! Whathedevilnext?"

Embarrassing situation. I suggested that one of the hands should remain to watch.

"Can't do that, Sir," breaks in Skipper; "wouldn't be enough to row ye out, then."

Dear me, very trying. Well, suppose GOBBLEDOWN were to stop behind to look after the——

"No, no, old chap!" from GOBBLEDOWN, moving towards the gig. "I'll go aboard your old bark—I'm so jolly thirsty, I want my tea"—(N.B.—that GOBBLEDOWN always takes his "tea" out of a tall tumbler)—"so you stop and mind the stuff. I'll steer;" and without waiting for any further discussion on the subject he floundered hastily into the stern-sheets, nearly capsizing the gig as he soused himself into the best seat and seized the yoke-lines. I sighed resignedly, and turning to the Admiral invited him to enter the boat.

"What, with that feller steering? You must take me for a fool!" he roared.

Matter at last compromised by GOBBLEDOWN, Mrs. G., and the

BAA LAMB—together with some of the portmanteaux and bags—being stowed uncomfortably into gig. They started off for the yacht, and upon arriving alongside—as my skipper ruefully informed me, afterwards—GOBBLEDOWN pulled the wrong yoke-line and ran the boat's stem hard into *Isolde*'s side. The shock threw the bowman on his back, and knocked a hat-box overboard. Beyond this, and the damage to the yacht's paint, I am thankful to say that there was no harm done. Left alone on the quay with the Admiral, we took seats upon our portmanteaux and waited, rather sadly, for the gig's return. Admiral ROUSTABOUT, with many grunts, ignited an evil-smelling pipe and said:

"Can't understand your friend GOBBLEDOWN knowing anything about yachting. When I commanded the old *Ariadne*, I remember—— Hullo, why—— Whathedevilthis?" he broke off hastily, adjusting his *pince-nez*, and glaring at a somewhat unconventionally-dressed figure which had approached us unobserved. I looked up, and beheld what he had tersely described as "this." The figure was attired in white duck trousers, blue serge reefer jacket, with large brass anchor buttons and a broad white linen collar turned down over the neck. The whole was surmounted by a black glazed straw hat, with a band on it, lettered in gold "*H.M.S. Terrible*," after the style of children in charge of their nurserymaids.

Then the figure—which seemed a strangely familiar one to me—stood right over us; its hands were laid to the slack of its ducks fore and aft, and, with a truly T. P. COOKE kind of hitch, a voice carolled forth:

"What ho! rouse up, my merry, merry men! The anchor's weighed! and so was I, just now. Eleven stone four, by the automatic penny-in-the-slot machine! Tip us your flipper, my hearty. I like the cut of your jib!"

It was BUSKIN. I must admit that as, in shamefaced, shambling manner, I introduced him to the Admiral—(oh, that band round the hat!)—I felt hot all over.

"Whathedevilisit?" said the gallant tar, still staring hard through his *pince-nez*.

"This—er—this is Mr. ROSCIUS BUSKIN," I stammered uneasily. My eyes, by a sort of unholy fascination, were glued, as it were, to the "*H.M.S. Terrible*" (too terrible!) hatband.

The Admiral merely emitted a deep grunt as he jerked his head forward with what was intended to be a bow. Then a horrible silence ensued. I ventured to break it at last, by saying:

"Where is your luggage? The gig has gone off——"

"Don't speak of it as if it were fireworks, dear boy!" chirped BUSKIN, at once recovering his usual *aplomb*.

The Admiral, who dislikes a spirit of levity when applied to anything nautical, scowled at BUSKIN. I foresaw that the latter's facetiousness was likely to make trouble for us, later on. It did.

BUSKIN at last condescended to inform me that he had been so late for his train that all his luggage had been left behind at Waterloo, whilst he himself had got out at the wrong Southampton station and driven thence in a cab.

"But it will be all right, dear boy; it will be all right at night," as we say on the histrionic boards. I'll borrow a suit,

of pyja—oh-no-we-never-mention-'ems from you, and then I shall do all right, 'till daylight doth appear!'"

"Here's the gig," I cried with a feeling of relief, as my boat brought up at the foot of the steps.

The Admiral, clutching at his huge umbrella and hauling a kit-bag, descended and took his seat in the stern-sheets; BUSKIN, with an affected nautical roll which nearly produced a catastrophe to the white ducks (so tight that BUSKIN must have been put into them with a shoehorn), followed him: the rest of the *impedimenta* was got in, and then, at last, we started for the yacht.

Nobody spoke much on the short pull out. The Admiral was grumpy, and BUSKIN temporarily subdued, whilst my own agony of mind, whenever I reflected upon the fact that the crew must be silently giggling at that fearsome hatband, may be better imagined than described. Cold print is wholly inadequate to convey what I thought of BUSKIN's outrageous "get-up."

As we got alongside the yacht, the Skipper came to the gangway; but on catching the first glimpse of the *Terrible* legend incontinently retired, and walked forrard with unbecoming haste, stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth to prevent an explosion of laughter. Then GOBBLEDOWN, after one look over the side, disappeared suddenly from the deck. The BAA LAMB gazed, mystified for a moment, at the apparition, and then exclaimed "Oh, Auntie!" in loud tones. Altogether, an unpleasant situation for me. BUSKIN himself seemed blandly unconscious that attire was anything but strictly correct—absolutely orthodox, in fact. He skipped lightly up the side, and striking a theatrical attitude on the deck, exclaimed, "Once aboard the lugger——" and then paused.

"Well," grunted the Admiral, waiting, open-mouthed, to hear the end of the sentence, "how's it go on, hey?"

"Oh, it doesn't go on: there is no more—at least, I never heard any more," replied BUSKIN cheerily.

The Admiral went off, scowling, to his berth. I introduced BUSKIN to the ladies, and afterwards handed him over to the Steward to be conducted to his cabin. Then I went below, and found GOBBLEDOWN in *mine*.

This was most upsetting. To be turned out of one's own cabin by one's own guest was—was—Confound the Steward! what on earth was he thinking about to allow this?

"Steward!" I called, and when he came to me in the saloon I gave him a piece of my mind on the subject.

"Not my fault, Sir, I assure you," he began. "Mr. GOBBLEDOWN told me, directly he come aboard, that you said he was to 'ave the best cabin in the ship, Sir, so I naturally showed him into the owner's cabin, Sir. Thought they was your orders, Sir."

This was too much! Although a mild-mannered man, I felt that the time had come for me to assert myself, so rapped sharply at GOBBLEDOWN's door—or, rather, at *my* door—and said:

"You've made a mistake, my doar fellow; the next one is *your* cabin."

"Never mind, old man; anything will do for me," came a muffled voice from within.

"Yes, but you really must come out," I replied with a firmness which surprised myself. "The Steward shall shift your

things," and after another determined effort on the part of GOBBLEDOWN to adhere to my cabin he was obliged to give way—with a very bad grace—and go into the next.

Thought I would speak to Skipper about getting under weigh next morning, so ran up companion, sprawling over *Agrippa*, who had gone to sleep on top stair, and measuring my full length on the deck. D—car *Agrippa*!

Agrippa yelled, and Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN rushed out of ladies' cabin, all hair curlers and dressing-gown. She snatched her pet up in her arms, and turning, with polite resentfulness, to me, exclaimed, "Oh, don't hurt my little dog! *Agrippa* has always been kindly treated!"—plainly implying that I had *ill-treated* him. Again I say d—elighful *Agrippa*!

Admiral joined me, and after calling attention to the incontrovertible fact that BUSKIN had been walking the deck with nails in his boots, proceeded to give invaluable expert opinion upon shrouds, halliards, sheets, and top-sails, winding up a twenty-minutes' dissertation by informing me that my Skipper must be a fool. So nice of him. Tried, at first, to keep in touch with his nautical talk, but gave it up as he rattled out something that, to my disordered imagination, sounded like, "And if you must have these new-fangled fal-de-rais, why don't you keel-haul the topmast lifts, cut away the forefoot, brace back the stanchions of the main-halliards, run up your gaff until it's well past the cross-trees of your foresail, and set your spanker-boom abaft the peak? And there you are!" he concluded with an air of triumph which I felt ought to have carried conviction to my mind. So I replied vaguely, "Yes. There you are, as you say," and immediately afterwards escaped below, leaving the gallant Tar to tackle the Skipper, though I dared not think what the immediate consequences of a *rencontre* with old SALTHORSE would be.

On returning to saloon, found tea laid, and the two ladies being vastly entertained by BUSKIN's conversation. Went to take my place at head of table, but discovered my own chair there, in possession of *Agrippa*. Should like to kic—kiss that dog. Took smaller and uncomfortable chair, and endeavoured to be pleasing in manner whilst requesting BAA LAMB to pour out tea. Afterwards found that I had given mortal offence to Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN by not asking *her* to officiate. GOBBLEDOWN airily declined tea, without mentioning the fact that directly he came on board he had consumed a large bottle of Allsopp and, later on, a whisky and soda. GOBBLEDOWN quite the sort of man to take all trouble off the shoulders of an anxious host desirous of entertaining his guests, as he answers every question which is asked, no matter whether it is addressed to him or not. Can always hear him all over the ship.

Had to lend my newest silk pyjamas to BUSKIN, as his luggage had not turned up, even at nine o'clock, when I again sent gig ashore in quest of it. BUSKIN quite jovial about the matter, though the hands were getting a bit tired of these constant journeys to the shore.

Admiral insisted upon sitting up till midnight. So fatiguing, as I always go to bed at ten. GOBBLEDOWN drank four whiskies and sodas, and became argumentative. BUSKIN recited to us. Never felt so depressed before.

To bed at last, quite worn out.

(Continued in our next.)



THE DONKEYS' HOLIDAY.

With Compliments to the S. P. C. A.

MOOR MADGE.

DEAREST MAUDE,—MILLICENT and I were joined yesterday by my cousin CHARLIE and his great friend ALGERNON DE VERE BOGGS, in our journey North. DE VERE and CHARLIE are shooting together this year—not confining themselves to grouse and black game, as they think it so narrowing, but also looking out for sparrows, rabbits, and, in fact, anything that comes within sound of the crack of their rifles. As they are both Volunteers, they wisely thought that it would be true economy to use the Government ammunition and their Lee-Metfords, instead of

procuring the ordinary breech-loading shot gun, which, *entre nous*, has become rather common now. Everybody who shoots uses them, and DE VERE and CHARLIE wished to strike out a new line for themselves.

We—MILLICENT and I—met the men at King's Cross, and travelled third—on this line there is no fourth—and I must say that CHARLIE'S costume could hardly be described as quiet. In fact, it was rather daring. He wore a green plaid kilt, cut short, and embroidered with his monogram back and front, in red letters; khaki putties and sand shoes, with white spats

over them, made rather a neat finish by way of *chaussure*. The coat was a long-tailed garment of neat black superfine broadcloth, whilst the one-and-sixpenny yachting cap which he wore at Cowes again did duty here. DE VERE BOGGS was attired somewhat more quietly, but still in a way which denoted the sportsman quite as plainly as CHARLIE'S costume did.

Poor CHARLIE, whose losses at Goodwood had brought him into the hands of the Jews (he had to borrow fourteen and ninepence from Mr. MOSES MOSS, in order to settle with), travelled very unostentatiously under the seat. MILLICENT wore a picture hat, with sham ostrich feather drooping over the face, pink cotton bolero jacket, green cummerbund, and skirt of *eau de Nil*. As for myself, I always travel plainly, as you know. A sealskin jacket, white linen skirt, Tam-o'-Shanter of Gordon tartan, with mounted grouse claws pinned all down the back of the sleeves, completed my own costume.

Arrived at Macsquashie, we took rooms at the hotel, and they gave us a really excellent dinner at eighteenpence. Here is the menu:—

Tattie peelin's Broth.

Cold Carrots.

Haggis. Cookies.

Porridge.

We thoroughly enjoyed it, and of course drank the wine of the country—whiskey. Next day we all went out on the moors. It is not really so expensive a sport, this grouse shooting, as you would think, dearest MAUDE. By getting up early, you avoid the notice of the gamekeepers—gillies, as they call them—and get your sport for next to nothing. CHARLIE and DE VERE BOGGS obtained several fine shots—though they hit nothing but a tourist—and we were not turned off until after we had had our luncheon in great comfort. A great number of the smartest people are here, all shooting, of course. But of one thing I am quite assured, and that is, that none of them get their sport more cheaply than CHARLIE and DE VERE BOGGS.

In company with the rest of the *monde qui s'amuse*, we shall be moving on to fresh fields and pastures new very shortly. Then, dearest MAUDE, you shall hear again from yours ever, MADGE.

At the Westminster Bridge Terminus of the Tram Lines.

Country Cousin (excitedly). Good Heavens! Constable, look at those people fighting on those cars! I'm sure someone will be killed. Is there an election on, or a Pro-Boer meeting?

Constable (with a contemptuous smile). Oh no, Sir; it's only the passengers takin' their places accordin' to the rules and regerlations of the London County Council.



"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOUR NICE NEW SUIT?"
 "I'VE BEEN PLAYING IN THE GARDEN—PRETENDING I WAS A
 LITTLE BOY IN MISCHIEF."
 "WELL, I'M VERY ANGRY WITH YOU. YOU NEVER SEE HERBERT
 DO THINGS LIKE THAT."
 "NO. HE HASN'T THE 'MAGINATION I HAVE!"

PEEPS INTO PRUSSIAN PALACES AT POPULAR PRICES.

IN and near Berlin the lover of palaces can indulge in an orgie of sight-seeing. The charge for admission in every case is the modest sum of threepence. It is not announced who receives that amount. From the palaces in Berlin and Potsdam the annual receipts must be considerable. As for the palace of the Emperor WILLIAM I., the charge is double. And anyone who is rash enough to go inside that remarkably ugly edifice, furnished and decorated in the style of the sixties, and dazzling with crimson and gold, with sky-blue and emerald-green, would gladly give another sixpence, as I did, to get out again as soon as possible.

Curiously enough, in this one palace the guide, who was a woman, moved as slowly as she could. She explained everything with needless care. She evidently doated on malachite and ormolu, on rosewood and blue velvet. The Germans following her exclaimed "Wunderschön!" rapturously; the Americans gazed with the drowsy indifference that follows some weeks of sleepless railway travel and sight-seeing. After we had visited several rooms, she led us into a vast apartment, ranged us in a row, as if for drill, and clapped her hands. There was an echo in the domed ceiling. The Germans, always childlike in being easily amused, were in ecstasies. The Americans became interested, for it almost woke them up. She clapped her hands a second time. Before they could meet again, I slipped a 50-pfennig piece between them and fled.

In Potsdam and the neighbourhood the active enthusiast can see half-a-dozen palaces in a day, all at threepence each. There is no reduction on taking a quantity. I drew the line at three

palaces. Ninepence a day is as much as I care to spend on such excitement.

The gardens at Sans Souci, just outside Potsdam, are delightful. Six long flights of steps lead up the terraces to the palace. The enthusiast, at half-a-dozen palaces a day, must run up them. The middleman, like myself, at three palaces, can stroll gently up and watch the elderly female gardeners weeding the borders. There are also male gardeners, but one can see them elsewhere. One has some time to loiter in the gardens, since one has to run in the palaces. No sooner has the imperial servant assembled the party than he starts at a brisk walk, repeating his descriptions as fast as he can. Sometimes I tried the simple device of asking a question; but this only made him hurry more afterwards, to make up for lost time.

I believe it is all owing to that charge for admission. When one—especially if one is a frugal German—has paid threepence to His Majesty WILLIAM I., German Emperor and King of Prussia, one seems to have done enough. Moreover, the very superior man in uniform who shows one round looks above a tip. One could not offer threepence to him. At Sans Souci I never thought of it. At the New Palace the imperial servant seemed less unbending. As the party approached the exit, I held a 50-pfennig piece in my hand. The rapidity with which it passed into his showed me that, in spite of his uniform, he was a mere man like myself.

In the Stadt Schloss, at Potsdam, my last palace for that day, I was the only visitor. I had already seen two palaces, which would be about my usual average for a whole year. I was becoming satiated with palaces. Moreover, the afternoon was warm. I longed to loiter. But the guide, in this case a woman, would have none of it. She evidently wanted to run, though she was by no means young, and all my lingering only reduced her speed to about five miles an hour. Thus she led me, breathless, through the rooms, containing, I believe, the books—always French books—the dining-table descending through the floor, and other possessions of FREDERICK THE GREAT, and also through a bed-room sometimes occupied by the present Emperor, and sent me forth so rapidly into the outer world that I had to hold on to the doorpost while I gave her sixpence.

In the Kaiser's bed-room I had just time to notice on the Imperial and Royal washstand the two basins and jugs, such as North German hotels, and, I suppose, private houses, provide for one person. One of the basins is very small, the other is monstrously large. As for the Emperor's larger basin, it was nearly the size of an English sponge-bath. In vain I have endeavoured to discover the use of the two basins; provided on the principle of the large hole in the door for the cat and the small hole for the kitten, can it be that the small basin is for washing one hand and the large basin for washing two?

In the entrance hall of the New Palace, I saw the carriage umbrella, which evidently shelters the Imperial head when descending the steps on a rainy day. I do not mean that the Kaiser descends the steps on his head. The sentence is a trifle mixed, but so would you be after visiting three palaces at once. The umbrella was one that had seen its best days, and they must have been uncommonly bad days. It was old and shabby and faded, a pathetic sight in the midst of marble splendour. As I looked at it, a German lady exclaimed "*Der kaiserliche Regenschirm!*" and smiled. Others smiled. I trembled lest the whole party should be forthwith cast into the deepest dungeons of the Palace. Happily the guide, during the moment's delay, had sped on at four miles an hour and had heard nothing. So I smiled as well, a quiet, discreet smile, and I can now boast that I was once guilty of *Majestätsbeleidigung* in Prussia, and escaped unpunished. H. D. B.

CHICKEN HAZARD.—It is officially reported that Italian eggs are now being largely exported to England. We earnestly trust that these will not include the lays of ancient Rome.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

BIG GAME HUNTING.—III.

LION HUNTING. BE QUITE SURE WHEN YOU GO LOOKING FOR A LION, THAT YOU REALLY WANT TO FIND ONE.

TO MY COLLAR STUD.

No pæan majestic my brain can inspire,
No harmonies subtle I strike on my lyre;
A commonplace subject is this that I touch,
But one that concerns me and worries me much.
Perhaps it may seem rather foolish to sing,
About such a very diminutive thing;
Perhaps I am dragging my Muse through the mud,
In mentioning you, little ivory stud.

I'm one of those rather unfortunate men
Who have to be up in the City by ten,
But many and oft are the mornings when I've
Slept peacefully on until eight forty-five.
A train I must catch at a quarter-past nine,
And I've an objection to running it fine;
With dressing and breakfast there's plenty to do,
It's really too much to be hindered by you.

But that's the occasion on which you will fix
To show off your most diabolical tricks;
Directly you see me approaching your lair,
For violent action at once you prepare.
Your cosy retreat I begin to explore,
And seizing your chance you slip down on the floor,
Then over the carpet you silently roll
To some inaccessible corner or hole.

Oh, evil the passions that you can create,
For I am reduced to a terrible state;

I'm rather short-righted, and loudly I curse
(My sight may be bad, but my language is worse).
I can't do without you, as doubtless you know,
But vainly I search for your shape, high and low;
Your fiendish skill all my agility mocks,
And wildly I dash round the room in my socks.

I shake out my garments, I grovel and grope,
It's close upon nine and I give up all hope;
But just as the clock points to five minutes past,
In one of my boots you're discovered at last.
I finish my toilet, five minutes remain,
My breakfast I bolt on the way to the train;
Then pangs of acute indigestion ensue—
Another misfortune that's owing to you.

And during the day my acquaintances find
That I'm not at all in a nice frame of mind;
Of course they will get upon quite the wrong track
In putting it down to a liver attack.
Though kindly disposed before leaving my bed,
I'm grumpy and most discontented instead;
My good resolutions are nipped in the bud,
And you are the cause, you diminutive stud!

P. G.

DEFINITION (by a very Low Churchman).—"Ἐπισκοπος," a Bishop, or, literally, "over-seer"; i.e. one who "over-looks." So called from their generally overlooking everything they do not wish to see.



Full-sized Tripper. "HOW DOES ONE GET INTO THE CHURCHYARD, PLEASE?"
Simple Little Native. "THROUGH THIS 'ERE 'OLE!"

THE PUBLISHER TO HIS FAITHLESS LOVE.

["The absorbing interest taken in the war has been deadly in its effects on the publishing trade. And now it is feared that a General Election will rob them of their autumn season. Christmas, however, should bring relief—to the survivors.]

O SOPHONISBA, fickle fair!
 Who found me once the glass of fashion,
 And leave me now with heartless air
 A bleeding prey to blighted passion,
 Have you no thought for him who lies so low,
 Your pensive swain from Paternoster Row?

Time was when I could stir your breast
 With theological romances,
 Bid you enjoy a homely jest,
 Or melt you with suburban fancies,
 Or, like a river, going slow and deep,
 Contrive to woo your weary brain to sleep.

Time was when tales of Scotland Yard
 Produced in you a constant flutter;
 When I have gained your kind regard
 With problems gathered from the gutter!
 Now all my ancient skill I vainly spend
 Both on policemen and the Far East End.

I gave you Lives of Men of Weight,
 Thoughts and achievements worth the telling;
 Letters describing what they ate,
 And how the baby's gums were swelling;
 Now these momentous themes begin to pall
 That once could hold your heaving heart in thrall.

I know the cause:—compare the song
 Of what occurred by Allan Water,
 And how the soldier came along
 Ogling the miller's lovely daughter.

Yours was in khaki; hers, no doubt, in red;
 Alike you lost your absent-minded head.

Her books were in the running brook:
 And yet the parallel is partial;
 We do not hear that she forsook
 The Literary for the Martial.
 She never had, as far as rumours go,
 A previous flame in Paternoster Row!

Eventually "there a corse
 Lay she" (if I remember rightly);
 But *you* live on without remorse,
 Your conduct being most unsightly;
 Still, if I know you well, you cannot care
 For khaki always as your only wear.

I know that some fine autumn day
 (Just when, I cannot yet discover)
 You'll cease to sing of Table Bay,
 And think about a change of lover;
 And, though for khaki still you faintly burn,
 Soon shall the peaceful toga have its turn.

Under the hustings' tented shade
 You will erect your brazen idol;
 The poster-monger ("dreadful trade!")
 Shall advertise this latest bridal,
 And portions of your honied moon be spent
 Confusing Paradise with Parliament.

On nightly platforms you shall sit
 Supporting unennobled brewers,
 And shafts of pure provincial wit
 Shall pierce your heart like wooden skewers;
 Immersed in revels round the greasy pole,
 You will omit to educate your soul.

And then, perhaps, by Christmas Day
 (Alas! alas! for lost October!)
 You will be tired of wanton play,
 And range yourself, demure and sober;
 And, turning to your love of long ago,
 Find him defunct in Paternoster Row!

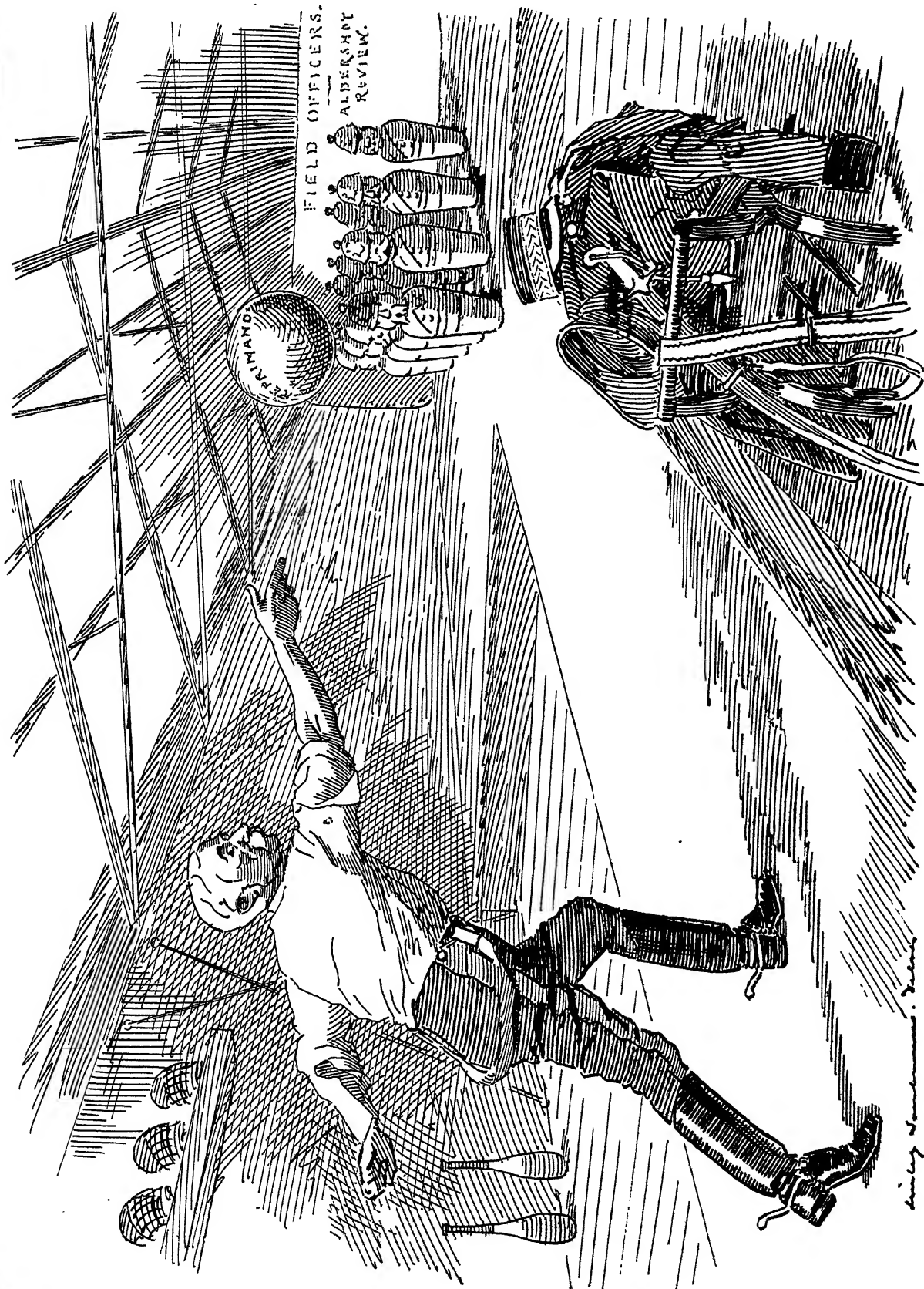
O. S.

SILLY-SEASON PROSPECTS.

THERE is grave reason to fear that this year's Silly Season will be a failure. For some reason or other, whether on account of the approaching Dissolution, or the vagaries of DE WET and TSE HSI, the public mind is preoccupied and refuses to sink to the occasion. The Big Gooseberry has been nipped in the bud, and the Marine Ophidian is under a cloud, or, at any rate, not in its usual element. We have had, it is true, a Nine-Days' Wonder at West Kensington, in the shape of the Edith Villas Ghost. It was a public-spirited attempt on the part of the spook, or the local humourist, or the neighbouring licensed victualler to make things hum in the Far West, but the scare died down under the cold logic of brickbat showers and unsympathetic policemen. And the enterprise of the spectre's landlord in charging gate-money (on behalf of a charity), for the privilege of seeing a vacuum, only succeeded in giving the apparition its *quietus*. When it came to being run as a dime-show, the wraith would wraith be excused—and so would the Kensingtonian quidnuncs.

Similarly, the great annual Symposium of Correspondence on Burning Domestic Questions seems, at the time of writing, to hang fire. So far, we have only had, coincidentally in two morning halfpenny papers, a few letters from Irate Husbands and Mothers of Seven on the subject of Wives' Holidays.

Meanwhile the Silly Season languishes. We have more serious matters in hand.



BOWLING THEM OVER.

["In consequence of Lord Wolseley's comments on the recent Aldershot Review, several field-officers have been ordered to report themselves for examination as to their fitness to command."—*Daily Paper.*]

Henry Vernon.

THE BAGGAGE BOTHER.

(From a Passenger's Note-book.)

HAD to journey to-day from London to Starmouth. Slow cab, consequently late at station. Purchase ticket (after brief geographical lecture to booking-clerk, who disbelieves in possibility of reaching Starmouth *viâ* Barchester, and is loth to issue ticket for this route), rush on platform, and command porter to label my luggage—two portmanteaus, hat-box, bag of golf-clubs—and get it in the train at once. "Must be weighed first, Sir," replies porter. Weighing-machine at other end of station. Luggage wheeled very slowly in its direction. Train due to start in four minutes. Two portmanteaus and hat-box placed on machine and weighed with scrupulous care; follows a long pause, while official does elaborate sums on the back of an envelope. Finished at last, "Two and fourpence extra to pay, please." No silver; produce half-a-sovereign. Official has no change; sends a porter to fetch some.

Another pause, broken by a whistle from a distant part of the station, which I feel instinctively means that my train is about to start. Tell another porter to bring along my luggage at once; can't wait for change. Just about to do so, when official catches sight for first time of my golf-clubs. Demands sternly if they are mine. Have to admit it. In that case they should have been included with the other other things. Portmanteaus and hat-box taken off truck, and, *plus* golf-clubs, weighed all over again. Another whistle: "Your train's gone, Sir," says porter with cheerful grin; "next one due in an hour." Daren't trust myself to speak. Official does more sums, hands me several forms to sign. Haven't any idea what they commit me to, but sign them all. Amended extra charge, two and tenpence. Porter arrives with change; tell him to look after my luggage till next train is in. Official suddenly remarks that he supposes I am going to Starmouth *via* Dixham. Reply, unguardedly, that I am going *via* Barchester. His eye lights up with fiendish joy. "Five miles shorter by that route," he observes; "we've made out your charge by the Dixham way. JIM, get that there luggage off—we must weigh it again." He does so; I am too weary to protest. Another interval for arithmetic, more forms to sign; result, charge three-and-a-penny. "But you said the Barchester route was five miles shorter," I exclaim; "and yet you charge me three-pence more!" Official smiles blandly, and refers me to the "Regulations."

At last the next train starts, and I in it. No further incident till we reach Rexham, where inspector appears and looks suspiciously at my hat-box and golf-clubs on the rack. Wants to know if they are



Enthusiastic Lady Blue Ribbonite (collecting material for her next Lecture—to Brewer's Drayman). "ER—I UNDERSTAND THERE ARE SOME MEN IN YOUR CALLING WHOSE SOLE LIQUID NOURISHMENT CONSISTS OF A QUART OF BEER A DAY. IS THAT CORRECT?"
Drayman. "I SUREN'T BE AT ALL SURPRISED, LADY. THEM TEETOTALLERS IS A-CREEPIN' INTO EVERY JOB KARADAYS!"

"personal luggage," and if they have been weighed. Means, I think, to insist on their being weighed again; but I snatch the niblick out of the bag, and he flies. Reach Barchester, where we change. My luggage at once seized and weighed. "Sevenpence more to pay, please." Why? Because train from Barchester is an express, for which there are extra luggage-rates.

Arrive at Starmouth at last; no sign of the two portmanteaus. Expostulate with station-master. He refers me to the form I signed in town, which explains that my luggage was taken "at reduced rates at passenger's risk." To have it conveyed at the "Company's risk" I should have paid about three times as much. Despatch telegrams and retire portmanteauless, blessing the modern luggage-system of our railways!

SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

(A Recollection of the Departed Dog Days.)

No neat hyperbole be mine,
 No metaphors for me,
 No wrapping round in phrases fine
 The truth for none to see.

A spade shall not be turned by verse
 To other than 'twas made,
 But there, for better or for worse,
 Shall figure as a spade.

I will not say that Heaven's heart
 To-day makes holiday,
 And, gently pierced by Cupid's dart,
 Expands beneath his sway.

No ligaments of speech I'll sprain,
 I'll turn no which to what,
 My meaning shall be clear and plain—
 "It's adjectively hot."

THE VANISHING SAILOR MEN.

THE lascars surrounded the strange-looking person. They were clean and neat, and quite sober. They had done their work on board and had come ashore.



"What are you staring at, you land-lubbers?" shouted the observed of all observers.

"At you," replied a lascar, politely raising his hat. "We have been all the world over and have never seen the like of you before."

"Shiver my timbers!" roared the observed. "But knock me down with a marling spike, but you are a strange lot. Why, only as I came along I heard a song a-praising me. And if you go into the theatres you will find the gallery a-roaring at me."

"Well, for all that," returned the lascars, "we don't know who or what you are."

"My eyes!" was the indignant response. "Likewise marling spikes and grappling irons! They don't deserve to have a shot in DAVY'S locker!"

"But who are you?"

"Who am I?" repeated the observed.

"Why, an old-fashioned British sailor."

"Thought you were something of that sort, and that's the reason why we have never met. We don't believe you exist!"

And the old-fashioned British sailor was convinced that he did not exist—except on paper.

FROM OUR VERY OWN.

(Quite exclusive, and very copyright.)

THE war is practically at an end, unless it begins again somewhere. You will remember that on June 5 I made my formal entry into Pretoria. Lord ROBERTS, with a few other privileged persons, was allowed to take part in the procession.

Since then nothing of great importance has occurred. In fact, I have been busily engaged in writing answers to telegrams of congratulation on my success. Owing, no doubt, to some break-down of the wires—which I shall investigate later—the only message which has reached me lately is one from yourself, telling me to remember the exorbitant cable tariff, and to cut my messages short. This I must decline to do. I know that the great heart of England throbs with pride when my messages are read. I will not deprive it of a single throb for mere pecuniary considerations. (And mind you print all this in leaded type, making a fresh paragraph of each sentence!)

Now that my answers to the delayed telegrams of congratulation are prepared, I am again ready for action. Consequently, important news may be looked for shortly.

A successful skirmish took place in the neighbourhood of Krügerdopper yesterday. But, as I have already written to the officer in command, it would have been still more effective had he had the elementary sense to deploy his rear-rank squadron in extended échelon of double line. I shall treat this matter fully in my forthcoming volume.

I dined off canned beef and tinned apricots last night. The third finger of my left hand is slightly blistered from exposure to the sun. Otherwise, considering the dreadful dangers and overwhelming responsibilities which I have had to bear, I am in tolerably good health. It is unfortunately the case, however, that I have lost my stylograph. Please cable on this startling item to the principal New York and Indian papers.

On reviewing the events of the past two months, I feel that I am hardly the person to express the profound admiration for the conduct of the campaign which every true Great Briton and Hibernian feels. It would be affectation to deny that my timely hints to our (so-called) leaders will prove to have been the main factor in bringing the war to a satisfactory conclusion. Many, I am aware, contend that absolutely the whole credit ought to be mine. Whatever my private belief, my conspicuous modesty compels me to disclaim this view in public. On the contrary, I wish to recognise most cordially the unselfish assistance in minor details given me by the army and its commanders. As a rule, they have carried out my suggestions with distinct intelligence.

I must end here to-day. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, I understand, declines to leave his house until my scheme for the future government of this country has been placed in his hands. Not wishing to prolong his anxiety, I will set to work to draft it at once.

Kindly inform the numerous corporations which, as I understand, are preparing Pens of Honour for me, that I shall be willing to accept these tributes on my return home.

A. C. D.

"TELL THAT TO THE MARINES!"

TELL the stout lions of our race,
Lions alike on shore and sea,
We hold them in the pride of place
Of freemen fighting to be free!
Fighting for all that men hold dear,
Their honour Britain's, and their
Queen's.
From land to land, from sea to sea, [three,
The "Joey" Guard with three times
The Empire gives this great, glad cheer.
Tell that to the Marines!

REGULATIONS FOR YEOMANRY OUT-POSTS.

(Aldershot Edition.)

1. NEVER recognise your enemy when you meet him on the road, in case you might be compelled to take him prisoner and so cause unpleasantness and unseemly disturbance.

2. Advanced guards should walk quietly and without ostentation into the enemy's main body, and be careful never to look behind bushes, trees, or buildings for an unobtrusive cyclist patrol. To do so might cause the enemy annoyance.

3. An advance guard, if surrounded, will surrender without noise or alarm. To make any would disturb the main body, who like to march in a compact and regular formation.

4. Never allow your common-sense to overcome your natural modesty so far as to induce you to report to a superior officer the presence of the enemy in force. You will only acquire a reputation for officiousness by doing so.

5. Always attack an enemy in front. It is unsportsmanlike and unprofessional to attack the flanks.

6. When retiring before an attack maintain as close a formation as the ground will admit of, and retire directly upon the main infantry support. You will thus expose yourselves to the fire of both your own friends and the enemy, and as blank cartridge hurts nobody it will add to the excitement of the operation.

7. It is more important to roll your cloaks and burnish your bits than to worry about unimportant details of minor tactics.

8. Since a solitary horseman never attracts the enemy's attention, be careful to take up a position in compact formation; to do so by files might escape observation.

9. When being charged by the enemy, go fours about and gallop for all you are worth; it is just

as agreeable to be prodded in the back as in the chest, and gives the enemy more satisfaction. To extend, or work to the flanks, might deprive your enemy of useful experience.

10. Never cast your eyes to the direction from which the enemy is not expected as that is the usual direction of his real attack, and it is not polite to spoil the arrangement of your friend the enemy.

11. Lastly, remember that the best motto for Yeomanry Troopers is "Point de Zèle."



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

V.—THE NEWSBOY.

"THE newsboy is a nuisance," so
The thoughtless people say.
"He comes along at dusk, you know,
And shrieks our life away."

O scant of wit, O foolish folk!
Repent ye and be wise;
And do not rashly yearn to choke
A blessing in disguise.

Let patience lend her noble help,
For patience is a gem;
The cure if news-purveyors yelp
Is cultivating phlegm.

Who meets the "hextry-speshull" yell
Serene and undismayed
Will never shrink from shot and shell
If England needs his aid.

So you should thankful be and glad,
And discipline your soul,
Since what you think will drive you mad
Is helpful on the whole.

One other detail by the way:
Unbacked by yelping youths,
How could the evening papers, pray,
Disseminate untruths?

Now falsehoods exercise our wit,
And keep us calm and cool;
They make us careful—just a bit,
And cautious—as a rule.

And if productive thus of good,
We must encourage those
Who spread them widely, as they should—
Why treat them as our foes?

But should your tortured nerves require
Peace, peace at any price,
You may accomplish your desire
By taking my advice.

Just catch the newsboy in the streets
(An easy thing, no doubt);
Then fill his mouth with sticky sweets,
And he may cease to shout. F. E.

"EXCEEDING SMALL."

(Questions that would have been asked had
the House been sitting.)

DID WILLIAM SNOOKS, letter-carrier of
Knockmedown, County Down, cut a black-
thorn walking-stick in his back-garden
with the sanction of the Postmaster-
General, before attending an Orange demon-
stration at Taranown; did he attend
the said Orange demonstration with the
permission of the Postmaster-General;
and was he present at the same demon-
stration with the said blackthorn walk-
ing-stick?

Is the plain gummed paper attached to
sheets of postage-stamps intended as a
substitute for sticking-plaster, and if so,
for what kind of cuts; how much does the
Post Office make a year through its rule
that, in repeating telegrams, any fractions
of a penny less than a half-penny are

charged as a half-penny; and how many
fractions of a penny in this event are less
than a half-penny?

Where were the buttons and button-
holes in the tunics of the Irish Constabu-
lary made; are there always the same
number of buttons as button-holes; and
were the button-holes made before the
tunic, or vice versa?

Will steps be taken to revive the Cornish
language, and to instruct an adequate
number of teachers of that form of speech;
and will the hon. Member for Bodmin be
recommended to defend his pro-Boer policy
to his constituents in the original tongue
of their ancestors?

Will Mr. KRUGER's whiskers, which are
understood to have been lately removed
by the Presidential barber, and to be
valued at £100, be secured for the British
nation; and will a telegram, to the effect

that "There's hair," be forwarded to
Major-General BADEN-POWELL?

Will General RUNDLE be advised to put
salt on the tail of DE WET's pony, and thus
induce his rider to remain within the
British cordon?

Are three glow-worms, each of one-third
candle power, as recently carried by a
cyclist at Winchester, a light within the
meaning of the Act? And under such
circumstances need the cyclist alight?

When is a gate not a gate? Is the "open
door" at the present moment a "nasty
jar"? And so on, and so on.

NAME AND SITUATION—THEATRICAL.—
Summer-like—Miss EVIE GREENE. Honey-
moonish—Miss ROSE DEARING. In the
Oyster Season—Madame ADELINA PATTI.
Popular with the "blades"—Miss KATH
CUTLER.



VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

"WELL, THEY'VE SERVED US OUT WITH SUN-HATS AT LAST; AN' NOW LOOK AT THIS!"



"TIP" NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

The Delamere-Browns, who have been spending their honeymoon trip in France, have just taken their seats on the steamer, agreeably conscious of smart clothes and general well-being, when to them enters breathlessly, Françoise, the "bonne" from the hotel, holding on high a very dirty comb with most of its teeth missing.

Françoise (dashing forward with her sweetest smile). "TIENS! J'ARRIVE JUSTE À POINT! VOILÀ UN PEIGNE QUE MADAME A LAISSÉ DANS SA CHAMBRE!" [Tableau!]

HER TRAGEDY.

A story for Modern Misses.

SHE sat on the sofa with her face set and pale, and her dark eyes dilated. The scented air of the boudoir seemed charged with weariness and disappointment. She murmured to herself occasionally some French idiom, when English would have expressed her meaning just as well. At last she stood up.

"Married for ten months—ten, awful months!" sighed the girl.

"You must take some step," said her friend.

"Yes, LULU, I shall—I mean to; but think of the bitterness I have endured. For ten weary months GEORGE has never given me a moment's uneasiness. Never once has he looked at any other woman. Whenever he has had a holiday, he has always taken me with him. And yet, I

haven't read GEORGE EGERTON, SARAH GRAND, and other novelists, without knowing that every husband is to be mistrusted. I was quite prepared for it. I had schemed out the most splendid epigrams, had thought out most novel and unexpected situations, in which I have excelled all other wives by my treatment. And now," she gave a sob, "he has spoilt it all! Where's the merit of my being amiable and affectionate, when he never gives me reason to be otherwise? It isn't fair of GEORGE not to give a girl a chance. I've been such a good wife, too, and do deserve a little dramatic colouring in my life!"

"Have you ever looked inside his desk?" asked LULU. "Probably his behaviour is merely a blind.

"Do you think so?" said the girl, brightening. "I will look at his desk. I know where his keys are."

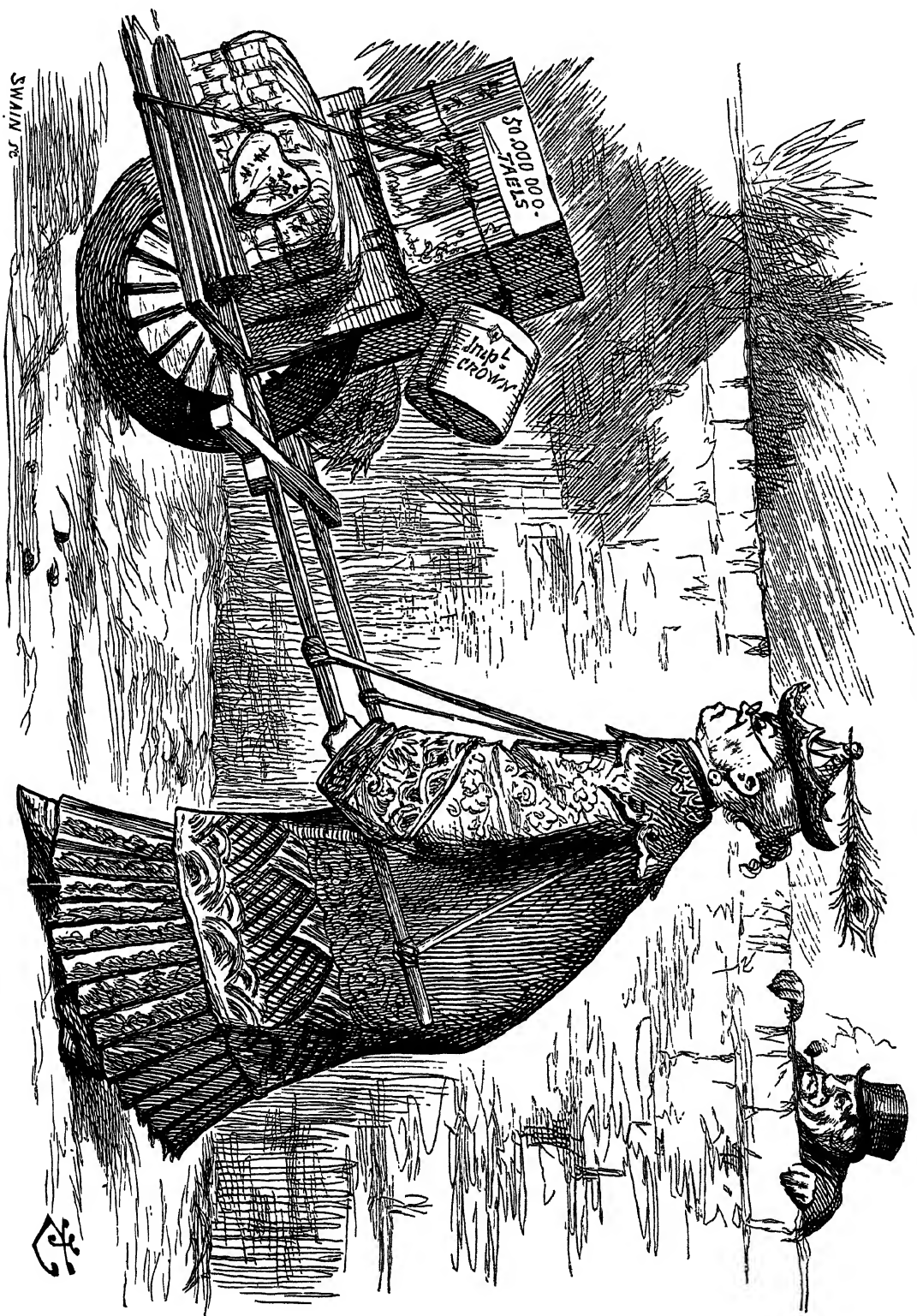
The desk was duly opened, and a bundle of papers disclosed themselves.

"Love-letters!" gasped the girl. "Oh, LULU, it's too good to be true. At last, my opportunity! No—too bad; they're *my own*. He has kept mine. It is simply scandalous. Ah! here's something that looks like bills."

"You've found it at last," said LULU; "depend on it, he's deeply in debt—speculates—gambles."

"Well, that's better than nothing," said the girl, a little mollified, as she turned over the pieces of paper. Then she uttered a piercing cry, and fell down in a swoon. LULU glanced hastily at the bills. *They were all receipted.*

"The man is infamous," she muttered, indignantly. "If married men won't live up, at any rate in some small measure, to modern fiction, how can they expect neurotic and hysterical women to be happy?"

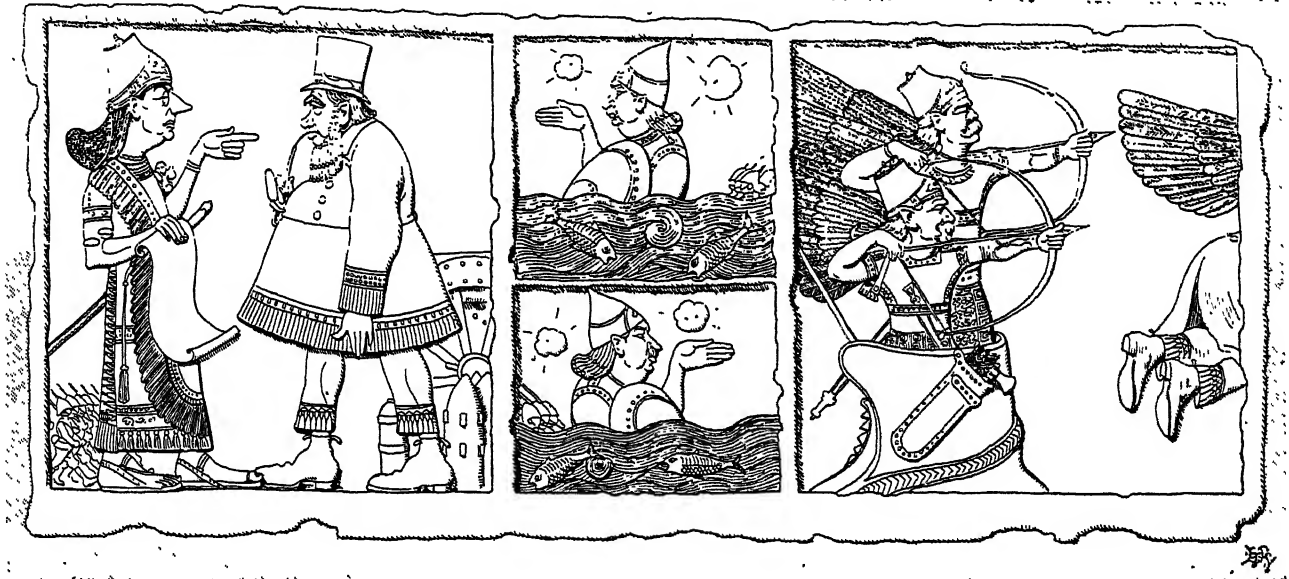


IN THE MOVEMENT.

OOM PAU. (to herself). "SHIFTING HER CAPITAL? MY IDEA!"

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MIPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.

Professor HILPRECHT, Scientific Director of the American Expedition, has discovered at Nippur, in Babylonia, an entire library containing probably 150,000 tablets of remote antiquity, and of the greatest historical interest. As it must of necessity take time before authorised translations of these can be given to the public, our artist has decided to give them a few samples to begin with. His knowledge of the cuneiform character is not extensive, but he has done his best.



FIRST FRAGMENT.

1. And in the sixty-third year of the reign of ER, on whose country the sun never sets, much trouble arose in the land of Oom.

2. Oompâl, the ancient Ruler,
3. receiver of bakshish,
4. the wearer of strange garments,
5. the teller of (two words missing here),

6. having the upper and lower foreigners in detestation,

7. did secretly assemble great stores of weapons of the latest fashion,

8. in the guise of stringed instruments,
9. and all things needful, in places best known to himself.

10. In the meanwhile he did speak in subtlety,

11. with the Satrap, Alphr-ad-Milnah in the gate,

12. the man of culture, lover of justice, born of the new journalism,

13. and they did sit and nothing came of it.

14. Then did Shuv-menâbar, the secretary of state,

15. whose eye looks through crystal,

16. Lord of the Midlands,
17. dweller in Bûr-menam,
18. maker of battles,
19. sweeper away of Opposition,
20. a red rag to his opponents,
21. then did he loose the armies of the Tômis, the thousands of the Khaki-Tuniks, who are as the dust of the desert,
22. who cover the ocean like a cloud.

23. Then the Chiefs of Pêl-Mêl,
24. disregards of forelocks,
25. did send to the ends of the earth for horses and for mules,

26. for corn and for fodder.

27. Then Redvaz-bula, the mighty chieftain . . . did take ship and Ton-al-Karri did set him on his way, and

28. great generals without number, and
29. the enemy played ant-sahalli with them for many weeks,

30. and the dwellers in the streets, the readers of the *dailis*, the wearers of the silk hat, were precious sick.

31. Then did they send the great Jinrâl,

32. the marcher of marches,

33. the maker of records,

34. the Lord of Kandahar, and with him

35. Kitj-en-Ur, the sunburnt,

36. the master of traffic,

37. the Lord of Omdurman,

38. the collector of craniums.

39. And on their heads they did it

40. between them.

41. And Oompâl, sitting by the lions at his gate,

42. felt ill at ease, as the enemy drew near.

43. The Omanri, and the men of the Sîti were as a last straw.

44. Bit-tûthik,

45. and his consort besought him and counselled him wisely

46. that the sands were running out, and spoke words of discretion.

47. Then they brought forth the gold in bars and all other available and conceivable assets,

48. and much palm-oil,

49. the accumulation of years,

50. and the sun - pictures of Lenâd-Kortni and En-ri Labu-shér, which did hang in his parlor,

51. then did his Honour make tracks like a bird.

A FABLE.

AN archer who, in quest of game,
His shafts at eagles used to aim,
Finding his arrows did not hit
For lack of feathers that were fit,
And hearing such as those he sought
Could at the eagle's nest be bought
Went thither with demeanour bold
To ask if feathers there they sold.

One eagle, then, a youthful bird,
At his demand at first demurred

(His mind was small, his vision narrow),
Seeing the archer's pointed arrow.
But an old eagle with derision
Treated the other's indecision;
Enumerating each objection
Against the fallacy "protection."
Proving, as plainly as could be,
That trade in feathers should be free.
And thus the man's request was granted—
He got the feathers that he wanted.

The upshot was—one day they found
A stricken eagle on the ground;
And that the shaft that pierced his breast
Was winged with feathers from his nest.
Thus was the man's demand supplied,
And thus a staunch Free-trader died.

MORAL.

When your supply of steam-coal fails,
Russia or France, apply to Wales.



IRISH.

SCENE—Cottage in West of Ireland during a rain-storm.

Tourist. "WHY DON'T YOU MEND THOSE BIG HOLES IN THE ROOF?"

Pat. "WUD YOUR HONOUR HAYE ME GO OUT AN' MEND IT IN ALL THIS RAIN?"

Tourist. "NO. BUT YOU COULD DO IT WHEN IT IS FINE."

Pat. "SHURE, YOUR HONOUR, THERE'S NO NEED TO DO IT THIN!"

STUDIES IN SMALL ZOOLOGY.

THE HOUSE FLY.

No one has determined the good traits of the House Fly. He appears to be totally devoid of any virtuous instincts. From his birth he is a freebooter of the most irreclaimable character. Nothing is sacred from his onslaughts. He commandeers all eatables with loathsome gluttony, and sooner than permit you to drink in peace he will without more ado drown himself in your glass. It is, indeed, the cruel character of the House Fly which is so repellent to the respectable human biped. He is a NERO in his methods of torture. For instance, in the early morning, possibly after a sleepless night, you are at last beginning to doze. The

House Fly, who has been watching you from his eyrie on the ceiling, swoops down as you are closing your weary eyes and screeches some opprobrious epithets in an unknown tongue in your ear. This he does out of sheer malice.

In the same way and for the same reason he will deliberately use the bald patch on your head for a ball-room or a skating rink, though there are Saharas of space elsewhere, whereon he might disport himself. Should he perceive that your hands are occupied, he takes a diabolical delight in settling on your nose; and in this manner of persecution has driven actors on the stage, nurses with babies in their arms, cornet players and pianists into well-nigh frantic desperation. The evil-minded insect rejoices when opportunity arises of

creeping up the sleeves of coats and the legs of trousers, and of perching on the shoulders of Court ladies even when in the presence of their Sovereign.

A frivolous creature to boot, who will dance endless quadrilles with his fellows or run races up and down the walls and window-panes, instead of earning his living like the industrious bee or the enterprising ant. A ne'er-do-well and a rapsallion. No wonder that the lordly eagle will not condescend to devour this thorough-paced little ruffian.

LEX OMNIBUS UNA.

My Lords, if we recall the day
When we were boys at Eton,
We all can recollect the way
That we were flogged and beaten;
And that rough path which then we trod
A striking proof affords
Of this great maxim—spare the rod
And spoil the House of Lords.

Now I, my Lords, would guarantee
The very poorest boy
The selfsame privileges we,
The upper ten, enjoy;
And for the pauper infant I
Would have the policeman do
What's done for duke and marquis by
The young athletic "Blue."

What! shall there be one law for rich,
Another for the poor?
Shall DIVES only taste the switch,
The little epicure,
While LAZARUS gets nothing? No!
Let's flog them all, say I!
My Lords, *ho me dareis anthro-
pos ou paiduetai.*

MILITARY SURGERY.

DEAR FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH,—In a telegram from the seat of war this week, I find the following obscure passage. "General BLANK held the enemy's main body whilst General DASH carried out his movements." Knowing your skill in tactics, may I ask if you can explain this to me either verbally or pictorially? Used in contradistinction to his main body, I presume the enemy's "movements" must be his limbs, and if all four were carried out by this barbarous General, it would be certainly a feat of arms, and the movement might be said to be al-leg-ro. Nothing is said as to whether the enemy survived this fearful operation depriving him of his members, but it may be a case of a truncated despatch. Then, where were the movements carried out to? If the presumption stated above be correct, I infer it must have been to the region of limbo, but the army in Flanders never practised such lopsided manoeuvres.

Yours respectfully,
CORPORAL TRIM.

"WHERE TO GO."

No. VII.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having sent a telegram to my wife, informing her of the fact that I had missed the last train from Scagnass, I went in pursuit of an old-fashioned hotel to stay the night, and having been successful I partook of a light meal and proceeded to explore the town. It consisted mainly of a row of shops; several announced (on large cards in the window) that tea and cake was obtainable for sixpence ahead, and the other shops contained fancy articles, such as boxes made of shells and china mugs with gold lettering to remind you of your visit to Scagnass. As if anyone would wish to be reminded of it. I strolled to the pier, where a notice was put up to the effect that a "confetti" concert was being held. I had heard of a "sacred" concert," but a "confetti" concert was new to me. I paid my sixpence, and passed through the turnstile. The pier was crowded to excess. A Corporation band was playing, evidently against each other. They were certainly playing in different time and very indifferent tune. The people were roaring with laughter and shouting, yet in all this mob I was feeling very lonely, and the thought that I had already spent most of the money we had saved for our holiday made me feel very miserable.

While thus brooding over my troubles, three young girls with short dresses and white yachting caps came close to me, and one of them thrust a bag full of bits of coloured paper in my face, and shouted in my ear "You ain't a-laughing." They certainly made up for my lack of merriment. When they had passed I observed I was literally covered with little bits of paper resembling wafers, about the size of the puncture of a 'bus ticket. I turned round to expostulate, when another roistering party sent a volley of the obnoxious stuff down my throat, nearly choking me. Half blinded, I made my way off the pier as rapidly as I could, and took refuge in the smoking-room of the "Admiral Rodney" hotel. A genial commercial traveller explained to me that the confetti concert was the modern kind of seaside amusement. We had a glass or two of whiskey together, and I retired to bed; but not to sleep. If I was worried on the pier, I was more worried in the night, and several times wished I was staying at one of the modern hotels; for, with all their faults, they are scrupulously clean.

The guide-book informs one that the "Rodney," then called the 'Flask,' was the last hotel in which this famous admiral slept previous to his departure for the Baltic." I only hope that the battles he had at sea weren't worse than the fight he must have had on land, for if his last night

on shore was anything like what I endured, it was pretty active, and no enemy could have attacked him more persistently than the army with which I had to cope. Whether it was owing to the want of sleep, or the want of whisky the previous night, I observed, wherever I looked, little black specks and small threads, like spiders' webs, rising and falling in front of my eyes, which, however, I am glad to say, soon disappeared after I had proceeded a few miles on my bicycle.

The first place I made for was Grange Farm, the owner of which advertised in the railway book that apartments could be obtained in "a delightful old farmhouse, with every home comfort, with fine wooded scenery, close to the sea, and magnificent trout fishing." After turning down many wrong roads and private turnings, I at last arrived at Grange



["Dr. MIGUEL has discovered that germs live to an advanced age."—*Weekly Paper*.]

A COUPLE OF "OLD 'UNS," SEEN THROUGH MR. PUNCH'S MICROSCOPE.

Farm. It was certainly five or six miles from the sea, and the rooms were very dark, but the promise of fine trout fishing compensated for a little discomfort and possible inconvenience.

In answer to my inquiry as to whether the trout river ran through the grounds, or whether it was some little distance, you may imagine the disappointment I felt on receiving the following answer from the landlady: "That the trout fishing, which was reckoned the best in the county, was at Scrobbleby Hall, and was strictly private; but her husband, who was a friend of one of the keepers, might be able to get a day's fishing when the family were away."

I looked over another farm-house near the sea; but the chief bed-room had the disadvantage of having the windows on the floor, so that to get the light whilst shaving I should have to lie down on the ground. The room was horribly dark, and

the thought that I might be taken ill there, and the village doctor ordering me to keep to my room for a month, made me eager to mount my bicycle, which I did, and was soon in the train, saying goodbye for ever to Scagnass; and the only news I had for my wife was, that our little holiday fund was pretty nearly exhausted and the farm-house excursion was a dismal failure.

My wife having taken my coat to shake the dust from it, to my disgust, as well as as her's, the carpet was suddenly strewn with "confetti," which came from every pocket and fold of my coat; and in a contemptuous and somewhat suspicious manner she said, "Is this how you've been looking for Farm-House Apartments?"

Yours, etc.,

"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."

REFLECTIONS.

(Echoed from the Front.)

WHEN, with my military art,
To trap the wily Boers I start,
Why do they suddenly depart?
I wonder.

When cavalry I send to scout
And tell me what the foe's about,
Why can they never find it out?
I wonder.

When after-dinner actions I
Devise for capturing them, why
Will they not wait for me to try?
I wonder.

When BOBS'S barque is seen to scud
Before the wind on Fortune's flood,
Why is mine sticking in the mud?
I wonder.

ON ARTIFICIAL THIRST.

(Report of a Lecture that was never delivered.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—My object this afternoon is to teach you in a short time that all sorts of spirituous liquours are distinctly dangerous. I have gone to the classics for a precedent. No doubt you will remember that the Helots were engaged to show, by their drunkenness, the horrors of drink to the younger branches of their masters' families. I will now take a small glass of whiskey. And I may say that I do this not because I am thirsty. No, my thirst is artificial. I drink the whiskey.

You see the 'mediate 'fect. 'Clination to cut syllable, but thoughts fairly steady. Will now try a taste of brandy. Good brandy. After whiskey and brandy things get rather mixed. Not able to walk straight. Try rum. Six feet of rum. Ha, ha, ha! Very com'cal! Doosid fun-fun-funny!

Thank, ladies and gemmen. Much obliged for 'tention! Very 'teegued! Going home to be-bed. Not going to take off my boots.

[End of the lecture.]



Bernard Partridge fec.

EXT morning, at breakfast, I suggested getting under way. Mrs. GOB-

BLEDDOWN sighed, and said she supposed it couldn't

be helped. Thought this hardly cheerful way of commencing cruise. BAA LAMB also sighed, and supposed it was inevitable. Dismal people, these. Both ladies seem to think that yachting consists in lying at anchor in Southampton Water. Admiral observed that he would go on deck, and give Skipper a wrinkle or two upon the hoisting of the mainsail. Would sooner have fired a powder magazine myself, and trembled at thought of the explosion that was sure to follow. GOBBLEDOWN volunteered to "give 'em a pull on the halliards." Wished he wouldn't, but didn't like to say anything. Proceeded on deck, and consulted with Skipper; we agreed to run down to the Needles, and then return and anchor off Ryde for the night. Met *Agrippa*, who had annexed the bacon intended for our breakfast an hour or so beforehand. The dog was up in the bows, endeavouring to make the only restitution possible under the circumstances. Directed Steward's attention to him, and went below. GOBBLEDOWN in saloon, in act of opening bottle of Bass, though he had hardly finished eating his breakfast. He invited me to share it with him—very hospitable sort of man GOBBLEDOWN, after all. True, it's *my* Bass, but still—Am sure he means well. On my return to the deck, find Admiral and Skipper in hot controversy as to whether mainsail should be "ridden down" or hoisted in ordinary way. Endeavour to pacify them. Skipper touches his cap sulkily, and goes forrard, muttering that "these naval gents thinks they knows everything," whilst ROUSTABOUT turns reproachful glance on me and says that it surprises him how any sensible

man can employ such a dunder-headed idiot for a skipper. So pleasant, all this. Offer him a cigar, which keeps him quiet for a little. Then GOBBLEDOWN, full of bottled beer and maritime ardour, appears on deck, closely followed by BUSKIN. GOBBLEDOWN jumps about, treads on *Agrippa*, who had not up to that period quite completed his disembarking operations, lets go a rope in an unexpected quarter, and brings down foresail upon the Skipper's head with tremendous violence. Skipper looks unutterable things at him. Anchor got in at last, and mainsail hoisted. GOBBLEDOWN rushes to helm, and puts it hard over. Skipper yells frantically to him to "let her come!" Too late; and we graze a schooner lying close to us, grinding half the paint off her quarter as we slip by. Greatest good fortune that we did not sink her at her moorings.

Admiral shrieked out, "Whathedevilareyouat! Why, you son of a sea-cook, you ugly swab of a—"

Rest lost upon GOBBLEDOWN, who hurriedly resigned helm and retreated below. We were under way at last, and swishing along towards Netley. Thought I would go down and fetch the ladies up on deck. Knocked softly at door of ladies' cabin.

"I wish you'd take this absurd indiarubber bath out of the cabin, Steward," came a tart voice from within. "It's always in the way, and I think your master must have been mad to have ever had such a ridiculous thing here. Twice this morning I rolled out of it whilst trying to bathe."

I retreated softly, and sent the Steward aft.

Just as we emerged from Southampton Water and dipped into the wavelets of the Solent, both ladies came on deck. I got them comfortable wicker chairs, and ten minutes later we went about. "Lee, oh!" called the Skipper, and the boom coming inboard rather suddenly knocked poor BUSKIN flat on his face. He scrambled on to his legs again, and tried to look as if he liked it.

The Admiral, standing with feet spread wide apart and hands in pockets, stared up at topsail and then at me.

"She's precious slow in stays," he grunted, in a dissatisfied tone.

"Of corset's slow in stays!" said BUSKIN, thinking to score a joke with this time-honoured "chestnut."

Nobody laughed, whilst Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN and BAA LAMB looked severely, almost menacingly, at the jester. Gloomy silence ensued. Began to wish I hadn't asked BUSKIN. He seemed to think he had been specially invited for the purpose of saying something funny, and that knowledge appeared to be oppressing him. All the morning he tried to justify his reputation as a humourist; but his great effort, *i.e.* inducing the unsuspecting Admiral to sit down upon *Agrippa*, was not an unqualified success. He relapsed into a gentle melancholy until luncheon time, and then, under the influence of bottled beer, sherry, and a couple of glasses of port, he exclaimed jovially, as he helped BAA LAMB to mint sauce, "Mary had a little lamb!" and was again met by severe frowns from the person addressed and her Aunt. After this, he devoted himself assiduously to the good things of the table and spoke no more.

We sailed eastwards until about abreast of Bembridge; then turned and ran down to Cowes, and thence crossed to Southampton Water again. Enjoyed the trip whenever I could manage to steer clear of Admiral's dissatisfaction, BUSKIN's jokes, BAA LAMB's mute, reproachful eyes and GOBBLEDOWN's blatant voice. But for these drawbacks, really quite a nice day.

As soon as we let go our anchor, I sent gig ashore for letters. Found they had been sent on to Swanage—most vexing, this.

Beyond an approach to a row between GOBBLEDOWN and the Admiral at dinner, all passed off smoothly that evening.

At 7.30 next morning I went overboard, as usual, and was greatly enjoying my swim when a "stage whisper" from BUSKIN—who, unable to swim himself, lounged over the bulwarks, smoking a cigarette—warned me that trouble was brewing. Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN, after a sleepless night, had dressed early and come up on deck. Most embarrassing situation for me. Vowed I would never again have women on the yacht. Mrs. G. settled herself down in deck-chair to read book. I continued, perforce, in water. Signed to BUSKIN to get her away. BUSKIN signed that such a thing was impossible. I signed back that BUSKIN was a d—ecidedly stupid ass. How long this would have continued, and whether I should have ended my days in a watery grave or not, I cannot say, but at last Mrs. G., looking up from her book, suddenly realised position of affairs. She jumped up, and saying in audible tones "Perfectly disgraceful!" betook herself, in high dudgeon, to her own cabin again. Then I emerged, blue and shivering, and hurriedly rushed down companion to my berth and the comforts of a rough towel.

Breakfasted alone, as nerves not sufficiently braced to encounter Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN. Am sure she told BAA LAMB all about it, too. We got under way, and ran down the West Channel for Swanage. Outside the Needles rather a choppy sea running. BUSKIN was extra facetious up to this point, and had so far succeeded in his efforts to amuse that I had distinctly smiled twice, whilst even the Admiral condescended to say that he thought him—BUSKIN—the greatest fool he ever saw. This was praise indeed from such a source. Encouraged by this, BUSKIN was just about to attempt a practical joke on

GOBBLEDOWN when he seemed to change his mind—as he certainly did his colour—and ceased his flow of conversation. *Isolde* careened over beautifully as the breeze freshened, and then went right into a big sea with a "smack" which shook us from stem to stern. When I turned round to shake the water out of my shirt collar—I felt rather like a rain-water pipe—BUSKIN had disappeared. In horror I rushed for a lifebuoy, but the Admiral arrested me with the words, jerked out in one unpunctuated grunt:

"Sillifoolsickangoneb'low."

We saw nothing of the ladies (for which, in view of the bathing episode, I was not sorry) nor of BUSKIN, until six o'clock that evening, ten minutes after anchoring in the comparatively smooth water of Swanage Bay. Then, at intervals, appeared three more or less seagreen faces, up the companion. BUSKIN was the first to recover his spirits, and after a turn or two on deck, unblushingly said that he had enjoyed the sail immensely. Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN, more frank, insisted upon my sending her and BAA LAMB ashore at once, saying that she had "never been so treated in her life before." As if I, personally, had been responsible for the choppiness of the sea. Ordered gig, and took them both off without delay. GOBBLEDOWN only laughed and said *he* shouldn't go ashore, thus deftly letting me in for engaging rooms for the night on behalf of his wife and niece at the hotel.

Walked up to hotel, two of the hands following with dress baskets and other trifles. All rooms engaged. Chartered cab and drove round to other hotel on far side of bay. Secured rooms here, after much parleying. Meantime my men had gone back to yacht, under impression that I also was staying the night ashore. Most annoying this, as when I returned to pier no boat was available to take me off. Walked to end of pier, and then saw, to my intense disgust, *Isolde* making her way out of the bay and turning down for the west. Wind had come on to blow harder, and being now dead on shore doubtless Skipper thought he was not safe lying there. Very right and praiseworthy, and all that, but d—ecidedly annoying at same time. As I knew he would make for Portland, I went into hotel, ordered whisky and soda and consulted time-table. Found that by leaving Swanage in half-an-hour I could get to Portland some time before midnight. Not encouraging, but no alternative. Called for letters at Post Office, and found they had been sent to Ryde.

Arrived Portland 11.45 p.m. No chance of getting off to yacht, and had to knock up people at small inn to obtain bed for night. As I had no luggage, was evidently regarded with certain amount of suspicion. No brushes, no sponge, no sleeping garments, no anything at all. Turned in, feeling thoroughly miserable.

Up at six next morning. Determined to go down to shore and see if *Isolde* had come in. Met landlord on stairs, who said that as I hadn't any luggage he'd be danged if he let me leave the house without paying my bill. Wish looks could have withered this man, but he was apparently unwitherable. Paid, in silent disgust, and left.

Highly delighted to see *Isolde* at anchor behind breakwater. Bawled "*Isolde*, ahoy!" until my throat ached. Then, at last, they heard me and sent boat ashore. So pleased to get on board again that I forgot my past sorrows. GOBBLEDOWN—who is

secretly afraid of his wife—insisted that we should return to Swanage to fetch the ladies, and although most anxious to get away west I had to consent. Wind blowing half a gale.

"We're going to have a bit of a dusting getting up to Swanage, 'specially through the Race," says the Skipper, somewhat lugubriously. "Foul wind all the way, too."

"Bah!" grunts the Admiral, "call this anything but a capful of wind! Why, when I commanded the old *Ariadne*—"

"Old 'Arry *who*?" asks BUSKIN facetiously, and the Admiral, with a snarl, turns on his heel and goes below.

Well, the Skipper was right. We *did* have a "bit of a dusting," as he put it. I thought the little ship would roll the masts out of her! Harder and harder it blew. Whilst I was in my berth for a minute or two, she gave one great roll which brought down a perfect shower of tooth-brushes, hair-brushes nail-brushes and clothes brushes about my ears, whilst boots, scissors, combs, and articles of clothing flew all over the cabin. Another roll, quickly followed by a pitch right into it, in which we were fairly "nose under," produced direful sounds from saloon and galley, telling of widespread ruin to the crockery around. Groans from BUSKIN'S berth mingled freely with the shrieking of the wind through our rigging. Luckily we had our topmast housed, three reefs in the mainsail, and only a storm-jib set.

At one o'clock I went below to see what the Steward could do for us in the way of luncheon (cooking, with such a sea running, being out of the question). Found GOBBLEDOWN seated on floor of saloon, tenderly embracing large bottle of Bass, and making frantic efforts to regain possession of corkscrew, which had, for the moment, eluded him, and slid along the sharply sloping plane whereon he sat. Admiral and I slipped and climbed alternately to sofa by swing-table. GOBBLEDOWN took chair opposite, and Steward, by almost miraculous balancing feat, just avoided standing on his head whilst placing salad, captain's biscuits, jam, and tin of sardines before us. Dismal sounds from BUSKIN'S berth fully explained that no-longer-mercurial gentleman's absence. Admiral held out tumbler to GOBBLEDOWN, who was "engineering" the bottle of claret, and in endeavouring to fill glass GOBBLEDOWN lost his footing and shot the claret full into gallant officer's face. In order to save himself from falling, GOBBLEDOWN dropped the bottle and grabbed hold of the swing-table. No yachtsman requires to be told what happened then—away went everything in one wild, awful stampede. The next moment, the Steward had rushed to the rescue, and the sight that met his eyes was a startling one.

The Admiral, speechless, and gasping for breath, had dropped back on the sofa, dripping claret from all over his head and face, whilst the whole of the sardines and about half the oil pertaining to them had been shot into his lap. GOBBLEDOWN, on the other side of what, a minute before, had been a table, but which was now only an inverted shelf, was sitting in the

salad, and rubbing his head with a captain's biscuit. I was endeavouring to rid myself of the generous allowance of jam then plastering the front of my waistcoat. And all three were vigorously shouting for the Steward to render us aid.

An hour later, after I had changed and gone on deck, the Skipper staggered up to me and shouted in my ear—for the noise of the gale drowned every other sound—"No good goin' on, Sir; better give it up, and run back while we can." Last words ominous, and gave me pause. Felt rather alarmed. "Better up helm and run back, I say," he added grimly. I assented immediately.

Two hours later, we had once more passed behind Portland Breakwater and were safe. That night our dinner was of a very sketchy description. Nearly every bit of crockery on board had been smashed. Tinned soup was served out of two teacups. I waited whilst the Admiral used his cup; the Steward then took it away, washed it and brought it in again for me. We were one plate short for the meat, and everybody was in a thorough bad humour.

Next morning I arose, my mind big with a bold resolve. After a hurried and secret consultation with the Skipper, I said to my guests at breakfast time:

"I am so sorry that our cruise must end here. You see, we got a bit damaged in yesterday's storm and shall have to stay where we are and refit. Later on in the season, perhaps I may see you all here again—or I may not," I added quietly, to myself.

The Admiral—so frank of him!—at once said that he was not sorry; he felt no confidence sailing with such a fool as my Skipper. BUSKIN, after his second bout of sea-sickness, solemnly swore that nothing should ever tempt him to leave *terra cotta* (BUSKIN'S "Jokese" for *terra firma* this) again. GOBBLEDOWN alone swore that he would not desert me; but I caused the Steward, a little later on, to drop him a hint that the supply of champagne had run out, and that proved quite effective. He left with the rest.

It will be some time before that party again assembles on board *Isolde*.

Fox, Russell



A PROBLEM.

Bobbie (with a sigh, after struggling for a quarter of an hour with his Father's hair-brushes).
 "I SAY, FATHER, HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO GET YOUR PARTING SO NAKED?"

QUID FLES, ASTERIE?

LOVELY DAPHNE, wherefore sadly mope
 When the peace your Damon will restore you,
 Free from wounds and sickness, let us hope—
 Young and ever constant to adore you?
 On the freezing veldt through many a night
 Shelterless beneath the stars he's lying,
 After tedious march and stubborn fight,
 Sleeplessly and sorrowfully sighing.
 Or perchance he lies on fevered bed
 (As their wiles the restless patient curses—
 Drooping glance, feigned sigh, with aching head,
 Suffering many things of lady "nurses."
 All in vain; he turns a deafened ear;
 Nothing from his plighted faith can tear him.
 Rather your own danger you should fear;
 Strephon, gentle DAPHNE—ah! beware him.
 He can ride and shoot; his rivals own
 He is brave, and graceful and athletic,
 And his voice, a decent baritone,
 Is what girls describe as "sympathetic."
 Ah, then, DAPHNE, let your heart be barred,
 As his lovesick pleadings grow still stronger,
 Lest for pity, when he calls you hard,
 Haply he may find you so no longer.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

The Colonial Secretary.

To the polls! to the polls! while the battle still rolls,
 And people are dreaming of glory,
 And nobody mentions such matters as pensions,
 Or hints a suggestion about the drink question
 Or such parochial story.
 Come, patriots, come! with trumpet and drum!
 Khaki's the only wear, boys!
 To the polls! to the polls! while the battle still rolls—
 'Tis time that we were there, boys.

The Prime Minister.

Why are you so unrestful, JOE?
 Why come you interfering,
 Upsetting the nation with claptrap oration?
 I want to be quiet. I hate all the riot
 Of your electioneering.
 With a year's more rest we might have been blest,
 And saved this tiresome pother;
 It's useless denying that you are most trying—
 I wish you wouldn't bother.

The Lost Leader.

I shudder to think that we stand on the brink
 Of immediate Dissolution,
 For the Party I lead will be melted indeed
 Till none can detect it, if people subject it
 To further diminution.

Yet, things are at present extremely unpleasant—
 We might become more hearty—
 When this question revolving my views are dissolving,
 Just like the poor old Party.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Compleat Batchelor (JOHN MURRAY) my Baronite finds just delicious. It is small wonder that necessity was found for reprinting it within the month of its publication. The humour is subtle, kindly, never strained. Character is drawn with a delicate yet firm hand. Best of all studies in the lightsome gallery is that of the Compleat Batchelor himself. Whilst he seems diligently employed in sketching others he is, apparently, unconsciously revealing his inner self. This, truly, is high art.

The Wallace Collection in Hertford House (CASSELL & CO.), by M. H. SPIELMANN, is an exceedingly interesting brochure. The accomplished Editor of the *Magazine of Art* gives the story of the Wonderful Wallace Collection from start to finish. The faithful "Co." of the Baron thinks no better guide could be secured than he who, as historian of *Punch*, has proved that he knows all that can be known of art. Mr. SPIELMANN's little volume will be invaluable to those who visit Hertford House.

BARON DE B.-W.

APPROPRIATE.—Over the front door of the demolished Opera Comique appeared last week the inscription, "A GOOD TIME." Without doubt the very best good time, when the L.C.C. paid £40,000 compensation to the owners.



Kitty. "IS YOUR WOUND SORE, MR. PUP?"

Mr. Pup. "WOUND! WHAT WOUND?"

Kitty. "WHY, SISTER SAID SHE CUT YOU AT THE DINNER LAST NIGHT!"

"WHERE TO GO."

NO. VIII.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is very seldom that good news and bad news come together, but it has on the occasion of which I am writing. I was feeling very wretched at having spent the money we had put by for our holiday, and was wondering what we should do, when I received a letter containing £40 in bank-notes from an old school-fellow I had lent £20 to twenty years ago, when I was scarcely of age.

I was fairly astonished, I assure you,

for it is the first time I have ever had money returned to me that has been borrowed; but paying five per cent. for the loan of it for twenty years is surely, Sir, nothing short of a miracle.

My wife was so pleased that the unpleasantness of last week was eclipsed, and she suggested that I should go off again in search of "farm-house apartments" near Wilton, of which a friend had spoken highly. I arrived at Wilton after a very long and expensive journey, and biked to Appledore Farm, a distance of some five miles. Appledore Farm is

certainly very beautifully situated, quite the kind of place one sees in a Christmas Number picture, though it was rather overlooked by a high building which I thought a pity to have built so close to such a pretty old house.

A lady and her son showed me over the premises, and I must say the interior was as attractive as the exterior. I think, perhaps, I exhibited too much keenness and approval, for the mother said I should have to pay a deposit of £5 as she didn't know me, and she had half-promised an American family the letting. I gave her £5 and she said she guaranteed the rooms should be kept for me. Having at last been successful, I wired the result to my wife, and told her I should return home by the 6.50 train. I felt, after my success, I was justified in dining comfortably at the Commercial Hotel, which I did in companionship of several pleasant commercial travellers.

We shared a bottle of very good port, and afterwards played a game of pool, at which I lost half a sovereign. However, that is neither here nor there. Without being facetious, I may say it's not *here*.

They asked me if I was "on the road," and I replied, "Yes, on the road to seek farm-house apartments," and was happy to say I had been most successful.

They all knew the neighbourhood well, but when I mentioned Appledore Farm, I observed they looked at each other and whistled. I asked what was the matter. One of them said, "What price Lavender Water?" and another said, "Cock-a-doodle-do!!"

I took it good-naturedly, and said, "I suppose, gentlemen, you wish to convey to me that the house is haunted; but neither myself nor family will be frightened at a ghost."

One said, "It wasn't the question of a ghost; it was more a matter of bones;" and, on pressing him for an explanation, it was explained to me that, though Appledore Farm was a most charming place, the big building close to it was a bone factory, where bones from the butchers for miles round were being boiled down all day long.

This certainly was a most unpleasant surprise, but I assured them I had not observed any smell; but one of the commercial gentlemen said, "No, because the wind is in the west. Wait till it veers round, and then, believe me, Sir, the smell is enough to stop a 'bus!'"

I thanked them for having told me, and in another twenty minutes I was at Appledore Farm, telling the lady and son what I had heard, and asking for the return of my £5 deposit. This they absolutely refused to do, as they said they had wired to the American family, telling them the rooms were all let. Expostulation was useless. The son said, "Possession was nine points of the law. But I could

sue them for it, if I liked." Just at this moment the wind must have changed, for anything more appalling than the awful smell that suddenly assailed my nostrils it would be impossible to imagine; it was overpowering!

I was only too eager to mount my bicycle, which having accomplished with some difficulty, owing to the lumpiness of the grass mounds, I was again unfortunate enough to just miss the last train, and it was too late to send a wire. I returned to the inn, and thanked my companions for their valuable tip in time.

I was persuaded to play Bridge Whist, and regret to say lost £3. Therefore, in all, I am £9 17s. out of pocket, and no nearer the object for which I came.

Yours truly,

"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."

THE "DECLINE" OF POETRY—WITH THANKS!

A MINOR poet in a glade
Chanced upon a thoughtless maid,
And in shaky verses said;
"Whence, oh, maiden, have you strayed?"
With a vacant look did she
Answer his poor poetry.

"Stay!" the rhymer cried, in fear
Lest the girl should disappear.
"Who art thou? What dost thou here?
Have we met before, my dear?"
For the rhymer thought—thought he
She is just the girl for me.

And the maiden, dull and drear,
Answered slowly with a leer,
"I'm a Queen"—then bending near—
"Of the Commonplace Idea!"
"I inspire," whispered she,
"All your minor poetry!"

"Long," cried he, "your slave I've been!
Oft in dreams thy face I've seen!
Oh, stay, that I, my dearest queen,
May put you in a magazine!
And the world, when you they see,
Shall exclaim: 'What poetry!'"

HOW TO WRITE A SUCCESSFUL NOVEL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read so many complaints from unsuccessful fiction writers that I venture, with all philanthropic good wishes, to give my experiences to those less fortunate brethren and sisters who cultivate the flowers of romance. I began, as no doubt they did, by calling my powers of imagination into service, but with lamentable results, according to that infallible authority, my Publisher. He suggested more *commencement de siècle* life, and plenty of what he termed "photography in print."

After some trouble in curtailing my propensity for invention, I succeeded in producing a book, which was simply a record of realism with its thinly-veiled names of the doings of my friends and acquaintances.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

IN PUNTING, A GOOD STRONG POLE IS TO BE RECOMMENDED TO THE BEGINNER.

I mean the doings which they did not want recorded. I will not give the name of this so-called romance, because it now needs no advertisement, but I may tell you that a "Key" to the characters, issued privately in limited numbers, at a guinea a copy, has been, financially, most gratifying.

I care little for the fact that I had to take my name off the books of two clubs, that I have been threatened with nine actions for libel (all unfortunately nipped in the bud by the fear of scandal), that I have been twice unpleasantly chastised, and have been cut by sundry thin-skinned individuals, for the excellent reason that

my novel has been a GREAT PECUNIARY PRODIGY. I am not in the least ashamed of having brought out skeletons from family vaults, thrown suspicion on tender-hearted persons, blackened reputations, and generally abused the rights and wrongs of hospitality. I only know that I have a handsome balance at my bankers, and that I have awoken to find myself infamous. Still, had I lacked a charitable leaning towards less fortunate scribblers, I should not have penned this letter without the slightest feeling of remorse.

Yours, in clover,

Pharos Lodge.

PHILIP FLASHMAN.

THE POET'S SONG.



I LOVE to walk 'neath
sylvan glades
In evenings calm
and still,
I love to scamper o'er
the meads
Past rivulet and rill.
I love to watch the
lambkins skip
Upon the verdant
lea,
All in their fleecy
overcoats,
Like foam upon the
sea.

I love the little butterflies
With scintillatory wings,
And the jolly red-hipped humble-bee
Because he never stings.

I love to wield the grey goose quill
In making song or sonnet,
I never see a thing but what
I make a rhyme upon it.

I've written verses to "a cat,"
And "to my sweetheart's tresses!"
(Oh, how I envy one stray curl
That her fair neck caresses).

I've poured forth odes to turtle-
doves
To truth, to love, to daisies,
I've raved about the storm-swept
skies,
And sung the cuckoo's praises.

I've written roundelays and dirges,
Lyrics and iambics,
Epithalamia and odes
Blank verse, and dithyrambics.

My song to me a kingdom is.
When grief my heart assails
I get my lyre—Apollo-made—
And practise up my scales.

RE THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Hints for Candidates and Agents.

BY A. BRIEFLESS, JUNR.,

*Barrister-at-Law, and late Candidate for
the Justinian Exhibition, Blackstone
Studentship, and many other honours
of a forensic character.*

ENCOURAGED by the great success of
my learned friend Mr. H. C. RICHARDS'
admirable *Guide to Contested Elections*,
which has reached its 3rd edition, I have
made up my mind to do what little I can
to assist the coming PITT and the future
successor to the late Mr. GLADSTONE. I
chose the paper in which these hints
appear for obvious reasons. "The London
Charivari" has long been acknowledged
the organ of the Bench, the Bar, and the
General Public.

As the time will probably be brief
before the rush to the polls, I think it my

duty to treat at once of bribery. Lord
FIELD has judicially defined—to quote
my friend Mr. RICHARDS—the present
state of the law in illegal and corrupt
practices as follows:—

"An illegal practice is a thing the legis-
lature is determined to prevent, whether
it be done honestly or not."

"A corrupt practice is a thing that the
mind goes along with."

For instance, it is an illegal thing to
take a handkerchief out of a non-voter's
pocket with a view to transferring it to
the *poché* of an influential constituent.
If it is done honestly—i.e. when a police-
man is not looking—it is illegal, and
equally illegal when the constable accepts
sixpence to say nothing more about it.

It is a corrupt practice to give a friend
a brandy and soda, even when your mind
(and body) go along to get the necessary
refreshment for both.

Another illegal practice is to lure the
opposition candidate into a corner, and



knock him on the head. This cannot be
passed over, even be the knocking on
the head of the most honest character
imaginable.

It is also a corrupt practice to smoke in
the company of ladies and to eat peas with
your knife; but in the first example it
does not matter very much as, up to date,
the ladies having not the franchise, their
power—save in influencing their male
relatives—is practically nil.

And at this point I break off, as I have
not had quite enough time to fully con-
sider the subject. When the hour is
reached, no doubt I shall be in a position
to defend a candidate with that know-
ledge of details essential to success.

Should the election come upon the
nation unawares, my fellow countrymen
cannot do better than immediately fall
back upon Mr. RICHARDS' work. Mr.
RICHARDS knows as much about elections
as I do myself, and perhaps more.

ET MILITAVI, NON SINE GLORIA.

I'VE been in camp—a
Volunteer
Who answered to my
country's call;
The bugle's echo still
I hear,
I hear the adjutan-
tial bawl.



I taste the taste of
"ration" stew
In every course of
every dinner,
My outlook upon life is new;
My frame is noticeably thinner.

I hold myself erect and march
Straight to my front down Piccadilly,
My mien and carriage stiff as starch—
I look superlatively silly!

I fear to feast abroad as yet,
My Tommy's life has caused a terror
Lest better manners I forget
And perpetrate some social error.

When once I've managed to erase
The camp's infernal recollection,
My providential stars I'll praise
And leave no more my roof's protection!

PETER PAUL PROTESTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH—I note that a long-
lost picture, said to be painted by me, has
been discovered by the *Daily Telegraph*.
Will you kindly allow me to state that
there are several square miles of canvas
covered with pigment, and attributed to
me, distributed over the globe?

I imagine that in the United States
alone there must be a pictorial acreage of,
say, the size of Rhode Island. I never
limned in the little, as you know (or ought
to know), if you have ever been to the
Louvre or the Galleries at Antwerp, St.
Petersburg and Brussels. But this latest
find is just a little thick—in dust.

Yours,
PETER PAUL RUBENS.
*c/o The Concierge,
The Elysian Fields, S.E. by W.*

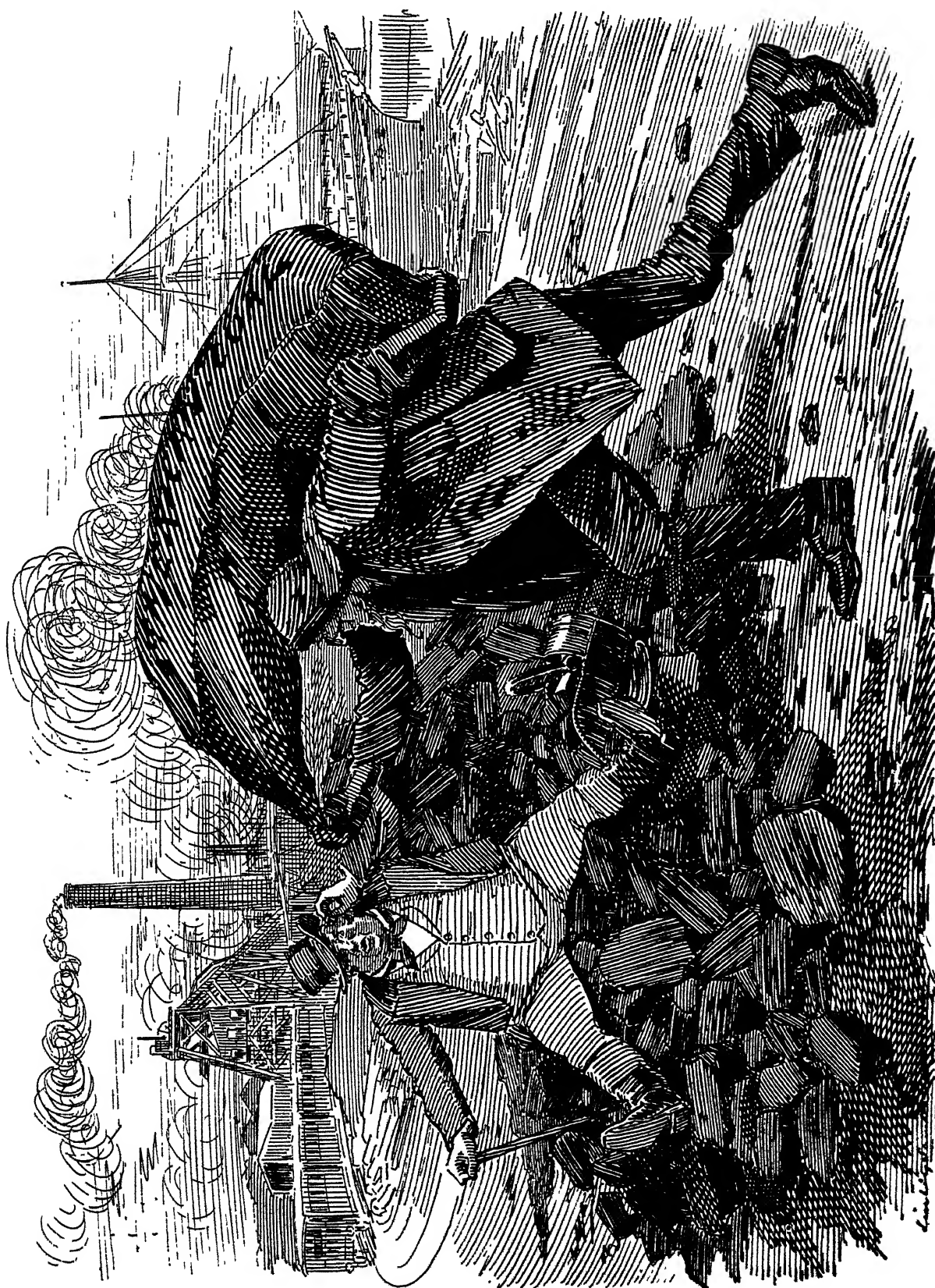
A VILLAIN'S APOLOGY.

You ask me why it is, dearest,
I have left you quite alone,
You, the sweetest and the nearest
That I cared to call my own.

It is not, as you imagine,
On account of what you said,
When you hinted that I squinted
And my hair was almost red.

No, no, my little dumpling
That I loved so well to squeeze,
And to fondle without crumpling
Like new muslin on my knees.

It was simply—let me whisper
So it shall not reach your brother—
That you're getting, little lisper,
Too *exactly* like your mother.



CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

Jonathan (to John Bull). "WHY, CERTAINLY! ALWAYS GLAD TO UNDERSSELL A FRIEND!"



A QUIET ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

He. "WHY EVER DIDN'T YOU CALL ME AT HALF-PAST SEVEN THIS MORNING, AS I TOLD YOU, MARY?"

Mary. "I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ASLEEP, SIR; AND I WAS AFRAID OF DISTURBING YOU."

He (innocently). "THAT'S VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, MARY; I EXPECT I WAS."

PEEPS INTO PRUSSIAN PALACES AT POPULAR PRICES.

THE enthusiast who has visited the half-dozen palaces at Potsdam can see as many more, inside or outside, in Berlin. Amongst them, Monbijou is a charming old building, now devoted to the glorification of the HOHENZOLLERNS. The present Emperor's activity in this direction is remarkable. Except his father and grandfather and FREDERICK THE GREAT, the Kaiser's ancestors were princes of moderate celebrity. But they are not allowed to rest even in partial historical oblivion. Along the Sieges-Allee of the Tiergarten two long lines of their statues, not very happy efforts of rather ordinary sculptors, keep their names before the public; to the vast new cathedral, when finished, their coffins will be transferred; and in the Hohenzollern Museum, in the Schloss Monbijou, one may inspect their cradles, their toys, their hats, their walking-sticks and their boots.

Now, the boots of the Great Elector are well worth seeing, if only for their size and their sensibly wide toes—about six inches across, in the style of more than two centuries ago. So are also the flutes, the piano, the tables and the chairs of FREDERICK THE GREAT. But when one comes to more modern times, and sees, with the uniforms, the orders, the toys and the walking-sticks of the Emperor WILLIAM I., a suit of grey

civilian clothes, of curious cut, and an old silk hat, very badly brushed—"Civilanzug Seiner Majestät des Kaisers WILHELM I."—one is no longer impressed. What would the old soldier-king have said of such a display?

I have come to my last palace, the Königliche Schloss. A courteous policeman—the police of Berlin, in spite of soldier's helmet and sword, are as civil and obliging as those of London—has pointed out the entrance, with some words of friendly explanation and a polite salute. I traverse two courtyards, gloomy as those of the Hofburg in Vienna, I pay my threepence to a dignified official, I confide my umbrella to another, and, with a party of Germans, I follow a third. It is only ten o'clock. The American tourists are still occupied with melons, rump steaks, beaten-up boiled eggs, iced water, and other breakfast dainties.

We climb, instead of a staircase, a steep slope of brick, a sort of toboggan slide with angles. There is a similar slope in the Potsdam Schloss, where formerly some prince went up and down, certainly at the risk of his neck, in a wheel chair. Arrived at the top, we enter a room, and stand in a group by the door. I crane my neck forward to see why the Germans are waiting, and I discover that our guide is handing out huge felt slippers from a wooden chest. The polished imperial—or, in Prussia, royal—floors, not protected in the usual way by strips of carpet, must not be scratched by plebeian boots. All of us, men and women, step into the slippers rather nervously, and shuffle off. But it is easy enough to glide over the glassy floors, especially if, in years gone by, one has tried roller-skating. We get along famously. Only, when the guide points out some small object on a table, if anyone thoughtlessly leans forward, his feet begin to slide in the opposite direction, and he and his neighbours sway about for a while, and cling to each other. The one person who looks uncomfortable is a young officer. To finish off a neat uniform with foot coverings as large as those of the Great Elector, but of felt, is depressing. A sword that might get between these monstrous feet is an added anxiety. In reality, our slippers are safeguards on floors of such extraordinary polish. It is not surprising that the old Emperor WILLIAM, in military boots, often fell down. Slippery are the floors, and slippery must be the feet that traverse them securely.

We spend an hour in seeing gorgeous rooms of moderate interest, and various pictures of the Emperors WILLIAM I. and II., in dramatic attitudes, painted by professors. Most German painters are professors, but whether of painting, or not, I am unable to say. There are also in the picture gallery portraits of CHARLES I. of England, and HENRIETTA MARIA, by VAN DYCK.

We scramble over carpet in the White Saloon, and leave our felt slippers at the foot of the stairs leading to the chapel. Then we go away down a back staircase, and I have had my last peep at a Prussian palace.

It seems an uncomfortable home for anyone who could afford to live in a 700-roomed house. There are no private grounds. Even during the Berlin season, one might like a stroll on a mild day. The Emperor's apartments look on to a public square, hitherto paved with cobble stones, and crossed by innumerable tramcars ringing loud bells. Naturally, one cannot visit these private rooms. As the trusty *Baedeker* remarks, in the English language, "the other parts of the building are almost never accessible." Never! What never? Well, almost never.

H. D. B.

AUTRES SHOES.

["The Corporation of Northampton is buying 310 specimens of boots for the local museum.—*Daily Paper*.]

THE men of Northampton, to leather inclined,
Are hide-bound when seeking the polls;
They vote for the men who are bootiful kind,
And now they are seeking for soles.

TO THE RECTOR.

(Some Wandering thoughts in Church.)

A FINE old vintage! That is plain.

The bottle's hoary aspect indicates the years it must have lain
Maturing in some special bin.

Remembering the high renown

Your father gained for taste in wine,

I'm sure the old Rector laid it down

With his own hand in days lang syne.

So now we'll settle down with due

Solemnity to taste and grant it

Its meed of praise or blame, when you

Have had the kindness to decant it.

Ah . . . yes . . . not bad . . . but, I should say,

Not quite . . . perhaps . . . a wine you'd buy—

H'm . . . not much body in it, eh?

Sound . . . fairly sound . . . but very dry!

Since oft across your nuts and wine

We've yarned of life, of work and sport,

Rector, I'd never write a line

In derogation of your port!

I've here but sketched my mental attitude

In gentle sleep's incipient stages,

Whilst listening to your flow of platitude

From that old sermon's yellow pages!

ADOLPHUS AND EMILY.

[“There is no doubt that the Central London Railway is proving a formidable rival to the Omnibus Companies. Both drivers and conductors look upon it with the greatest suspicion.”—*Daily Paper.*]

PREPARE your pocket-handkerchiefs, to dry

The teardrops that are pretty sure to well

In torrents from each sympathetic eye,

When you have heard the tale I have to tell.

Then give me your attention, for I burn

To set out many details, grim and graphic;

And in imagination kindly turn

To scenes that lie amid the densest traffic.

ADOLPHUS was not one of the *élite*

Whose goings-on are chronicled by us;

He journeyed to and fro down Oxford Street,

The bland conductor of a light-green bus.

Oh, *Punch*, my hero's commonplace, I know,

But still he's none the worse; and who

can tell, *Punch*,

What fierce and noble passions may not glow,

In persons who manipulate the bell punch?

Like other men, ADOLPHUS had a heart,

It was not all his own, I'm much afraid;

For lately he had handed over part

To EMILY, a fair, coquettish maid.

She travelled with ADOLPHUS ev'ry day,

From Shepherd's Bush—a suburb rather distant;

*First Doubtful Character.* "THIS YER'S ALL 'UMBUG ABOUT A THIEF NOT BEIN' ABLE TO LOOK A HONEST MAN IN THE HEYE."*Second Doubtful Character.* "WELL, IF 'E CAN'T, 'E CAN PUNCH 'IM IN THE HEYE!"

And Citywards she used to wend her way, "Aha!" he cried, "so that's your little game!

Because she was a milliner's assistant.
So things went on in merry fashion thus,
And, on those journeys through the traffic's hum,Inside of that extremely jolty 'bus,
The atmosphere was like Elysium,
Until one morn, when, tempted by a friend,
Fair EMILY succumbed in quite a frail way,And actually ventured to descend,
To travel by the Central London Railway.She found it smooth and nice to a degree,
And sitting in a comfortable seat,
She registered a mental vow that the
Experiment was one she would repeat.
Alas! within the lute there was a rift,
Which by and bye was destined to grow wider;For as she was emerging from the lift,
ADOLPHUS on his vehicle espied her.You travel in the tube that's down below,
And keep it dark; oh, EMILY, for shame
To patronise an opposition show.These horses here, to carry you, maybe,
Would work their legs off with the greatest pleasure;Yet you forsake the old L. G. O. C.
Oh, EMILY, you shock me beyond measure!"No good excuses EMILY had got,
Her lover in his indignation burned;
He broke off the engagement on the spot,
And all her correspondence he re-turned.Right loyally ADOLPHUS played his part,
By giving up that maiden in her beauty;
And now he suffers from a broken heart,
But doesn't let it interfere with duty.

P. G.



Girl. "I LOVE THE SEA AT EARLY MORNING. IT SEEMS SO FULL OF POETRY!"
 Growing Youth. "YES; AND DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU READY FOR YOUR GRUB!"

"BETWIXT AND BETWEEN."

[A newspaper correspondent points out that, while the Boers enrol all men up to sixty, we, in Great Britain, draw the line at forty.]

Now all the young men are off to the war,
 The Reservists too, who are older than they;
 The sons of the Empire have come to the fore,
 And keen for the honour of facing the fray.
 To rush to the front is their dearest delight;
 Their lives are the gifts that they give to their Queen.
 The very Old Guard may not join in the fight,
 But is there no room for "Betwixt and Between"?

A man is a man for five decades or more,
 And stronger perhaps than the lad in his teens,
 With energy, knowledge, and temper in store,
 And a method for making the best of his means;
 A statesman-o'-war in the van of the realm,
 When past three score years may still often be seen.
 Is a lesser craft useless to answer the helm,
 Because in its age it's "Betwixt and Between"?

No! no! Call us out, we are ready to serve,
 If only to watch by the sea on the strand;
 The half-centenarians from duty won't swerve
 So long as the look-out is foul from the land.
 Our eyes are not dim, and we still can shoot straight;
 We're not pickers and choosers of fat and of lean.
 You will want us; so take us before it's too late
 To gather the stalwarts "Betwixt and Between."

WIGS ON THE DOWN.

[Lines written in honour of the recent "emergency camp" of the Inns of Court ("Devil's Own") on Perham Down, illustrating the supreme advantage of education and individual intelligence in a private soldier, as freely demonstrated in the Transvaal War.]

"SOLDIER, soldier, from Salisbury Plain,
 Seared with the battle's feigned alarms,
 How have they taxed your legal brain?
 What have you learned of the lore of arms?"

"I have learned to clean utensils, I can rinse a stewing-pan,
 I can black my fighting boots and scrub a floor,
 I can wash a sickly haddock like a self-respecting man,
 I have mastered (in a word) the art of War."

"Barrister, barrister, come from the camp,
 Man of intelligence, gently bred,
 Trained in the school of the midnight lamp,
 How have you learned to use your head?"

"I can air my frugal blanket at the crowing of the lark,
 I can polish up my basin till it shines,
 I can grub for rotting refuse from *reveillé* on to dark
 As I scavenge, scavenge, scavenge down the lines."

"Chancery junior, back from the field,
 How have you fared in the well-wrought trench?
 What are your lessons like to yield
 Brought to a test by the raiding French?"

"I can lay my kit in detail in an Army-pattern row,
 I can put it out and pack it up again;
 Which is always useful knowledge when you come to face the
 foe,
 And it hardly causes any mental strain."

"Q.C., Q.C., fresh from the fray,
 What of the last strategic views?
 What do you know of the war-game's way,
 Feint and cover and counter-ruse?"

"I can shoot at restful objects (when the sergeant gives the
 range),
 I can recognise a front attack at sight,
 I can even look for cover, though you mustn't make a change
 In your regulation distance from the right!"

"Gentlemen Templars, gallants all,
 Stout-heart Lincolns, and English Grays,
 Eager to serve at your country's call,
 What have you learned these fourteen days?"

"We have learned to slice a rasher, we have played the (Oxford)
 scout,
 We have plied the menial muck-rake with the best,
 We have lost superfluous tissue (we are nothing like so stout)
 And our brains have had a pure and perfect rest!"

O. S.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC.—In a story published a fortnight since, called "The Burglar: a Tale of the Holidays," a burglar was supposed to represent the master of the house, and thus deceive the police and make his escape. A correspondent points out that the imaginary incident is supposed to occur in Kensington Palace Mansions. "Was the object in doing so to let your readers understand the impossibility of such an event as that mentioned taking place in the residences specified?" Most certainly. The admirable mansions are properly guarded, and attended by day and night porters. No chance for the burglar in Kensington Palace Mansions. He must intelligently take the advice of the police, and "move on" elsewhere.

A RISING MARKET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My *St. James's Gazette* tells me that the "financial romance," full of Stock Exchange jargon, seems likely to become the most popular type of novel. So I have set to work at once upon a story of this description. My own modest earnings, Sir, are invested in the P. O. Savings Bank, nor, until it became professionally needful, did I ever read the money-articles in the daily papers. But during the past week or so I have studied all the financial journals, and now feel completely equipped for my task. Enclosed I send you extracts from the first chapter. Of course it's a little difficult to combine the horrid technical terms with the poetic grace of my usual style, but I think you'll own I have succeeded.

Yours devotedly,

SOPHIA SACCHARINE,
Authoress of "Wedding Bells,"
"Sweet Kisses," &c.

CHAPTER I.

'Twas dewy eve. Into the dear old garden the lovers strolled, his arm round her waist, her fair tresses glowing in the radiance of the setting sun, just in the good old way it used to be before financial novels were so much as thought of.

"Now, tell me," she cooed, love confessed in every syllable; "tell me, HENRY, where you have been to-day."

"I have been," said HENRY, solemnly, "in the Kaffir circus."

Her face paled; he felt the slight body tremble in the embrace of his manly arm.

"And—were they fierce?" she faltered.

"Nay, ETHEL mine," he rejoined; "the savages were not ill-disposed. Had they been, what perils would I not face for your dear sake! But, save for some rising among the Deferred Russians, who are becoming impatient, no trouble was afoot to-day. I have seldom seen the whole contango more calm."

"And you were able to invest our little treasure?" she pursued.

"Yes," he replied; "I put it all—every penny—into Deep-level Boulders. Within a fortnight, subject to discount and the usual backwardation of brokerage, those shares will stand at 211½. Then your purseproud parents will relent, seeing that riches are mine, and we can be married without delay."

"But suppose they fall?" asked ETHEL, timidly.

"'Tis impossible," said HENRY, with conviction. "Let alone the nine per cent. slump of the promotion money, the bear movement in the Timbuctoo Centrals is certain to maintain a capitalised dividend. Failure is impossible."

* * * *

And so, hand-in-hand, they strolled blissfully into the house.



"SHAVE, OR HAIR CUT, SIR!"
 "CORN, YOU FOOL!"

Hardly had they passed, when a lares-tinus beside the lawn was violently agitated, and the nefarious PAUL ONSLOW appeared from its concealment. Needless to say, he had heard every syllable uttered by the incautious lovers.

"Ha!" he ejaculated, "so Miss ETHEL, having haughtily spurned my offer, thinks to wed this poor fool? And he has invested in Deep-level Boulders, has he? Little reck he that PAUL ONSLOW can rig a corner in Preferential options!"

* * * *

Next morning among the passengers of the early City train, might have been

observed the sinister figure of PAUL ONSLOW.

Before closing-time, Deep-level Boulders had fallen with a crash to 23½.

A. C. D.

HORTICULTURAL FACT.—There are now to be found in Great Britain in plentiful variety the China Asters, the German Asters, and the American Asters, the latter, seemingly, being the best acclimatised.

NECESSARILY HOT-TEMPERED WOMEN.—Ladies of high degree.



TWO OLD MASTERS OF ARTS.

AN INKOLDSBY LEGEND.

[A typewriting advertisement in the *Athenaum* runs: "MSS copied in a new and effective style which gives them a special chance."]

THE Editor sat
On his office mat,
For manuscript rolls are uncommonly fat
And there wasn't a seat in the room but
that,
And he cast his eye
With a weary sigh
On the hundred or two he had still to try,
And he pished and pshawed as a man will
do,

(Tho' I'm not quite clear how it's done,
are you?)
As he gloomily muttered, "The hour is ripe
For a writer of totally different type."

Two bundles thick
Which he chanced to pick
Were tossed aside with a scornful flick,
For alas! they were only the common
"Blick,"
Whilst a copy of verse
That was pithy and terse
Was spoilt by a "Hammond" or some-
thing worse.
Of sprightly tales there was many a ream,

And he opened them all like a man in a
dream;
But he put them down ere a page was
done,
For his soul was sick of the "Remington-
ton."

But, ah! What's this?
Oh, joy! Oh, bliss!
'Tis something a man would be sorry to
miss!
Here's bold-faced type which the eye
can fill,
Which is pointed and Gothic, yet Roman
still,
With a faint reminiscence of Baskerville;
It is plain to see
There is Greek in the D,
And mark how the purest prose may be
Diversified
On the right-hand side
By a margin of varying inches wide,
And it's copying ink which has hardly
dried—
"Come, come; let us see!" the Editor
cried—
He read it through, and he scarcely
skipped,
It was *such* an unusual type-o'-script.

WHO IS HE?

ACCORDING to a morning contemporary,
the idea is prevalent among certain
romantically-minded Irishmen that DE
WET is none other than CHARLES STUART
PARNELL, who did not die at all, though he
personally attended his supposed funeral.

There are some equally likely claimants.
What could be more natural, for
instance, than that the Mahdi should turn
up again in the guise of the Boer leader,
after his dispersion at Omdurman, for the
express purpose of taking a return "rise"
out of Lord KITCHENER?

The Russian soldier, too, is firmly of
opinion that his beloved general SKOBELEFF
is still alive. Obviously, therefore, the
latter has reappeared among the foreign
contingent of the South African Republic,
and has chosen to baffle the English as the
elusive and mysterious commandant of
the past three months.

A few suffrages also have been given in
favour of Sir ROGER TICHBORNE *redivivus*,
who has spent the last thirty years of
obscurity in growing "slim" and
practising *alibi* tactics.

Other candidates for this identity that
have lately been put forward are the
Flying Dutchman and Spring-heeled Jack,
who both possess qualifications for the part.

Is he, by any chance, the mythical
personage hitherto known as KWANG SU,
Emperor of China? Or can it be that, after
all, our old friend Mr. M-SK-L-NE has been
up to one of his hoaxes again, and has
been hoodwinking the British public (and
the smart Colonial scouts) with some new
variations of his "Vanishing Trick?"



“PRAISE A FRENCHMAN, FIND A FRIEND.”

Old Proverb.

MADAME LA FRANCE (to ADMIRAL SEYMOUR). “AH, CHER AMIRAL, BUT YOU ARE CHARMING! HOW I HAVE MISJUDGED YOUR PERFIDE ALBION!”

[“The letter from Admiral SEYMOUR to Admiral COURBETOLLES is indeed noble in thought and lofty in tone. The British Admiral pays the French Admiral a tribute of which our seaman may be proud, not only because the British know what they are talking about, but because, after what has passed between Great Britain and France, the tribute is of particular value. It honours equally him who receives and him who gives.”—*Gaulois*.]



A RISKY PROCEEDING.

Mr. Pipler (of Pipler & Co.) is having his first day on his recently-acquired Moor. Any amount of Shooting. Bag, absolutely—nothing.

Master Pipler (after much thought). "OF COURSE, THEY ARE FAR TOO VALUABLE TO BE KILLED AND EATEN, PA. BUT ISN'T IT RATHER DANGEROUS TO FRIGHTEN THEM SO MUCH? I HEARD MA SAYING THEY COST YOU AT LEAST A GUINEA A BRACE!"

FROM NORTHERN LATITUDES.

(Holiday Jottings.)

OBAN is apparently prolific in wasps. Wasps for breakfast, plentiful. They don't come to stay—no more do we, as we dodge about; at breakfast we only "snatch a fearful joy"—they come to report to those outside; probably to the wasp commandant. Evidently report highly satisfactory, as wasps in full force at lunch. Our position defended by blinds, through which determined wasps can penetrate from outside; once in, unfortunately, they can't get out again. This makes them furious, and us wild. *Note.*—Blinds no use, unless windows closed. But the wasps come in by back door and passage. *Ergo*, back door no defence unless closed; ditto passage; ditto dining-room door. But if these all shut, shall we not all be stifled? Agree to open as much as we can. Yet wasps penetrate anywhere, anyhow. We take lunch, fighting. No chairs: knives in hand; spoons for flooring wasps, and, we hope, killing them; if not killed, the wasp, wounded, is as treacherous and malicious as a Boer incapacitated on a battlefield. Forks for helping ourselves to hastily-snatched morsels. We are demoralised—routed; we evacuate the situation. Wasps victorious! But with considerable loss.

Fewer wasps at 5 o'clock tea. We enter cautiously. Wasps poaching on our preserves. "Let 'em alone and they'll go home and leave their stings behind 'em." Quotation adapted. Hope their stings won't be left. Further slaughter of wasps, who, so to speak, are drowned in several butts of Malmsey, represented by Scotch marmalade. Wasps scotched, but not killed.

Hurrah! No wasps at late dinner. Wish it could always be late dinner. *Note.*—All wasps go to bed early, at Oban.

The wasps don't seem to come out on parade—on Sunday parade, that is. Yet the attractions of a Sunday parade here should be strong enough for even native wasps, who, however, may have become satiated and uncommonly critical. Yet if colour has any allurements for the wasp, and if the fresh, delightful breeze invigorates him, here is the very place. At all events, so it seems to the Lyrical Londoner, who as a British Bard is thus inspired from the sea:—

AIR AND HAIR.

FROM Holborn doth he haste away,
Taking an autumn holiday,
To Oban, where they do not say
"There 's air!"

The jaded Londoner once free
At Oban, will exclaim "I see
Lake, river, mountain, sea! N.B.
Here 's air!"

He 'll cry, when, on the Esplanade,
He sees each Scottish skittish maid
With auburn locks of every shade,
"There 's hair!"

The effort is exhausting. Inspiration and composition affect the appetite. So, in spite of wasps, the Poet must feed; and in he goes to luncheon!

Sport at Oban.—My "bag" *per diem* generally consists of at least five brace and a-half of wasps, a brace of flies, seven brace and a-half of gnats. Occasionally a little black game (uncertain) and a bright green fly [probably intended for river fishing purposes, and quite wasted on me. More in my next].

NEW NAME FOR "DIAMOND JUBILEE."—A's-best-'oss.

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



SECOND FRAGMENT. FOUND IN A RECESS (IN BABYLONIA).

1. concerning the house of
Babl-on, the Bhil-Pháktri, [Bigh-ben,
2. which was by the river, under
3. chief of the time-pieces,
4. where dwelt in the Sēshūn the askers
of questions, who talked
5. without ceasing, . . . the sitters on
the green benches,
6. and in their midst was set the
Spikr-gūli,
7. the ruler of rulings,
8. the wearer of horse-hair, whose eye
was much sought for.
9. . . . and on his right hand sat the
governors of the country,
10. the chiefs of departments,
11. and their leader was Nēvukudnēvvar,
the lord of the treasury,
12. the master of detail,
13. the pupil of Wol-ründ,
14. the wielder of *nūblik*s,
15. who dwelt mostly in Bhúnkaz, inhaler
of ozone. With Jér-al-bálpur his brother,
16. who ruled by kindness with *shilélis*
at discretion over the Bhidás and the
Bhigórrahs,
17. in the place of Pádi their king.
18. And by them sat Shuv-menébar, the
secretary of state,
19. whose eye gleamed through crystal,
as justly aforesaid,

20. the breeder of *örkidz*; with His-
rúmmipal
21. Jesse the dutiful, the allotter
22. of acres with proportionate oxen.
23. and Pou-íl the warlike, the
master of legions;
24. And Maik-el-Thapēpri, who guarded
the wherewithal,
25. despoiler of sinking funds, whose
life was
26. the death-duties provided
by Hárkut.
27. Jokim the husky, the lord of the
oceans, the builder of warships,
28. Ruler of the Brit-Ishtars. And
other of the faithful, both wings of the
party.
29. Ritshi, Janji Hāmm-el-Tan, Anbari,
and behind them
30. the hosts of the Tōris, the dwellers
in the Káltun, who came for the
boroughs
31. and the cities, and hamlets and all
places where the *kakki*, and the *younyan-
ják* and the *bít-tipsí* grow wild and do
flourish;
32. of their numbers there was no end.
33. And on the left hand sat the men of
peace, the drinkers of water, the shrinkers
from pressure,
34. the Bít-krakkis, the wearers of el-

ástik-saids, the friends of Lébar, the Ōm-
rulahs,

35. such as are left of them,
36. the Tāgrág, and the Bóbtael.
37. Now Bhil-Hárkut, the mighty chief
of the Hittahs, was their ruler,
38. the descendant of Kings, who
delighted in battle,
39. the nightmare of bishops ,
exploiter of death-beds.
40. and-mröz,
. . . . lord of Dhalmēni
41. who sat in the upper house,
the chamber of gold,
42. on the seats of vermillion
43. got fighting like cats

44. Then Kāmm-el-Bánraman to lead
them the party appointed . . .

45. and over Asqvith-Thekúsi and En-ri-
foulasahib, which is the father of Issobel-
Khárnabi,

46. did they give him the preference.

47. And on the fence for security did he
take refuge, and there did he place his
seat of government

48. own time of it they
gave him.

49. marvel is
goodness he doesn't.
show.

E. T. R.

AN ASPIRATION.

["Let me make the ballads of a people, and I
am not who makes the laws."]

I DO not crave their place to fill
Who give a grateful nation laws;
I am content, whoever will
From senates may extort applause.

I would not on the benches sit
Where GLADSTONE and DISRAELI sat,
Nor join in giants' strife of wit
For all the world to marvel at.

Nor would I on the tented field,
Where warriors wage a glorious fight,
Bid foemen at my onset yield,
As boldly I maintain the right.

Yet have I felt ambition's sting—
And in such moments, ah! I cry,
That I had taught the world to sing
"Hi-tidli-i-ti-i-ti-hi."

POSSIBLE.—It is expected that, after the
war in South Africa is over, ex-President
KRUGER will issue a book on "Training."

A SOCIETY NOVEL.

By our Mr. Jabberjee.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

I HAVE the honour humbly to inform readers of *Punch* that, after prolonged consumption of midnight oil, I have composed a novel of imposing dimensions, which is shortly, by the indulgence of my friend and kind father, the honble Editor, to be laid at their feet in the columns of this respectable journal.

My inducement to this enterprise was the spectacle of very inferior rubbish palmed off by so-called popular novelists such as Honbles KIPLING, JOSHUA BARRIE, ANTONY WEYMAN, STANLEY HOPE, and the collaborative but feminine authoresses of *The Red Thumb in the Potter's Potash*, all of whom profess (very, very incorrectly) to give accurate reliable descriptions of Indian, English or Scotch episodes.

The pity of it, that a magnificent and gullible British Public should be fed like a babe on such spoonmeat and small beer! And when the dawn of the Twentieth Century, too, is advancing upon us with leaps and bounds!

Would no one arise, inflamed by the pure enthusiasm of his *cacoethes scribendi*, and write a romance which shall secure the plerophory of British, American, Anglo-Indian, Colonial, and Continental readers by dint of its imaginary power and slavish fidelity to Nature?

And since Echo answered that no one replied to this invitation, I (like a fool, as some will say) rushed in where angels were apprehensive of being too bulky to be borne.

Being naturally acquainted with gentlemen of my own nationality and education, and also, of course, knowing London and suburban society *ab ovo usque ad mala* (or, from the new-laid egg to the stage when it is beginning to go bad), I decided to take as my theme the adventures of a typically splendid representative of Young India on British soil, and I am in earnest hopes to avoid the shocking solecisms and exaggerations indulged in by ordinary English novelists.

I have been compelled to take to penmanship of this sort owing to pressure of *res angusta domi*, the immoderate increase of hostages to fortune, and proportionate falling off of emoluments from my profession as Barrister-at-Law.

Therefore, I hope that all concerned will smile favourably upon my new departure, and will please kindly understand that, if my English literary style has suffered any deterioration, it is solely due to my being out of practice, and such spots on the sun must be excused as mere flies in ointment.

After forming my resolution of writing a large novel, I confided it to my crony, Mr. RAM ASHOOTOSH LALL, who warmly recommended me to persevere in such a *magnum opus*. But when I mentioned that I thought of bringing it out through the circulating medium of *Punch*, he changed his tune, saying that in so jocose a periodical such a work as mine might run the grave risk of being supposed to be facetious.

To this I objected that Honble *Punch* does occasionally publish quite serious lucubrations, and as instance I quoted my own papers *Jottings* and *Tittlings*, which, despite their being couched in rather solemn classical phraseology, were read by high and low with delighted avidity.

And, as I anticipated, when I wrote to offer Honble *Punch* the firstfruits of my fiction, the evergreen hunchback did jump with joyous alacrity at such a golden opportunity. So I became divinely inflated periodically every evening from 8 to 12 P.M., disregarding all entreaties from feminine relatives to stop and indulge in a blow-out on ordinary eatables, like ARCHIMEDES when Troy was captured, who was so engrossed in writing prepositions on the sand that he was totally unaware that he was being barbarously slaughtered.

And at length my colossal effusion was completed, and I had written myself out; after which I had the indescribable joy and felicity to read my composition to my mothers-in-law and wives



TROUT STREAM MEMS.

SO EXTREMELY AWKWARD WHEN A COUPLE OF (OTHERWISE, PEACEABLY DISPOSED) ELDERLY GENTLEMEN ARRIVE AT THE SAME MOMENT (FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS), AT THE SAME FAVOURITE POOL, FOR A QUIET TRY FOR THE SAME BIG TROUT.

and their respective progenies and offspring, whereupon, although they were not acquainted with a word of English, they were overcome by such severe admiration for my fecundity and native eloquence that they swooned with rapture.

I am not a superstitious, but I took the trouble to consult a soothsayer, as to the probable fortunes of my undertaking, and he at once confidently predicted that my novel was to render all readers dumb as fishes with sheer amazement and prove a very fine feather in my cap.

For all the above reasons, I am modestly confident that it will be generally recognised as a masterpiece, especially when it is remembered that it is the work of a native Indian, whose 'prentice hand is still a novice in wielding the *currente calamo* of fiction.

Next week, Gentlemen and Ladies, we shall commence with Chapter One.

Order early, Mist'ers, to prevent disappointment, and do not weakly allow yourselves to be fobbed off with copies of any periodical which does not contain the first instalment of a thrilling society novel, entitled:

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
CHUNDER BINDABUN GHOSH, Esq., B.A. Cambridge,

by

BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A. Calcutta University,
Barrister-at-law, &c., &c.

STRANGE metamorphosis of a bird into a beast!—startling!—
when grouse are deer!



MISS CLARKE was certainly not among the favoured of that little-favoured race, go-

vernnesses. She "governed" only children of

the middle class, and in daily lessons of an hour or two at a time. But what was she to do? She had thought of going on the stage, but she had no talent, no smart dresses, and no influence—three indispensable qualifications for success in the theatrical profession. She had no money and no parents; in fact, the only things she possessed were ambition and honesty—two very ill-assorted qualities in the struggle for life. Ambition gave her day-dreams, and honesty prevented her realising them.

She started with hopeful ideas of teaching children in a rich family, where there might be an available elder son or a widower father who would like her to replace the dead mother of her little pupils. But these ideas came to nothing. She did not even succeed in getting a permanent place, a home where everything would be found except kindness and love. So she had to content herself with daily teaching in suburban families, travelling from one to the other—sometimes third class on the underground railway, and sometimes on foot. At night she would return weary to her lodgings in Brompton, and wonder how her life would end. Would it always be the same dull, monotonous round, until she was too old to trudge, and too blind to see and correct the faults in arithmetic and dictation? Would no one take pity on her, and emancipate her from her daily slavery? Of course "no one" meant a *man*, and he must be young and tolerably good looking, and able to keep her in a totally different manner to the one in which she was now living. For, as I have said, ELIZA CLARKE was ambitious, and any change must be for the better. She was not bad looking, although she lacked attractiveness. She was not the least "showy," and there was nothing winning about her. But it is difficult to be "winning" on thirty shillings a week, earned precariously. If people were occasionally civil to her in helping her in or out

of a train or an omnibus, she scarcely thanked them. She felt it would lead to nothing, and she was generally right.

She liked none of her pupils, because she considered their parents did not pay her enough; so she did nothing to endear herself to them. She wrote bold proverbs of her own composition in large letters in their copybooks, and made them copy them interminably. They were the sort of proverbs which the pavement artist scrawls on the flags when he has finished drawing "The Wreck of the *Stella*," or a "Moonlight Scene in Wales," in coloured chalks. "The rich can aid the poor," "Strength is given us to help the weak," etc., wore amongst her efforts, but these mercenary hints were never taken by the parents, and she continued to earn an average of eighteenpence an hour and chafe impatiently for the Someone who was to alter her position.

Of course, the Someone came in time. He always does. There is not a woman in the world, I verily believe, who has not had an "episode" of some kind or other. Miss CLARKE's episode was a complicated one, which also often happens, and you can tell me when I have finished what you think she ought to have done.

Amongst her pupils was a family resident in Fulham: two spoilt children too delicate to go to school; no mother, and a father travelling to forget his grief at his wife's death. The children were in charge of an aunt, an amiable enough lady, who occasionally offered Miss CLARKE a piece of seed-cake when she looked particularly hungry and weary. There had been holidays, dreadfully long, starvation summer holidays, during which Miss CLARKE scarcely earned enough to keep body and soul together. But now they were providentially over, and she was certainly not acting when she professed to be very pleased to see her pupils again. Their joy was of a less demonstrative nature, and partook more of curiosity. Where had she been? Had she seen the sea? Had she had a donkey ride? Was there a pier and a cinematograph where she had been? Miss CLARKE shook her head sadly, and thought with inward rage that if her employers were not one and all "sweaters" she might have indulged in these follies. Then they wandered into further ecstasies. Their papa, the inconsolable widower, had come to fetch them at Broadstairs and brought them home. He was even now in the house, and she would see him presently. ELIZA cared not. Inconsolable men

who travel to forget their grief were not likely to take any notice of her.

He came into the room a little later on, when Miss CLARKE was giving a music lesson to his youngest child. She was in the act of explaining indifferently the difference between a crotchet and a quaver, and the child was receiving the instruction with equal indifference. She looked round when the door opened, and stood up with becoming humility as he entered the room.

"Don't let me interrupt you. Miss CLARKE, I think?"

"Yes, I am Miss CLARKE."

"How is AMY getting on? Do you think she has any talent for music?"

"No; I don't think she has." Bluntly.

"Dear me! Her mother was a beautiful musician."

"Music is not always hereditary," said Miss CLARKE drily.

"I am sorry. I should like her to play. And her brother?"

"They are about equal. They can both play *The Blue Bells of Scotland*."

"Is that all? And they have been learning the piano for two years."

"Perhaps I teach them badly. I am not a great musician myself;" and she would like to have added, "and you can't expect it at the price."

Mr. NUTCOMBE looked curiously at her. Her manner was anything but engaging, and yet the face was honest and kind looking; and his sister had told him that she had found a very suitable person for the education of his children, and that Miss CLARKE gave every satisfaction.

"And in other respects are you pleased with the progress they make?" he asked, after a pause.

"I leave it to my pupils' parents to be pleased or dissatisfied," she said unamiably.

"Then I think I will leave you all together," he said with a smile. "I am evidently in the way, and my sister has told me that she considers you look very well after them."

"Thank you," said ELIZA, and she resumed her seat and recommenced the same old 'one and two and —.'

The next day happened to be Sunday; a day on which Miss CLARKE regularly broke the fourth commandment. A pile of stockings had generally to be darned in the morning, and the early afternoon was devoted to renovating her wardrobe and occasionally trimming a hat. When you have no maid, and live continually out-of-doors six days in the week, and in all weathers, it is absolutely necessary to devote the seventh to renovation and sewing. But on this particular Sunday Miss CLARKE had no work to do. The enforced leisure of the holidays had left her with a Sunday free. Nevertheless, she did not go to church. Her mind was too rebellious to listen patiently to humdrum preaching, and cut-and-dried maxims. She decided that the most agreeable way of passing the sabbath would be to indulge in a little light literature in the morning, and the afternoon she would spend in the park studying the early autumn fashions.

About five o'clock she seated herself near the Achilles statue and awaited the arrival of the upper ten. But the upper ten came in no great numbers; they were all away shooting, visiting, travelling, anywhere but in London out of the season. So Miss CLARKE was disappointed, and took *Tit Bits* out of her pocket, with which she had provided herself for evening recreation, but which she now determined to sacrifice at once. She was interrupted in her perusal of its humours by a big black poodle putting his nose on her lap, and then directing her attention by some plaintive whines to a stone he had brought her to play with.

"I don't play on Sundays, doggie," she said good-naturedly. But the poodle could not follow this reasoning, and tried hard to explain that Sunday was an excellent day for playing with stones, and that if she would only throw the one he had laid

at her feet, he would fly after it in any direction she liked to choose.

"No, no," she said, with an amused smile; "I don't know how to play." The stone looked very dirty, and her gloves were tolerably new.

"I will teach you," said the dog, looking significantly at the stone and then at her hands.

"Come here, Bob; don't be nuisance," said a voice just behind her, and a good-looking young man seated himself in the chair next to hers. "I am afraid my dog is annoying you," continued the proprietor of Bob.

"Not in the least," said ELIZA. "I have been trying to make him understand that Sunday is not a day for playing with stones."

"What ought one to do on Sundays? I never knew," he pursued.

"Rest," she answered briefly.

"But if you do nothing for the remainder of the week?"

"I don't know; I have never tried that," she answered, and she was quite surprised to find herself led into a conversation with this unknown young stranger.

"Do you really work all the week?"

"Yes; I teach."

"What do you teach?"

"Manners."

"Thank you," he said, with a smile. "Are your charges very high?"

"Eighteenpence an hour. Do you think you could afford a lesson?"

"You evidently think I require one."

"I am afraid you would want more than one. You are rather backward."

"You are very smart."

"Poverty has sharpened my wits, if it has done nothing else for me."

"I am sorry you are poor."

"So am I. I can assure you it is most disagreeable. I suppose you are rich?"

"I am what is known as 'comfortably off.' Why do you ask?"

"Why did you ask me how I earn my living? Curiosity, I suppose."

"Do you like teaching?"

"Of course I do. It is most exciting. Can you imagine a more thrilling existence than starting forth every morning to teach common little children elementary grammar and music?"

"Then you are a daily governess?"

"For the present, but I am thinking of bettering myself. I am going to take a kitchen-maid's place."

"That is better, is it not?" with a smile.

"I believe so; and you occasionally have the society of the policeman to supper, which is supposed to add excitement to the life."

"It strikes me you are worthy of better things."

"I doubt it. I have probably found my level. I am twenty-three, and at that age one generally knows what one is good for."

"I should think luck had a great deal to do with women's lives."

"I suppose it has, as regards marriage, but in no other way."

"Have you ever thought of marriage?"

"Of course I have—haven't you?"

"I always put it away from me as a necessary evil, which must visit me some day. I am not a marrying man."

"No! I suppose I might call myself a marrying woman; but then all women are 'marrying,' if they only get the chance." Then she looked at her watch. "I must be going," she said.

"No, don't go yet; we are just beginning to know each other," he said, rather eagerly.

"We don't know each other," she answered; "we have never been introduced."

"Bob introduced us. Isn't that sufficient?"

"Quite, for me; but not for my employers, if they saw me sitting here with you."

"We will spare them the sight. Give me the pleasure of your society to dinner. We will take a hansom, and drive down to some quiet little inn in the country."

"I have dined, thank you, and I am going home to tea with my landlady."

"Don't be disagreeable. Your landlady won't miss you, and I shall."

"I am sorry to say I don't believe you. And yet there is nothing I should like better than a really good dinner, with iced champagne and shaded candles—the dinners I sometimes read about, but never, never see."

"You shall see one to-night. Say Yes!"

"No, I am going home." She rose, and held out her hand. "Good-bye."

"May I not walk with you a little way?"

"Certainly not."

"When shall I see you again?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you wish to see me again?"

"Why should I?"

"Because you interest me. Because I should like to meet you again."

"I am afraid you have gathered an altogether wrong impression of me from my freedom in talking to you. I am not interesting—unconventional, perhaps; but that is all."

"And that is the very thing I want. Unconventionality is one of the rarest things in the world now-a-days."

"I possess an unlimited stock," she said, smiling.

"Will you meet me here to-morrow?" he asked. But at that moment Miss CLARKE saw Mr. NUTCOMBE bowing to her very amiably, and having returned his bow with much confusion she was instantly pounced upon by his two children, who asked her to come and sit with them and tell them stories.

"Good-bye," she said hurriedly. "These are my pupils."

The stranger had no alternative but to let her go; and she reluctantly advanced towards Mr. NUTCOMBE, with a child on each side of her holding her hand.

"Is that your brother, Miss CLARKE?" asked AMY.

"Or your sweetheart?" asked REGGIE.

"My sweetheart," answered Miss CLARKE, with a hollow laugh. "We are going to be married."

"Then you won't teach any more?" hopefully, from AMY.

"Not when I am married to that gentleman," said ELIZA, with perfect truth.

"When are you going to be married?" almost simultaneously from them both; but as by this time they had reached their parent, the governess was spared a reply.

Mr. NUTCOMBE was pleased that his children should have the society of their governess to entertain them, and it also enabled him to make better acquaintance with her. Feeling herself in the wrong at being caught talking to a young man in the park, who was evidently not of her own rank, Miss CLARKE attempted to make amends by being particularly gracious to both father and children. An hour passed pleasantly enough, during which Mr. NUTCOMBE elicited from her that the gentleman she was

talking to was a promiscuous acquaintance made through the medium of his dog. He, on his side, informed her that the young man was Lord GARCHESTER's eldest son, and that Lord GARCHESTER was a prominent Conservative statesman who would probably be one day Premier. The information did not particularly affect Miss CLARKE. Why should it? She was not likely to see him again; and even if she did, perhaps he would not recognise her. Mr. NUTCOMBE was a house-agent by profession, and his calling bringing him into contact with many of the aristocracy he was able to point out several people of eminence to his governess. When they decided to go home, he condescendingly invited Miss CLARKE to accompany them and "have a bit of supper;" but this invitation was declined. She had refused the iced champagne and the decorated table with shaded candles; it was not likely she would accept cold mutton, and the depressing society of Mr. NUTCOMBE and his children.

During the week which followed he came frequently to the schoolroom during lesson hours, and it was evident to ELIZA that he took more than an ordinary interest in her; but she took none in him. He was certainly good-natured, and apparently meant to be kind; but she considered him unduly inquisitive when he questioned her about her family and her reasons for going out as a daily governess. The reasons were so very simple, and there was absolutely no romance in her life. Her father had been a clerk in a bank, and her mother, for years, had been an invalid. When they both died she had to earn her own living, that was all.

But during all this week ELIZA thought often of the man with the dog. No one realised better than she herself how ridiculous these thoughts were, yet she could not chase them away. She remembered every word he had said, her tart replies, and his eager look when he asked her to dinner.

"I suppose if I had been a lady he wouldn't have asked me to dinner," she thought; and then, again, she remembered that according to the newspapers ladies did very queer things sometimes, and that dining alone with a young man was an experience not altogether unknown to them. She almost regretted at times that she had not accepted the invitation. It would have been one bright gleam in her dull, miserable life. Perhaps she would never have such a chance again; and then she would pull herself up, and wonder if she were in her right senses to even dream of doing such a thing. Fancy getting into a cab with a stray man picked up in the park! Could anything be lower, more degrading? She was wrong also to have shaken hands with him. She did not know why she had done so. It had been an uncontrollable impulse, but she was very sorry for it now. He had kept her hand in his, and pressed it. In the cab he would probably have put his arm round her waist, and she had actually felt tempted to go with him, to put herself on a level with unmentionable women! How glad she was that the children had appeared at an opportune moment. And yet, when Sunday came she found herself paying more than ordinary attention to her toilet, and wondering if he would remember whereabouts she had sat. The instability of her sex was strongly developed in her. She would go to the park as usual, but she hoped he would not be there. Of course he was there, and, naturally, he came up and spoke to her.

(Continued in our next.)



Kind Old Gent (to Child in infant School of Mixed Girls and Boys). "YOU ARE A LITTLE GIRL, AREN'T YOU?"
Child. "No, Sir."
K. O. G. "LITTLE BOY, THEN!"
K. O. G. "THEN WHAT ARE YOU?"
Child. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I AM A 'JUNIOR MIXED.'"

CONVERSATION IN THE COUNTRY.

At this season of the year a large proportion of our aristocracy are condemned by the laws of fashion to spend some months near dreary villages, quite remote from civilisation. Ordinarily, they will find themselves happily surrounded by a house-party of Londoners, with whom, of course, rational conversation is easy enough. But from time to time they may have to speak to one of the unhappy aborigines, who live in the country all the year round, and to whom Hurlingham and Park Lane are quite unknown. How, then, are they to suit their conversation to their company? As a partial answer to this difficult question, Mr. Punch begs to supply them with the appended conversational openings. All of them have been tested in use by some of the leading members of Society, and the gratification they afford to the poor rustics is simply indescribable. Let us suppose, then, that the Londoner finds it necessary to converse with a farmer and the village postmistress. The following remarks will be found eminently suitable.

I.—WITH A FARMER.

1. Rippin' field of corn that is of yours! (N.B. If you are quite certain, you may substitute "oats," or "barley," or "wheat," for "corn." But be very careful.) Looks like a leader, doesn't it?
 2. Suppose you have lots of dairymaids tripping about with stools, and all that, eh? Rum thing though, isn't it, that farmhouse butter is always beastly?

3. Jolly life you must have—almost envy you, 'pon my soul I do. Market-days, and harvest homes, and that sort of thing, you know. Suppose you don't go to bed sober more than once a week, do you?

4. Yes, fine sheep, those. Always buy New Zealand mutton myself—encourages the Colonies and JOE CHAMBERLAIN, and so on. Perhaps you haven't heard of him, though? He's a Member of Parliament.

II.—WITH THE VILLAGE POSTMISTRESS (For ladies' use).

1. I want a shillingsworth of penny stamps, please—that means, you give me twelve. Can you count them yourself, or would you like me to do it for you? I know you don't have the educational advantages of our London Board Schools here.

2. It must be so much more interesting to keep a post-office where you know all the people so well. You must quite want to read all the letters they post! Do you often take a peep at them?

3. And you have a shop, too, I see. Fancy keeping boots and bacon and sweets all in one poky little room! How very clever of you! But of course it would be much wiser, wouldn't it, for all the people to get down their things from the co-operative stores? I'm going to persuade the Squire to explain to them about this. No—only the stamps to-day, thank you. Good-morning. A. C. D.

THE SPECULATOR TO HIS LOVE.

CLARISSA! do not deem it strange
 That in this temporary lull,
 When business on the Stock Exchange
 Is, truth to tell, extremely dull,
 My fleeting fancy should suggest
 A higher kind of interest.

For monetary matters pall,
 And at the present time I hate
 To seriously think at all
 Of stocks and shares that fluctuate;
 But when I turn to you, my own,
 My thoughts assume a steady tone.

Consols may fall, Home Railways rise,
 Industrials pay cent. per cent.,
 But I shall not express surprise
 At any unforeseen event;
 Let me forget, while I've the chance,
 The wild vagaries of finance.

A queen of womankind you are,
 And when to visit you I come,
 My spirits quickly rise from par
 To a substantial premium;
 I'm sure, CLARISSA, you must be
 A valuable security.

At times a weird and horrid dream
 Flits through my money-grubbing head,
 That somebody has got a scheme
 For rendering you "Limited";
 Just fancy, if they dared to float
 The only girl on whom I dote!

All your advantages would be
 In a prospectus then displayed,
 (The charm of your society
 Is quite sufficient stock in trade),
 And public enterprise would yearn,
 To take up such a safe concern.

But when the list was open, I
 Should leave my commonplace affairs,
 And, blowing the expense, apply
 For all the newly-issued shares;
 Oh, I sincerely hope, my pet,
 The full allotment I might get.

Enough! I'll drive these fancies hence,
 My agitation is absurd;
 While you display a preference
 All gloomy doubts may be deferred;
 You will, before the month is past,
 Be irredeemable at last!



He. "I THINK YOU MIGHT BE NICER TO BOUNDERSTON THAN YOU ARE. HE'S NOT A BAD SORT, REALLY, THOUGH HE IS RATHER A ROUGH DIAMOND."

She. "THAT'S JUST IT, DEAR; I THINK HE WANTS CUTTING."

FIFTY PER CENT.

["The Fife Coal Company have declared an interim dividend for the half year at the rate of 50 per cent. per annum. . . . The price of coal is still rising."—*Daily Paper*.]

COLD is the desolate hearth—the hearth that no longer is blest
With the light of the life-giving blaze, and the smoke in its
eddy rings—

Where Poverty, clutching her whimpering babe to her lean,
dry breast,

Croons as she cowers from the blast, and this is the song she
sings:

Hush, my little one, hush! Art hungry and cold and ill?
The poor man's nurse is hunger, and cold is his cradle still;
For this is the law of the land, that thou must learn to endure—
Fifty per cent. for the rich—hunger and cold for the poor.

Art thou alone in thy sorrow that thou alone shouldst wail?
Do not thy famishing brothers hunger and faint and fail?
Do not thy perishing sisters wither from want and care?
Thou too must bear the burden that they have learnt to bear.

Little one, great are the rich, but we are of commoner hue;
What are the lives of the many compared with the shares of the
few?

Is it not theirs to enjoy, ours to be dumb and endure?
Fifty per cent. for the rich—hunger and cold for the poor.

A COMIC SONG IN COMMON FORM.

"AND SO DID MR. BUNKER."

(As chortled by Mr. Leonidas Larrikin. N.B.—These Songs may be sung anywhere on payment of royalty. No composers wanted.)

ALTHOUGH a young man I 'm a genuine "hub,"

And so is Mr. BUNKER.

I 'm known at the Junior Bachelors' Club,

And so is Mr. BUNKER.

Our wives can't object to a lark now and then,

For boys will be boys and men must be men,

And at night I seldom come home before ten;

No more does Mr. BUNKER.

Yesterday I got home at a quarter-past three,

And so did Mr. BUNKER.

My wife said: "Is this *your* result of a spree,

Or that of Mr. BUNKER?"

In vain I declared I had been out to tea

At Exeter Hall with the good Y.M.C.,

I got snuff of the kind that is known as "rappee,"

And so did poor old BUNKER.

Now I am a fellow whose spirits don't flag,

No more do those of BUNKER.

In fact, I am known as a bit of a wag,

And so is gay old BUNKER.

When passing by Never-mind-what No., Grosvenor Square,

He said, "Just you ask if Lord JACKALL lives there."

I did, but the footmen such shoes shouldn't wear,

As I told my friend BUNKER.

I got a strange letter without any date,—

And so did my friend BUNKER,

Saying, "Meet me at VERREY'S at, say—half-past eight"

(And so did Mr. BUNKER);

"This comes from a lady who loved you of yore."

"We'll be there!" cried old BUNKER, "this love to restore."

Well, we went; and we met, as we opened the door—

My wife and Mrs. BUNKER!

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

THE September number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains, amongst much good matter, the concluding chapters of Captain HALDANE's narrative of his escape from Pretoria. This final instalment assures its position amongst the most moving episodes of the War. Once clear of the prison-house in Pretoria, in and under which Captain HALDANE and his two companions lived four months, they were by no means free from peril and privation. Good luck led them to the home of the English settlers who, earlier, sped WINSTON CHURCHILL over the last stage of his flight. A touching incident is told of one of these fine fellows, Mr. HOWARD, Manager of the Transvaal Delagoa Bay Company's Colliery. Hearing that three officers had escaped from Pretoria, he night after night sat at his piano, with the windows wide open, playing "God Save the Queen," so that any Englishman in distress, forlornly feeling his way to freedom, should know there was a friend at hand. Since the faithful troubadour signalled by song to the imprisoned Lion-heart, my Baronite has read of nothing so fine as this. Story? God bless you, Captain HALDANE has one to tell, and tells it admirably.

Readers of *Punch* will be glad to hear that Mr. ARROWSMITH republishes, in his Bristol Library, *A Bachelor Uncle's Diary*. Utitlanders who may have had the misfortune of missing the narrative in its original form, have provided for them opportunity of sharing auricular trials and sufferings described by Mr. FOX RUSSELL with sympathetic humour. *Max* and *Tommy* are delightful studies of the irrepressible boy. The little volume is illustrated by some clever sketches from the pencil of R. C. CARTER.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



MR. MUGGS' GROUSE MOOR. No. 3.

THE GUEST FROM LONDON, AND HIS MANNER OF SHOOTING.

THE CONTENTED MASTER-BUILDER.

WHY on earth do men strain every nerve to grow rich
Either fairly or foully, it matters not which?—
When with riches untold, as I sit in my chair,
I can fill all the castles I build in the air!

Why on earth should a sensible man set his heart
On attaining the rank of a lord or a "bart."?—
When a coronet freely I'm able to wear
In baronial castles I build in the air!

Now a peer may possess a great house, it is true,
A magnificent palace or castle, or two;
But no castle or palace of his can compare
To the wonderful castles I build in the air.

If I haven't an income like his to be spent,
I've no tenants demanding reduction of rent,
And no servants, no troubles, no bills for repair
Are attached to the castles I build in the air.

In his castle a peer entertains all his friends,
I should like to in mine—but, as some small amends,
Though I can't put up guests, I have someone to share
The delights of each castle I build in the air!

With ambition and pride and vulgarity filled,
A rich *parvenu*'s apt a new castle to build,
A pretentious, outrageous, expensive affair—
There are better and cheaper ones built in the air.

When his castle is built, and when all's said and done,
It can never be moved, and he only has one;
But that castle "is best and goes furthest," I swear,
Which can move where you will and is built in the air!

And however resplendent his castle may be,
He can't shift it at will from New York to Torquay,
From Uganda to Rome, from Peking to Hyères,
As I shift any castle I build in the air.

Then I've no mad ambition the Thames to ignite
By amassing a pile of unparalleled height,
And I stoutly decline to be hailed millionaire—
I should lose all the castles I've built in the air.

Any folks may be dukes or have riches who will,
Let my motto be "Poor, but a gentleman still!"—
I hold wealth a delusion and titles a snare,
And continue my castles to build in the air.

TOUCHING ETON RECORDS.

WOULD it not be well if certain up-to-date journals were to modify this sort of reporting? As for instance, "The collegians, who now number over one thousand souls, are busily engaged in their accustomed sports on flood and in field. The young noblemen and gentry at present assembled under the magisterial rule of Dr. WARRE seem quite up to the average of those scholars who competed with the Duke of WELLINGTON and Lord ROBERTS of Kandahar in the time-honoured playing fields."

"It is said that a silver tablet will shortly be affixed on the college pump, commemorating the fact that the Right Hon. the Earl of ROSEBURY on many occasions quaffed these icy waters, which are supposed to be derived from a source famous for its strawberry compresses. The handsome uniform of the college Volunteers, grey (reminding one of the author of the *Elegy* written in Stoke Pogis Churchyard), is pleasantly embellished with apple green. Not a few future Field-Marshal's may lurk unknown under this scholastic militarism of garb."

ASTONISHING!

Original Impression.—My first idea of a secret night attack was something of this sort. The town fast asleep. Only the sentries on the alert. Search-lights in



every direction, to discover the approach of the dreaded torpedo boats. Where are they? Is that one? No, it is the steamer from Ostend. Ah, yonder! Ready with the quick-firing guns! No, stop! It's the night boat from Calais. Round go the search-lights! Suddenly, before anyone is aware what is happening, the torpedo boats appear in the Harbour, before the Promenade Pier, everywhere! In a moment they "open," and the castle and garrison are surrounded with flames of fire and clouds of smoke! Then all the guns from the shore answer, and glass breaks in every direction! The most exciting scene in the world! Splendid military dash! Superb marine strategy! Grand! grand! grand!

There! That was my impression of what a secret night attack would be like. Now for the reality.

Corrected Impression.—We are expecting to be attacked. For days the most excellent garrison have been "on the alert." Stories are going about that the chief warriors—all of them good men and true—have retired to rest in full uniform. The gunners have been particularly to the fore. Officers seem to have a perfectly Prussian love for their *grande tenue*.

It has been whispered that some torpedo boats are to make a dash into the harbour with a view to destroying the foreign vessels in port and certain extremely well-found yachts.

The day arrives. Six torpedo boats, after manœuvring about a little—going round in a ring like a circus—come to anchor a cable's length or thereabouts from the Promenade Pier.

The sun sinks and the light-boat marking "the Pier Works" becomes illuminated. The torpedo boats go to sleep. There is a twinkling light fore and aft on each black hull, and all else is silence.

Dawn breaks and the Commander-in-Chief, who has been passing the evening in one of the most comfortable hotels on

the south coast comes to the front and mounts his charger. The staff clatter after him. They are all prepared for "the secret attack." I have been keeping my eagle eye on the torpedo boats. They leisurely get up steam in the fast brightening daylight, and turn their backs upon the Promenade Pier. They ignore that army at the landing-stage. At daybreak the pier has been occupied by a dozen soldiers in scarlet tunics and slouch hats. The redcoats have sought cover behind a kiosk. But this wise precaution proves unnecessary. The torpedo boats, true to their mission to surprise someone, saunter away in a leisurely fashion towards the lightship. Their apathy is, indeed, astounding. They vanish slowly in a sea mist. Heads of gunners appear on all sides. We have been told to keep our windows open to save the panes of glass. The vibration of the cannon will crash everything of a brittle nature.

Hark! What was that? A popgun! No, a heavy piece of ordnance! The torpedo boats—strange to relate—have been observed, and our batteries are giving them shell. Of course, blank cartridge; but the moral effect is the same. The banging of the cannon increases, and the torpedo boats are evidently having a rough time of it. We have some noise and a fair amount of smoke. But it is scarcely my idea of a battle. No shell, no cannon balls, not even shouting.

Then, within half an hour or so of the commencement of the engagement, the torpedo boats saunter back to their original moorings, looking as if nothing had happened. I was never more surprised to see them in my life. But the Commander-in-Chief was entirely satisfied, and as he knows a great deal more about matters military than I do, I am satisfied too.

It may be that I was so astonished at what I saw, or rather didn't see, because I am not much of a soldier. And it is because I am not much of a soldier that I sign myself emphatically,

Dover, 1900. NOT AN EXPERT.

BRAKE OR BREAK.

[MR. H. A. LEAVER, of West Ross, Glamorgan-shire, has just patented an automatic perambulator brake. What is wanted, however, is a bye-law to compel these machines to keep to the roadway like bicycles.]

A PERAMBULATOR brake
Of automatic make
Has by a Mr. LEAVER been invented,
That when the nursonaid's stop
To flirt or gawk or shop,
No babies spilt downhill need be lamented.

The name's appropriate—
A LEAVER up-to-date
Affords a lever to the infant leaver;
Her "pram" no more will bolt,
As frisky as a colt,
When SARAH JANE forgets to play retriever.

Well, I can only say
That if I had my way,
When walking-exercise I'm vainly trying,
Strong measures I would take
Effectually to break
These pavement-nuisances, and send them
flying! A. A. S.

LAID UP AT FOLKESTONE.

YEARS ago in the long lost past,
When we had but started the race,
And the time was true and the going fast,
And the novices made the pace,
Was there ever a bullfinch would stop our
way,
Or a bank or a ditch or wall?
The oldsters might think they could dodge
and stay,
But we went for a win or fall!
Years ago, in the bright old days,
Did we care for a sprain or bruise?
And our creaks, what matter if greys or
bays,
So long as they did not refuse?
Over the country with rattle and rush,
Right into the thick and the thin,
It was hurry along for the "red man's"
brush,
And good luck to the first man in.

Years ago! and I led the field,
Your pilot and cavalier,
Your cheery laughter my courage steeled,
For I knew that you had no fear.
I can see you now as you cleared the brook
On the day when the rest went round,
On my heart there is photographed that
glad look
As you cheered on each dripping hound!
Years ago! On these cockney Lees,
It seems but as yesterday,
And oh! for the smell of the midland breeze
Instead of the sharp salt spray.



Oh! for the burst of the pack in cry,
And a grip of the good old mare,
But you are being wheeled by a boy, and I
Am driving a donkey chair!

CRICKET.—Every match which is represented, pictorially, in one of our illustrated papers must inevitably be "a drawn match."



THE PILGRIM'S REST.

Pilgrim Kruger. "FAREWELL, A LONG FAREWELL, TO ALL MY GREATNESS! KRUGER'S 'OCCUPATION'S' GONE!"



OUR PARISH BAZAAR.

The Vicar's Little Daughter (to the Lady who cleans the Church). "WON'T YOU BUY A PACKET OF MY GOODIES, MRS. BLOBS?"
Mrs. Blobs. "WHY NO, THANK YER, MISSIE. I NEVER WERE A SWEET WOMAN!"

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

ONCE upon a time I had a yacht, or rather a share in one with two partners. Did not the log of that voyage find full record in Mr. Punch's pages? I trow it did. On two other occasions I was a guest on board a yacht, one of a party of four. "Where is dat barty now?" What fun it was! What real enjoyment! Not one day alike. The month was August. The time of our meals varying from day to day according to the tune of our appetite. We were up uncommonly early, and were ravenous for tea and bread-and-butter. We tumbled overboard into a sail and bathed, and in another hour we were clamorous for breakfast. Such breakfasts! Such fish! Such coffee! Such everything! and such health, youth and spirits! Our appetite-clocks struck all three about the same time, and dinner was on table about sunset. Coffee and tobacco on deck; then all hands piped for a game of cards with accompaniments, or while two played cards a third played the piano, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. That was enjoyment! regular irregular go-as-you-please enjoyment.

Recalling all this, I gladly accepted a friend's offer to go aboard the *Dorinda*, the yacht on which he was a guest enjoying a cruise, and which was now for a day at anchor off Oban. I remembered our old yacht, the yacht of *We Three*, one hundred and sixty tons; a sailing craft. The *Dorinda*, I see is six hundred and fifty tons and has an equipment of forty men, captain and cook included. Everything spick and span as on a man-of-war; but no less spick and span was everything and everybody aboard *We Three*. The *Dorinda* is simply luxurious, a floating palace or club-house. *We Three* was simply comfortable bachelors' quarters at sea. On the *Dorinda* everything tells of

elegance, of the presence of ladies, of full evening dress, of parties, of balls, of small and large dances; in fact, of the Season-on-sea. If this be a holiday—well, it's not *my* idea of one. Why not bring out opera singers, and powdered footmen in livery, butler and major-domo? No, thank you. And then the rules and regulations all set forth, severely printed on large formal cards, and stuck up conspicuously in every cabin, as though you were on board a P. & O. steamer, where, of course, such rules and regulations are as essential as they are on a railway, or in a first-class hotel.

Is life worth living in holiday time if you have to be up every day at a certain time; awakened by bugle to breakfast at a fixed hour; to lunch ditto; to dress every evening, as if you were going to the opera or a dance, and then when "the sweetest morsel of the night" approaches, and you gather round a small table or two in the smoking-room on deck to talk, smoke, exchange experiences, tell and hear good stories and drain a cheery nightcap, to know that at some unearthly and unsealike hour such as 11.30 or 11.45 p.m. the electric light is to be inexorably turned out, and the *convives* have to follow the example of lights and to go out altogether, or one after another, to bed? Turn out and turn in. "Is life worth living," Mr. MALLOCK, if one is to be governed by martinetical rules in the holidays, and, it may be, court-martial'd for disobedience! Not so was it on board the dear old *We Three*. No gas nor electric light had we, only lamps; we smoked whenever we liked; so did the lamps. Did we think of turning in until we felt inclined, whenever that might be? No; we did as we liked, and *that* was our holiday. "Give me liberty!" as the country mouse observed after her brief sojourn with her town friend. If ever fortune favours me with a yacht, a steam yacht of any tonnage not less than one hundred-and-fifty, and at the same time provides me with the necessary motive power at the rate of a hundred guineas per ton, paid quarterly until I give the word to stop, then shall that yacht be called *Arline*. Why? Because *Arline* was *The Bohemian Girl* of a very superior type, who knew how to behave herself in the most trying circumstances; and also to signify that all the guests on board, having pledged themselves to the Skipper, should then best please him by thoroughly pleasing themselves.

The invitations would be in this form:—"Dear Duke, or Lord, or Mr., will you come on board the *Arline*? We start on such and such a date, from such and such a place, to proceed to "C," calling *en route* at "A" and "B." At "A" or "B" you can be debarqued if you wish to leave the vessel; *only you will kindly give notice of your wish when answering this letter*. The return voyage from "C" will be by "D," "E," "F," and "G." Should you wish to debarque at any one of these places, you will kindly notify the same in replying. Yours, &c., &c."

Having decided, there must be no *volte-face*. The man who, having accepted, fails, is never heard of again on my yachting list, whereon there is writ "no such word as 'fail'." Now that's my idea of how yachting should be conducted. "Once aboard the lugger," and the Rover's guests are as free as the Rover himself. "No cards." I mean, "no cards" of rules and regulations.

Scarcely have I finished this, and gone out for a row in the *Polly*, than I am halloo'd to by a robust, jovial-looking personage, a regular sea-dog, in a Captain's gig, four horsed—I mean six oared. "Hullo! Go aboard the *Cupidon*; I'll be back directly." 'Tis my old friend, Commodore BUNBURY. We, the skipper and his boy (I am the skipper), steer for the *Cupidon*. Captain greets us, smilingly. "Sir BENJAMIN will be back directly." Captain (cheerily, ho!) shows us all over the yacht. "Nothing," he says, "will give Sir BENJAMIN greater pleasure than to take us for a cruise." Sir BEN, the Commodore, returns. Heartiest of the hearty. I ask cautiously, "Have you any rules and regulations on board for guests?" "Rules and regulations be blowed!" he exclaims, almost doing a double hornpipe expressive of utter surprise. Then he says, "Look here, my boy!

You'll just do as you darned please. Catch me being under orders for 'Lights out,' and all that. Do as you please, dress as you like. A sharp appetite will keep you up to time. Come for a cruise." I accept; and on board the *Cupidon* 'tis genuine enjoyment, and a perfect holiday.

ABOARD THE "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE."

Was ho, meine Herzliche! I doubt if this be the correct translation of "What ho, my hearties!" but it may do to say at Bremerhaven when I ship myself all aboard of the great ship with the long name. What a name! The White Star and Cunard lines are satisfied with names of one word; the Union-Castle with two words. Why, then, four words? When the Norddeutscher Lloyd launches a new ship, longer and more luxurious if that be possible, she might be called *Seine Majestät Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albert Deutscher Kaiser und König von Preussen*. With a little practice you might say this in one breath, as you say *Oceanic*.

I know but few English nautical expressions, and the meaning of even these is a mystery to me. But I might safely try some German nautical phrases, if I knew any, on a very short and very fat German landsman whom I meet the evening before our start.

In the hotel restaurant he seats himself, uninvited, at a table occupied by an American and myself, thereby showing himself ignorant of the customs of his own country. And further, also without invitation, he confides his private affairs to us. It is surprising to hear that he, a well-to-do man of five and thirty perhaps, has never seen the sea. He comes from Wiesbaden. But, he tells us proudly, he has been in steamers on the Rhine. We assure him the North Sea is much wider than the Rhine. We hold out to him the awful prospect of a gale on the next day, in which case he will embark up the river at Bremerhaven, go all the way to Cherbourg shut up in his cabin, crawl ashore in the harbour there, and never see the sea after all. But his round, rosy face, lit up by an interminable smile, is unclouded. He fears nothing. Though he speaks not a word of French or English, he is going to Paris for a week, and he wants to know if he can take a walk round Southampton while the ship stops there. He is a brave little man.

Why the Norddeutscher Lloyd should make us start by a train at 7.15 a.m. is best known to themselves. If it is done with the idea of catching the great ship at Bremerhaven it is useless, for she leaves just as the train arrives, and we pursue her on a tender to the open sea. We catch her up about eleven. A cup of coffee at 6.30 is a poor preparation for such a trip. The railway refreshment-room offers beer, but one does not much care for beer at 8.30 a.m., and we have all been assured that we shall breakfast at nine on the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*.

We do not. On the tender, also, there is nothing but beer, and perhaps a *Schinkenbrot* so very uninviting that we would rather starve than eat it. Only one person on board is contented. That is the little man from Wiesbaden. Wearing a straw hat with a bright green ribbon, and with the unalterable smile on his round face, he inspects everything. He drinks some of the beer; he even eats a *Schinkenbrot*. Finally he mounts to the bridge, and it seems to our exhausted eyes, as he stands next to the skipper, that this man who has never seen the sea is navigating our boat.

At last we reach the ship, and the hungry crowd hurries on board. But from that time forward we are famished no longer, and the Germans themselves cannot do justice to the noble repasts provided. The Americans at breakfast—which ranges from melon, through some thirty dishes, to buckwheat cakes—retire defeated. Only the round man from Wiesbaden is undaunted. He is first, and also last, at lunch, at dinner, and at breakfast. He indulges freely in the intermediate sandwiches, and biscuits, and coffee, and cups of *consommé*, lavishly provided, and he does himself very well in the way of wines



A RECIPROCATED SENTIMENT.

Farmer Giles (a parting admonition after a prolonged and painful castigation). "Now I 'OPE I WON'T KETCH YOU 'ERE AGAIN, YER YOUNG WARMINT!"

"I 'OPE YER WON'T, GUV'NOR!"

and beer. And he has still the same interminable smile on his cherubic face. Instead of his straw hat he wears a yachting cap of perfectly correct form, and carries a huge binocular. Wiesbaden has sent him forth regardless of expense.

If he were not such a bore, and did not speak so fast, with an accent, from Wiesbaden probably, and a slight stutter, we should like to ascertain what he thinks of the sea. But we are compelled to avoid him. Judging by his face, the ocean in general meets with his approval.

When I come on deck early in the morning I find him there already, smiling at the Isle of Wight, and critically examining Osborne House through his large binocular. I see him later on addressing pictorial post-cards, without which no German is happy. The next day Wiesbaden will know what a mighty ship has carried her adventurous citizen. Then I see him no more. If I had time to spare at Southampton, I should doubtless find in the High Street a green-ribboned straw hat, a large binocular, an interminable smile, and a round figure standing in front of the old gateway, or conversing affably, in the German language, with a puzzled policeman.

H. D. B.

No Difference.

English Customer (to Manager of restaurant). I see, Signor MARASCHINO, that the American gentleman and his wife who have just left drank nothing but water with their dinner. Does that make much difference in their bill?

Signor Maraschino. Noting, Sir. They pay same as yourself and lady, who 'ave champagne. Oderwise, 'ow should we live?



A DILEMMA.

Driver of Terrified Pony. "PULL YOUR CONFOUNDED DOG AWAY, YOU SILLY IDIOT!"
Leader of playful Boarhound. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT MASTER TOLD ME PARTICULAR NOT TO CROSS 'IM, OR 'E MIGHT COLLAR ME!"

ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

Mr. Swellings, the eminent Art patron (to rising young painter whom he has invited, at a friend's suggestion, to decorate the walls of his New West End Palace). Now what would you suggest here, Mr. MAHL? Something breezy and up to date, with a touch of the mashing order about it?

Mr. Mahl. What do you say to *Venus* rising from the sea?

Mr. Swellings. *Venus!* Yes, I should think that would do first class. I remember the burlesque at the Royalty when poor GUS HARRIS was the stage manager. And, now, for this space?

Mr. Mahl. How would you like *Andromeda*?

Mr. Swellings. ANN DROMEDARY? (With a chuckle) Might give me the hump, you know.

Mr. Mahl. No, no; *Andromeda*, who was chained to the rock.

Mr. Swellings. Chained to the rock was she? Bathing off the Nayland Rock at Margate, I suppose, in a high tide. Put Ann down, my boy! Now what about this long gap?

Mr. Mahl. Hum! in a bad light—wants some treatment of figures without much drapery.

Mr. Swellings. Amen, say I! Give it a name.

Mr. Mahl. How about the *Judgment of Paris*?

Mr. Swellings. The very button, old man; and don't forget the Bore de Boulone and the Eiffel Tower! Here's the last bit of blank wall.

Mr. Mahl. An oblong strip difficult of treatment, might be filled in with a group of Bacchantes.

Mr. Swellings. Back aunties! What the dickens are they?

Mr. Mahl. Bacchantes—persons more or less under the influence of the juice of the grape.

Mr. Swellings. Why not say *tight*. I twig what you mean—all rolling along, taking off one another's hats, eh?

Mr. Mahl. Precisely. I thought your appreciation of the classical would help us.

Mr. Swellings. I don't know much about the Classic Hall, but, Great Scott! I can appreciate a good Music Hall. Consider the order filed, Brother MAHL, at your own price.

Mr. Mahl (bowing low). The patronage of art is the prerogative of a Meccenas.

[Exit.

Mr. Swellings. Mess Scene Ass! What the deuce did he mean by that? Well! I wouldn't advise him to mess my walls, that's all—or he'll be the Mess Scene Ass.

[Roars with laughter at his own wit.
Orders his coach and four.

THE ORGAN THAT PLAYS IN THE STREET.

(A Ballade.)

THERE is hardly a thing that I fear;
 I'd encounter a ghost with the best,
 My courage would swiftly appear
 If danger should ever molest,
 Or burglary trouble my rest.
 I am brave—but I'm frightened to meet
 (Though I'm yards upon yards round the chest)

The organ that plays in the street.

It is not that my sensitive ear
 Is pained by the terrible pest
 Of the noise it produces (though here
 Let my Catholic taste be expressed).
 It is not that I get so depressed,
 Though myself I've found nothing to beat,
 As Christian Fortitude's test,
 The organ that plays in the street.

But it is that the tunes which I hear
 Are the same that augmented the zest
 With which in a previous year
 I did many things, being blest
 And beloved, and I'm terrified lest
 My reason abandon its seat,
 With memories saddened, obsessed
 By the organ that plays in the street.

Envoi.

Unlucky, I failed in my quest,
 A jilt was my Phyllida sweet,
 And I'm doubly and trebly distressed
 By the organ that plays in the street.

AN OLD FABLE RETOLD.

A GRASSHOPPER the summer through,
When days were warm and skies were blue,
And while the wind was in the south
Lived idly on from hand to mouth.
Where meadow grass stood thick and deep

All day she'd chirp, and dance and sleep.
But when the winds of autumn blew
And pierced and chilled her through and through,

Finding her nourishment grow scant
She went to beg of cousin ant,

Only to get, instead of bread,
Volumes of good advice instead.

"Why did you not" (said ant), "like me,"
Or like the meritorious bee,

Improve each shining hour and store
Your bursting larder more and more?

When summer suns were shining bright
Mole-like I burrowed out of sight;

The strength you wasted at the ball
I used huge grains of wheat to haul.

You chose, instead, to have your fling,
And sing all day—*now* go and sing;

And don't, because the weather's broke,
Come sponging round on thrifty folk!"

"Cousin," the grasshopper replied,
"What nature teaches wherefore chide;

An ant prefers all work no play—
A grasshopper's not built that way."

They part—the ant to seek its hoard,
Her cousin to the casual ward.

But going to the bank in haste,
Where all her savings she had placed,

The ant discovered, to her cost,
The bank was broken—all was lost.

Too old to start a hoard anew,
The workhouse was her refuge, too.

MORAL.

Think, ant, in spite of your laborious
gleanings,

The word "improvident" has several
meanings.

CAVE CANEM.

A REALLY astonishing dog story has come under my notice—one which contains an object-lesson (if anyone can find it—try, for yourselves, after reading this). That officers of all ranks should be able to learn caution from the sagacity of a dog will appear strange. But it is no exaggeration to assert this; it is a lie, pure and simple. Here is the story, in all its pristine beauty.

On April 1, a Lieutenant and party of Mounted Infantry were patrolling the country between *Muttonje Nek* and *Nee-rust Pubje* when a deerhound came bounding up to the Lieutenant from the direction of the Boers. He bowed to the officer, who at once saluted in reply. The two became great friends at once. The dog, with true canine sagacity, had evidently seen that the Boer cause was hopelessly lost, and took the first opportunity of



REAL GRATITUDE.

Tramp (to Chappie, who has given him a shilling). "I 'OPE AS 'OW SOME DAY, SIR, YOU MAY WANT A SHILLIN', AN' THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE IT TO YER!"

coming over to the winning side. He followed the Lieutenant back to camp, and at once commenced to make himself useful.

All unsolicited, he immediately took charge of a ham belonging to his new master, and so altered the shape of it in ten minutes' time that the Lieutenant could hardly recognise it again. Then he returned his attention to a tin of sardines, after finishing which and drinking up the oil, he promptly retreated out of range of the Orderly's boot.

When this affair had blown over, some subtle instinct must have induced this wonderful dog to root out the Lieutenant's best parade trousers, and worry them so effectively that the unfortunate officer was ultimately obliged to exchange into a Highland regiment in order that he could appear amongst his fellows in a kilt,

improvised out of a tablecloth and a railway travelling rug. At the precise moment of the Lieutenant discovering his loss, the dog left, with a human foot in close proximity to his tail.

The moral of this is obvious—to all who can discover it.

NAME AND SITUATION.—THEATRICAL.—Grown on Two Roses—Mr. THOMAS THORNE. Only a face at the window—Mr. ED. PAYNE. Implies poultry farming—Mr. COLIN COOP. Unselfish, because after "I"—Miss ISABEL JAY. A melancholy bloom—Miss MOODY. A pink of courtesy—Mr. CHARLES MANNERS.

THE new bridge over the Thames is to be the biggest in London. Mr. Punch therefore respectfully suggests that it should be called the Bridge of Size.



James T. Smith

Irish Manservant (who has been requested by a guest to procure him a Blue-bottle for fishing purposes—returning from his quest). "IF YE PLAZE, SORR, WOULD A GREEN SODA-WATER BOTTLE BE WHAT YE'RE WANTIN'?"

THE MORAL BIKE.

Truth has discovered that temperance is promoted, and character generally reformed, by the agency of the bicycle—in fact, the guilty class has taken to cycling.

That is so. Go into any police-court, and you will find culprits in the dock who have not only taken to cycling but have also taken other people's cycles.

Ask any burglar among your acquaintance, and he will tell you that the term Safety Bicycle has a deeper and truer meaning for him, when, in pursuit of his vocation, he is anxious not to come in collision with the police.

Look, too, at the Scorchers on his Saturday afternoon exodus. Where could you have a more salient and striking example of pushfulness and determination to "get

there" over all obstacles? He is, in fact, an example of NIETZSCHE'S "Uebermensch," the Over-man who rides over any elderly pedestrian or negligible infant that may cross his path.

Then the Lady in Bloomers. She is a great reforming agent. She looks so unsightly, that if all her sisters were dressed like her flirtation would die out of the land and there would be no more cakes and ale.

Think also of all the virtues called into active exercise by one simple Puncture: Patience, while you spend an hour by the wayside five miles from anywhere; Self-control, when "swears, idle swears, you know not what they mean, swears from the depth of some divine despair rise in the heart and gather to the lips," as TENNYSON has so sympathetically put it; Fortitude, when you have to shoulder or

push the Moral Agent home; and a lot of other copy-book qualities.

Lastly, the adventurer who proceeds without a light within curfew hours, the Sportsman who steals a march on the side-walk, and the Novice who tries a fall with the first omnibus encountered—are all bright instances of British independence, and witnesses to Truth.

Truly, the bike is an excellent substitute for the treadmill and the reformatory!

HORACE IN LONDON.

CARMEN TUBULARE.

THERE are who sing of Breton seas
And bath-confections faintly *risquées*,
Or eulogise the genial breeze
That corrugates the Bay of Biscay;—

Others compel the panting mule
Up Rigi's over-peopled summit,
Or drop in Scylla's circling pool
The slightly agitated plummet;—

I know of patriots who take
On Margate sands a strong position;
They scorn (for England's honour's sake)
To view the Paris Exhibition;—

Some fly the World's entangling mesh
Within the hermit's sylvan closet;
Others (at Homburg) quell the Flesh
In point of adipose deposit;—

For me—the Poet in the Street—
Whose private tastes are not extensive,
Who only ask a cool retreat
At once refined and inexpensive;—

Whose homely fancies may not fly
Beyond the range of Sabbath leisure—
London! my London! 'tis from thy
Twopenny Tube I pluck my pleasure!

Ingenious puncture! where I ride
As in a rapt Elysian transit,
Breathing a climate rarefied,
(An artificial Zephyr fans it);—

Far from the crowd's ignoble strife,
The lust of greed, the claims of faction,
Here is the true sequestered life,
Developed by electric traction!

Unheard the tumult overhead,
The 'bus, the cab, the coster's barrow;
Just such a peace as wraps the dead
Reigns in the Town's secluded marrow.

And men may reach this blessed clime
By facile lifts at every station;
Not old Avernus, in its prime,
Had similar accommodation!

At last the "Underworld" is found
That painters paint and bards embellish,
Not like the other Underground
Which, as a rule, is simply hellish.

Friend, could we choose a fate below
Suited to any class of weather,
In such a tube we two should go
For twopence, all the time, together!

O. S.



A CHINESE PUZZLE.

SENTRY. "WHO GOES THERE?"

LI HUNG CHANG. "FRIEND! YOU KNOW ME VERY WELL—A FRIEND TO EVERYBODY!"

SENTRY. "H'M! GIVE THE COUNTERSIGN!"



SCENE—Verandah of Swiss Hotel.

Brown (finishing very lengthy account of Alpine adventure). "AND THEN, MISS JONES, THEN, JUST AS DAWN WAS BREAKING, I HEARD THE VOICES OF THE GUIDES ABOVE ME, AND I KNEW THAT I WAS SAVED—ACTUALLY SAVED! MY FEELINGS, AS I REALISED THIS, MAY BE MORE EASILY IMAGINED THAN DESCRIBED!"

Miss Jones (fervently). "THANK HEAVEN!"

[And Brown fondly imagined she was alluding to his escape.]

RE THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Hints for Candidates and Agents.

BY A. BRIEFLESS JUNIOR,

Barrister-at-Law, late Candidate for numerous important forensic appointments.

EVERY day we get closer to that moment when we shall have to decide upon our Parliamentary representative. This being so, it is only natural that we should carefully consider the subject of treating and being treated. Taking myself as a sample man—a man very much in the street—I have felt no inclination to treat. But then I am no millionaire, not even when the capital is counted in coppers.

My learned friend Mr. R. C. RICHARDS,

Q.C., M.P., whose *Guide to Contested Elections* has been invaluable to me, gives the statutory definition as follows:—

"Any meat, drink, entertainment or provision to or for any person for the purpose of corruptly influencing that person or any other person to give or refrain from giving his vote at the election, or on account of such person or any other person having voted or refrained from voting or being about to vote or refrain from voting at such election, shall be guilty of treating."

As my learned friend justly observes, "the receiver of any meat, drink, &c., is equally guilty and liable to the same punishment as the person who treats or bribes." So the presentation of even a meat lozenge at election time may end in the most disastrous consequences.

"Treating the wives of electors, in order to influence their husbands to vote, is an offence." So he who would represent his fellow man in Parliament must avoid tête-à-tête lunches with the fellow man's wife. The law raises an objection to the practice. And here I may remark that the objection probably would be shared by the fellow man *quâ* husband.

Baron POLLOCK, in the St. George-in-the-East Election Petition, condemned the practice technically known as "standing drinks." His lordship expressed his regret that the candidate should frequent taverns to ingratiate himself. He even went so far as to suggest that it was a matter to deplore "that a candidate should ever be seen in a public house." He added, however, with a fine appreciation of the failing incident to human nature, "he should not be seen in the public house, *except where it is absolutely necessary.*"

Of course, requisite refreshment should be obtained at second, not first, hand. But, of course, there may be cases where a visit to a tavern is "absolutely necessary"—say in very hot weather, and these exceptional cases Baron POLLOCK recognised.

"Candidates are bound by the actions of their agents, and consequently should be careful in their selection of their representatives." At Montgomery—although there was a division of forensic opinion—the judges seemed to consider that an agent who, when "in his cups," treated nearly everyone he came across was not a suitable person for selection. They laid it down "that the reprehensible selection ought to recoil upon those who had been guilty of such culpable carelessness."

Any right-thinking man will agree with the judges. A person who would "in his cups" treat anyone, might treat the competing candidate—a self-evident absurdity. Still, I can scarcely understand where the "influence" is manifest. To the best of my judgment, I am under the impression that an agent "in his cups" would find it difficult to explain a political policy with sufficient clearness to be understood. For instance, at this moment even a well-educated man would find it difficult—nay, almost impossible—"in his cups" to explain the Liberal programme.

At this point I break off, as what I have written should be carefully considered and serve as a foundation to a superstructure of self-evolved hints. Should the time arrive suddenly for a general election, then I can only advise an immediate recourse to my friend Mr. H. C. RICHARDS' excellent manual.

NOTE FROM OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (still at large).—Q. Under what tree should a love-lorn swain write his sonnets?

A. The Sick-Amour.

[Scotland Yard communicated with.

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



THIRD FRAGMENT.

1. AND at the coming of the Ortūm-Sīsūn, did begin the festival of the Dharāma.

2. When the Ākhta-manajahs

3. who had got all their heads turned, did open their

4. houses,

5. the makers of speeches, in front of the curtain

6. when they talked such (two words unfortunately missing) about how they loved all the boxes,

7. Also the dress-circle, and felt like relations

8. while they pocketed the proceeds

9. how their heart-strings did twine round these dwellers in suburbs

10. who didn't know them from Adām.

11. Then did the deadheads get their clothes out of Camphor

12. and borrow a *Jhibus*, and the spaces did fill up

13. they looked about as much like the real thing

14. as well

15. And the chief of the Ākhtas was Enri-ur-vīn,

16. the master of mountings, the trailer of hind legs,

17. the wearer of *pīnznehs*, eschewer of hair-nets,

18. whose voice came from somewhere

19. concealed in the basement,

20. who lifted his eye-brows, and stamped on the planking

21. in various places selected beforehand.

22. And his eyes came round slowly, amidst great excitement,

23. and on their arrival a smile that was fitful

24. crept over his features and a grunt that meant something

25. relieved all the tension.

26. Then Bhirb-ōm-Tāri who dwelt in the market

27. where hay was so plentiful

28. did Er-majstis open; the master of *mēh-kūp*

29. transformer of features

30. who swayed like the willow, and spread like the eagle

31. stood full in the lime-light, . . well in the centre

32. he glided like magic

33. and made all their flesh creep.

34. And Jorjal-ekhs-Āndar who fancies rather

35. as kings and ambassadors

36. and middle-aged love-birds

37. and people of the tribe of the Mhél-táukirehs

38. black-sheep with a pasture

39. in the street of the King his house did he open.

40. And Wilz-ān-Barāt he also to the city returned

41. the wearer of *bhanguls*

42. the idol of Khōkniz,

43. the wearer of ball-dresses,

44. supposed to be Roman,

45. distinctly *dékoltéh*,

46. the barer of elbows.

47. Raised up on his *haihāls*

48. with a woman's *tīyārah*, in front of his *koiphūr*,

49. did he talk of religion

50. (like Mahr-i-Karéli, the writer of tablets,

51. who sought for seclusion but never succeeded, who never could think how things get in the papers).

52. The delight of the Deacons, and also the sidesmen

53. who brought all their children and sat in the circles

54. and saw things undreamt of

55. saw plays with a purpose, likewise with a vengeance,

56. and it paid like

(Words undecipherable.)

WELSH RARE-BITS AT THE PALACE.—It is pleasant to note that the ever-indefatigable Mr. CHARLES MORTON—the great Refiner of Music-hall Sugar—has engaged Madame CLARA NOVELLO DAVIES and the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir to appear

at the beautiful playhouse which Mr. D'OYLY CARTE built for English Opera. We all know that Taffy was a Welshman, and also a thief, and from what we hear from Paris, where they have been stealing the hearts of our neighbours, we learn

that the Misses TAFFY are also brigands. So we warn susceptible lovers of music that they will be in great danger next month. A great historical picture might be painted of Mr. MORTON Welsh harpooning the souls of London.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of Chunder Bindabun Ghosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER I.

FROM CALCUTTA TO CAMBRIDGE: OVERSEA ROUTE.

*At sea the stoutest stomach jerks,
Far, far away from native soil,
When Ocean's heaving waterworks
Burst out in Brobdignagian boil!*

Stanza written at Sea, by H. B. J. (unpublished.)

THE waves of Neptune erected their seething and angry crests to incredible altitudes; overhead in fuliginous storm-clouds the thunder rumbled its terrific bellows, and from time to time the ghastly flare of lightning illuminated the entire neighbourhood. The tempest howled like a lost dog through the cordage or the good ship *Rohukund* (Capt. O. WILLIAMS), which lurched through the vasty deep as though overtaken by the drop too much.

At one moment her poop was pointed towards celestial regions; at another it aimed itself at the recesses of Davey Jones's locker; and such was the fury of the gale that only a paucity of the ship's passengers remained perpendicular, and Mr. CHUNDER BINDABUN GHOSH was recumbent on his beam end, prostrated by severe sickness, and hourly expecting to become initiated in the Great Secret.

Bitterly did he lament his hard lines in venturing upon the Black Water, to be snipped off in the flower of his adolescence, and never again to behold the beloved visages of his relations!

So heartrending were his tears and groans that they moved all on board, and Honble Mr. Commissioner COPSEY, who was returning on leave, kindly came to inquire the cause of such vociferous lachrymation.

"What is the matter, Baboo?" began the Commissioner in paternal tones. "Why are you kicking up the shindy of such a deuce's own hullabaloo?"

"Because, honble Sir," responded Mr. GHOSH, "I am in lively expectation that waters will rush in and extinguish my vital spark."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Commissioner, genially. "This is only the moiety of a gale, and there is not the slightest danger."

Having received this assurance, Mr. GHOSH's natural courage revived, and, coming up on deck, he braved the tempest with the cool composer of a cucumber, admonishing all his fellow-passengers that they were not to give way to panic, seeing that Death was the common lot of all, and, though everyone must die once, it was an experience that could not be repeated, with much philosophy of a similar kind which astonished many who had falsely supposed him to be a pusillanimous.

The remainder of the voyage was uneventful, and, soon after setting his feet on British territory, Mr. GHOSH became an alumnus and undergraduate of the *Alma Mater* of Cambridge.

I shall not attempt to relate at any great length the history of his collegiate career, because, being myself a graduate of Calcutta University, I am not, of course, proficient in the customs and etiquettes of any rival seminaries, and should probably make one or two trivial slips which would instantly be pounced and held up for derision by carping critics.

So I shall content myself with mentioning a few leading facts and incidents. Mr. GHOSH very soon wormed himself into the good graces of his fellow college boys, and his principal friend and *fidus Achates* was a young high-spirited aristocrat entitled Lord JACK JOLLY, the only son of an earl who had lately been promoted to the dignity of a baronetcy.

Lord JOLLY and Mr. GHOSH were soon as inseparable as a Dæmon and Pythoness, and, though no nabob to wallow in filthy

lucre, Mr. GHOSH gave frequent entertainments to his friends, who were hugely delighted by the elegance of his hospitality and the garrulity of his conversation.

Unfortunately the fame of these Barmecide feasts soon penetrated the ears of the College *gurus*, and Mr. GHOSH's *Moolovee* sent for him and severely reprimanded him for neglecting to study for his Littlego degree, and squandering his immense abilities and talents on mere guzzling.

Whereupon Mr. GHOSH shed tears of contrition, embracing the feet of his senile tutor, and promising that, if only he was restored to favour he would become more diligent in future.

And honourably did he fulfil this *nudum pactum*, for he became a most exemplary bookworm, burning his midnight candle at both ends in the endeavour to cram his mind with *belles lettres*.

But he was assailed by a temptation which I cannot forbear to chronicle. One evening as he was poring over his learned tomes, who should arrive but a deputation of prominent Cambridge boatmen and athletics, to entreat him to accept a stroke oar of the University eight in the forthcoming race with Oxford college!

This, as all aquatics will agree, was no small compliment—particularly to one who was so totally unversed in wielding the flashing oar. But the authorities had beheld him propelling a punt boat with marvellous dexterity by dint of a paddle, and, taking the length of his foot on that occasion, they had divined a Hercules and ardently desired him as a confederate.

Mr. GHOSH was profoundly moved: "College misters and friends," he said, "I welcome this invitation with a joyful and thankful heart, as an honour—not to this poor self, but to Young India. Nevertheless, I am compelled by *Dura Necessitas* to return the polite negative. Gladly I would help you to inflict crushing defeat upon our presumptuous foe, but 'I see a hand you cannot see that beckons me away; I hear a voice you cannot hear that wheezes 'Not to day'!' In other words, gentlemen, I am now actively engaged in the Titanic struggle to floor LITTLEGO. It is glorious to obtain a victory over Oxonian rivals, but, misters, there is an enemy it is still more glorious to pulverize, and that enemy is—one's self!"

The deputation then withdrew with falling crests, though unable to refrain from admiring the firmness and fortitude with which a mere Native student had nilled an invitation which to most European youths would have proved an irresistible attraction.

Nor did they cherish any resentment against Mr. GHOSH, even when, in the famous inter-collegiate race of that year from Hammersmith to Putney, Cambridge was ingloriously bumped, and Oxford won in a common canter.

(To be continued.)

MY HOLIDAY PÆAN.

How I love the silly season,	Gay and <i>debonnaire</i> I wander—
Dote upon the empty street,	Not a hum my thoughts to
And the lack of rhyme or	drown;
reason	All my holiday I squander
In the daily press's sheet,	In meandering up and down,
Full of yarns that 'twould be	Growing yet more fond and
treason	fonder
With a lack of warmth to	Of my dear deserted town.
greet.	Blessed sense of ease and
How I love my Piccadilly,	pleasure!
Or the Bond Street that I	Sweet security of street!
pace	Yarns of what sea-serpents
In a hat of cock or billy	measure
And in tweed's unstudied	To a decimal of feet!
grace,	London, you're a perfect
Which would meet the stare	treasure
that's chilly	When the House has left its
On the season's social face.	seat!



AM so glad to find you in the old place," he said, with easy familiarity. "I

—well, because I am afraid you thought me rude the other day; and, if so, I apologise. But as for your presenting any danger to me; you don't, in the least."

"I am glad of that. Then you will dine with me to-night?"

"No, thank you."

"Why not?"

"Because it is unbecoming to accept hospitality which you cannot return," with a mocking smile.

"But I don't want you to return it."

"I know you don't. You would like me to be under an obligation to you."

"You must take me for a precious cad!"

"Not at all. I take you for what you are—an ordinary man of the world. Unfortunately, I am not of your world; so we cannot dine together."

"Yes, we can. I like to talk to you. You are hard and sarcastic, but I like those sort of women. I should be under an obligation to you, if you accepted."

"That I should also dislike, so you see it is impossible. Let us talk of something else."

"What is there to talk about?" rather huffily.

"Oh, lots of things. Your dog—where is he?"

"I left him at home in case we should dine together."

"A very useless precaution. What have you been doing all this week?"

"Looking for you. And you?"

"Oh, the usual teaching. My life never varies. But, somehow, I rather fancy a period of excitement is approaching."

"Am I the period of excitement?"

"Oh, no! You are quite out of my life. But I really think someone is falling in love with me—honestly in love."

"I congratulate you. Would it be a suitable match?"

"Very. There would be no fear of his looking down upon me."

"It is not the kitchen-maid's policeman of whom you were speaking the other day?"

"Oh, dear no! It is the father of two of my pupils. He has

have been looking for you all the week. Did you see my advertisement in the agony column of the Standard?"

"No, I didn't," she answered, very much elated at his cordial, earnest manner. "I never see the Standard."

"I advertised for a daily governess," he pursued. "And you had nine hundred and ninety-nine answers?"

"Not quite so many, and, unfortunately, not the one I wanted."

"I wish I had seen it."

"Would you have answered it?"

"Of course I should. My bread-and-butter depends upon pupils. The more I have, the more butter I can put upon the bread."

"Do you know I have stayed in London on purpose to see you again? I ought to be paying visits in Scotland."

"Yes, you ought."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that it is perfectly useless for Lord GARCHESTER's eldest son to remain in London to make silly speeches to Miss CLARKE, a daily governess."

"How do you know I am Lord GARCHESTER's son?"

"I was told so on very good authority. Is it not true?"

"Yes, it is true; but it is no reason why I should not enjoy the society of Miss CLARKE, since that is your name."

"It might turn the head of poor Miss CLARKE, who is friendless and penniless, and it can do you no good."

"Is your head so easily turned?"

"No, I don't think it is. I am glad to see you again, because

lately paid me an amount of attention which it would be idle to attribute altogether to interest in his children's education."

"It does not sound tempting, to start life with another woman's children. How many are there?"

"Only two. The two little darlings you saw last Sunday."

"Are you fond of them?"

"Not in the least."

"All your affection goes to the father?"

"No, it doesn't. I don't care for him either."

"You are a very peculiar young person. Do you care for anybody?"

"Don't ask impertinent questions."

"I beg your pardon, but I must ask you another impertinent question. Shall you accept this ready-made family if it is offered you?"

"I have not yet made up my mind. Would you advise me to do so?"

"Not if you don't care for the man."

"I don't care for him, and I am sure I never should. Still, the change in position would be decidedly welcome. Of course, you cannot imagine the sort of life I lead. You meet me here, and find me an amiable subject to chaff, able to answer you in your own spirit, and I daresay you think I have a very jolly time. If so, you are very much mistaken. For the last three years, since my father died, I have never had one hour's enjoyment. It has all been hard, dull, grinding work, with a maximum of fatigue and a minimum of pay. I live in one poky little room in a street behind the Brompton Road, and I have the use of a sitting-room for my meals, but not to sit in. I never go to a theatre. I am too tired in the evening, even if I could afford it, and twice a year there come horrible holidays, when I have to pinch and screw more than ever to be able to pay my rent. Don't you think a widower, even with a hundred children, would be a better fate?"

"I suppose it would; still, you might meet someone you really liked—that would be better."

"It is not the least likely."

"You must let me take you to the theatre sometimes *en camarade*. If you will let me, I can make your life a little brighter."

"I scarcely see myself going to the theatre with you," she laughed. "This is my best dress," looking down at her plain black stuff dress.

"I might give you an evening dress for your birthday. Friends do that sort of thing. Will you let me be your friend?"

"I have never had any friends; I scarcely know what the term means."

"It means someone who likes you, and who is anxious to prove his friendship."

"My landlady has a daughter, who is engaged to be married. She speaks of her young man as 'my friend.'"

Then there was an awkward pause. Lord MARTIN had not the slightest intention of putting that sort of construction on his friendship. He was amused by this girl's absence of affectation and outspoken manner. He would readily do anything he could for her, and with no sinister motive; but there must be no question of marriage or engagement.

Presently Miss CLARKE broke the silence by saying: "I am afraid my remark has thrown a *douche* on your friendship?"

"Not at all," he answered smiling. "People can be friends without marrying each other."

"Of course they can," she said; "only, they must be of the same rank and position."

"Not necessarily."

"Yes, they must; otherwise the friendship becomes charity, or something even worse."

"Charity is not a bad thing. Are we not told that it covers a multitude of sins?"

"Yes, but I should not care to see it practised on me. I wish to be independent. It is about the only enjoyment I have."

"But surely you are dependent on the people who employ you?"

"Not more than they are upon me for their children's education. Of course, they might find other teachers; but, equally, I might find other pupils. My charges are not prohibitive!"

And so they continued to fence, he rapidly losing his heart to her, and she thoroughly amused at the novel sensation of an unconventional flirtation. When the time came for parting he again urged her to spend the evening with him, but ELIZA was firm, firmer even than she had been the Sunday before, and she would not even discuss the possibility of going to the theatre with him in the week, or of meeting him anywhere until the following Sunday, when they could resume their present innocent intercourse. And then, when she had left him and was face to face again with the dreary six days which must elapse before she saw him again, she almost regretted her unpromising principles.

It would be such a treat to go and dine in a fashionable restaurant, to have a smart dress to wear, and finish the evening at a theatre. And she liked the man; he was kind and respectful now that he saw her true position. But, of course, it could lead to nothing. Regret, and possibly shame, would be the only sequel. At any rate, she had another Sunday to look forward to. Her life was not the total blank it had been; and then she began to doubt if he would be there again next Sunday. He had said that he should go into the country for the middle of the week, and not return till the following Saturday. Perhaps he would not return. He might meet some young lady of his own world who would fascinate him, and she would never see him again. That would be dreadful—or would it be better? She could not quite decide. Next Sunday she would ask him if he had ever been engaged. Men liked talking about themselves. She was sorry she had not asked him to-day.

In the course of the week, the period of excitement to which she had alluded showed signs of further development. Mr. NUTCOMBE now came regularly to the schoolroom when she was there, and took an increasing interest in his children's studies as well as Miss CLARKE's welfare. The seed-cake which had been occasionally offered her by his sister was now a recognised institution, and was supplemented by a glass of sherry. On one very wet day this hospitality was extended to an invitation to dinner, and on the invitation being refused he begged Miss CLARKE to accept the sum of two shillings for a cab fare to her next engagement. The two shillings was willingly accepted, ELIZA having, as I have already stated, a conviction that her services were miserably underpaid. The climax to these friendly attentions came towards the end of

the week, when Mr. NUTCOMBE, with a certain amount of good-natured pomposity, informed her that he had made arrangements for a Sunday expedition to the country.

"I am going to drive you and the children down to Kew Gardens," he said. "We mean to have a very jolly time."

The children clapped their hands, and showed unmistakable signs of satisfaction; but Miss CLARKE sadly shook her head. She was very sorry, but she had an engagement.

Mr. NUTCOMBE pooh-poohed the idea. "I have ordered the trap," he said; "and you cannot disappoint the children."

But Miss CLARKE was firm. Trap or no trap, she would not give up her meeting in the park with Lord MARTIN.

"It is quite impossible," she said hurriedly. "Some other Sunday, if you are kind enough to ask me."

"The days are drawing in; and, besides, I am not always free," he persisted, and his voice was a little shaky.

"I am sorry," said ELIZA, and she hastily pointed out two faults of spelling in REGGIE'S dictation to change the conversation. But this ruse was not altogether successful. Mr. NUTCOMBE was only temporarily baffled.

"Very well," he said, rising and going towards the door. "Will you come and speak to me in the drawing-room before you leave? I have a few words I should like to say to you."

Eliza bowed, and wondered what she was in for; and then, when he had gone, the children fell upon her with reproaches.

"You are horrid, Miss CLARKE. Papa won't go without you; and we shall have to go to church as usual, and learn the collect in the afternoon."

"We will go some other Sunday," said ELIZA indifferently. "Go on with your lessons."

When she found herself, a little later on, alone in the drawing-room with Mr. NUTCOMBE she was not left long in doubt as to his reasons for wishing to see her. He told her simply, and with very little show of emotion, that he wished her to become his wife, to replace the dead mother of his children to whom he had been so devotedly attached.

There was something comic, ELIZA thought, in the allusion to this attachment; but the moment was solemn, and mirth out of the question.

He told her that they knew little of each other, but that need be no drawback. He knew she gained her livelihood honourably, and as a hard-working girl, and he had no fear in entrusting his life's happiness to her. His children wanted a mother, and he wanted a companion, "and if you do not exactly love me now, you will probably learn to do so in time," he added.

It was all rather condescending and grandiose, and ELIZA never felt so uncomfortable in her life. When he had finished expatiating on his own merits, and the advantages the marriage would bestow on her, he paused for a reply.

"I am very flattered," she began. Penny novelettes had taught her that was the proper way of beginning, but she wasn't quite sure how to go on.

"You will try to love me?" he said, approaching her.

"Love ought to be spontaneous," she said, recoiling from him. "I am afraid I cannot marry you."

"You cannot marry me?" he repeated, rather aghast.

"No, it is impossible," she said simply.

"Then your affections are pledged elsewhere?"

"No, they are not," she said rather amused. "No one has ever asked me for them."

"Then, surely, you need only time to think it over to decide in my favour. I am not a young man, and I have buried a great love with my late dear wife, but I would make you a kind husband. You would never regret your choice."

"I am sure you would be kind to me. You have always been so, since first I made your acquaintance; but it would not be fair to marry you, as I do not love you."

"I daresay I have taken you by surprise. Will you think it over and give me a definite answer—say, in a week?"

"If you like—only, please don't come into the schoolroom in the meantime. It only disturbs the children in their studies."

"Your conditions are rather hard, but I will accept them."

"Thank you," she said, and she held out her hand. "Most girls in my position would jump at your offer, but if I feel I could not make you happy I think it would be dishonest of me to accept you." And then she left him.

When Sunday came she had all this to tell Lord MARTIN, and she watched him narrowly to see the effect of her story. He was interested of course, and a flush of pleasure spread over his face when she said she had declined the proposal. And then he had one to make to her, for he fancied that her refusal would not have been so emphatic if she had never met him in the park. Only, unfortunately, the word marriage did not enter into his little combination. What he offered was a house, to be her own, furnished as she liked, a fair income settled on her for life and the devotion of his whole existence. ELIZA was not offended at the insult offered her. She had never thought of him in connection with matrimony, and yet he fascinated her and she was more or less in love with him.

"It is a tempting offer," she said, with an almost imperceptible curl of her lip; "so tempting that you must give me a week, like Mr. NUTCOMBE, to think it over."

"Let the answer be Yes," he said.

"It will probably be No," she answered. "Give me an address, and I will write to you."

He gave her the address of his club, and within two or three days, sooner than he had expected, he received a letter from her. It contained only four words: "The answer is No."

ELIZA had battled with herself, and she had won a victory. It had been hard to do so, however, for she loved the man, and the life he offered her was tempting compared to the one she now lived. Evil counsels had suggested that she was friendless, that she had no relations to disgrace; but a better feeling prevailed.

"I should disgrace myself," she decided resolutely, and she sat down and wrote the letter. And then Mr. NUTCOMBE had to be dismissed in equally forcible terms. This was also hard, because she thereby lost two pupils and considerably diminished her income.

But the world is often hard—especially to the poor.

F. C. Philips.



"YES, SHE'S A NICE GIRL; BUT I CAN'T GET ON WITH HER. SHE HAS SO LITTLE TO SAY FOR HERSELF."

"OH, BUT I'VE BEEN TALKING TO HER FOR THE LAST HOUR, AND SHE DOESN'T INTERRUPT. NOW, THAT'S WHAT I THINK SO CHARMING!"

DO'S AND DON'T'S FOR VOLUNTEERS.

1. Don't go to camp. But if you do
2. Don't get up when Reveilly sounds. You'll find Adjutant's Parade in the early morning, the very early morning, such a beastly bore, and so bad for the liver that it's far wiser to stay in "palliasse"—(besides, hasn't your doctor often told you that it's madness to suppose you can play such tricks at your time of life?)—they can only give you a few years imprisonment for repeated mutinous conduct, and you could doubtless petition the Home Secretary for an aggravation of your sentence.
3. Don't submit to harsh or cursory remarks from the Adjutant. Do answer him back. You know quite well that in private life you would not put up with his hasty, ill-considered and offensive language, nor permit him to hector you because your collar was not clean; and if you have come on parade without cleaning your belt or rifle, what right has he to say that it makes him furious? Do point out to him how absurd it is to expect such minute attention to discipline on the part of so intelligent a Volunteer as yourself.
4. Don't overtax your strength or weaken your heart by "doubling" up impossible hills, merely because the Colonel (on a horse) thinks it looks pretty. Of course, you would be perfectly ready to do anything that was necessary, but how can the Empire's safety depend upon your losing your wind, when the enemy are some of your oldest friends with a handkerchief tied round their sleeves?
5. Do insist upon having hot-water to shave with, and an extra blanket when the nights get chilly. Very probably the Captain of your Company would turn out of his bed and take your palliasse if you asked him nicely.
6. Don't do any menial or degrading work, such as cleaning

cooking utensils or greasing your own boots. The Government ought to know that gentlemen can't be expected to do that kind of work, and should provide an efficient staff of servants.

7. Don't do anything you would rather not.
8. Do set all military discipline at defiance. You probably know much better than your officers.
9. Don't blame me if you find yourself in prison.
10. Do make a stern resolution never to come to camp again.
11. Don't keep it.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

TELL me, may I hope, love?
 Throw away the rope, love,
 That about my neck I did intend to tightly draw?
 Give me just a word, love;
 Say my passion 's heard, love,
 And that for no one but me you *really* care a straw.

Chocolate creams and tarts, love,
 Gifts from each our hearts, love,
 Marbles, tops, and hair ribbons, and many a mystic packet.
 You were just turned seven, love;
 I was not eleven, love,
 When you *first* accepted me (I wore a Norfolk jacket).

Wandered we away, love,
 From our parents' sway, love,
 I to get for you a water-lily from the pool.
 And when I was found, love,
 Very nearly drowned, love,
 All our plans fell through, for I was bundled off to school.

Spirit of my youth, love,
 Waft to me the truth, love,
 Come thy words to me diffusing perfume on the air.
 When I hear thy voice, love,
 Shall my heart rejoice, love?
 Or will't carry tidings of misfortune and despair?

And if 'tis a nay, love,
 To all I've to say, love,
 To my forehead I shall press a pistol barrel bright,
 And of me, forlorn, love,
 In black you'll have to mourn, love,
 A colour, love, in which you say you look a perfect fright!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE *Seen and the Unseen*, by RICHARD MARSH (METHUEN), is a collection of stories generally well told, and for the most part, with the exception of one,—out of which the Baron, in the most indulgent humour, could make neither head nor tail,—more or less interesting. It is a book for the "Skipper" who reads to while away an idle hour, and for whom the *Seen and the Unseen* will become the *Read and the Unread*.

French taste, or the want of it, in the lighter kind of literature puzzles the Baron. In the course of his travels he recently came across a roman by LUCIEN MUHLFELD, called *La Carrière d'André Tourette*. Its recommendation was on its cover, recording that this *exemplaire* was one of the "*Dix-septième Edition*" ("*Librairie Paul Ollendorff*"). The name of LUCIEN MUHLFELD is new to the Baron, who, judging from this, has little desire to read *Le Mauvais Désir* by the same author, or his other forthcoming work, which may be out by now. It is a novel "*dont on peut grignoter un peu*," and be occasionally amused by its sketches of Parisian life in various quarters, but rarely interested in the characters, their doings or sayings. How the work arrived at its seventeenth edition is less a puzzle to the Baron than how it ever reached its second. Perhaps this may be only a question of how many "copies" go to "an edition."

THE BARON DE B.-W.



OVERDOING IT.

Sympathiser. "SORRY YOU LOOK SO SEEDY AFTER YOUR HOLIDAY, OLD CHAP!"
Too Energetic Sight-seer. "WELL, I AM A BIT DONE UP, BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS THAT WITH REST AND GREAT CARE I MAY BE WELL ENOUGH TO HAVE A RUN-ROUND AS USUAL NEXT YEAR."

A CAPER IN THE "CAPERCAILZIE."

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF TOBY, M.P.

Thursday. Loch Snizort, Skye.—PARTY all aboard in time for dinner last night. Eight all told. As the *Capercaillie*, R.Y.S., is 750 tons, this gives us nearly a hundred-ton accommodation per head. Satisfactory. As the Member for Sark observes, there's nothing worse than being overcrowded on a yacht. Two principles should guide the owner of a nice yacht when planning a cruise. (1.) Let him invite you. (2.) Let him therefore be moderate in extending invitations. A man ashore is sometimes worth two on a yacht.

Under ever-varying Autumn sky steamed through Sound of Mull; passed dread Ardnamurchan Point over Summer seas; skirted Muck, Eigg, and Rum (obvious joke here; egg and rum, you know; doubtless been made before); dropped anchor in Loch Scavaig; sat for awhile by the solemn, lonely tarn of Coruisk; on again skirting the towering hills of Skye; through the Little Minch; anchored for dinner in Loch Snizort.

Once the sailing qualities of the famed *Capercaillie* were tried. The

trumpet sounded the luncheon hour just as the yacht got into the open sea, with nothing but the tail of the Hebrides between us and the Atlantic. Spent appreciable portion of luncheon time with plate of meat in one hand and tankard of innocuous Lager in other. No fiddles on the table; plates, dishes, glasses, flower vases accordingly played their own tune. A mere paroxysm; only the Atlantic roaring at us through the Sound of Barro. By time coffee served, able to enjoy it on deck in full view of the mystic majesty of rugged Skye.

At Oban yesterday DONALD CURRIE, Lord of the Isles, paid a morning visit from his yacht, lying in the bay a few cables' length distant. (Don't know how much a cable measures, but phrase sounds well in a log.) "Going round Skye?" asked his Lordship. "Don't forget to look in at Scalpay. Sorry I shan't be there; just left, going South; but they'll treat you well."

A charming sail through Sound of Raasay; sea smooth as a lake; found Scalpay standing where it did, cosily lying behind the heel of Skye. Don't wonder we didn't see much of Lord of the Isles at Westminster last Session. Tea

on the Terrace nothing compared with breakfast at Scalpay. Only one house visible; belongs to the Lord; nevertheless, island densely populated. Air murky with the maleficent midge; making your way through the thickened atmosphere you breathe midges, drink midges, and they eat you.

Friday. Loch Duich.—No chance of oversleeping yourself on the well-ordered *Capercaillie*. At 8 o'clock every morning the colours are run up to the sound of the trumpet. Immediately after is heard an unfamiliar blast, which swiftly swells into swirl of the pipes. This is A.M.C., the old Highlander, who having got into the swing marches down the deck steps below by the companion way, and tramps the full length of the sleeping berths. "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wauking yet?" is the tune selected to affront the Saxon ear with direful sounds. Don't know how it may be with *Johnny Cope*, but every passenger is on the instant wide-awake, with an hour to dress for breakfast. The trumpeter is heard again announcing successive meals and sunset, the last being the signal for hauling down the colours.

Very plump Boy the trumpeter; credit to the feeding on board the training ship whence he has been drafted. So nearly round that as he walks the deck he rolls from side to side like a lamp in the swivel. Whatever the weather may be, sunshine or storm, he never wears a cap. Tradition says in early and inexperienced efforts with the trumpet he blew his cap clean overboard. Regulations of training ship do not permit renewal of head gear within a year. However that be, the effect of constant musical exercise plainly written on Boy's face and figure. When he is trumpeting dinner or other meal his cheeks preternaturally expand; his body swells visibly before the perturbed eye. When he has finished the blast, he begins slowly to subside. If he were called upon only once a day to blow the trumpet, there would be no permanent effect. But on the hospitable *Capercaillie* meals follow in quick succession. Boy just approaching his normal size after breakfast blow out, when three bells clang the luncheon hour. Boy fills up again. Afternoon it's worse, for there is, as mentioned, sunset thrown in before, at 8 o'clock, the hapless Boy fills out again to prodigious size to the tune, "The Roast Beef of Old England."

DIPLOMATIC DELAYS.

THERE is reason to believe that the following telegrams have been recently sent from, and received at, the State Department in Washington.

To London.—Important communication from Russia enable immediate settlement Chinese question before presidential election. Will you agree?

To Berlin.—What your view Russian proposal and settlement before election?

To Paris.—Doubtless aware Russian suggestion. Do you agree? Election of President coming on shortly.

From London.—Regret Foreign Secretary absent. Will forward cable.

From Berlin.—Impossible répondre. Ministre aux bains de mer.

From Paris.—Ministre Affaires Étrangères à la campagne.

To London.—Where is he?

To Berlin.—Please send Minister's address immediately.

To Paris.—Please send his address at once.

From London.—Schlucht.

From Berlin.—Nordeney.

From Paris.—Rambouillet.

To London.—Where on earth is Schlucht?

From London.—Not quite sure. Will enquire and forward cable.

To Schlucht, via London.—Found you at last. Election not far off. Please reply quickly. What is your view?

From Schlucht.—View pleasant. Hills and trees. Nice place. Am enjoying rest.

To Nordeney, Germany.—What about Russian proposal? Preparing for election. See agitating cause for haste.

From Nordeney.—Mer absolument calme. Viens de prendre bain. Très agréable.

To Rambouillet, France.—Discover you are guest President. Our presidential election approaching. Do you support Russia? Say whether.

From Rambouillet.—Temps superbe. Ciel bleu. Presque trop chaud pour la chasse.

To Schlucht.—No time for jesting. Not nine weeks to election. If Russia leaves, where will you go?

From Schlucht.—Warm afternoon. Will go to sleep.

To Nordeney.—Cable incomprehensible, though translated. Greatly occupied approaching election. If Powers take various sides what will you take?

From Nordeney.—Prendrai très volontiers quelques verres bière et Schinkenbrot.

To Rambouillet.—Cable incomprehensible though translated. Election question all important. What will you do?

From Rambouillet.—Très chaud. Me reposerai jardin fumant cigare.

To Schlucht.—Only fifty-six days to election. Nearly distracted. Must request immediate reply. Or shall withdraw from Pekin.

From Schlucht.—Endeavouring discover decision of others. Which way cat jumps. Leave here to-morrow. Will reply from London. Advise avoiding undue haste. Remember massacred Americans.

To Nordeney.—Only fifty-five days to election. Almost crazy. Please reply immediately. Or shall withdraw troops before WALTERSSEE arrives.



Little Timkins (to gorgeous Chappie). "EXCUSE ME, OLD BOY, BUT WHO ARE YOU IN MOURNING FOR?"

From Nordeney.—Doucement. Que disent les autres? Pourquoi si pressé? N'oubliez pas Américains tués. Pars d'ici demain.

To Rambouillet.—Only fifty-four days to election. Nearly going mad. Please reply immediately. Or shall withdraw.

From Rambouillet.—Faut attendre quelques jours. Angleterre, Allemagne ne bougent pas. Croyais États Unis furieux à cause massacre Américains. Rentre à Paris aujourd'hui.

To London, Berlin and Paris.—Election still nearer. No time separate cables. Regret Americans killed. Should also re-

gret Europeans killed, but election leaves no time useless sympathy. If our candidate defeated, all officials dismissed. Must attend to election exclusively. Peace plank paramount.

To St. Petersburg.—Others still undecided. But election nearly here. Can you help?

From St. Petersburg.—Enchanté. Restez tranquille. Arrangerai tout. Faut retirer armée internationale sauf Russes. Alors garnison russe peut occuper Pékin et tout le nord.

To St. Petersburg.—Right. Anything. Distracted. Election. H. D. B.

TO THE BIRDS I HAVE MISSED.

SNIPE, partridge or grouse that I shot at,
And failed, peradventure, to kill,



Though my habit's
to find the right
spot at
A distance exact
from the bill,
Pray tell me the
cause of my
failing,
Were my pellets
in front or be-
hind

As you twisted or went away sailing
Majestically on the wind?

If you will but inform me, correction
I faithfully promise to make.
Elevation being changed and direction,
Your life I will pleasantly take.
I hate being cruel or chancy,
To miss before other men's eyes—
My fault's to be "late," so I fancy—
But you must know best where it lies.

Indeed I can't think how I missed you,
My failure I deeply deplore
From the standpoint of one, who'd assist
you

At once to Beatitude's shore.
Perchance 'twas the soul of my grandam
That haply inhabited you,
I'm solaced supposing so, and am
Delighted my aim wasn't true!

THE CHAMPION PAGAN.

CHAPTER LXXVII. (OR THEREABOUTS.)

ANGELICA HALFSOVRANI sat in her studio in Rome! Rome, the same fair, sweet, gracious, charming, fascinating spot as when ROMULUS and REMUS played leap-frog with the gay insouciance of childhood, and BALBUS—pitiful type of humanity!—placed stone upon stone, seeking to erect his wall as a challenge to the illimitable vastness of the empyrean! Sumptuous splendour, a luxury almost reckless in its lavishness, were the chief characteristics of the studio. But more beautiful than its rich tapestries, more graceful than its Greek statues, more striking than its bejewelled carving, was the paintress who stood before her easel, gazing with rapt intensity at the last production of her consummate genius. Yes—it was finished! Henceforth would TITIAN, VELASQUEZ and the rest pale their ineffectual fires—quenched to eternity by the cascade of a Woman's Art. She felt that, did ANGELICA, and, feeling it, proclaimed it from the housetop. Not hers that false modesty, that petty parody of abnegation, which prevents your lesser geniuses from blowing resonant fanfares on their instruments of brass!

There was a step on the threshold—her lover entered the room.

"Dear GIOCOSO," said ANGELICA simply,

"my picture is finished. Tell me if you like it."

Gently she drew him to the easel. For seven minutes GIOCOSO regarded the painting in absolute silence—only his face grew ghastly pale, his eyes well-nigh started out of his head. Suddenly he fell to the ground in a dead faint.

"You, ANGELICA!" he gasped, as he began to regain consciousness. "You—you painted that superhuman masterpiece?"

"Yes, it was me," returned ANGELICA, with that delightful disregard of grammar so characteristic of genius.

"Then," shouted GIOCOSO fiercely, "I won't stand it! Isn't it enough that over in England a woman-novelist has already dwarfed the fame of every man who ever held a pen? And now are you—a miserable she-thing—to rob us of another part of our supremacy? I won't stand it, I tell you! First of all, I shall bribe every critic to slate you—a shilling a-piece will do that job! And then, a chapter or two further on, I shall stick a large knife into you when you least expect it. Farewell!" and he rushed from the room.

Hardly had he vanished when a sinister figure stepped from behind the tapestry. It was Cardinal GIBBERINI.

"Ha!" he cried, with a cruel smile playing about his thin lips. "This is your picture, is it? This is your scheme to—"

Drawing herself up six inches, ANGELICA interrupted him. Her face was white, but her eyes flashed with the glare of equatorial lightning.

"Hypocrite!" she exclaimed. "Vile minion of an exploded system! Contemptible listener behind curtains! Spread your mischievous fables! Plot your nefarious machinations! Creep! Crawl! Squirm your snakelike way through the green meadows of unprotected virtue, ready, like the asps of old, to poison the guileless with your foul embrace! But, now, listen! Learn that



I—learn that ANGELICA HALFSOVRANI—defies yer!"

She drew herself up another two inches! She pointed significantly with her thumb!

And, baffled, beaten, foiled, the haughty Cardinal crawled as quickly as he could on all-fours to the door.

THE POST OFFICE AGAIN.

SIR,—I write to ask whether the Post Office is the servant of the Public, or the Public the servant of the Post Office.

We have had innumerable complaints of delay and loss. But, Sir, there are few persons so outrageously wronged as I am by that muddle-headed agglomeration of preposterous red tape called the Post Office. Ten days ago I wrote a very important letter containing a cheque for £150. I went out to post it myself, to avoid all risks, and at the door of my house I met a friend who joined me in a stroll and a chat. I have since heard from my correspondent that he never received the letter or the cheque. The Post Office, as usual, returns a stereotyped answer to my indignant enquiries and complaints. How much longer are we to groan under this tyranny?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HANG DASH BLOWETT.

P.S.—I have just found the letter in my pocket. Perhaps I ought to mention this.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

VI.—THE BENGAL TIGER.

MY gentle reader, pray confess,
You do not know at all
The joys of people who possess
A tiger of Bengal.

So go and buy a tender cub,
Then bring it up by hand;
(Its glossy coat you have to scrub
With soap—the "Tiger" brand).

And it will learn to love you so
'Twill follow you to bed,
And everywhere you choose to go
Will choose to poke its head.

But if you bring it up aright
'Twill quickly be your match;
A time will come when it will bite,
And very likely scratch.

The tiger grown, you must not balk
Its healthy taste for food;
Your "kindness" is but idle talk
If otherwise construed.

To prove your love has no alloy
Present yourself, I beg;
There's naught the beast will so enjoy
As just an arm or leg.

While if from loss of blood you die,
A blessed martyr you!
The tiger, in that case, might try
Fresh quarters at the Zoo.



HOME RAILS.

Touchstone Punch (to Southdown Railway Shepherd). "THOU ART IN A PARLOUS STATE, SHEPHERD!"

As You Like It, Act III., Sc. 2.



A REFORMED CHARACTER.

John. "GOIN' TO GIVE UP 'UNTIN'! DEARY! DEARY! AN' OW'S THAT, MISSIE?"
Little Miss Di. "WELL, YOU SEE, JOHN, I FIND MY COUSIN CHARLIE, WHO IS GOING TO BE A CURATE, DOES NOT APPROVE OF HUNTING WOMEN, SO I INTEND TO BE A DISTRICT VISITOR INSTEAD!"

RE THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Hints to Candidates and Agents.

BY A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR,

Barrister-at-Law, late Candidate for numerous important forensic Appointments.

WHEN I had the honour to commence these suggestions, which I trusted would be useful to those to whom they were particularly addressed, I had no idea what would be the immediate consequence. I had been encouraged by the success of the text-book of my learned friend, and, if he will permit me to call him so, my leader, Mr. H. C. RICHARDS, to believe that my efforts would be popular. I was right in my assumption. But, unfortunately, if I may say so, without falling foul of the decision of the late LINDLEY MURRAY, too right. By nearly every post I have received letters thanking me for my hints, and putting to me questions that I find it is almost impossible to answer. Even their number put an insuperable obstacle in my way.

Fortunately, this is the long Vacation, and therefore my presence is not imperatively demanded in the Law Courts. Still, it will not surprise those who know me when I declare that my practice is nearly as extensive when the Courts are up as when their Lordships appear daily in the Strand to exchange matutinal greetings

with those of the Outer Bar, who protect the best traditions of the profession to which Bench and Bar are equally proud to belong.

So I have determined to bring these hints to a conclusion. I have not been solely influenced by the receipt of the correspondence to which I have referred. We are so close upon the General Election that the thoughts of Candidates and Electors should not be disturbed with what are, after all, but side issues, but should be concentrated upon the matter so immediately at hand.

But before laying down my pen, I think it but courteous to do my best to answer the questions of two or three of my numberless correspondents as a guarantee of good faith. I may add that the queries that have been put to me are, with scarcely an exception, concerning bribery and corruption.

Innocent.—The fact that you figured in the late election petition should not, necessarily, prejudice you in a like case in the future. Of course, the possible position would be judged on its merits. Receiving a guinea for opening a door for a candidate to facilitate his passage from one room to another would, in my opinion, be an excessive payment for a comparatively small service. I feel confident that the judges would regard it with grave suspicion.

A Scrupulous Voter.—Of course, it would be possible that a candidate might have an uncontrollable impulse to give you five shillings, and you might have an equally uncontrollable impulse to accept that sum. But it would be better if the impulses could be avoided until after the declaration of the poll.

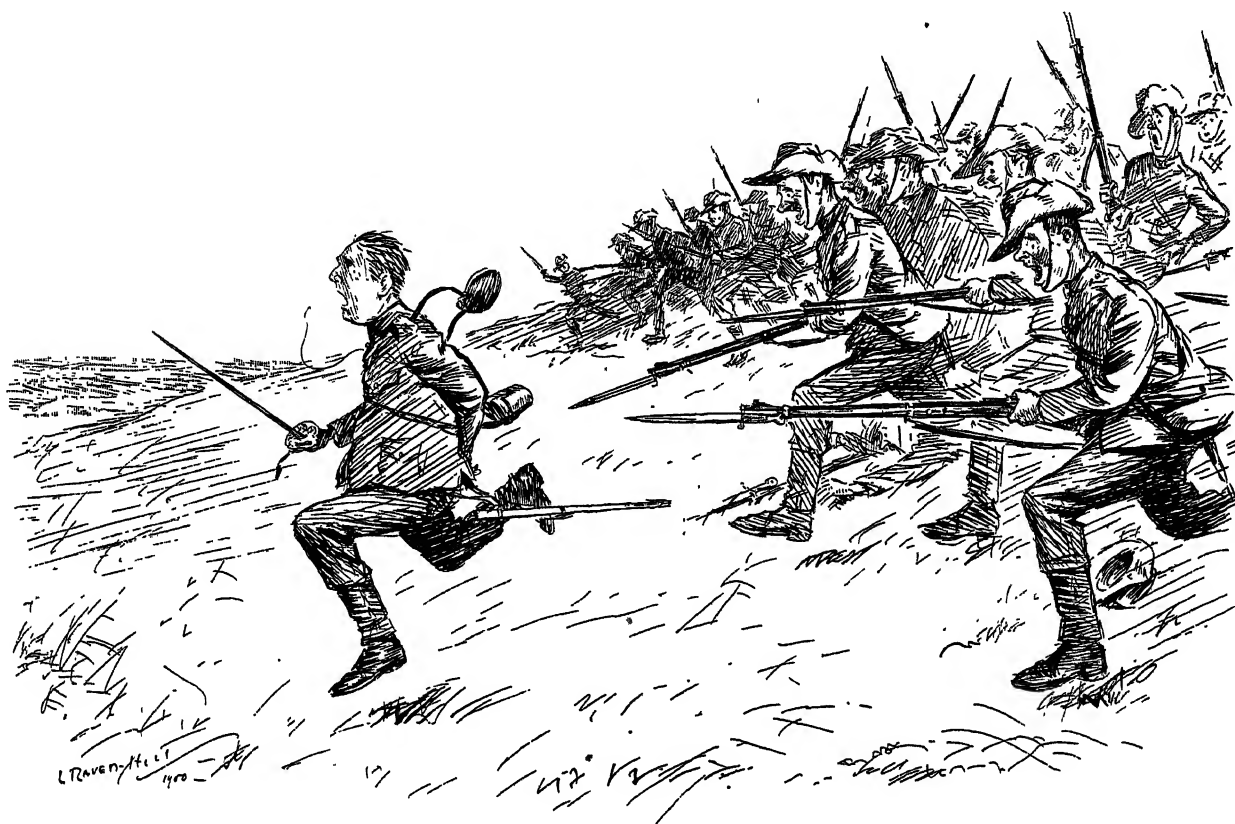
Fair Play.—There is nothing to prevent a voter using his privilege of voting, even when (although carefully and successfully concealed) his intellectual faculties are governed by alcohol. But that is not the point. Consuming stimulants at the expense of the candidate or his agents is distinctly bribery.

Only once more.—No certainly not. All you say—I express no opinion upon the point—may be true, but it would be illegal. You must not put up your vote to public or even private auction. I cannot accept your assertion that you were told by an eminent judge that such a course would be lawful. As a member of the Bar, I am bound to reject the statement.

And having answered the above, I must bring my article to a conclusion. I can only repeat my recommendation, to those who have not already acted upon it, to refer to my learned friend, Mr. H. C. RICHARDS's excellent text-book, *Guide to Contested Elections*, when requiring assistance. It might be possible, too—I merely throw out the suggestion for what it is worth—that those who have hitherto honoured me by writing to me, might in future turn their epistolary attention to him. There is no better authority upon all matters relating to a contested election—inclusive of bribery and corruption—than the distinguished gentleman I have the honour to call my learned friend.

SWITZERLAND AND THE PLAGUE-SPOT.

IF any amusement can be derived from a horror-striking point of view, it must be the declaration that Switzerland has placed Glasgow among the places prohibited from doing business with Helvetia. No doubt the precautionary measure against the importation of plague have been made by the famous "Amiral Suisse," of the *Vie Parisienne*, *celui du pantalon à trois ponts*. Our proletariat are, in their ignorance, fond of spouting about Swiss freedom. As a matter of fact, there is not a more illiberal country in the world. No stranger may dwell there for any length of time without a permit, and no citizen of a Catholic canton is tolerated in a Protestant one, and *vice versa*. Meantime, we encourage the thrifty waiters of the divided Republic. Perhaps the greatest jest of modern times is the fact that there is a statue of WILLIAM TELL in the marketplace of Bellinzona!



AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

NO, THIS IS NOT HEROISM; THIS IS SIMPLY DISCRETION. LITTLE PLUMPLEIGH HAS JUST GIVEN "CHARGE!" AND TAKEN ONE LOOK BEHIND TO SEE IF HIS MEN ARE "BACKING HIM UP, DON'T YOU KNOW," AND HE IS NOW MAKING FOR SAFETY!

A COOL RETREAT.

[Mr. KRUGER has arrived at Lourenço Marques, and is staying with Mr. POTT, the Dutch Consul.—*Daily Paper*.]

POTT!—for a rose's perfume is the same,
Spell it what way you will, it matters not,
And there is always pathos in the name
Of POTT—

Good POTT, I never thought, a year ago,
One little year, and things so cock-a-whoop,
And I apparently a fixture on
The Stoep,

Prepared, O POTT, to keep my stomach stiff,
Guarding prescription even to the death,
Yea, spend on that design my latest whiff
Of breath—

I never thought to find my pilgrim-way
By easy stages toward the boundless blue,
And end by taking Pott-luck here to-day
With you!

Though lions roar around his path, said I,
No man has ever seen the righteous flee
In search of eligible lodgings by
The sea!

And has it come to this, my pensive POTT?
And do I gaze on Delagoa beach?
Have I, in fine, refused to practise what
I preach?

Ah, POTT, you will not call this kettle black!
Let sinners ope their naughty lungs to hoot,
You read the motive why I turn my back
And scoot.

POTT, it is not to save my private skin!
My sole and solemn mission lies confessed
In yon Penates which you'll notice in
A chest.

Rather than yield the same to BULLER's crew,
Or let my burghers sever me and mine,
I'd face the terrors incidental to
The brine!

Somewhere, by this good gold and Heaven's grace,
My Capital shall rise that now is prone,
Even if I should occupy the place
Alone.

And, lest on what I hold uniquely dear
Some pirate lay his desecrating hand,
Awhile I purpose, POTT, to sojourn here
On land;

Awhile on this most hospitable shore
To sit inviolably high and dry,
Waiting my moment till the clouds of war
Roll by.

Meantime the tedious farce drags slowly on,
And leaves me careless (being out of shot)
When funny people say that I have gone
To POTT.

O. S.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

BIG GAME HUNTING.—IV. RHINOCEROS.

IN STALKING THE RHINOCEROS, SOME AUTHORITIES SAY GET AS NEAR THE ANIMAL AS POSSIBLE. OTHERS SAY DON'T.

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

N.B. FOR NORTH BRITAIN. *Essentials for Oban, or for anywhere in Scotland*: Warm clothing, as if for winter; stout socks, strong boots (for strong leg): everything waterproof; yourself whisky-and-water-proof (*cela va sans dire*), a strong umbrella of the McGamp pattern; a climbing stick with a crook to it; a plaid of any pattern (you needn't be particular to a streak of colour—the Clan MacMilt will do); and having laid in this stock, with the addition of a good rug, a plaid shawl and a Glengarry cap, then you're pretty sure to have such lovely hot weather as will cause you to question whether it would not be better to send all your warm clothing packing back to England, and while debating the matter in the early morn you will proceed to dress yourself in the lightest and gayest attire with which you may happen to be provided. In this costume you might as well be in Brighton, Ramsgate, or Scarborough. But "*O Formose Puer nimum ne crede calori*" (for which search MacVirgil), as in less than no time the calmness of the lake is ruffled, a searching wind, that is, a wind that has been looking for you everywhere, comes round the corner, then straight at you, embraces you frantically, and then exhausted by the effort it drops, subsides into the merest whisper, and then is absolutely still for a quarter of an hour or so, during which time the clouds descend from the mountains, and in a second, with a rapidity that the skilled scene-shifters working in an Adelphi or Drury-Lane melodrama would envy, the scene has entirely changed—lights down, rain down, in torrents! Then wind up again to join in the scrimmage, and if you are gay in your summer clothes, umbrellaless, and waterproofless, you'll be drenched through and through to the bone.

MacMoral.—When in Scotland do as the Scots do; and never venture out any distance away from home without a companion

of the clan MacIntosh on your arm and a stout claymore—umbrella—in your hand.

At Oban.—Something remarkable. I notice that at certain times of the day [this is now my second day here, and with nothing to do I am a very observant person] someone comes round with a bell, which he rings violently and frequently. Evidently the crier: so I don't go out, as I have hitherto found in country towns that what the crier cries has generally been announced in hand-bills and displayed on public advertisements some hours previously. Odd, though, I don't hear him cry. Can it be an old custom? Is the crier compelled by some ancient law peculiar to Scotland to ring his bell so many times a day, whether he has any information to give the public or not? Or do they mark time here, as they do on board ship, by the bells? I have heard of the "Blue Bells of Scotland," but supposed them to be wild flowers. *Solvitur ambulando*. I go out: walk about. No crier; not a sign of one. I return. Certainly, I have distinctly heard that bell four or five times. No illusion, surely? I have no such matter on my conscience as had *Macbeth* when the bell nearly frightened him into fits after the murder of *Duncan*. This happened in Scotland. Perhaps the bell is kept up as an old *Macbethian* tradition. On my second day, being far away in a steamer at a very early hour, I miss this particular bell, but there is plenty of ringing on board this MacBrayne ship, as the steward goes about all over the deck and under the deck, ringing imperiously, as if insisting on everyone with or without an appetite coming below to a first breakfast, a second breakfast, a third breakfast, while as the summonses to dinner and subsequently to tea seem to occupy the greater part of the afternoon it is impossible for me, as it was for *Mathias* in *Le Juif Polonais*, ever to get this ringing out of my ears. Then I forget it.

The fourth day I rise early, and, while dressing, I hear the

bell! I pause: I listen. Is it the crier? Does he cry? No. I look out. I see no crier. Nothing but a milk cart with milkman driving, two small, bare-legged boys accompanying the same. I am about to withdraw, much puzzled by the "sound and fury signifying nothing," and wondering whether "this island is full of strange noises," or whether I am the victim of hallucination, or if there is an early ghost about doomed to bell ringing, when the milk cart pulls up opposite my own gate, the milkman descends briskly, and . . . can it be possible! . . . performs a solo on the bell! The maids run down with cans and jugs and mugs; he fills them; chats pleasantly on things in general, takes further orders, and then merrily drives away, to go through precisely the same performance at the gate of a house a little farther on. Overture on bell: *overture of gates*: entrance of milkmaids; *chorus*, "let the milk-cannikin clink, clink, clink!"—smiles, smirks, milkmaids as merry as those that met IZAAK WALTON'S anglers; then the merry milkman mounts his cart, waves his adieux, they wave theirs and, again accompanied by scampering bare-legged boys, he urges on his gay career as he drives along on his milky way.

And this is the mystery of the Bell! The Milkman's Bell and the Belles of Bonnie Scotland!

THE MILKY WAY AT OBAN.

MILKMAN, spare that bell!

Wag not its metal tongue,
Or would your neck were—well—
Just like your own bell, *wrung*.

That, milkman, is my jest;

I do not wish you harm;

I pray you, give me rest,

And cause me no alarm!

So, milkman, spare that bell! &c.

(*Da capo*.)

Take milk—don't say "I shan't"—

To all, yourself, my man.

Don't argue with your "can't,"

While I perceive your "can"?

My brain begins to whizz.

While that bell's on your shelf

You'll never starve: it is

A "dinner" in itself.

So, milkman, spare that bell,

MACDAIRY of that ilk!

Would you to Oban tell,

That here 's "a ring in milk"?

Notes Obanesque.—I wonder no enterprising and enthusiastic Scot has patented an umbrella of a Rob Roy, an Argyll, or any other tartan plaid, the pattern being according to the colours of the clan you may choose to adopt. Mind, there is no charge for admission into a clan and wearing its colours. Woe be to the man who shall assume the colours of either the I Zingari or of the Quidnuncs or any other club, either cricket or boating, without the right to do so conferred on him by membership. I am afraid to think how fearful would be the penalties such an one would incur by so vain, rash and snobbish an act. But in Scotland there is no entrance fee into a clan, as there is into a club in England. You can wear its distinctive colours if you like, and your right to do so will never be questioned. Should you, thus arrayed, stray away into the wilds and meet *The MacDougal* or *The MacGregor*, I tremble to think what might happen. When we read of some startling accident in the mountains, and how the body—recognised by its being clad in a peculiar plaid—was found days afterwards at the foot of some precipice, I shudder as I picture to myself the awful scene that must have taken place! Poor victim of vanity! He thought he looked so well in the colours of the Highland clan McDoodle, and perhaps came across the chieftain himself, or a duniwassal, or a fierce member of the McNoodle clan, at deadly feud with the McDoodle,—and then—was heard of no more."



"SAY, SAL, HOW D'YER LIKE MY NOO SUIT?"

The shoemakers and hosiers would not make a very good living did they depend on the children of the working classes for their business; as numbers of these little ones, who carry papers, bread, milk and packages, wear neither shoes nor stockings, and yet they scamper about, running fleetly on their errands, regardless of the stones strewn about not a few of the roads, and with such a precociously business-like air as if they were charged with some message of vital interest to the state.

"What is in a name?" Nothing but the look of it when written, and the sound of it when pronounced. Yet who, wishing to achieve success in any profession or business, would *proprio motu* adopt the name of "McPhail"? Doesn't it seem to court McPhailure? Will everybody be kind to his little McPhailings? And yet, here, wherever you see the name "McPhail" you must read "McSuccess," which certainly applies to the present representatives of the clan, and I have no doubt will perfectly describe their MacSuccessors.

NOTE (during a Sunday morning walk).—There are, I ascertain, some drinks peculiar to the neighbourhood of Oban, as in the course of our return from a visit to Dunstaffnage Bay, a small wayside place of refreshment catches our eye, open on Sunday ("eye" and "place" both "open on Sunday," with a trifle of moisture in both), much to our astonishment, and evidently kept by a good Scotch Samaritan, who, to comfort the wayfarer, displays a notice to the effect that "Refreshments" are here provided, and specifying, "Lemonade, Ginger Ale, Hot Tom, Shurbet and Lemon Squash," besides "Tea and Coffee on the shortest notice."

Now what is "Hot Tom"? Evidently a restorative in winter, and not intended for summer consumption. "Shurbet," with a "u" in it, may be the "Special Scotch," and the correct way of spelling the word. Not one of our party is sufficiently thirsty to sacrifice himself for the benefit of our general ignorance and to ascertain, at his own expense, what "Hot Tom" may be.



Squire (who has got up a concert—with refreshments—in aid of the War Fund). "WELL, ROBERT, HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE CONCERT LAST EVENING? WEREN'T THE QUARTETTES GOOD?" Robert. "WELL NOW, SQUIRE, OI DOAN' BELIEVE OI TAASTED UN: BUT THEY CUTLETS WAS PROIME!"

ALL-LIES AT PEKIN.

(From our Special Correspondent "very much" on the spot.)

FIGHTING has almost ceased. Many Boxers have de-ceased. General FAN-TUM's troops have mysteriously disappeared from the neighbourhood of Pekin, but Prince LONG-TUNG continues to threaten all foreigners.

To-day, the troops said their farewell to the Ta-Ta city, after marching round all the principal Imperial pints—points, I mean.

The Emperor and "Auntie" are again dead—this time, it is said, quite fatally, through attempting to read the latest productions of some of England's minor poets.

General LI-AH has assured the British commander that he can now safely withdraw his troops, and to this, the English general has replied in the Chinese vernacular Wal-Kah.

It appears that when Pekin was taken, some misunderstanding occurred between the generals of the Allied Forces. It had been arranged that the British and

German troops should *rendezvous* at Wait-Ting, and then advance on the Eastern gate of the city, but when the British arrived outside the walls, they found the Germans there before them, and already in possession. The soldiers of the Fatherland received them, standing at attention, each man with his left eye closed. The British retired, rather annoyed at being thus anticipated.

When the Western gate was to be stormed, it was agreed that the British, Japanese and Russian forces should advance together, to make a night attack. In the darkness, however, the different contingents became separated, and upon our troops arriving at the gate as day broke, they found the Russians had stolen a march upon them, and were already drawn up to receive them in parade order, headed by General ORFULKORE, each soldier saluting in true Russ fashion, with his thumb placed firmly on his most prominent Slav feature, and the fingers well stretched out.

There has been some sickness amongst the troops—especially with the British—during these operations: but whilst the Germans and Russians have now got right, the English appear to have mostly "got left."

LOVE-SONG FOR THE AUTUMN.

IN early Spring the snowdrop peeps
With gaudy crocus-blossom lined,
And soon the Lenten lily leaps
To life in golden glory shrined.
Lilac, laburnum, primrose, may,
Reveal their beauty. Still I'm dumb.
For ev'ry flower there is a day,
And so for my Chrysanthemum!

The Summer splendour of the rose,
The brave carnation's varied hue,
Will shame the orchid where it blows,
And dim the massed lobelia's blue;
The fuschia's purple bell is fain
To match the pelargonium,
But royal tints would try in vain
To paint my sweet Chrysanthemum!

When leaves are stricken by the blast,
Or quiver 'neath a fickle sun,
And beeches shed their prickly mast,
And holly reddening has begun,
The violet lurks beneath its green
Beside the staunch nasturtium,
Where some poor blighted rose is seen,
Then reigns my fair Chrysanthemum!

My meaning, gentle lady, take,
My allegory, simple, weak;
No headstrong, boyish vow I make,
Nor moment-spurred confession speak.
As have the seasons come and gone,
So will the flowers go and come,
But my heart-garden waits for one,
My Autumn-Queen Chrysanthemum!

THE BEST OF ALL PRESERVES.—Jam Satis.



THE SINKING SHIP.



AN ALMOST EXTINCT SPECIES!

["The remains of a prehistoric animal were dug up close to the City Liberal Club a few days ago."
Daily Paper.]

WAS IT THE OSAPLESADONT (PHILANTHROPOD MAJUBATHERIUM) OR SHELL-LESS
DISARMADILLO?

THE ENGLISH ACCENT.

SCENE—Lady FRANKERTON'S dinner-party.
LORNA T., daughter of the house, twenty and athletic, sits next to Professor ANDREW MCFIDDLE, D.D., of Glasgow University, rather deaf and very Scotch.

Lorna (after trying various other topics unsuccessfully). I wonder if you take any interest in the free-wheel controversy, Professor?

Prof. McF. (starting). The free wheel controversy? (Aside) What are our weemen-folk coming to! It's amazing!

(Aloud) My dear young lady, it has been the work of my life to study that controversy in all its aspects.

Lorna. No, really? How interesting! I had no idea—(Aside) Fancy, an old fossil like that! But of course everyone does it nowadays. (Aloud) And do you believe in the free-wheel?

Prof. McF. It is a deeficult question. Furrst you must define what you mean by a free wheel.

Lorna (aside). How horribly Scotch! (Aloud) Oh, the ordinary make, you know.

Prof. McF. (aside). The flippancy of these English lassies! (Aloud, sternly)

If you mean the ordinary conception, it simply does not exeeest.

Lorna. Oh, but I've got one, and so has TED.

Prof. McF. A common delusion! Are you not aware that all action is governed by a motive or motives?

Lorna. Ye-es—of course. (Aside) Good gracious! If he's going to talk mechanics I'm done for. (Aloud) But really, Professor, I didn't think you were going to drag me into such philosophical depths over an argument on a cycle.

Prof. McF. (aside). Argument in a circle? The brazen hussy! (Aloud) It is no such thing. If you will show me the flaw in the argument I shall be obliged to you.

Lorna (aside). He seems very testy. (Aloud) No, you misunderstand me. Of course, after all these years of study you must know. Only, I can't help believing in my own free-wheel.

Prof. McF. (propitiated). It is natural. Until you realise that effect follows cause and action motive.

Lorna (with temerity). Yes, but isn't the whole idea of the free-wheel that the action is independent of the motive?

Prof. McF. That is the common idea, undoubtedly, and it is as absurd as it is false. But for motive there would be no moral character attaching to action.

Lorna (aside). What can he be driving at now? (Aloud) I'm afraid, if you're going to discuss the morals of bicycling—

Prof. McF. Of what? I am a little deaf on this side. The morals of what?

Lorna (loudly). Bicycling. [Awful pause]

Prof. McF. (eyeing her severely). Are we discussing the free wheel or the bicycle?

Lorna. Why—both. The—the free-wheel is a bicycle, isn't it?

Prof. McF. (after consuming the savoury in silence). It occurs to me, Miss FRANKERTON, that there is just a possibeelity that you have been talking of a trifling mechanical invention known as the free-wheel.

Lorna (thoroughly mystified). Of course. Haven't you?

Prof. McF. Certainly not. I have been endeavouring to hold a rational conversation on the metapheesical subject of the free wheel. In Scotland, we do not drop our h's.

Lorna (to herself, in the night watches). Oh! why didn't I say, "In England we don't strain our I's?"

THE CHINESE PUZZLE.

THE only thing the cables bring
Is "When and wherefore, why?"
The only thing our statesmen sing
Is "Li-Hung-Chang and lie."

ALONE ON AN ISLAND.

"I'M monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute!"
But, oh! I've a toothache to-day,
And—dash it!—the pain is acute!

I twist and I stamp and I squirm,
All aching! above and beneath!
What am I on earth? A mere worm!
A worm? Happy worm! you've no teeth!

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Ghosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER II.

HOW MR. GHOSH DELIVERED A DAMSEL FROM A DEMENTED COW.

*O Cow! in hours of mental ease
Thou chewest cuds beneath the trees;
But ah! when madness racks thy brow,
An awkward customer art thou!*
Nature Poem furnished (to order) by young English Friend.

MR. GHOSH'S diligence at his books was rewarded by getting through his Little-go with such *éclat* that he was admitted to become a baccalaureate, and further presented with the greatest distinction the Vice-Chancellor could bestow upon him, viz., the title of a Wooden Spoon!

But here I must not omit to narrate a somewhat startling catastrophe in which MR. GHOSH figured as the god out of machinery. It was on an afternoon before he went up to pass his Little-go exam, and, since all work and no play is apt to render any Jack a dull, he was recreating himself by a solitary promenade in some fields in the vicinity of Cambridge, when suddenly his startled ears were dumbfounded to perceive the bloodcurdling sound of loud female vociferations!

On looking up from his reverie, he was horrified by the spectacle of a young and beauteous maiden being vehemently pursued by an irate cow, whose reasoning faculties were too obviously, in the words of Ophelia, "like sweet bells bangled," or, in other words, *non compos mentis*, and having rats in her upper story!

The young lady, possessing the start and also the advantage of superior juvenility, had the precedence of the cow by several yards, and attained the umbrageous shelter of a tree stem, behind which she tremulously awaited the arrival of her blood-thirsty antagonist.

As he noted her jewel-like eyes, profuse hair, and panting bosom, MR. GHOSH'S triangle of flesh was instantaneously ignited by love at first sight (the intelligent reader will please understand that the foregoing refers to the maiden and not at all to the cow, which was of no excessive pulchritude—but I am not to be responsible for the ambiguities of the English language).

There was not a moment to be squandered; MR. GHOSH had just time to recommend her earnestly to remain *in statu quo*, before setting off to run *ventre à terre* in the direction whence he had come. The distracted animal, abandoning the female in distress, immediately commenced to hue-and-cry after our hero, who was compelled to cast behind him his collegiate cap, like tub to a whale.

The savage cow ruthlessly impaled the cap on one of its horns, and then resumed the chase.

MR. GHOSH scampered for his full value, but, with all his incredible activity, he had the misery of feeling his alternate heels scorched by the fiery snorts of the maniacal quadruped.

* Then he stripped from his shoulders his student's robe,

relinquishing it to the tender mercies of his ruthless persecutress while he nimbly surmounted a gate. The cow only delayed sufficiently to rend the garment into innumerable fragments, after which it cleared the gate with a single hop, and renewed the chase after MR. GHOSH'S stern, till he was forced to discard his ivory-headed umbrella to the animal's destroying fury.

This enabled him to gain the walls of the town and reach the bazaar, where the whole population was in consternation at witnessing such a shuddering race for life, and made themselves conspicuous by their absence in back streets.

MR. GHOSH, however, ran on undauntedly, until, perceiving that the delirious creature was irrevocably bent on running him to earth, he took the flying leap into the shop of a cheese merchant, where he cleverly entrenched himself behind the receipt of custom.

With the headlong impetuosity of a distraught the cow followed, and charged the barrier with such insensate fury that her horns and appertaining head were inextricably imbedded in a large tub of margarine butter.

At this our hero, judging that the wings of his formidable foe were at last clipped, sallied boldly forth, and, summoning a police-officer, gave the animal into custody as a disturber of the peace.

By such coolness and *savoir faire* in a distressing emergency he acquired great *kudos* in the eyes of all his fellow-students, who regarded him as the conquering hero.

Alas and alack! when he repaired to the field to receive the thanks and praises of the maiden he had so fortunately delivered, he had the mortification to discover that she had vanished, and left not a wreck behind her! Nor with all his endeavours could he so much as learn her name, condition, or whereabouts, but the remembrance of her manifold charms rendered him moonstruck with the tender passion, and notwithstanding his success in flooring most difficult exams, his bosom's lord sat tightly on its throne, and was not to jump until he should again (if ever) confront his mysterious fascinator.

Having emerged from the shell of his *statu pupillari* under the fostering warmth of his Alma Mater, MR. GHOSH next proceeded as a full-fledged B.A. to the Metropolis, and became a candidate for forensic honours at one of the legal temples, lodging under the elegant roof of a matron who regarded him as her beloved son for Rs. 21 per week, and attending lectures with such assiduity that he soon acquired a nodding acquaintance with every branch of jurisprudence.

And when he went up for Bar Exam., he displayed his phenomenal proficiency to such an extent that the LORD CHANCELLOR begged him to accept one of the best seats on the Judges' bench, an honour which, to the best of this deponent's knowledge and belief, has seldom before been offered to a raw tyro, and never, certainly, to a young Indian student. However, with rare modesty MR. GHOSH declined the offer, not considering himself sufficiently ripe as yet to lay down laws, and also desirous of gathering roses while he might, and mixing himself in first-class English societies.

I am painfully aware that such incidents as the above will seem very mediocre and humdrum to most readers, but I shall request them to remember that no hero can achieve anything very striking while he is still a hobbardehoy, and that I cannot—like some popular novelists—insult their intelligences by concocting cock-and-bull occurrences which the smallest exercise of ordinary common-sense must show to be totally incredible.

By and bye, when I come to deal with MR. GHOSH'S experiences in the upper tenth of London society, with which I may claim to have rather a profound familiarity, I will boldly undertake that there shall be no lack of excitement.

Therefore, have a little patience, indulgent Masters!

(To be continued.)



FF for a whole month to try the well-warranted piece of salmon river I have taken

all to myself—the long stretch with its many

pools extending from the falls to the white rock at the head of the long curve, beyond which the Doolewater estate begins, sacred to its owner, General Sir NORFOLK GARLAND, of Glenn Carre.

HEDSON, of King's Bench Walk, introduced me to the agent, telling me it was a grand chance; and he gave me some photographs taken with a kodak, so I knew the place pretty well. But, bah! the sun pictures were contemptible compared with the beauty of the dark glen, whose effect upon me one sunny morning was to make me feel as if I were a boy again, and that I must run and shout before beginning to pick black and whortle-berries, kick over the scarlet mushrooms growing beneath the pendent birches, and then go on climbing higher and higher till I was up among the mists which capped Ben Sporrán.

But I did not. I determined to try the High Reach, and at last I seated myself on a lichen-covered rock, put my rod together—my trusty two-handed greenheart—and then my heart leaped, and a tingling sensation ran through me, when, after fitting on the winch, I made it sing its delightful song as I drew off ten yards of new line to run them through the rings—that song of sweetness it sings when the silvery salmon has risen and has gone off like an arrow across a pool.

My hands trembled with eagerness as I selected my favourite fly and attached it to the cast, before giving the line a whisk or two through the pure air, and then stepped towards the river, breathing high with the delight of being a man—that is, a fisherman—and glorying in the fact that I was alone in this

glorious solitude, but only to stop short in amazement as I looked up the river and exclaimed in pagan fashion,

"By Jove!"

I was not alone, for there, far higher up this paradise of Scottish glens, her figure standing out in the distance like a cameo against the dark rocks, which ran up at a steep angle, was a woman fishing.

It was annoying, very annoying, for I had come there in the full belief that I should not see a soul.

"Still," I argued, "my part of the river ends up there, and I suppose that must be one of the NORFOLK GARLANDS."

The feeling of annoyance passed away when I reached the river side. So did the lady as I stepped down among the rocks and cast two or three times to get all straight, and then began to send my fly out and watch it go gliding along in company with tiny patches of creamy foam, following them into eddies, round stones, into dark deep corners, and then lower and lower till I had to recover it and throw again and again.

It took me well on to a couple of hours to get to the spot where I thought it would be advisable to try a different fly, and I was in the act of taking off the one I had been using, when, glancing to my left, I saw that the female wielder of the rod was but a short distance away, just beyond where the white vein of quartz ran up among the birches, while I now awoke to the fact that she was not alone, a particularly fierce-looking, grey-moustached, florid gentleman standing back beyond reach of the line and apparently watching me.

But I did not watch him, my eyes being drawn to the graceful, lithe figure of the lady, as with the skill of long experience she threw her fly with the greatest of accuracy towards a particularly likely spot for a fish; and I could see by her profile, with its well-cut nose and softly-rounded cheek, that she must be exceedingly handsome.

Then there was a rise, and she struck.

"Oh, bad luck!" I exclaimed, for there was a tremendous boil on the surface of the dark gliding water, the rod bent

heavily and then straightened, as we caught sight of a flash of silver, and the fish was gone.

The lady turned sharply round to face me, and in those brief moments I saw that I was right; but I had no time to admire, for the fierce-looking officer exclaimed,

"Are you aware that you are trespassing, sir?"

"No," I said, as sharply, for I was stung to the quick. "If there is any trespass, sir, it is on your part, for I am on my own—I beg pardon!" I stammered hurriedly, for in my excitement I found that I had gone a yard or two beyond the white stone.

"Come along, my dear. Every spot is invaded now by these excursionists."

The speaker drew the lady's hand through his arm and led her away, her rod over her shoulder and the line trailing behind, for her companion's action precluded her winding in.

The next moment there was an enforced stoppage, for the fly, after making a few jumping flights, caught in a patch of bracken and had to be dragged out, this necessitating a facing round on the part of the lady, who looked frowning and angry.

"A confounded jealous old martinet!" I said angrily. "May and December again. Hang his insolence! He might have known he was talking to a gentleman. Oh, hang it all!" I cried, winding in with all my might, "I can't fish any more to-day."

II.

"WHAT sort of a man is Sir NORFOLK GARLAND?" I asked the landlord of my resting-place, and he described the irascible old fellow exactly. But as I calmed down I did not see why the stand-offishness of an irritable old officer should interfere with my enjoyment, and making up my mind to dwell no more on the matter, I thought of nothing else, knowing full well that if it had not been for the lady the little trouble would have died out like one of the mists of the glen.

But there was the lady; and I could not get rid of the feeling of annoyance that I should have been so humiliated in her presence. Of course, she was nothing to me, for I was not a lady's man. I had long ago fallen in love with Fame, and had worked like a slave to obtain her favours; and now I was down at the Glen for a rest.

"So absurd," I argued. "She's a pretty woman, and she's an old man's wife; and even if I were conceited enough to think that she would give me another thought, I'm not scoundrel or fool enough to get myself into a tangle of that kind."

A week passed, and nearly every day the water above was occupied by the lady, who had more or less success while I had none. Then bad weather set in, so that I had the glen all to myself when the water was fishable, and the luck changed, or my old skill returned, for I got from one to three fine fish every day, in spite of spending a good deal of time casting anxious glances, instead of flies, up stream to see if anyone was there.

One morning I had not made many casts before I was fast in a heavy fish which I played for a quarter of an hour, during which time he made some wonderful rushes up stream; and I finally gave him the butt, drew him into the shallows, where, after a little wading I successfully gaffed him, and hauled him out amongst the heather.

I had just released the gaudy fly from the fish's lower lip and was gloating over the beauties of my glistening prize, when I raised my eyes, to become conscious of the fact that the object of my many thoughts and her guardian had been watching me, and all my good intentions seemed to be swept away in an instant.

Back they came again directly, for my observers turned haughtily away, and the lady began to walk up stream, stepping lightly from stone to stone and casting with the most delightful ease.

"I wish you luck!" I said to myself, as I laid my fish in the bag and covered the silvery side with bracken, examined my

fly, which was uninjured, and for the moment determined to walk down stream so as to increase the distance between myself and the churlish pair above.

But I did not. I was irritable in spite of my success, and in a spirit of obstinacy I fished up towards where the white stone divided the rights.

"There ought to be a fish yonder at the tail of that long pool," I said to myself, "and I'll have it, if only to annoy the old humbug."

So I fished on, but I was wrong. There was a fish, and a fine one, in the pool; but it was at the head, a hundred yards beyond my bounds, and as I was just about to give up casting and go back, I saw the lady strike, and heard her winch shriek as the heavy fish she had hooked rushed up stream, leaped right out of the water, and then came back faster than she could reel up, passed her, and came on at a tremendous pace towards where I was standing knee deep in an eddy.

I remained perfectly still, watching with intense interest the desperate fight which went on, the lady playing her prize in the most masterly style; and just as it was about to pass me and get out of bounds she gave it the butt, her rod bent nearly double, and the fish went to the bottom and sulked.

I played the ordinary observer in the most unconcerned way, feeling quite myself again, heart-stealed, and calmly looking on, as, quite ignoring my presence, the lady came down, stepping easily from stone to stone, and rapidly recovering the enormous amount of line she had out, her guardian following behind.

Then the struggle went on, the lady trying every art known to move the sulking fish, but toiling in vain, until I moved from my position of spectator, and in the excitement of the struggle took what seemed a reasonable course; to wit, I laid down my rod and picked up a heavy stone to cast in near the fish.

"Hi, you Sir! Don't do that!" roared the old gentleman, but he was too late. The stone had left my hands, to descend with a splash just in the right place, and the salmon was off again, rested apparently, and rushing up stream.

"Oh, what an idiot I am!" I muttered. "Why didn't I walk away?"

But I did not stir, beyond going back to my rod and taking a few steps, to remain watching the struggle till it seemed pretty well over, and my heart throbbed with the excitement of seeing the admirable way in which the fish was drawn in pretty close to where I stood, while, gaff in hand, the old gentleman drew near.

I would not look at the lady, but kept my eyes fixed upon her companion, who watched his time and then stepped out towards where one great stone lay nearly flush with the water.

He had to gain this to get in a good position for gaffing the prize, and he reached it in safety, but in rather a tottering way. Then, watching his opportunity, he bent forward with the extended hook and made a snatch, when there was a tremendous splash and a jerk, and I saw the old man totter and nearly go in; but he saved himself and stood up, minus the gaff hook.

Then my heart gave a bound which sent the blood with a rush and a thrill through every vessel in my body. A great weight seemed to be lifted from me, and I stood feeling half wild with a strange joy as I watched the speaker of these words, spoken in a petulant way,

"Oh, Papa! You've lost my biggest fish."

But the fish was still fast, and I watched it renew its rushing here and there, till once more it gave up.

"Now, Papa, the gaff—the gaff!"

"But it's gone, my dear. Snatched out of my hands."

"Oh!" she cried.

"Will you allow me, Sir?" I said coldly, as I took a step forward, gaff in hand, carefully keeping my eyes fixed on the old man.

He turned upon me sharply, his grey brows contracting; then glanced at his daughter, and seemed to swallow a big bit of pride. Then, stiffly,

"Well, yes, if you would be so good."

The next minute I was wading gently towards where the fish lay gathering on its side, and though I strove to be cool my hands trembled and the perspiration stood out on my temples. Then I leaned forward, made a quick snatch, there was a tremendous wallow, and the fair fisher's rod flew straight, sending the gay fly high in air.

"Oh! Gone!" she cried, in a voice full of despair.

But she was wrong. I had the monster fast, and splashed out on to the bank, dragging the prize high amongst the stones and heather before I let it drop from the hook, gasping and beating the ground with its tail, one silvery mass of glowing beauty; a fit offering for such a nymph.

"Oh, thank you! Look, Papa. It must be five-and-twenty pounds."

"Over thirty, I am sure, madam," I said, quickly.

"Thanks; really I am greatly obliged, Sir," cried the old man, very stiffly.

"Don't name it, pray," I said coldly, and raising my shabby golf cap without glancing at either I walked back to where my rod lay, and went on downward making casts.

In another quarter of an hour I was fast to a fresh fish. I had nothing to do with the business; it hooked itself, but I played and landed it, forgot all about the other, and walked back to the inn before I remembered my fishing-bag and sent a lad to retrieve it.

III.

It was within two days of the end of my stay. I had fished on and done wonderfully well, and I had seen the General and his daughter again and again; but there had been no friendly intercourse, no invitation up to the house.

But fate was at work.

Just when I was at the lowest ebb of despair, for the Glen seemed to be void, I caught sight of its deity standing at the bottom of a steep slope, making long casts, and my heart began to throb heavily. The next minute it beat in heavy thumps, for, as far as I could see, she was alone.

I did not hesitate a moment, for I was desperate, and resting my rod against a birch tree I stepped down towards her where she went on making her long casts in the most graceful way, throwing farther than I could have done myself, right into the still water at the foot of a little fall whose heavy murmur drowned my approaching steps.

Twice again she threw, and the fly came whizzing back, and at the third essay she securely hooked her fish.

But not the one she tried for. It was when the fly came whizzing back to the full extent of the line over the heather and stones where I stood, for as I stepped down I was conscious of a stinging blow on the lips, followed by a heavy tug, which gave me a sharp pain. Then as my hand flew to my face there was a succession of tugs, followed by a faint scream when the fair angler turned round to see where her hook had caught, and she grasped the fact.

I was the fish, with a great salmon fly tickling my nostrils, what time the hook was driven well into my upper lip.

The pain was sharp, and the situation was startling. I had held hundreds of fish in the same predicament in my career, and had pitied them as much as most fishermen do, but I had never before been caught like this; and the pleasure was so great that if the fish feel anything like what I did during those brief moments they are to be envied. I'd go through it again every day, if I could, for the same reward.

"Oh, what have I done!" she cried, in agony, and for a few seconds I could not reply. She was sorry for me, even if she did not love; and pity is so near akin, you know.

"Oh, it's nothing—nothing," I cried; and as she came close

up, holding out her hands to me, I dropped mine from where they were holding the hook to keep it still and the feathers from tickling in a most irritating way and caught hers.

"But you are hurt—terribly hurt," she cried. "Here, I'll run to the house for help."

She tried to withdraw her hands, but I clung to them.

"No, no," I said imploringly; "don't go, pray."

"But what is to be done?"

"I—I don't know yet," I said huskily. "Let me think."

"Yes, yes; pray do," she cried, as she gazed wistfully at the big hook. "But be quick; be quick. I know: you must come up to the house, and one of the men shall gallop over to Borralock for a surgeon."

"Oh, no," I said; "it would take so long. Whatever is done must be done at once."

"Yes, yes; I know. I will run for my father."

"No, no; don't do that. He dislikes me quite enough as it is."

"Oh, don't say that. I don't think he does. It is only his way. But does it hurt you very much?"

"Yes—no—that is, a little. I shall be able to tell you directly what to do."

It was strange, but I, one of the most fluent counsel at the Bar, could hardly find words to express myself—could do nothing but gaze wildly in the face so near to mine, gazing so sweetly and inquiringly, as if asking what she could do to ease my suffering.

"Are you—are you faint?" she faltered.

"Yes, very," I said, with a sigh.

"Oh, and I never carry salts except at night. Pray loose my hands, and let me go."

"No: pray don't leave me," I said. "It turns me dizzy."

There was such an unmistakably startled effort to get free that, with a sigh, I loosed the soft white fingers and looked at her imploringly.

"I know," I said; "you must take it out."

"Take it—Oh, but how?" she cried.

"You must cut it out."

"What!" she cried, in horror.

"You have scissors, perhaps."

"Yes, my fishing scissors; but it would be so dreadful, and hurt you horribly."

"Not if you do it," I said quickly.

She was white when I spoke, but the warm blood flushed up in her cheeks, and she shrank away.

"Forgive me," I whispered passionately. "The words slipped out; but," I cried, as I again caught her hands, "they are true—indeed, indeed, they are true!"

"Tell me how to help you," she cried hurriedly, "or I must run for some assistance."

"Yes, yes; I'll tell you," I said, as in obedience to a look I released her hands. "Now, take out your scissors. Oh, here is my knife."

I hurriedly produced my many-bladed implement, but she was as quick in taking a pair of scissors from a satchel slung from her shoulder, and removing their sheath.

"Now?" she said.

"Cut the line close to the shank of the hook."

There was a sharp snip, and the silk fell to the ground.

"Yes. Now?" she cried, with her lips trembling, but with her eyes trying to look firmly in mine.

"You must cut away the wings and dubbing from the fly."

"Oh!" she sighed.

"I can't help it," I cried. "It must be done, or you cannot see how to get at the shank."

"Pray let me go for help."

"If you wish it. I will walk down to the inn," I said, bitterly.

"No, don't. I want to help you in this emergency," she pleaded; "but I am so ignorant and awkward."

"Then you will help me?"

"If you will tell me what to do."

"I will," I said, "in a moment. Now take my knife—this small sharp blade, and cut the binding and all the rest from the shank."

Her hands trembled, but she did as I requested; but before the hook was half cleared from its silk and tinsel and dubbing, I could not restrain myself: the touch of the soft white hands robbed me of all control, and I covered them with my own and held them pressed to my face.

"Did I hurt you so much?" she faltered.

"Yes, more than I could bear," I replied huskily. "Now go on."

It was sharp enough, but she went on and finished, and this time I pressed her hands to my face again and kissed them.

"Thank you! thank you!" I cried, as she tried to escape; and I saw her eyes begin to flash angrily in mine.

"Don't look like that," I said piteously. "It is only because I am grateful—No," I cried, wildly, "it is not that. I must speak. It is because I love you with all my heart."

She shrank away to the full length of her arms, but I held her hands fast.

"Forgive me, and dismiss me," I said desperately.

"You have no right to address me like that, Sir," she said warmly.

"I know it; but the words would out. I was coming to dare all and tell you, before I leave to-morrow."

"Leave—to-morrow!"

"Yes. I must return. I came to tell you this, when—when—"

"Oh, that dreadful hook!" she cried hurriedly; "and we are talking, and leaving you in pain."

"And that is as nothing to the mental," I said bitterly. "Poor wretch!"

I searched for the barb, and found now that it was buried in the flesh, the point in deep, so that I could feel it when I held my lip between my finger and thumb.

"Yes; it is in here," I said.

"And what is to be done? Must it be torn out, or cut? Don't ask me to do that."

"It would not be half the pain from your light touch," and she shuddered, but I saw a firm, determined look come into her eyes.

"Or there is another and better way."

"Yes, tell me quickly," she cried.

I gazed at her with my eyes so full of passion that she avoided my glance and coloured more deeply.

"It is a horrible thing to ask you to do, but if you would—"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Take firmly hold of the hook, and pass the barb through the lip. Then seize the point and draw the shank right through. It will come easily then."

"I could not," she said, turning pale again. "Yes, I can. I will."

I guided her hands, and then pressed hard, the barb passed through, and but little help was needed to draw the shank after it and cast it down.

"Bravo!" I cried. "Bravely done, Miss GARLAND. I shall never—"

I did not finish my sentence, for I saw her eyes turn dark and strange; the lids began to droop, and I had just time to catch her as she sank fainting in my arms.

She recovered herself almost as quickly, opening her eyes to gaze wildly into mine; and then she started away in horror, turned, and buried her face in her father's breast, as he stood close at hand, white with anger, and his fierce grey moustache seeming to writhe.

"May I ask the meaning of all this?"

"Yes, Sir. An accident," I said promptly, for I felt on my mettle now, called upon suddenly to defend the client I loved, before our judge. "I was too near, and as your daughter was throwing her fly it caught me in the face."

"Indeed?" cried the old man, with a sneer.

"Oh, don't be cross, Papa, dear," came in touching, pleading tones. "It was a horrible accident. It was very weak of me to turn so faint."

I drew a deep sigh as I stooped and picked up the hook, which lay on one of the stones, in company with some strands of peacock feather; and the old man's manner changed.

"Dear me!" he said; "and such a large-sized hook. Allow me, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"DONNE," I said.

"Mr. DONNE. Of course; I heard your name from the landlord of the inn. Allow me. An old soldier, I have had to do a little surgery for my lads up in the hill country. Ah, yes; very unpleasant. You passed the barb through, of course?"

"Yes; and it was that which made Miss GARLAND turn faint."

"Poor child! Yes, yes, of course. Come up to the house, Mr. DONNE, and wash out your mouth. A little wine and water, taken separately, to complete the cure."

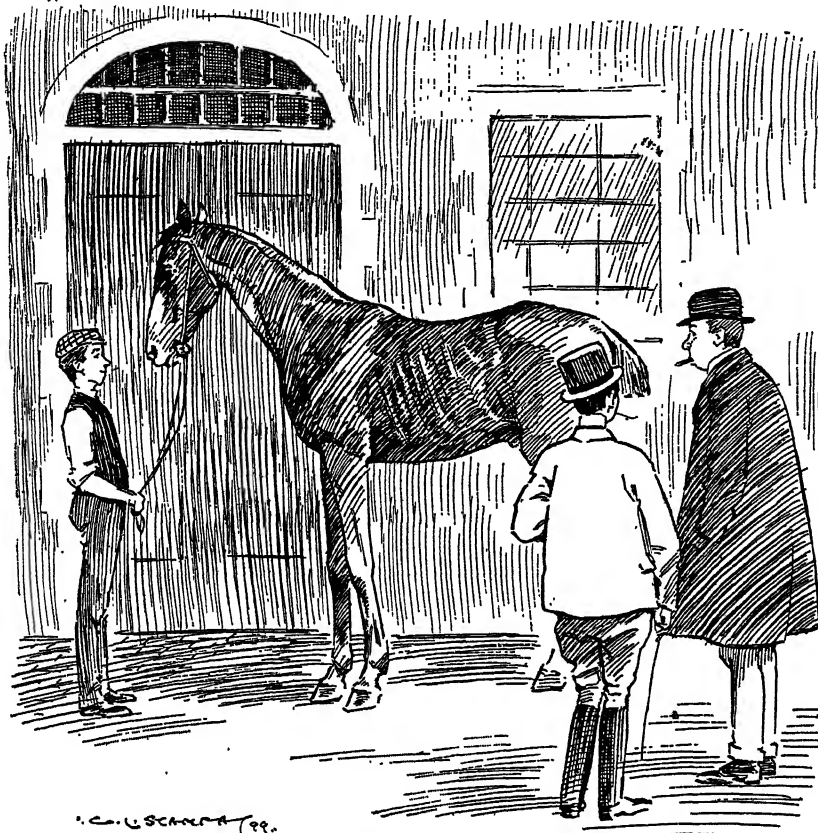
I hesitated, and glanced at his child; and though she did not look up, I hesitated no longer.

In fact, I stayed to dinner, and listened to the old man's long account, over a cigar, about how he had been tricked, as he called it, out of the lower part of the river, and had ever since looked with the greatest of dislike upon the tenants of the fishing.

"Take another cigar, Mr. DONNE," he said. "Yes, I know your name. I have seen it in some of the trials. Ah, if I had had you to fight my case about the fishing claim I should have won. But, there, the river is always at your service. May I hope to see you next season when we are down?"

He held out his hand, and as I took it I glanced at someone else, for it rested with her as to what I should reply.

A moment later I said "Yes," and—how strangely things happen!—the river is now mine—I mean, ours.



"Now, don't you call him a perfect picture?"
 "Well, it seems to me the picture is spoilt by so much framework."

ELECTION NOTES.

(By our Imaginative Reporter.)

Swampshire. No go Division. — Mr. BOUNDER, the great capitalist (who has been moving heaven and earth during the last few years to get a constituency) has been invited to stand by the Local Council. Despite his ignorance of politics, it is confidently anticipated by his supporters that he will secure a majority at the General Election, provided there is no candidate on the other side, and the Corrupt Practices Act is not absurdly pressed.

Dullborough. — This thriving manufacturing town has been suddenly visited by its Member, Mr. EASYMAN, who is developing quite a feverish interest in local affairs. He seemed annoyed that no one recognised him as he drove through the streets, but, as the venerable local agent explained, another generation had arisen since he was last there. A hostile rumour has been circulated that Mr. EASYMAN had to hunt up the geographical position of his constituency in a Bradshaw before coming down. The Member has met this foolish report by opening two bazaars, subsidizing a football and polo club, and by handsomely subscribing to the local hospital which stands in no need of funds.

Whifton-on-Sea. — The electors here were first reminded of the fact that a general election was in the near distance, by the excessive amiability of their Member, Mr. CACKLE. This reached a climax last week, when in one day he shook hands effusively with forty working men, who subsequently turned out to be excursionists. The other party are asking nasty questions about why his name only appears in ten divisions during last session, and how it is that although he speaks of the breathless attention with which Englishmen have scanned the political horizon, he was away at Monte Carlo during all the important debates. In answer, Mr. CACKLE triumphantly points out that he spent so much anxious thought over the Bill for the Better Preservation of Bloaters, in which Whifton was deeply concerned, that his Doctor had insisted upon his taking a holiday. He reminds them that local interests had not suffered since he has been Member and that he had been instrumental (though how, was somewhat obscure) in getting the London Creeper and Crawly Railway to construct a new line to Whifton.

Heckleton. — A large mass meeting was held in the Town Hall last night when Mr. TRIMMER, M.P., addressed his constituents. The important thing in politics, he said, was to avoid coming to a decided

opinion on any subject. In all crucial divisions he made it a point to walk out. There was, he felt, so much to be said on both sides that were one party to reject him he would feel no scruple in standing for the other—just to show from what a broad, philosophical standpoint he viewed political problems.

THE PRESS DEPRESSED.

I MET an aged gentleman

Who scribbled for the Press,
 Who greeted me in accents sad,
 And evident distress.

Cried he: "The Public Palate, Sir,
 I've tickled now for years,
 With a very pliant goosequill—
 (And a pair of office shears).

"I mind the time when I could write,
 With unimpassioned pen,
 Events of general interest that
 Took place within my ken.
 And though the time is distant, Sir,
 I recollect the days
 When readers were contented
 With truth in simple phrase.

"But now your paper you may print,
 But who the deuce will buy it?
 No one! unless you can concoct
 A strong, unwholesome diet.
 Trustworthy news is out of date
 And nobody will take it,
 Unless you get a practised hand
 Judiciously to fake it.

"The consequence is simply this—
 I don't think there's a question—
 But everyone is suffering
 From mental indigestion.
 'Tis Nature's law that every boom
 Is followed by a slump;
 As states of wildest rapture are
 Succeeded by the hump.

"And thus the Public appetite
 Has been so grossly sated,
 That now it just declines to have
 Its palate titillated.
 'Tis sick of national affairs
 However large they loom,
 'Tis tired of the windy puff
 And double head-line boom.

"To such a pitch the thing has got,
 That people now refuse
 To read a word about the Boers
 Or glance at Chinese news.
 The only thing that keeps us from
 Going bankrupt altogether,
 Is printing long reports of the
 Unprecedented weather."

VERY THOUGHTFUL.

Mrs. Slamcoe (to her husband). PICKFORD'S have just delivered a heavy case containing what I take to be tin kettles.

Mr. Slamcoe. No, dear, it's my new suit of armour. I've determined to contest Puddlebury in the Liberal interest.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Little Girl (who has been disturbed by a Mouse, in a stage-whisper to her sleeping sister). "WAKE UP! OH, WAKE UP AND MEW, AMY; MEW FOR YOUR LIFE!!"

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

On dit (about September 12th). That Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* had gone on to Fort William, whence the Princess CHRISTIAN and daughters were to climb the giddy height of Ben Nevis; a practical illustration of the "*Royal Assent*"; only that this would be given to a "Ben" instead of a "Bill." If, however, Her Royal Highness learned in time, as of course she would, what a regular Pilgrim's Penitential Progress the ascent of Ben Nevis is, and if it were further explained to Her Royal Highness that time would not suffice to properly roll the mountain path and lay down red baize from base to summit, then it is highly probable that H.R.H. Princess CHRISTIAN and daughters would be contented with the splendid, and to me personally, all-sufficing, view of the mountain obtainable from Banavie where, with good binoculars, the mountain can be brought close to Mahomet, instead of Mahomet having to go to the mountain.

From Banavie, and for some distance along the Caledonian Canal, the views of our exalted friend Ben are magnificent.

A propos of Ben Nevis, and of all mountains, the great point is to get a clear day for a view. If you do not object to a very rough road, and if you happen to be wearing boots that will be all the better for a climb of some few miles, then "*Excelsior, Excelsior, Excelsior!*" up you go! and you'll "*have a summit to say for yourself*" when once more you return

to plain-living people. Probably you will murmur "Never again with you, Ben!"

Scotland offers peculiar advantages to members of the Theatrical Profession, who either for charitable purposes or personal advantages, are always getting up "Bens." Of these, Ben Nevis is about the biggest "Ben." Here a shilling is demanded (when you are about a third of the way up, and can't well retrace your steps, at least, not without injury to your reputation as a hardy mountaineer), for admission to the upper circle, and on the summit everything is naturally enough at "a top price." To what fund this collection at the doors goes, I don't know; certainly, I should say it is not applied to keeping in good order the pathway. The motto of these mountain guardians must be, "Take care of the shillings and the 'Bens' will take care of themselves."

From Oban to Banavie.—It strikes me that Banavie Hotel would put the surliest and dampest traveller in a good temper should he happen to arrive just an hour or so before dinner (they manage these matters uncommonly well in Scotland where the motto of the steamboat time-table, and of most hotel, managers, is *never* "Dinner forget"), and should he also have ordered, most wisely, his room, or rooms, beforehand; and, by "beforehand," I mean some three or four days ahead. If he has not taken this precaution he may be doomed to disappointment and have to travel back again to Fort William, where there are more hotels than one. The Banavie Hotel is excellent, and the manager and manageress have a way with them that, like music, "hath charms to soothe the troubled breast" of the rejected wanderer. How different to some hotels on a popular Continental route, where, within my personal experience, an official, unbending manner, or a brusque negative, was all the irritating substitute for civility! And that hard-mannered man was a Gorman. Yet this manager is a foreigner; a German, if neither of my ears is playing me false. He has a way of saying "No, Sir," or "No, my Lady," or "No, Ma'am," with so honest a manner, so frank a smile, and at the same time in so sympathetic a tone that the rejected one feels sure that, if he cannot obtain what he would have, and if his application is dismissed as utterly hopeless, yet that he has enlisted the sympathies of a good and worthy soul representing authority, and is, so far, comforted, feeling that the hotel-manager "would if he could, but if he can't how can he?" Ah! 'tis a great art to be a popular hotel-keeper; to be everything to everybody, to welcome the coming paying-guest heartily, while dismissing the rejected guest courteously. This talent do the Baron and Baroness of BANAVIE both possess. The house is up-to-date in every respect; the service excellent; and perfection could be easily obtained if—other matters being as they are—the subject of *menus* for dinner were henceforth made the manager's chief care and artistic study. He will have leisure to meditate on this during the winter. Soup, fish, *entrée*, *pièce de resistance*, a vegetable à part, and a chicken, or curried something, or game of some sort, *et "La Sweet,"* etc., etc., such is the skeleton menu. The "Banavie" is civilised, and does not insist on the temporary separation of the sexes after dinner in order that the gentlemen may be banished to a dreary smoking-room, which is a remnant of barbarism soon to disappear from all hotels. So, to travellers by this route, I say "Put in here: The 'Banavie,' *c'est mon avis.*"

Then, what splendid views of Ben Nevis (poor "Big Ben" in London, hung up there and compelled to remain aloft all the year round, how you would enjoy the change!) and of many other Bens, big and little, as we steam along the Caledonian Canal towards Fort Augustus. But all that I can tell you, and more, is it not written in the Guide Books of Scotland, by MURRAY, BLACK, and in that most portable and most useful of all, a little well-printed, well-illustrated, well-written, six-penny guide to Oban and all the tours roundabout, published by MACKAY? That's the book to suit the pocket in every

sense. Go through it carefully and you'll have done all that is worth doing, and seen everything worth seeing, in this part of the Highlands.

At one of the locks is a Highlander playing the bag-pipes. He marches up and down and skirls. I don't know what reel it is, but he doesn't change it and try another. Rather MacMonotonous. "Who pays the piper, calls the tune." True. If I *could* call a tune, I *would* pay the piper and call another air while breath remains in the piper's body. His *répertoire* must be limited. For instance, it would be no use expecting him to play the march from *Norma*, an air from *Dinorah*, or "*Home, sweet Home*," on the bag-pipes. Not much sweetness would be left in the last mentioned tune. The boat moves slowly forward, and we leave him taking his blow out and marching up and down at the rate of six miles an hour. A feeling of shame steals over me; MacPiper thinks he has been delighting us, and we have evinced no gratitude. As we very, very slowly glide out between the lock-gates, I extract coppers from depths of pocket and shower them upon him. One touch of nature makes everybody else shower coppers. The pipes stop. He is busily engaged. "PETER PIPER picks up a peck of pennies; If PETER PIPER picks up a peck of pennies, what will PETER PIPER spend in drink?" Play on Piper! the money won't run to a pint of "Piper" (*très sec*).

A DRAWBACK.

[A correspondent to a morning paper complains that no guide-books can be procured at the Zoological Gardens on Sunday.]

My features wore a cheerful grin,
And, blithe and happy as a lark,
I strolled beside my sweetheart in
The neighbourhood of Regent's Park.

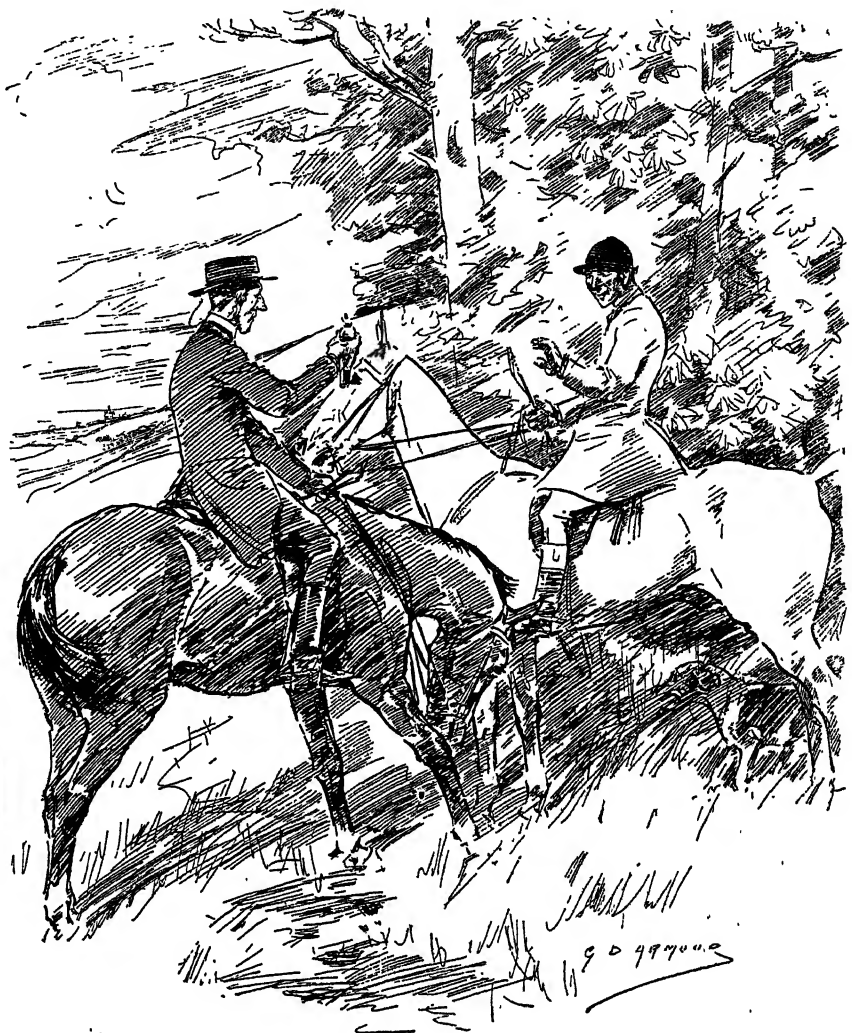
I blessed the thoughtful person who
Had granted me a priceless boon;
A Fellow's ticket for the Zoo
Upon that Sunday afternoon.

"O maiden mine, whom I adore!"
I cried, "Do you anticipate
The pleasures that there are in store
When once we get inside the gate?"

"How sweet to wander side by side,
And in the reptile house to brood;
Or see the lions satisfied
With raw, unpalatable food."

I paused when I had got thus far,
And she observed, with sober face,
"The animals you mention are
Particularly commonplace."

"I've seen them all; so I propose
To-day we leave them quite alone,
And for a change we'll study those
Whose ways are not so widely known."



CUB HUNTING.

Sporting Parson (whose flask is usually cold coffee). "HAVE A DRINK, TOM?"
Tom (who has been there before). "NO, THANK YE, SIR. I DON'T THINK AS 'OW THAT BROWN SHERRY O' YOURS EXACTLY SUITS ME IN THE MORNING!"

"More intimate I'd gladly get
With these," and then she mentioned
two.

One was, I think, the marmoset;
I'm sure the other was the gnu.

Now, truth to tell, I did not care
To strike such unfamiliar ground.
I'd not the faintest notion where
These animals were to be found.

But difficulties I defied,
Although my brain was in a fog;
Resolving, when I got inside,
That I would buy a catalogue.

Alas! it really was too bad;
I found, when I'd the turnstile passed,
There were no guide-books to be had—
No wonder that I stood aghast.

We wandered high, we wandered low,
We also wandered round and round,
Deciphering the labels;—no!
Those animals could not be found.

We wandered till our limbs were stiff,
And still we wandered on, and I'm
Not sure what would have happened if
It had not been their closing time.

And oh! my sweetheart was upset
Because she could not interview
The fascinating marmoset,
The extraordinary gnu!

* * * * *
O patrons of the Zoo, at least
Be warned, for it is none too soon;
Don't seek an unfamiliar beast
Upon a Sunday afternoon.

THREE REASONS FOR A DISSOLUTION.

1. BECAUSE the Government has an enormous majority in both Houses of Parliament.
2. Because there is no Opposition worth looking at.
3. Because partridge shooting has been so bad this year.

A BACHELOR.

Who collars all my scanty pay,
And with my little plans makes hay?
Who says Mama has come to stay?

Who takes away my easy chair
Because "it has no business there,"
And only says she doesn't care?



Who says she hasn't got a gown,
And wants to put the horses down,
And thinks we'd better live in town?

Who commandeers my only hack,
Returns him with a bad sore back,
And says the little beast is slack?

Who thinks that I must ride a bike
And makes me do what I don't like,
And tells me if I don't she'll strike?

And when I'm feeling sad and low
Who sympathises with my woe
And softly breathes, "I told you so"?
NO ONE!

A CAPER IN THE "CAPERCAILZIE."

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF TOBY, M.P.

Second Leaf.

Saturday. Oban.—Back here for letters and papers. Much struck in smoking-room last night at resources and tact of our host, temporarily in charge, in absence of his noble father. Topic of railway experience started in conversation. Began to relate mine in coming up from London on Tuesday night. As far north as Edinburgh arrangements left nothing to be desired. Great Northern Road, as is its custom not only of an afternoon, in perfect condition; keeps it up through full range of twenty-four hours; sleeping berth as snug as one's own bedroom; no climbing into shelves in closely packed car, perilously undressing and dressing behind curtains; for extra payment of ten shillings get first-class compartment made up with two comfortable beds. Often wonder what foreigners accustomed to extravagant charges for sleeping accommodation on

Continental railways think when they come to this country and find they get excellent bed in express train for five shillings.

But that is another story. What I began to recount in the smoking-room at anchor last night in dark and still Loch Duich, was my experience after changing train at Edinburgh and proceeding north to Oban. "Only once before," I said, "coming South on same line, have I suffered in similar fashion."

At this moment a cork from one of the soda-water bottles on the tray over which the host presided suddenly went off with a loud plop. This disconcerting: managed, after brief pause, to pick up the thread of narrative.

"On this line," I continued, "the traveller soon begins to take keen personal interest in the number of the family of successive Station-masters. Running in connection with express from London the Oban train makes a point of stopping at every station. That a little trying to the impetuous mind; peculiarity of the system is the leisure of the re-start. No apparent reason why, when one passenger has got in or one has got out, the train should not move onward. That would never do. What happens is that guard strolls in direction of station-master, meditative in doorway of booking-office; no hurry in movement; pauses occasionally to admire natural beauties of railway station; has certainly come across them before; but fresh view develops; stops and studies it; continues advance towards booking-office; conversation opens.

"Here's where number of family on either side becomes a factor in the scheme of the express passenger for Oban. Guard broaches conversation by enquiring after health of station-master's wife. Interest on this point assuaged, begins with eldest son and daughter; goes all through list to latest born. If any are married and have children, field of inquiry extended. Station-master in turn politely takes up quest of information as to health and welfare of every member of guard's family and collaterals. From seven to ten minutes being thus occupied, guard, in moment of abstraction turning his head, observes the train, express from King's Cross 8.45 p.m., standing in the station. Suggests idea to him. Suppose he starts it?

"Waves a flag; nothing happens. After due interval, whistles; engine-driver, roused from deep contemplation, looks up. At this moment guard observes two boxes on platform where, indeed, they have stood since, ten minutes ago, train came in; approaches; examines labels; strolls over to station-master, still lingering in doorway of ticket office; further conversation ensues. Station-master goes off in search of porter; comes back with two; group form round the boxes; regard them with

melancholy interest; labels freshly examined; a long pause; station-master says something to porters; they lift one box at a time, slowly convey it towards luggage van; station-master and guard follow with bowed heads, as if the box contained mortal remains of esteemed director of the railway."

Here I was startled by cork of another soda-water bottle popping. Most extraordinary. Looked at host; observed him frowning, winking, and making other mysterious signals. Threw me and my story quite off the rail, so to speak. Someone else chipped in; lost opportunity of pointing out how, same kind of thing happening at every station, train was more than hour late arriving at Oban.

"What did you mean by popping off those corks?" I asked when we were alone.

"Why, don't you know?" he said. "McTAVISH, who was glaring at you all the time you were speaking, is a Director of the railway."

I certainly didn't. But for the sake of fellow men travelling to and from Oban, I'm not sorry he heard me.

AN AWFUL SECRET.

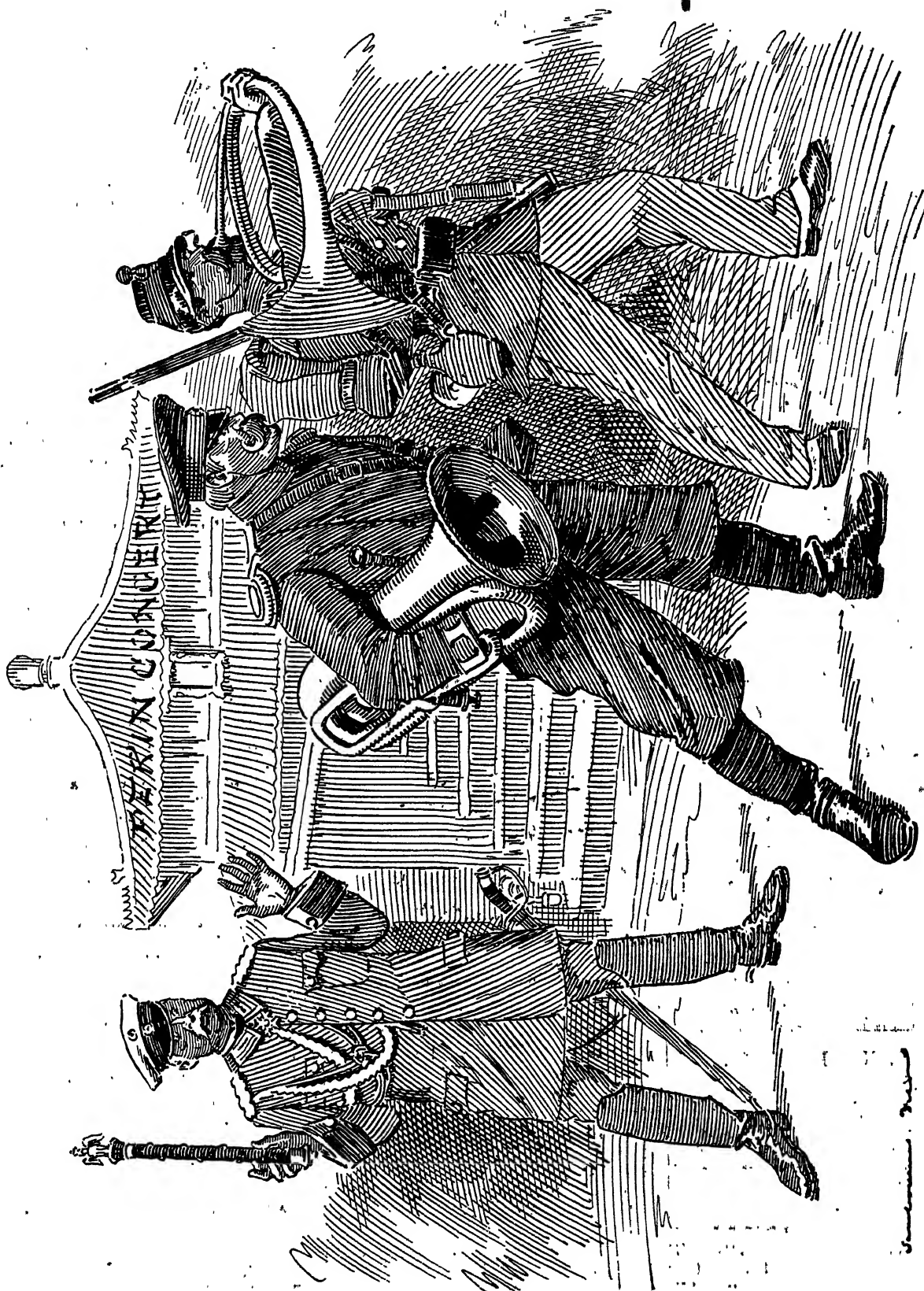
My own, you have called me your poet,
And poet I certainly am;
What use to pretend not to know it?
I spurn such an obvious sham.
I know that each letter I write you
Is full of the tenderest thought,
I know that the verse I indite you
Is simply deliciously wrought.

My ecstasy over a flower,
My beautiful love of the Spring,
The rapture I find in a shower
That "gently refreshes the ling"—



You ask where on earth I discover
These visions abundantly fair,
When you know that your toil-driven lover
Has diggings in Bloomsbury Square?

I'll tell you my secret, my darling;
My talk of the petals that close,
My odes to the flight of a starling,
My stanzas in praise of a rose
All spring from my fancy—my living,
From the rise of the sun till it sets,
I earn by my energies giving
To fashioning cheap novelettes!



LEAVING THE CONCERT.

Waldsee. "WHAT! GOING AWAY! DONNERWETTER! WHY, I HAVE ONLY JUST ARRIVED TO CONDUCT YOU!"



Squire's Daughter. "DO YOU THINK IT IS QUITE HEALTHY TO KEEP YOUR PIGS SO CLOSE TO THE COTTAGE?"

Hodge. "I DUNNO, MISS. NOAN OF THER PIGS AIN'T EVER BIN ILL!"

PENMEN'S POLITICS.

THE daily papers announce that Messrs. CONAN DOYLE and "ANTHONY HOPE" will contest constituencies at the approaching election. They have failed, however, to report the speeches from which the following extracts are taken:—

I.

... You will not fail to return me as your Member. (*Cheers: and a voice, "Oh!"*) The gentleman sitting third from the end in the fourteenth row says "Oh!" ("Shame!") Shall I tell you why? Because he has been bribed by his sister-

in-law to support my rival! (*Sensation.*) Yes, I saw him this afternoon smoking a new imitation-meerschaum pipe. Now, no man ever bought an imitation-meerschaum. Clearly, therefore, it was a present, and a present from a lady. That lady was not his wife, who disapproves of smoking. His only other feminine relative is his sister-in-law. And his sister-in-law is the wife of a member of my opponent's committee! (*Uproar.*) Yes, gentlemen, the case is complete. Bribed by a beggarly gift—from a glimpse I had of the pipe I learnt that it had been in stock for a long time, and had been reduced from 3s. 7d., its

original price, to 2s. 5½d.—bribed, I say, by this beggarly gift, the gentleman has the effrontery to come here and raise his voice against my candidature! (*Cheers, and cries of "Turn him out!"*) And now to say a few words of my opponent. I chanced to see him enter his committee-room to-day. For perhaps fifteen seconds he stood in the full glare of my inductive glance. What did those fifteen seconds reveal? That he makes a false income-tax return, does not pay his tailor's bill, eats bacon without mustard, collects postage-stamps, only writes to his aged mother on the second Monday in each month, is an anti-vivisectionist, and is suffering from over-indulgence in baked potatoes! (*Sensation.*) Yes, that was what I learnt in fifteen seconds. But soon I hope to study him for a full minute, and then, gentlemen, you shall know the result! (*Laughter and cheers.*) But in the light of what the most simple inductive process has demonstrated already, is such a man, I ask you confidently, worthy to represent a free, glorious, and enlightened constituency? (*Prolonged cheers.*)

II.

... "and apply, in a word, to our own Empire those principles of sound government which proved in the instance of Ruritania so beneficial to the State and so gratifying to the people." (*Loud cheers.* A gentleman in the audience then rose to ask the candidate a few questions, and the following colloquy took place.)

"You are in favour of universal suffrage?"

"There is much to be said for it—unfortunately," the candidate conceded.

"And of marriage with a deceased wife's sister?"

"I have not been privileged to meet the lady. And to predict the feminine unknown—"

"You support old-age pensions administered by local authorities?"

"Yes—if authors are among the authorities."

"And a graduated income-tax?"

The candidate looked at the ceiling.

"And a graduated income-tax?"

The candidate prodded the table with his stylograph.

"And a grad—"

"Excuse me," said the candidate. "I've used up my two thousand words for to-night. I can only add???"

"!!!!" said the voter. The meeting then terminated. A. C. D.

A SHORT RHYME OF WESTMINSTER.

BIG Ben's goin' agen
But he only strikes, when he likes,
Waitin', maybe, the time when he'll see
The incomin' Parliament men.
He knows the voice of the popular choice
Does old Big Ben!

RELICTA NON BENE PARMULA.

"FATE, I assure you, will defend
The cause for which I daily pray;
A week or two will see the end,"
Asseverated Mr. K.

"Be not afraid—if still they stand,
Though lengthy Toms about them play,
Their house is only built on sand,"
Expostulated Mr. K.

"Not one step nearer can they march,
My mercenaries bar the way,
And I myself, as stiff as starch,"
Protested valiant Mr. K.

"Whate'er betide, come weal or woe,
Depend upon it, here I stay
To strike one last tremendous blow,"
Vociferated Mr. K.

* * * *

"A tide's in the affairs of man,
I'm off to Delagoa Bay;
You'd better do the best you can"—
Oh, Mr. K.! Oh, Mr. K.!

CARPINGS.

[A Western farmer is said to have used bees as letter-carriers. The letters were reduced by microphotography, and gummed to the back of the bee.—*Daily Paper*.]

How doth the little busy bee
Improve its shining wing,
And by microphotography
Our correspondence bring?

How doth she learn the artful knack,
While flying far and near,
To make the packet on her back
Still manage to adhere?

How doth the bee-keeper contrive,
When her long flight is o'er,
To pitch upon her in the hive
Out of ten thousand more?

How doth——? but for the present,
till
First these few points I know,
For business purposes I'll still
Prefer the G. P. O.

SONG OF THE POT-BOILER.

My grate was cold and rusty,
And in the lifeless pot
That once was full and lusty
The water bubbled not.

My last small spark had dwindled,
I'd raked the ash in vain,
When, lo! Bellona kindled
Her fiery torch in again.

I marked the blazing nation,
The flames uprearing high,
And "On this conflagration
I'll boil my pot," thought I.

I wrote of martial glories,
I painted bloody scenes,
I filled with thrilling stories
The penny magazines.



Vendor of Cheap Music. " 'ERE Y' ARE, LIDY! 'I'LL BE YE SWEET'ART.' ONE PENNY!"

Heroic maids I mated
To fearless friends, or foes,
V.C.'s in scores created
And endless D.S.O.'s.

My heroes almost daily
Seized laagers, kopjes, neks;
They took their triumphs gaily,
I gaily took my cheques.

Life was a bed of roses—
I ventured to suppose—
But, ah! the scribe proposes,
The editors dispose.

When I was penning more tales,
They wrote me to suggest
That I should give my war tales
(To quote their phrase) "a rest."

The war had very few things
With which they had not dealt:
They felt the want of new things,
They did not want the veldt.

If I could write of China
(The latest craze), they'd see,
And perhaps would not decline a
Short manuscript from me.

I studied the *Mikado*,
The *Geisha* and *San Toy*,
And now an *Eldorado*
I'm hoping to enjoy.

For though no kopje's found here
In China's hills and dales,
There is a hunting ground here
Par excellence for taelis.



A LITTLE DUOLOGUE ON THE QUAY AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

CABLE BREVITIES.

SOME CODE EQUIVALENTS.

[*Exhibition Paris* publishes a short and convenient Code for wanderers who wish to telegraph personal details home to their anxious relatives. We are happy to supply a brief appendix.]

INADVERT = Got accidentally mixed, up with a number of excursionists, including male relative, and find myself en route for Paris. Force majeure. Love.

INNOCUO = Reached Paris safely. Seventeen in carriage, mostly *maires* from Normandy. Must do Exhibition now that I am here. Don't be anxious on my account. Brought a little luggage, luckily.

STARVELING = No food obtainable except at famine prices. Twenty-two thousand

maires and their families responsible. Am developing Exhibition headache and grand prix corn.

STERTOROUS = Tired. Fell asleep across *plateforme mobile*, but woke abruptly on finding that my head was travelling eight kilometres per hour, while my feet were only going four. Had trouble with official, but matter now put right. Cash running low. Coming back as soon as possible. Love, as usual.

TERPSICHO = Stupidly missed train. Invited to attend curious dancing congress. Impolite to refuse, but returning promptly. Too stiff, except as spectator.

NOCTIVAGO = Every hotel crammed. *Conspuez* these twenty-two thousand provincial *maires* and their families! Love. Write soon—*poste restante*.

We may add a few for more general use:—

HITSIH = Where are you? Come back to Peking. All will be forgiven after decapitation. Hitiddlehiti!

KWANGXOTIC = Run away from the Aunt, thou sluggard. Have you got that ten-pound note?

LTUNHUNG = Too muchee bobbely—time can stop lie-pidgin. Allo samee, you wanchee plenty dollar bimeby, when Ally-man makee pay chop-chop. Chin-chin.

EXRUGERO = Return at once to your sorrowing vrouw. You know I can't stand a sea voyage, and you have no right to go gallivanting away to Europe for a six months' trip. I never did trust that LEYDS. A nice mess you have made of it between you!

MR. SWINBURNE S'AMUSE.

SIR,—In the *Athenæum*—a paper I greatly respect,

In the last week of August appeared, as you may perhaps recollect, A matter of two or three columns of verse on "Hawthorn Tide,"

And I read them and felt that I also could write like that if I tried.

It was Mr. SWINBURNE who wrote them, and this was the metre he used.

The words and the rhymes were there all right, but the thought was confused, And the lines went rippling along and the columns melted away,

And the poet sang on, sang on; but, alas, he had nothing to say!

When I reached this depressing conclusion I said, "I will write Mr. Punch,

In the short space of time intervening between my breakfast and lunch,

A stanza or two on the weather—which happens to-day to be fine—

In the self-same metre, and hope that he'll pay me a guinea a line.

I'll employ an abundance of epithets, not less than two to each noun,

And my skill at alliteration shall fairly astonish the town;

No one unmoved shall read my lines in hovel or hall—

Indeed, it's exceedingly likely that no one will read them at all!

'Fair and sublime in the sky,' I shall cry, 'the sun of September swings,

And the sky's and the sea's sun fades not as fade the kingdoms of kings,

'For the triumph of time and the ravin of rhyme possess not nor hold

'The light of the leaf of the wet woods' wonder, the gleam of its gold!

'The stars and the suns give thanks for the glory bestowed and beholden,'

Et cetera, et cetera. But, hark, the clock strikes one,

And I mustn't forget that though speech is silver silence is golden,

And though he that runs may read there be many that will not run!



THE CHALLENGE.

CHAMBERLAIN (THE SQUIRE). "NAY, GOOD MY LORD, METHINKS THESE VARLETS HAVE NO CHAMPION. THEY DO BUT FIGHT WITH ONE ANOTHER."

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MIPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



FOURTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now in the land of the Pigh-Taels,
 2. who dwelt in *pigh-édurs*, inside of the Great Wall,
 3. the growers of finger-nails,
 4. whose faces were yellow, with prominent cheek-bones,
 5. and their eyes interfered with by
 6. curious eyelids
 7. did great trouble arise,
 8. They felt some objection, for reasons not stated,
 9. to being divided
 10. up into allotments
 11. and parcelled out broadcast among all the Pouâhs.
 12. They shared with the Séssils, the dwellers at Hätt-phild,
 13. A hatred of changes, a dread of the advent
 14. of modern improvements
 15. Then did they the Bôkhsahs, the wearers of scarlet,
 16. let loose in their millions
 17. ambassadors like birds in a cage
 18. held captive did hammer with
 19. *kruppans* and also with *krersols* . . .
 20. and they wiped out the spreaders
 21. of foreign religions, the forerunners of gunboats,
 22. who had trustfully settled in places unsuited,
 23. with their wives and their children (excessive in numbers),
 24. the holders of classes on the brink of volcanoes.
 25. Then did the Nations
 26. without undue hurry
 27. assemble their forces

28. and Djér-men-Emprah the Khaizr,
 29. on whose head dwelt the eagle, .
 30. the Lord of the Mehl-i-Phîst,
 31. the Hurler of thunderbolts,
 32. the Dealer of world-strokes
 33. delayed in transmission ;
 34. the grandson of Er, whose rule
 35. was so widespread that it bothered the sunsets ;
 36. the deviser of something distinctively novel
 37. in the way of moustachés,
 38. his forces did send out
 39. after stirring addresses made over the gunwale
 40. from the top of a ladder,
 41. and in *khaki* he had dressed them
 42. which was made in Djérmani, much more like *azbéstos*,
 43. rather given to shrink and become corrugated, when exposed to the weather ;
 44. in broad-brimmed *sombrérohs*
 45. just a bit out of drawing
 46. forth did he send them.
 47. And he straitly besought them
 48. to plant their feet firmly on the chest of the foeman
 49. their big dragon-crushers, imprinting their tread-mark
 50. and to always remember
 51. in spite of their costume,
 52. that they *really were* Djermans . . .
 53. Also the Brit-Ishtars, the Tel-am-arins ; and the
 54. wearers of turbans [battle
 55. the Sikhs of the Punjáb, the lions in
 56. under Ghézli their chieftain
 did gather togethe

57. And over the seas came the soldiers of Loubéh
 58. of the Pálivu-phranséhs some interesting samples,
 59. the shruggers of shoulders, the Djestik-el-Étars
 60. And their brothers the Russkis, the Djinnali-ouffis,
 61. the Aikál = thatûn, and Yupoh-thepâipr,
 62. the Amed-moujiks and also the Kosaks
 63. the subjects of Nikki the Tsah . . .
 64. and out of the land of Fuji-no-Yama, or otherwise Nippon,
 65. the Djapânis did hasten,
 66. the Bit-Jappis, the Bit-Nippis, all slinness and sinew
 67. with two-handed sword-hilts, the twisters of Pigh-Taels,
 68. all masters of carving and judges of china
 69. and the Yanki-dúdals
 70. the men of Mkinli . . . right there.
 71. but owing to barriers connected with language
 72. the troops of the nations were not over chatty. [belated,
 73. At length came Valdazeh, a trifle
 74. their trusty commander, with his Bhédékaz phrase-book
 75. well-thumbed on the voyage,
 76. And they stood at attention and their arms they presented.
 77. Then despite much translation and signals in dumb show
 78. they went on PRESENTING and couldn't be shifted. And
 79. Valdazeh said or the Djérman equivalent.
 E. T. R.



Fair Customer. "No, I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE THIS BOOK. MY HUSBAND SAYS IT IS NOT FIT FOR GIRLS TO READ. BESIDES, IT'S VERY UNINTERESTING."

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

X.—THE JOHN OLIVER HOBBS SECTION.

(By permission and with sincerest compliments.)

SEPTEMBER 1ST, 2ND.—ROBERT was passing through that crisis which is inevitable with those in whom the ideals of childhood survive an ordered scheme of ambition. His head was his Party's; but his heart was in the "Kingdom under the sea," Lyonesse or another, not in the maps. He spent long hours of vigil over JULES VERNE'S *Twenty Thousand Leagues*, in the original. He almost persuaded himself to join the French navy and invent another *Nautilus*. It was at this period of his career that DISRAELI spoke of him as "the submarine incorruptible."

3RD TO 5TH.—Later it became evident that the Church would claim her own. *Dépaycé* by arbitrary choice, his adopted name of PORRIDGE stood merely for the cooked article, the raw material being represented by his family name of HAUTEMILLE, a stock unrivalled in antiquity save by the CONFUCI and the TUBALCAINS; and to the last, even in intervals of the most exalted abstraction, he was a prey to poignant irritation when the comic journals (ever ready to play upon proper names) Anglicized it phonetically as HOATMEAL. He repeated the *Chanson de Roland* verbatim every night in bed. But the noblest portion of him was wrought of bronze (or else putty) Latinity. His brain reeled to the lilt of the rhyming Fathers. He would himself compose even secular verse in this medium. A post-mortem examination of his portfolios brought to light the following brochure:

Da me, Carole, in fugam;
Te sequente, præcedam
Usque ad ecclesiam.*

6TH, 7TH.—"I will never believe," said POUBABA (speaking in fluent Dutch, but with a Siberian accent which betrayed his Trans-Ural habit of thought—his parentage was Levantine, with a Maltese cross on the mother's side, and he himself a reputed traveller in Swedish liqueurs), "I will never believe the Anglo-Teuton theory that the Latin races are doomed to perish, remaining extant in Alsace and the Channel Islands only. Solferino was a shock to that phantasy, and Fashoda will be its death-blow." (It will be remembered that Major MARCHAND was still a mere child at the date of this prophecy.)

8TH.—"And Spain," he cried, "romantic home of lost Carloses, and odorous onions, and impossible Armadas—shall she suffer her colonies to bow to the brutal invader? Never, while a breath is left in the swelling chests of her toreadors!" (This remark, again, is supposed to be made in 1889, prior to the late Cuban war, for which J. O. H., though American, is in no sort of way responsible.)

9TH TO 11TH.—For a growing girl, MIDGET'S knowledge of the world showed a precocity which is only explicable by reference to her careful training in the seclusion of a convent. Of her life with Lady FITZ-BLOUSE she wrote:—"Consolatory platitudes exude from her brain with the facile fluency of her own saucy ringlets. Artlessness, in her case, has grown into an accomplishment so close to nature that it borders on sincerity. For answer, I fall back upon the history of the Bourbons. Really, the contemptuous attitude of these English toward uncrowned royalties is something appalling. Yesterday, in company of some pompous locals, to whom a foreign title is a thing *pour rire*, I was compelled, against my dearest principles, to play croquet. I stuck all the afternoon in the first hoop, wondering why I was an Archduchess. But I have not lived all these years without learning the value of self-repression. Remember me in your orisons.

12TH.—Opposition, with ROBERT, had been the very food and drink from which he had wrung the end of a brooding personality. *Chew thyself* was his habitual rule of life. Mastered now by an indefinable sensation, made up of the elements of passion and brotherly love, and yet not strictly to be analysed as either, he found his occupation gone. The rarefied atmosphere of his new environment was too strong for him. No prig could hope to live in it—not comfortably.

13TH TO 15TH.—It will be convenient here to give a short extract of the very full notes taken by the deck-steward of the St. Malo packet during the extended prelude of ROBERT'S abortive honeymoon. (In 1889 the progress of these vessels was marked by a much greater deliberation.) "My experience of human nature," I overheard the lady say, 'allows me to read your thoughts. Taught to indulge yourself in the gratification derived from self-sacrifice, you are suspicious of a Paradise which offers no useful scope for renunciation. You suffer the chagrin of not being a martyr to anything in particular.'

"MIDGET," replied the gentleman, 'you intrude upon the sanctity of my private soul. I am engaged just now over the enigma of a submerged identity.'

"I knew it," said the lady. 'There are obscure *penetrabilia* in your ethical system of which not even your wife is allowed the *entrée*. We may be married lovers, but we can never, never, be friends!'

"Do not ask me to sate your curiosity," said the gentleman. 'It would run into another six-shilling volume.' O. S.

(To be continued.)

* Dare we trace in this the original of that justly popular song, "*Chase me, Charlie*"?

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A., Cambridge.

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.,)

CHAPTER III.

THE INVOLUNTARY FASCINATOR.

*Please do not pester me with unwelcome attentions,
Since to respond I have no intentions!
Your Charms are deserving of honorable mentions—
But previous attachment compels these abstentions!*

"AN UNWILLING WOODED TO HIS WOOPER."

Original unpublished Poem by H.B.J.

MR. BHOSH was very soon enabled to make his *début* as a pleader, for the Mooktears sent him briefs as thick as an Autumn leaf in Vallambrosa, and, having on one occasion to prosecute a youth who had embezzled an elderly matron, Mr. BHOSH's eloquence and pathos melted the jury into a flood of tears which procured the triumphant acquittal of the prisoner.

But the bow of Achilles (which, as Poet HOMER informs us, was his only vulnerable point) must be untied occasionally, and accordingly Mr. BHOSH occasionally figured as the gay dog in upper-class societies, and was not long in winning a reputation in smart circles as a champion bouncer.

For he did greet those he met with a pleasant, obsequious affability and familiarity, which easily endeared him to all hearts. In his appearance he would—but for a somewhat mediocre stature and tendency to a precocious obesity—have strikingly resembled the well-known statuary of the Apollo Bellevue, and he was in consequence inordinately admired by aristocratic feminines, who were enthralled by the fluency of his small talk, and competed desperately for the honour of his company at their "Afternoon-At-Home-Teas."

It was at one of these exclusive festivities that he first met the Duchess DICKINSON, and (as we shall see hereafter) that meeting took place in an evil-ominous hour for our hero. As it happened, the honorable highborn hostess proposed a certain cardgame known as "Penny Napkin," and fate decreed that Mr. BHOSH should sit contiguous to the Duchess's Grace, who by lucky speculations was the winner of incalculable riches.

But, hoity toity! what were his dismay and horror, when he detected that by her legerdemain in double-dealing she habitually contrived to assign herself five pictured cards of leading importance!

How to act in such an unprecedented dilemma? As a chivalrous, it was repugnant to him to accuse a Duchess of sharpening at cards, and yet at the same time he could not stake his fortune against such a foregone conclusion!

So he very tactfully contrived by engaging the Duchess's attention to substitute his cardhand for hers, and thus effect the exchange which is no robbery, and she, finally observing his *finesse*, and struck by the delicacy with which he had so unostentatiously rebuked her duplicity, earnestly desired his further acquaintance.

For a time Mr. BHOSH, doubtless obeying one of those supernatural and presentimental monitions which were undreamt of in the Horatian philosophy, resisted all her advances—but alas! the hour arrived in which he became as SIMPSON with DEL'LAH.

It was at the very summit of the Season, during a brilliantly fashionable ball at the Ladbroke Hall, Archer Street, Bayswater, whither all the *élites* of tiptop London Society had congregated.

Mr. BHOSH was present, but standing apart, overcome with bashfulness at the paucity of upper feminine apparel and designing to take his premature hook, when the beauteous

Duchess in passing surreptitiously flung over him a dainty nosehandkerchief deliciously perfumed with extract of cherry blossoms.

With native penetration into feminine coquetties he interpreted this as an intimation that she desired to dance with him, and, though not proficient in such exercises, he made one or two revolutions round the room with her co-operation, after which they retired to an alcove and ate raspberry ices and drank lemonade. Mr. BHOSH's sparkling tittle-tattle completely achieved the Duchess's conquest, for he possessed that magical gift of the gab which inspired the tender passion without any connivance on his own part.

And, although the Duchess was no longer the chicken, having attained her thirtieth lustre, she was splendidly well preserved; with huge flashing eyes like searchlights in a face resembling the full moon; of tall stature and proportionate plumpness; most young men would have been puffed out by pride at obtaining such a tiptop admirer.

Not so our hero, whose manly heart was totally monopolised by the image of the fair unknown whom he had rescued at Cambridge from the savage clutches of a horned cow, and although, after receiving from the Duchess a musk-scented postal card, requesting his company on a certain evening, he decided to keep the appointed tryst, it was only against his will and after heaving many sighs.

On reaching the Duchess's palace, which was situated in Pembroke Square, Bayswater, he had the mortification to perceive that he was by no means the only guest, since the reception halls were thickly populated by gilded worldlings. But the Duchess advanced to greet him in a very kind, effusive manner, and, intimating that it was impossible to converse with comfort in such a crowd, she led him to a small side-room, where she seated him on a couch by her side and invited him to discourse.

Mr. BHOSH discoursed accordingly, paying her several high-flown compliments by which she appeared immoderately pleased, and discoursed in her turn of instinctive sympathies, until our hero was wriggling like an eel with embarrassment at what she was to say next, and at this point Duke DICKINSON suddenly entered and reminded his spouse in rather abrupt fashion that she was neglecting her remaining guests.

After the Duchess's departure, Mr. BHOSH, with the feelings of an innate gentleman, felt constrained to make his sincere apologies to his ducal entertainer for having so engrossed his better half, frankly explaining that she had exhibited such a marked preference for his society that he had been deprived of all option in the matter, further assuring his dukeship that he by no means reciprocated the lady's sentiments, and delicately recommending that he was to keep a rather more lynxlike eye in future upon her proceedings.

To which the Duke, greatly agitated, replied that he was unspeakably obliged for the caution, and requested Mr. BHOSH to depart at once and remain an absentee for the future. Which our friend cheerfully undertook to perform, and, in taking leave of the Duchess, exhorted her, with an eloquence that moved all present, to abandon her frivolities and levities and adopt a deportment more becoming to her matronly exterior.

The reader would naturally imagine that she would have been grateful for so friendly and well-meant a hint—but oh, dear! it was quite the reverse, for from a loving friend she was transformed into a bitter and most unscrupulous enemy, as we shall find in forthcoming chapters.

Truly it is not possible to fathom the perversities of the feminine disposition!

(To be continued.)

GRATITUDE AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S.—*Eton boy (who has just been relieved of some inches of down, to operator). Look here, I must give you a tip. I haven't had such a splendid shave for years!*



THE Duc de MONTMIRAIL stepped from his cab while the clocks of Paris were striking eight, and having stopped a moment to argue with the driver, who asked him if he thought he was a gentleman, he turned disdainfully away to the courtyard of his sister's hotel.

"A gentleman, indeed!" cried the Duke, with much of indignation in his manner. "A gentleman—pooh! As if I should call myself anything so expensive. Go away, my good fellow—you are only wasting money here."

The cabman gathered his reins together angrily, and flourished his whip in no better temper.

"May your children grow up cabmen, and have you for a fare," said he in triumph; and with that shot he left the old man at the door of the Hôtel de Tournon, which, as all the world knows, is at the very corner of the Boulevard St. Germain and its lesser tributary the Boulevard d'Enfer.

The Duke entered the porch of the great house, and rang the bell loudly. He was very pleased with himself; pleased that he should come to Paris thus stealthily; pleased because he knew how very far from glad his sister would be to see him; pleased because he had saved fifty centimes at the expense of an impudent cabman.

"May my children grow up cabmen—ha, ha! If he knew that I have but one, and that she is a woman. My poor IRENE, you will not welcome papa to-night—not at all; you will be very angry. Twenty francs to bring me from Blois, and one franc fifty to a cabman. It was cheap at the price, my dear, cheap at the price."

He smiled to himself with the sardonic humour of his thoughts.

And he was still smiling when old CÉLESTIN opened the door to him, and nearly fell into the courtyard at the apparition he beheld.

"Name of Heaven—the Duke!"

"As you say CÉLESTIN, the Duke. He, he! are you not pleased, man—are you not pleased?"

CÉLESTIN pulled himself together very bravely, and stammered out his apology.

"Monsieur, how pleased I am! But Madame is not at home; she is—"

He was about to round off the lie, and to add, "in the country," when the Duke handed him his valise and cut him short.

"At the house of Monsieur, the Comte DE BARRES, who to-morrow will be my son-in-law. Do not add to the burden of your sins, CÉLESTIN; they are expensive. I have come here from Blois to see my dear daughter. She, also, is in the country? Very well, we shall wait until she returns. If you would remain in this house, not a word of this to anyone. They think the old fellow is done for—sponged out, eh? They say that he has a bee in his bonnet, eh? Then we shall undeceive them to-morrow. Take me upstairs, high up; CÉLESTIN, to the stars. Let a portion of the marriage-feast be cooked, for I am hungry. When Madame la Baronne returns, say that no one has been here. Adhere to the story, CÉLESTIN, and when you die I will give the priest five francs to pray for your soul."

CÉLESTIN pinched himself to be sure that it was true; and when he had recovered his senses—for he was a quick-witted fellow—he conducted the Duke across the courtyard to the private door, and standing in the hall for a minute he began to conceive that audacious plan from which such surprising results were to spring.

"You prefer to dine upstairs, Monsieur?" he asked.

"Upstairs, certainly, CÉLESTIN—the best the cook can do?" CÉLESTIN sighed.

"Ah, Monsieur, it has been very different since the Baron

died. Then, at any notice, a dinner for a prince; but now! Will Monsieur take a cutlet?"

The Duke answered him by turning the handle of the dining-room door, and looking into the room. A single gas jet illumined the apartment; but this was all-sufficient to tell its story. Tables bearing their burden of blossoms and palms, silver candlesticks shining everywhere, rout seats, a raised platform for the orchestra, all the promise of a marriage-feast was there. The Duke regarded the scene with devouring eyes, and then turned to CÉLESTIN with a greedy léer.

"You think that I am blind, ah—well, do not speak any more of cutlets. A *potage à la purée*, a *fricassée* of lamb, a capon, and a little *pâté de foie gras*. I am a moderate man, CÉLESTIN. I am easily satisfied."

CÉLESTIN stifled the oath that rose to his lips (forgetting that an oath has nowhere else to rise to), and mounted the great staircase slowly. At the door of the *salon* upon the first floor, the Duke stopped again. Here the preparations for to-morrow were even more shameless. Hardly a stick of furniture remained in the drawing-room. Workmen were still busy, hanging draperies or watching others hang them. Hundreds of flowers in pots resented the garish light. One man with a mouth full of tin-tacks was trying to tell a story to another man with a knife between his teeth, and both failed dismally. A lank fellow, who had stood for a quarter of an hour with a hammer in his hand, looking for a convenient nail whereupon to employ it, yawned dismally and cried, "Very good." The old Duke chuckled softly as he took in the truth at a glance.

"Not a day too soon, CÉLESTIN, not an hour. If I had come to-morrow night, it would have been twenty-four hours too late. Admit that it is absurd for a father to say 'No,' twenty-four hours after the bride has said 'Yes.' We shall go upstairs, CÉLESTIN, and no one will know, not even my sister. To-morrow morning, the old fellow who does not count, who has a bee in his bonnet, who is crazy, will stand at the *mairie* with them; he will go to the altar. Name of the devil, he should know his way there, for he has buried—ah, how many has he buried, CÉLESTIN?"

CÉLESTIN, staggered at the question, could not remember the number of the Duke's wives, so he confessed that they were a "lot," and went on upstairs toward the stars as the old fellow had suggested. But there was an idea in CÉLESTIN's head now, and when he came to the landing of the second story, he paused to light a gas jet and to ask a question. "Twenty-four hours too late!" There was a wrinkle in that, surely! Why should not this old madman be twenty-four hours too late himself.

"You don't remember much about the Hôtel de Tournon, Monsieur?" he asked suddenly.

The Duke, puffing and blowing after his ascent, protested that he remembered nothing.

"Then it is all the same whether you sleep in the red room or the blue?"

"Or the black, or the white, or the pink, or the green. Where you please, CÉLESTIN, as long as it is a room."

CÉLESTIN rubbed his chin.

"Of course, it would have to be a room, that goes without saying. And where Madame la Baronne would know nothing. You would not wish Madame la Baronne to know anything, Monsieur?"

The Duke's eyes glittered.

"The old cat!" he exclaimed; "she said that I was mad. I will pull her claws in the morning. Show me the bedroom, and hold your tongue."

CÉLESTIN nodded his head; and when he had turned round, he closed his left eye twice, as much as to say, "I know the way."

The green room was at the very bottom of the great west corridor, and thither he went with quick steps; indeed, he had lighted half-a-dozen candles, and dusted a chair, and drawn back the hangings of the great bed almost before the Duke had toddled into the room after him.

"The green room, Monsieur, with the BOULE bed. You have heard of that, Monsieur?"

"Devil a word."

"Wonderful bed, made by CHARLES ANDRÉ BOULE, in the year 1730. Queens have slept in that bed, Monsieur."

The Duke leered, as he listened to the old servant's one historical fact.

"Send their ghosts to keep me company, CÉLESTIN. Tell them I have buried—let me see—how many have I buried? Well, it doesn't matter, for I am hungry. We will speak about the bed to-morrow when we get up to see the marriage. *Sacré bleu*—without my consent. You understand, man, they marry without my consent. But the code says, 'No'—the crazy old fellow says, 'No.' He will say 'No' at the *mairie*, CÉLESTIN."

CÉLESTIN sighed.

"You would break Mademoiselle's heart, Monsieur."

"My good fellow, a woman is worth nothing until her heart has been broken two or three times. She will find a better man. The Comte DE BARRES—faugh! He said that I was mad!"

"They all said that, Monsieur."

"Ah, did they? Very well, they shall pay the bill to-morrow. Go and see to the dinner, CÉLESTIN. I will show you how a madman can drink Bordeaux. The best you have in the cellar, my man. Do not forget that I am the twenty-fifth Duke of MONTMIRAIL. To-morrow, when I go away, I will give you—"

CÉLESTIN became greatly interested.

"You will give me, Monsieur—"

"My blessing, CÉLESTIN."

He sat down in one of the arm-chairs with the words, finding them very comfortable companions, and CÉLESTIN left the room indignantly. Outside on the landing, the old servant stood for a little while on the best of terms with himself and his idea.

"He'd stop the marriage to-morrow, would he? He'd break

Mademoiselle IRÈNE's heart? Well, there's two opinions about that, and I've got the right to one of 'em. Mad—he's as mad as—"

He paused for a simile, but finding one presently, he added, "as mad as dogs," and with that he went downstairs to tell JULES, the cook, that the crazy old duke had escaped from Blois, and was already upstairs crying out for his dinner. To which JULES answered by putting exactly one teaspoonful of salt too much into the soup, and declaring that he was desolated.

"Desolated or not desolated, it's him or his shadow up in the green-room, my boy, and to-morrow morning he'll go to the Mayor as sure as I'm eating quail *au gratin*. And that's not to be denied, JULES."

Seeing that CÉLESTIN had a quail in one hand and the bread-crumbs in the other, JULES made no attempt to dispute so self-evident a proposition; but basting a bird tenderly, he appealed at the same time to his patron saint, which a listener might have supposed to be the devil.

"*Sacré bleu*," he asked at last, "who let him out of the asylum, then?"

"Do not trouble your head with riddles. The question is, who is going to put him back again."

"It will kill Mademoiselle."

"And Madame; she will die too."

"And Monsieur le Comte, who loves Mademoiselle so much that he never goes to the private door at the opera now. I know, for I was there all last week."

"You always do the right thing, JULES."

"Ha, ha! I know when the world turns on its own axis, my boy."

"Then I wish you'd give it a spin to-night, and make this old chap dizzy. He wants his dinner."

"The word that makes humanity, my boy, our 'dinner.' But we live a hundred years too late. There is the guillotine after the coffee which disagrees with you. It cannot be done, my friend; it cannot be done."

CÉLESTINE helped himself to another quail.

"Give him the Bordeaux we didn't like last night, and a bit of the leavings from breakfast. I'll go and tuck him up just now, and see what can be done."

"Ah, mon CÉLESTIN, what a head you have!"

CÉLESTIN screwed up one eye slowly.

"I've a daughter of my own, and I know," he said. "If anything happened to Mademoiselle to-morrow, I should—"

"Kill yourself. Brave fellow."

CÉLESTIN had been going to say "give notice," but he took the credit of the insinuation and added—

"Well, perhaps. The honour of this house is mine. I feel as though one of my own were going to the altar to-morrow. And go she shall, JULES; go she shall."

JULES beat a dish of eggs at lightning speed.

"You will tell Madame nothing?"

"Nothing!"

"But if he comes down in the morning—"

"He will not come down in the morning."

"Ah, you risk all—noble fellow. I will carry your secret to the grave."

CÉLESTIN sighed.

"There have been a good many secrets carried there—for the world to enjoy. Come, whip up the victuals for this old cock, and let me have done with him. He's in the green room, JULES."

JULES put down the spoon, and stared with eyes wide open.

"The green room—ah, you believe in that, then?"

"I believe in nothing, until I see it. If it's true, it's true; if it isn't true, it isn't true. What I know, I know; you can't get over that, my boy."

JULES admitted that you could not get over it, and began reluctantly to warm up the soup and make the sauce for Old Crackpot. He knew that there was a story of the Boule bed; but, like all the rest of the world, he did not believe in it. For how could a mere bed work miracles, or drive men crazy, or make them doubt their senses, as this bed was supposed to do? It was all nonsense, the good cook said. The Duke would come down to-morrow morning, and there would be a scene at the altar. JULES uttered a pious inspiration that the sauce would poison the eater, and with that served up the dinner.

At eleven o'clock that night, CÉLESTIN, craning his neck over the bannisters upon the second floor of the Hôtel de Tournon, beheld Madame la Baronne, and IRÈNE, her niece, returning from the *soirée* at the house of the Comte DE BARRES. Though he was a little hard of hearing, and could not stoop to keyholes as in the days of his manly youth, nevertheless the old servant gathered sufficient fragments of their talk to assure himself that the ladies had enjoyed themselves, and were quite in ignorance of the fact that the elderly Duc had escaped from his retreat at Blois. For the matter of that, pretty IRÈNE was flushed and rosy, and at no pains to conceal the excitement which anticipation of to-morrow brought to her. CÉLESTIN shook his head when he watched her enter the bed-room where the marriage robe was already spread. He wondered what would happen if he went downstairs and said—"Mademoiselle, your papa, the Duke, is in the green room." Such a course would have meant hysterics, and upon hysterics tears. "And tears I do not like to see, where females are concerned," he added philosophically.

"The last time, my dear," he said to himself; "the last time that you'll sleep in that little room, and get up in the morning to hear JEANETTE knocking at your door. Well, if it were as easy undone as it's done, some of us wouldn't be what we are by a long way—not by a long way. And to think that Old Crackpot has come up to put a spoke in your wheel! I'd like to strangle him—that's what I'd like to do."

(Continued in our next.)



Young Footler (who has just taken the Blankshire County, and is buying drafts to improve the Pack). "NICE HOUND THAT, HUNTSMAN!"
Huntsman. "YES, SIR. PARTICULAR GRAND DRIVIN' 'OUND, SIR, IN SKIRMISTRIES. NO SOONER IN COVER THAN 'E'S OUT 'TOTHER END. NO WHIP IN ENGLAND CAN STOP 'IM!"
Young Footler: "I'LL HAVE HIM. QUITE REMARKABLE. VERY THING I WANT. THEY ALL SAY MY HOUNDS ARE A BIT SLOW."

ELECTION ETHICS.

(Some fragments from a candidate's speeches.)

I.—At the beginning of the contest.

... "AND now one word concerning my opponent. While my views and those of Mr. SLUMPER do not quite coincide, I am delighted to pay my tribute of admiration to his great ability, to his irreproachable moral character. On this, at least, I am resolved, that this contest

shall be absolutely free from that personal animosity and bitter ill-feeling which, unfortunately, is so often conspicuous in an electoral campaign."

II.—Three days later.

"Personalities, as I have already told you, are to be sternly discouraged by every conscientious politician. But Mr. SLUMPER's reference last night to my supposed change of opinions compels me just to say in passing that the accusation is absolutely false. No doubt it was

supplied to him by some utterly unscrupulous person, but his readiness to accept it betrays, I confess, a want of good taste of which I should hardly have suspected him."

III.—Four days later.

"Mr. SLUMPER's extraordinary tactics must be brought to the light. Painful as the task is, his own behaviour has made it absolutely necessary. While professing such anxiety for the trade of this town which he aspires to represent, he has the duplicity—I use the mildest possible word—to order down his groceries from the Stores. Again, he has referred to me more than once as a money-grubber. But what of his own antecedents? Nothing less than a stern sense of duty would have driven me to the course I am about to take, namely, to give you the full history of the SLUMPER family, which has accumulated wealth by lending money at 50 per cent. . . . This slight digression, I see, has occupied half-an-hour. But enough of personalities. Let Mr. SLUMPER descend to them if he will—for myself, I regard them with contempt. Rather would I ask you to consider the Imperial problem which," etc., etc.

IV.—On the day before the poll.

"To-night I will not trouble you with any remarks about our home or foreign policy. No, I will simply ask you to concentrate your scathing gaze upon that pitiable, that ludicrous, object—the man SLUMPER—the man whose pockets are filled with money wrung from widows and children, the man who lacks all regard for truth, decency and honour—the fawning sycophant who endeavours to atone for the weakness of his intellect by the strength of his language—who has the colossal impudence to ask for your votes! . . . Well, I have done. We have subjected the man SLUMPER to an impartial but searching scrutiny. Dismissing all other considerations from your mind, I would urge each elector to put this question to himself to-morrow—remembering the story about his uncle, and the beetle-powder incident, and the other details I have given you of his career—is this man SLUMPER worthy to represent you in Parliament?"

V.—After the Declaration of the poll.

... "to accept my most heartfelt thanks for the honour you have conferred on me. Lastly, I should be ungrateful indeed did I fail to recognise the upright, courteous, and gentlemanly manner in which this contest has been conducted on both sides. Fortunate, indeed, have I been in finding an opponent against whom the most venomous scandal-monger could not dare to breathe a syllable, and I can assure Mr. SLUMPER that my profound respect for him has, if possible, been increased by our friendly struggle of the last few weeks."

A. C. D.



Porter. "WHY IS THE LITTLE GIRL CRYING, MISSIE?"
 Little Girl. "'Cos' SHE HAS PUT HER PENNY IN THERE, AND NO CHOC'LATE NOR NUFFING'S COME'D OUT!"

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

SHOULD you wish at any time to test the equability of your charming temper, try to study an ordinary full-sized folding-up map of any coast (wherever it may be) while standing on the upper deck of a swift-going steamer. Assisted by its playfellow the wind, with which it is clearly in league, it friskily resists every attempt on the part of its holder at unfolding it. Once unfolded, it makes the craftiest efforts to escape and go off for a lark with its boisterous playfellow aforesaid. It flutters upward with the wind, it dives downwards with the wind; it plays a wildly irritating game of "Here we go up, up, up! and here we go down, down, down O." Then, always backed up by the breeze, it gives you a slap in the face, whacks itself against your chest, and when in despair you give up any attempt at controlling its erratically obstreperous movements, contented only if it can be induced to be quietly and decorously folded up, and to be returned neatly to its binding. But it refuses as obstinately as did the Genie when the Fisherman requested him to behave like a good child and take to his bottle again (it wasn't a bottle, but something of the sort) and be hermetically sealed up. No, the map, the handy map, *won't*; it would rather be torn to pieces by the rough horse-play of the wind than behave as a decent respectable prettily coloured map, with the eyes of the Royal Geographical Society on it and a reputation to keep up, would naturally be expected to do. If, during these struggles of folding and unfolding, without ever getting from the map one item of information or the slightest satisfaction of any sort, you do not use one or more of the strongest expressions in your vocabulary of exclamations then are you, if not the very best tempered man in all this habitable globe, at least the next best, or "one of the best." Quite unexpectedly, the map—having momentarily lost its wind, or, perhaps, like a wayward child having suddenly tired of its amusement—folds itself quite nattily and goes to rest between

its two covers as quietly and easily as though it had always been the best behaved map in the world.

Mem.—When on board you wish to consult a map, go below and lay it out carefully on the table.

Note.—The MACBRAYNE officials, as I may have previously remarked, on the steamboats, are quite models of "Civil Servants," but protracted acquaintance with the MACBRAYNE fleet compels me to say that these vessels are capable of considerable improvement. And this improvement, too, could with great advantage be extended to the catering, which, good of its kind, is very commonplace and monotonous. The bill of fare on any one steamer is the same on all, and it seems to be more and more the same the oftener you travel by a DAVID MACBRAYNE steamer. With the exception of one or two half-hearted oppositions with inferior boats, the MACBRAYNE has practically the monopoly. It's a "One Man one Boat" business. It ought not to be. The business is with very rare exceptions admirably managed, and the attention given by the MACBRAYNES at Head-quarters to any just representation is immediate and just. And of this I speak from personal experience. Yet, no government, however popular, can be a success without a strong opposition. The sooner MALCOLM, MACINTELL, MACENTERPRISE & Co. start against DAVID MACBRAYNE, the better for the public service and ultimately the better for DAVID MACBRAYNE, unless DAVID should prove himself a Solomon by anticipating the reform boldly but not rashly.

Why never a change in the *menu*? Granted, that for breakfast at 8.30 you can't improve to any considerable extent such "general-utility" dishes as eggs and bacon, eggs and ham, fresh herrings, some other fish, and marmalade for a finish. But why the eternal British "chop"? Couldn't there be a "currie," in honour of Sir DONALD of that ilk, unless the MACBRAYNES are opposed to him in business and politics? Why not a dish of scrambled eggs served on toast? This can be kept hot perfectly well, "ready-made," in fact, like a "reach-me-down" suit, whereas an omelette must be "made to order," and eaten as soon as done. Certainly, as regards variety in feeding, their Mac Brayneships leave *beaucoup à désirer, beaucoup*!

A considerable proportion of the tourists about Scotland are foreigners, chiefly French, and I no longer wonder at their popular caricatures of English men and women, and of the English "Mees"; nor am I astonished at their ideas of our perpetual "Rosbif" food, and of our generally heavy and monotonous bills of fare, if they found their notions of English living on the specimens furnished by the *menus* on board steamers, and at the majority of even first-class hotels, and derive their ideas of customs and costumes from the types they encounter *en route* in the course of their holiday tours.

Oban.—The service of steamers is excellent: of the steamers themselves I shall have something to say later on. The MACBRAYNE fleet is well known, and no one would be so rash as to venture on a MacBrayn-less boat. One of the principal amusements for those on shore who neither voyage by sea nor tour on coach, or, I may say, advisedly, the only amusement regularly provided gratis for those on shore, lounging among ends of ropes, sharp-nosed colliers, in company with a shepherd or two, a farmer or so, and a casual few of the travelling public, is the departure, likewise the arrival, of the various steamers large and small, plying to and fro between Oban and various other places. Perhaps, after a few days, even this excitement may begin to pall upon you. Still, I have known it survive all the other attractions. And why? Because different people arrive and leave by the same boats. Every time it is the same stage, under the old management, but "with new deck-orations, scenery, and appointments." It is always a different drama, with different characters, and you can arrange plot and under-plot for yourself.

If you would cut all work, and would take a genuine holiday, "far from the madding crowd,"—go to Oban. If you like a



SCENE—Golf Links.

Very mild Gentleman (who has failed to hit the Ball five times in succession). "WELL—"
Up-to-date Caddy (producing Gramophone charged with appropriate Expletives). "ALLOW ME, SIR!"

[Mild Gentleman DOES allow him, and moreover presents him with a shilling for handling the subject in such a masterly manner.]

holiday on lakes, up mountains, on the sea, with any amount of fishing, and on shore with some shooting, that is, should proprietors of game be friendly, and close at hand, then—go to Oban.

If, friend, you're intent
 On amusement, and bent
 On pleasures whereon there is no ban,
En vacance it is best
 To travel Nor'-West,
 And make your headquarters at Oban.

Congratulating Messrs. MACBRAYNE on the generally satisfactory state of their steamers, from an upper-bourgeois point of view a few improvements *might* be made even in these ships, which are now becoming somewhat ancient, and which ought to be made in any new vessel the MACBRAYNE may have in course of construction for this service. Let them model them on the latest P. & O. lines, and they can't go far wrong. At present there is no smoking-room to which smokers in wet weather, or at any other time, can retire; this refuge should be provided with a bar, where wine, spirits, tea, and coffee should be served. Depend upon it—to quote and specially apply the lines from some immortal but anonymous bard—this addition would "come as a boon and a blessing to men," emphatically to the majority of the sterner passengers. As to the lavatory department, the idea seems to have been to expend considerable cleverness in providing the least accommodation, which is good as far as it goes, for the greatest possible number.

Here again, *in every respect*, including telling off a man for this particular (very particular) department, the mighty MACBRAYNE power would find fair scope for the exercise of its

ingenuity, and the result would, if I may venture to hazard an opinion, give general satisfaction. For the MACBRAYNE power, if it work slowly, will work cautiously, and will attempt no Mac-Hare-Brayne'd experiments.

Note.—When mentioning the *Chevalier*, which is one of the MACBRAYNE fleet, never pronounce the word, in French fashion, as "Shevaliay." Be careful to give it a kind of 'Arry-McCockney sound, pronouncing it as "Shëvërleer," which is—alas for the poor Pretender!—the modern Scotch for "Cavalier."

Touring about in the shooting season, I express my increasing dislike for the snap-shooter. *Il n'y a rien sacré pour un photographe* and no one can protect himself or herself from the weapon of the wily photographer. In one second, when you least expect it, when you are the least prepared for it, when you are looking your worst, you are *taken from life*! He, or she, is the modern representative of ROBBIE BURNS's "Chiel amang ye taking notes, And, faith, he'll print 'em!" That's what they do; they take you; they book you and your living presentment—just that aspect of you that you don't see yourself in, and as you would rather that others did not see you; and so, for some weeks or months, your likeness leads an albuminous existence in a portrait gallery of perfect strangers. Speaking likenesses they may be when on familiar terms with one another, but all stiff and silent as a lot of English people in the *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner when they haven't, any of them, been introduced to one another.

In the tourist time in popular resorts, the bold but crafty snap-shooter secures a wonderful bag. He makes game of everybody and anybody, and takes him off in his own little shooting-box. How to protect yourself? You can't be always making hideous faces; you can't be perpetually turning your expres-

sive countenance into the lineaments of the traditional "Joey" of the pantomime. Have you the copyright in your own face? Can you step up to the surreptitious photographer and say severely, but with sufficient politeness—"Sir, you have taken a liberty with my property, I mean with my face; I do not care what the result may be, but I charge one guinea for a sitting or a standing, or whatever you may choose to call it"? If he refuse your demand what remedy have you at law? The case would appropriately be heard "in camera." You can't dash at him and smash the apparatus, or he has a case for assault and battery against you; and if he be a professional he can sue you for very heavy damages, and win his case. What, then, is the remedy? None. He can take you and sell you, as though you were the slave of the camera. You can't avoid him by standing on your head; on the contrary, this unusual pose would strongly attract him. No; there is no remedy against the peripatetic photographer, whether amateur or professional. So no more need be said. But to be "sniped" in this manner, neither with your leave nor by your leave, does make anybody, whether a nobody or a somebody, a bit "snappy."

A CAPER IN THE "CAPERCAILZIE."

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF TOBY, M.P.

Last Leaf.

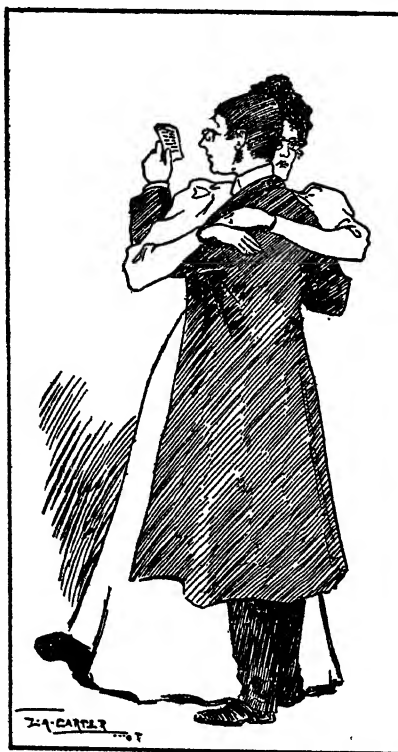
Sunday. Dunstaffnage.—A perfect September day in a perfect place. Steamed round from Oban last night in search of anchorage whereby to spend a quiet Sunday. The peace of the ideal Sabbath day broods over the hills that encircle this blue inlet. Oban, three miles distant by road, really a beautiful bay, is by comparison with our solitude, a noisy, vulgar place.

Tuesday. Brodick, Arran.—Yesterday steered due South, rounding Mull of Cantire, with Benmore Head on Irish Coast in full view. Anchored for dinner at Carradale, in good time to go a-fishing. Wonderful run of luck; sort of see-saw business; drop your bait, straightway pull it up with one, sometimes two, fine whiting vibrant with surprise.

Have patterns of their comely shape all down back of my coat. When I turned to haul up my fish usually heard a little scream behind; presently felt a thump on my back. Always knew by the feel whether our Lady had caught one fish or two. Never know why she should whirl her loaded line in the air as if she was cracking a whip. Why she should scream whenever she got a bite also passeth understanding. If it had been the fish that screamed, would have been more in accord with the situation. Filled large pail in no time; rowed back in triumph to the yacht.

Thought to repeat experience to-night; other bays other fortunes. Bait went down as before; no fish came back, or none to speak of. What few we hauled up belonged to the class of undersized fish, which last session gave so much trouble to President of Board of Trade, harried by Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES and JEMMY LOWTHER. Returned to yacht with back of my coat quite dry, not smelling in the least of fish. Our Lady rather down-hearted. But we can't have everything.

Monday, Ayr.—Looking westward from the beach at Ayr on sunlit mornings,



LOVE'S PROMPTINGS.

Edwin (recit). "There is no one beside thee, and no one above thee. Thou standest alone, as the nightingale sings!" &c., &c.

Angelina (amorously). "Oh, Edwin, how do you think of such beautiful things?"

Arran bounds the horizon like a purple cloud of infinite softness. Lying at anchor at Brodick last evening could clearly see Ayr, set in the distant mainland. Made for it this morning, intending to cast anchor off the harbour and row ashore. But the royal burgh is of a retiring disposition. Probably that's why the Romans selected it as one of their settlements, preference equally shown by EDWARD I. The channel too shallow for craft drawing more than twelve feet water. Also there is shifting bar of sand you may chance to meet in unexpected quarter. Harbour formed by two long piers, their seaward points adorned by couple of minute lighthouses, suitable for

display of farthing dips for the solace of storm-tossed mariners.

The harbour gained, cargo discharged or loaded, fresh difficulty presents itself. Have got in, how get out? Didn't see any performance, but fancy vessels have to back out as if retiring from presence of Majesty.

Capercaillie didn't try the conjuring trick of entering harbour. Too rough for boats to be used with comfort. So landed at Fairlie, took train; in due season brought to Ayr. Distance, twenty miles; time, two hours; changes of carriage, three.

Tuesday.—Visitors to Ayr must needs see BURNS's cottage and eke his monument. Situated about two miles out of town; approached by beautiful banks of bonnie Doon. The waters seemed to sing the deathless verse:—

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sing o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

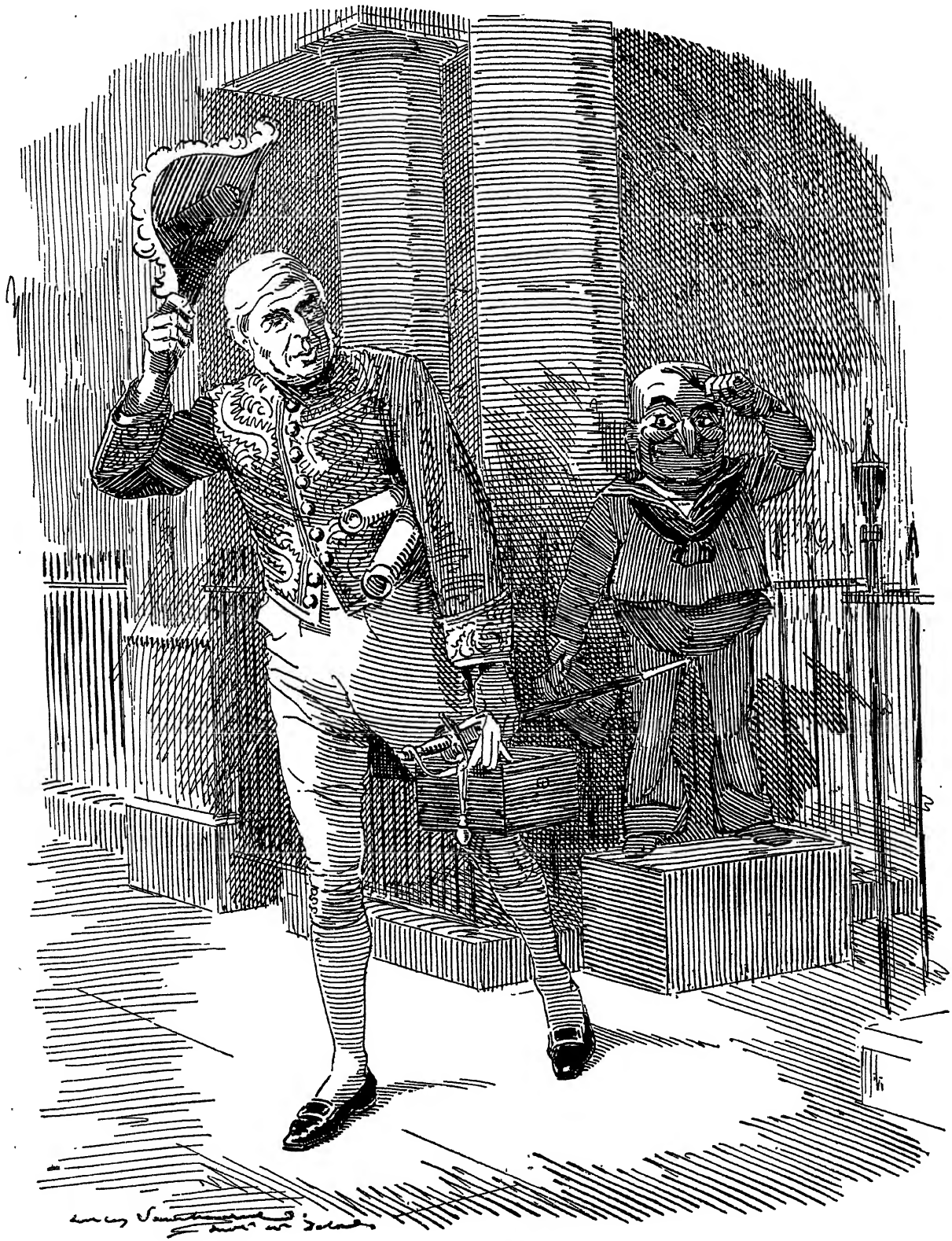
Walking by Doonside, the true lover of BURNS approaches with quicker interest the early memorials of the man. The shock on arrival all the greater. The cottage in whose alcoved bed the poet was born is well enough; so is the cottage from the outside, because the sloping roof has been left untouched, and the low white-washed walls stand. But inside, alack! There is a charming little window inset in the thick wall, the bed aforesaid, and an ancient grate. For the rest there is a turnstile in the doorway, a man who sees you pay twopence before you pass it, a bazaar of cheap photographs, picture frames, trinket boxes and the like, each and all associating their vulgarity with the sacred name of BURNS. Item, there is a table said to have been the property of BURNS' parents, on which 'ARRY has deeply cut his honoured name and that of 'ARRIET. Finally, outside and inside there are hung flaming placards proclaiming refreshments on strictly temperance principles.

It is a pleasure turning the back on the monstrous Monument and its bazaar of cheap trifles, clamouring for bawbees in the sacred name of ROBERT BURNS, to let the eye rest on the graceful curve of Auld Alloway brig, flying over which Tam o' Shanter's mare was riven of her tail. Nor may that be lingered over, for across the meadow comes a tuneless voice reciting verses from BURNS, with intent to draw coppers from the passer-by.

"Come away," said the Member for Sark. "Let us walk back to Ayr by bonny Doon."

"And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me."

Never heard Sark sing before. But, then, have rarely seen him so angry.



OUT OF COMMISSION.

Punch (A. B.). "GOODBYE, SIR; AND GOOD LUCK! YOU'VE DONE SUCH A LOT FOR THE SERVICE WE'RE ALL SORRY TO LOSE YOU."



TU QUOQUE.

Cyclist (a beginner who has just collided with freshly-painted fence). "CONFOUND YOUR FILTHY PAINT! NOW, JUST LOOK AT MY COAT!"
Painter. "'ANG YER BLOOMIN' COAT! 'OW ABOUT MY PAINT!'"

MR. PUNCH'S ELECTION ADDRESSES.

I.—Mr. WYNDHAM.

(The Under-Secretary for War adopts a jaunty metre in his address, and either feels, or feigns to feel, a serene confidence in the return of his Party to power.)

Now that fair Peace once more resumes
 her sway,
 Now that the War is—practically—over,
 I steel my heart to face a different fray,
 And confidently claim the votes of
 Dover.

Peace hath her victories as well as war,
 But war's the thing that really stirs
 the nation,
 And brazen-throated war proclaims afar
 The triumphs of the last administra-
 tion.

There be, I know, some men of little soul,
 Small-minded folk, mere Radicals and
 such,

Who fain would have you think that on
 the whole

Those triumphs don't amount to very
 much.

Be not deceived! Though some may call
 us weak,

Our action has been ever bold and
 strenuous;

In such a case to turn the other cheek
 And cry *peccavimus* were disin-
 genuous.

Our gallant troops sailed forth to Table Bay,
 Well-armed with guns and well-equipped
 with horses,

And horse and gun, whatever people say,
 Gave perfect satisfaction to the forces.

No war was ever waged with so much skill,
 No Generals ever were so well selected,
 And W-LS-L-Y and P-ll M-ll will take it ill
 If I, their champion, should be rejected!

II.—Mr. MORLEY.

*(Mr. Morley's address is brief and slightly
 dolorous. The earnest appeal with
 which it concludes should move many
 to tears.)*

MEN of Montrose, whose suffrages
 A second time I'm coyly wooing,
 Who view with horrified distress
 The course the Tories are pursuing,
 Ye few but fit survivors of
 A once considerable Party,
 Support me, brothers whom I love,
 —And, oh! let, your support be hearty!

III.—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

*(Sir William Harcourt is as full of fight as
 ever, and lays his uninviting pro-
 gramme before the electors with all
 his old gusto.)*

YE men of Monmouth (West),
 Who at the last election
 Poured balm into my wounded breast
 When smarting from rejection,
 Weigh well the price of Pride,
 The cost of Empire's glories,
 Rally to little England's side
 And see me smash the Tories!

No ruthless wars I'll wage,
 I'll seek peace and ensue it,
 For when the nations furious rage,
 The nations often rue it.
 The Church requires Reform,
 The Public-house repression,
 And if we win I'll make it warm
 For both of them next Session!

You'll see me take in hand
 The High Church parson's scandals,
 I'll take away his vestments and
 I'll blow out all his candles;
 I'll end the House of Lords,
 I'll knock the Bishops silly,
 I'll confiscate the Church's hoards
 Or my name isn't BILLY!

IV.—Dr. CLARK.

*(The fall from Ministers and ex-Ministers
 to Dr. Clark is great. But his address
 is so characteristic that Mr. Punch
 feels obliged to give it publicity.)*

MEN of Caithness, the Boer and I
 Have fallen upon evil days,
 From hill to hill the burghers fly
 In half a hundred different ways.

The brutal British soldiers sack
 The peaceful farm, the humble cot,
 Poor KRUGER'S not expected back,
 And all my plans have gone to pot.

Picture the old man's hapless plight—
 All due, of course, to JAMESON'S raid—
 Pity his ignominious flight,

Think of a salary unpaid!
 In every Boer breast will live
 A righteous fire of discontent
 If I, his representative,
 Am not returned to Parliament!

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.





Master Alexander (his first experience of low tide). "JUST LOOK HERE, GLADYS; SOMEBODY'S BEEN AND PULLED OUT THE PLUG!"

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

X.—THE JOHN OLIVER HOBBS SECTION.

(Continued.)

SEPTEMBER 16TH, 17TH.—Lady TARARA-GLORIANA-MESOPOTAMIA-VARIÉTÉ DE PIMPERNEL was wearing a sherry-coloured dress with canary facings, which enhanced the distinction, while it mitigated the obtrusiveness, of the Hittite streak in her complexion. Reserved yet expansive, sincere yet tortuous, cold yet inflammable, self-absorbed yet centrifugal, capable of devoutness yet also *capable de tout*, she was a mystery to most and a contradiction to all. Certainly she was too complex for BIEN-ENTENDUE FITZ-BLOUSE, whose ingenuous nature was content to oscillate uneasily between a single pair of emotions—the faint memory of her first husband, and the fainter hope of securing ROBERT PORRIDGE for her second. The two women had little in common beside their womanhood (shared by the sex) and their desire for ROBERT (shared by a considerable section of it).

18TH TO 20TH.—"I think Mr. BROWNING is so true about soul and sense," said BIEN-ENTENDUE. "Women, especially, seem to be half spiritual and half sensible."

"Half sensible?" said Lady TARARA-ETC., bitterly. "I find them altogether stupid."

"I knew you must be badly in love, dear," said BIEN-ENTENDUE, with quick intuition. "Who is it? Mine's ROBERT PORRIDGE." She spoke with a simple candour that invited confidence.

Lady TARARA-ETC.'s steel belt, studded with black pearls,

snapped abruptly and flew across the boudoir; but she gave no other sign of the internal shock that she had sustained.

"And mine," she replied, as she collected the fragments with perfect aplomb, "mine is—Lord FLOTSAM." She was a gifted woman. The lie had a superb air of probability.

"Have you tried playing Patience, dear?" said BIEN-ENTENDUE, very gently. "The 'Demon' is so good for the nerves. I often say to myself," she added, with a woman's tact for easy digression, "that life is indeed a school for saints. I do so dislike schools for saints. They sound like convents, and seem so *French*. Poor dear ALFRED was very English, you know."

"There ought only to be boys' schools for saints," said TARARA-ETC.; "and yet," with a sudden fury, "I could be as pious as a Vestal if a man's love was to be got by it. Ah! Bah!"

"I should think Lord FLOTSAM must be a very beautiful character," said BIEN-ENTENDUE, innocently.

21ST.—To ROBERT it was a matter of heart-searching that his sense of MIDGET's nearness varied inversely with her physical proximity. Thus, when she was a hundred miles away, he would inadvertently order dinner for two; but when he actually kissed her, as on the exceptional occasion of their betrothal, it seemed that she was almost round the corner of the next street. This gave a certain remoteness to his embrace, which still was recorded on the sensitive tablets of his conscience as a desecration. A little more of this strain and his taste for humour would have been permanently impaired.

22ND TO 24TH.—FLOTSAM, indeed, was uneasy about the marriage. To him the undivided devotion of his select circle was a thing too sacred to be lightly disturbed. To a friend who once reminded him that it is more blessed to give than to receive, he replied that in the case of true friendship he was prepared to waive the higher privilege. Yet it was not only for himself that he was concerned. True, he would miss ROBERT at piquet; but what was piquet compared with his friend's highest happiness, if such a marriage could consummate it? But could it? Wives, according to his creed, were ordained by Providence (an Institution which FLOTSAM had always supported as a matter of political conviction) to serve as the conventional decoration of a man's career; a mere favour (on the man's part) attached to his serious fighting panoply. ROBERT's more lofty conception of their purpose filled his friend with a despondent awe, which lent to his appearance as "best man" a very natural and becoming dignity.

25TH TO 27TH.—The two men took up their ground, each with his pistol leaning up against the other's forehead. But here it is best to follow ROBERT's own description, addressed, the day after, to his patron, Lord ISLE OF RUM:—"Is it to be à l'outrance?" I asked. "À l'outrance," he replied, with a slight intonation of contempt, as if my French had been at fault; as if, in fact, I had given a false rendering of some notice-board at an exhibition directing people 'To the Egress.' Yet you, my Lord, have not devoted the best of your manhood to mediæval research without attaining to know that this inclusion of the definite article has the sanction of all the highest authorities on the *duello*. It was a subtle triumph of culture that I had achieved, after which it seemed a relative grossness to blow his head off. You will guess that it killed him.

"I admit that in my more sentient moments I suffer regrets. One may argue that it was not a lingering death; yet to kill a man, by whatever process, is an act that must ever remain irretrievable. Nor are my regrets adequately silenced by the reflection that his brain was his weakest point. Do not think me callous. Sarcasm is the relief of a mind too acutely alive to the pitifulness of mortality. Naturally, I am moving on. If your gout permits, address me, *Hôtel de la Résignation, Roma*."

28TH TO 30TH.—The following passage is taken from an interview with Mr. DISRAELI, published at a later period:—"Yes; after the duel he applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. I forwarded them, with reluctance, to his Italian address, *O'était un*

homme d'un bien beau passé, as HEINE wrote of DE MUSSET. His was a nature that throve on obstacles, and would have found the garden of the Hesperides intolerable with the dragon away. These scruples were respected by the lady who was free to become his wife. A weaker woman might have taken the veil: she retired into histrionics; and, as I understand, still enjoys a very passable repute. To speculate here on the familiar doctrine of general cussedness would be a laborious superfluity. I will content myself—as one who has ever obeyed the guidance of his own instincts—with an occasional apophthegm which I cull from my *répertoire*:—

"A fool is swept away by his impulses: a wise man parleys with them: only a god can afford to follow them blindly." O. S.

WHICH?

I'd sing thee songs the whole day through,
But that my voice is so contrary;
Of Araby or of Corfu,
Of Margate or of Inverary,
I'd make thee stop and listen too
In drawing-room, or lawn, or dairy;
I'd do all that for thee and drown
The quasi-tenor notes of BROWN.

I'd write thee lyrics, page on page
Of tender love and deep devotion,
My burning sonnets would assuage
An indispensable emotion.
If how the length of feet to gauge
I had the very faintest notion,
I would delight thine heart which groans
Under the wretched squibs of JONES.

I'd be thine Orpheus and thy Muse,
For thee would sound my every measure,
If Providence would but infuse
In me a poet's golden treasure.
'Twixt me and JONES and BROWN must
choose,
As suits thy dear capricious pleasure,
And I—no tenor, no, nor poet,
Do love thee well—sweetheart, dost know
it?

POLITICAL SUGGESTIONS.

(By an old Campaigner.)

To the Liberal Candidate.—Be tearfully expansive. Remember your opponent is on the side of Tyranny and Oppression; you take your stand on the ancient and glorious Liberties—and so on and so on. If this doesn't fetch them, declaim against reckless extravagance, the wilful misappropriation of the nation's money. If you can't touch their hearts, try at least to touch their pockets.

To the Conservative Candidate.—Do not forget your opponent is a traitor to his country; that he would trample the British flag in the mire of pusillanimity. *Mem.*—Should he be an Imperialist, call him a weak-kneed wobbler, afraid to stand forth manfully; one who seeks to run



Murphy. "WHIN THE WHARR'S OVER, I THINK THERE'LL BE A CONSCRIPC'HUN."

Clancy. "No! THERE'LL BE NO SCONSCRIPC'HUN. BUT I THINK THEY'LL FOORCE IVERY WAN IV US TO BE VOLENTEERS!"

with the hare and hunt with the hounds. (Don't try and particularize who are the hounds.)

To either Candidate.—Don't be afraid of unlimited "gas"—at mass meetings. Speak of your opponent with exaggerated respect as a private individual, but add, you are compelled out of the profound affection you feel for the electors to state, that as a public man he is utterly (fill in with suitable expression of the most violent kind, *ad lib.*)

To the Local "Rag."—Never deal with the principles of the candidate whom you oppose. Be outrageously personal. It exasperates the victim—to retort. Then affect a pious horror that he should de-

scend to such baseness and puerility as to blind the electors with personal trivialities, etc. Remember Eatanswill!

To the Elector.—Now is your chance. As a personage of middling (and often less than middling) intelligence, you will for a brief period enjoy an importance and a deference to your most ridiculous fads that you don't deserve and will never have another chance of being favoured with—till next election. Promise both sides. Distrust utterly the gentle canvasser. And thank your lucky stars when polling-day comes if, after an awful course of meetings and leaflets, you have the faintest glimmering as to what are the real issues of the political contest.



Irate Landowner (to Angler). "HI, YOU, SIR! THIS IS MY WATER. YOU CAN'T FISH HERE."

Angler. "OH, ALL RIGHT. WHOSE IS THAT WATER UP THERE ROUND THE BEND?"

Irate Landowner. "DON'T KNOW: NOT MINE. BUT THIS IS."

Angler. "VERY WELL. I'LL WAIT TILL THAT FLOWS DOWN HERE!"

THE LOST LEADER.

(Evidently intended for the post-bag of an Organ of not quite decided opinion.)

GAS AND GAITERS.

MAY Providence, or that part of it which smiles upon the really praiseworthy efforts of our limited company, be praised! Casting about, as we may confess that we were, for some point round which to rally, for some political ink with which to fill our leading column, what could be more opportune than the words of the government mouthpieces? Those whom we lately called foes (though it must not be imagined that we called them so with an undue amount of emphasis or regularity; the wind bloweth where it listeth, and the circulation heareth the sound thereof)

may now be hailed as friends who have done us an inestimable service. We, whose whole desire has been to find a backbone for our Frankenstein, a basis for our argument, may now lay down our arms and rest upon our nettles. The blow has been struck upon the hanging shield that will wake the giant of the electoral castle from his slumbers; the cord has been drawn that will squeeze the electoral heart into a palpitating blood pump. The thing has been done. Not by us—how should that be?—but for us.

When Mr. CH-MB-RI-N uttered, our case was pleaded. When he pronounced himself, our suit was won. The war, he said, must be carried to its inevitable conclusion, the future of the nation must be entrusted to hands which would not leave

the plough until the furrow had reached the opposite hedge. Who is it that has spoken most of late about the inevitable conclusion? We have. Who was it that in the beginning deprecated so fiercely the possible probable shadow of annexation? We did. Who is it that has gently tacked and tacked again, trimmed the boat to the decimal of an ounce, sailing close to the wind, furling and unfurling, until with a fair wind the galley punt was headed for the shore with the flag of Imperialism floating proudly from the mast? We have. What hands so safe as those of the party for which a vast brain has, despite all the changes and chances of press popularity, so manipulated the leading article as to appear all things to all men?

Again, the furrow of which Surface speaks, what is it but the furrow which has shown itself upon the face of the youngest patriot of them all (such as ourselves) since the new arithmetic of a late Colenso? We will not suffer it to reach the other hedge. There has been a sufficiency of hedging and once the Liberal party, whose chances now are so much more rosy than they were before this article appeared, has returned to power, we will show you a thing.

If, after all, there are those—and this is possible—who are still ignorant of what that thing may be, who even shake their heads and ask what mean these words, we can only reply that the difficulties of sitting on the fence, or of taking any line, however devious, which shall not make confusion worse confounded in the ranks of a factious party, nor alienate altogether the sympathies of the many subscribers who are personally concerned in the price of peace, have been so stupendous as to make ordered thought or its expression a bunker beyond the capabilities of Bogey. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

"AWFUL."

DEAR word, that I have learned to love

From meeting you at every turn,

Around, about, beneath, above,

There's no employment that you spurn.

You serve to whet the appetite

That keeps alive the war reporter,

When newsboys at the dead of night

Appraise by you the worth of slaughter.

Disasters all by flood or field

Have found you faithful to the press,

Whose minions to your power yield

Considerably more than less.

And then you have your lighter mood,

Have served as predicate to "jolly."

And sponsor have to "beastly" stood

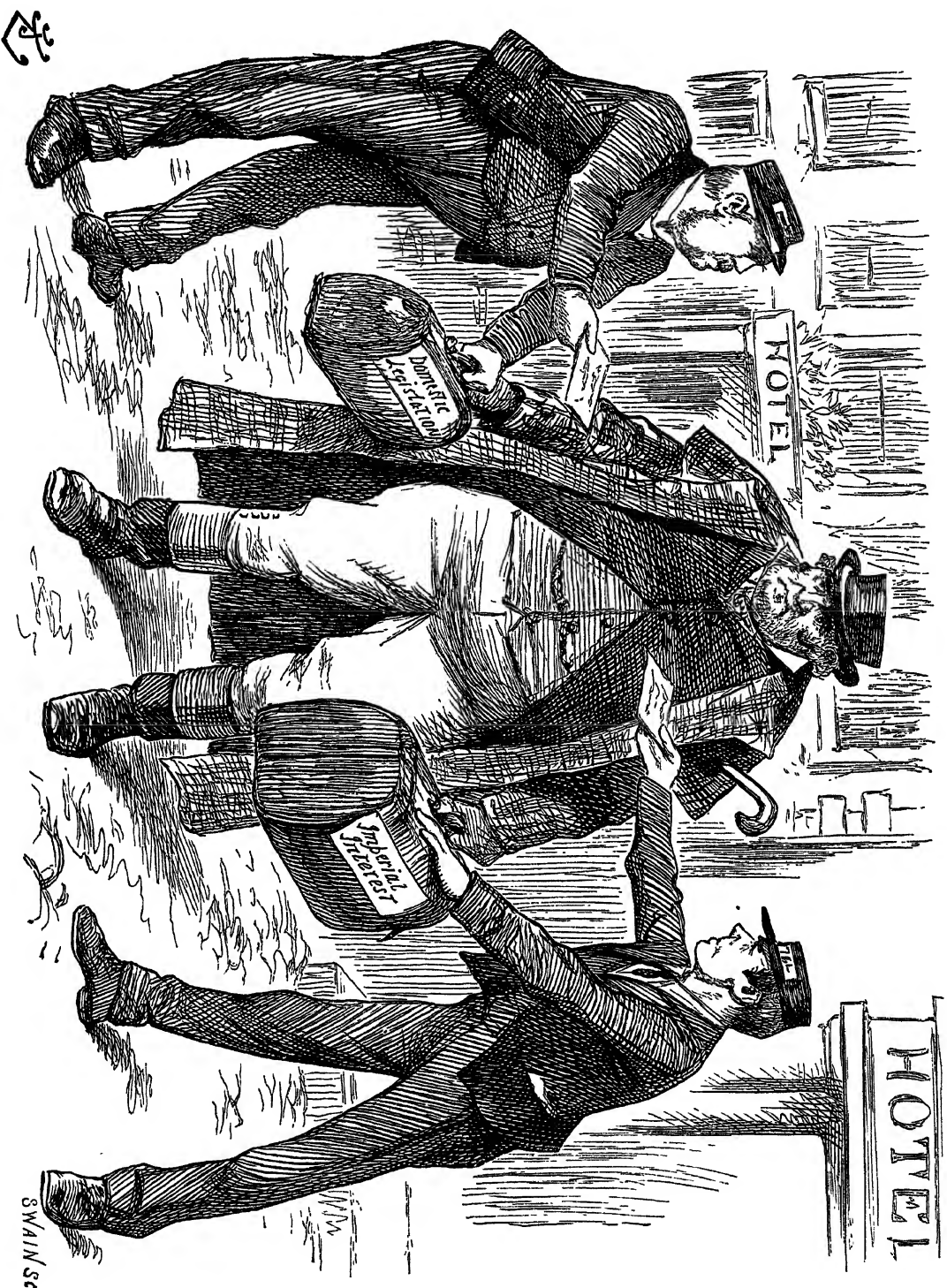
On lips that part in vacant folly.

Last, but not least, the reader whose

Unerring judgement finds the spot

For verdict on these lines may choose

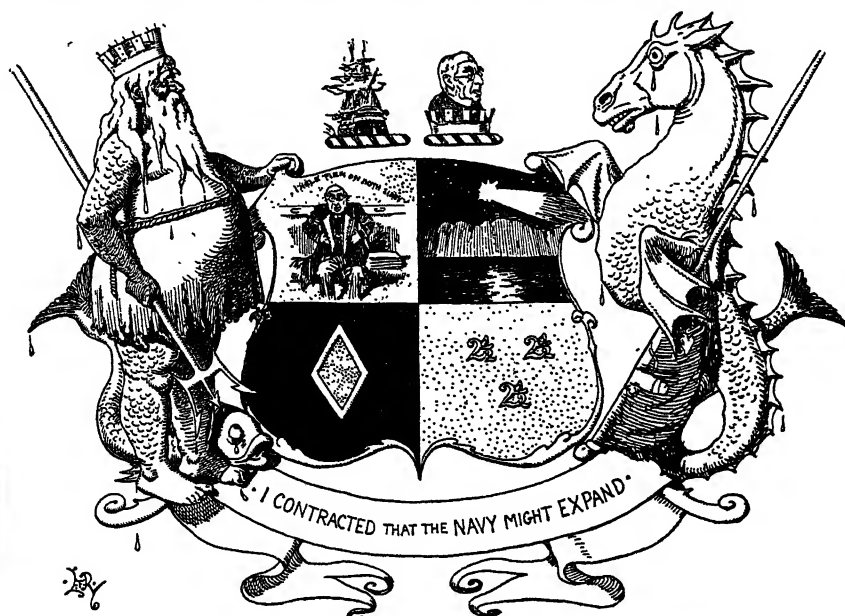
The lightly uttered—"Awful rot!"



RIVAL TOUTS.

FIRST HOTEL PORTER. "NICE QUIET HOUSE, SIR—AND VERY CHEAP!"
SECOND HOTEL PORTER. "MUCH BETTER STICK TO US, SIR. NEVER KNOW WHERE YOU ARE WITH 'EM, SIR—ALWAYS CHANGING HANDS!"

READY MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



THE RT. HON. GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN, 1ST VISCOUNT SANCTIONER OF TUNWICHE AND ARMAMONT (BARON RIVETHAM AND LAUNCHAM ON THE CLYDE AND ELSEWHERE).

Arms—Quarterly: 1st, on a bench tressurée, a veteran statesman vert paly of eloquence, or double tressure tory countertory at the first, barbed in satire, trenchant in invective, spectacled proper and headed silver, holding tentatively in clutch from habit his dexter and sinister ribs, possibly reminiscent of Rugby rules (*Motto*: "I held firm on both sides."); 2nd, under a cap grisnez gaulois regardant sinister, an heraldic maunch or English Channel, azure in the main, barry wavy choppy in transit, potentially held commanded and controlled, semée at need of British battleships barbettée *gauchenois* in shoals; 3rd, a lozenge geraudellois of the voice, needed sadly in debate, but regulée eschewed; 4th, on a ground lary crafty of finance, three pears proper, consolois of the City, reduced effrontée coolly by a half. *Crests*: 1st, an ex-checked and weather-beaten man-of-war, quittant the line of battle, dropping anchor reluctant in a harbour of refuge; 2nd, out of a naval crown, a pier-head emergent proper, smothered up ermine snoozy nappy for the future. *Supporter*: Dexter, a figure of Neptune, or ancient sea-dog ozonée, tanned proper from exposure, scaly finny fishy in the limbs, lowering teary his trident in salute, on parting company, and by his side a legendary dolphin, broken to harness, and similarly guttée-de-larmes; sinister, a sea-horse proper of Whitehall, bearing the lowered flag of the Lords of the Admiralty, the entire staff broken down with emotion.

Second Motto: "Short-sighted for myself but far-seeing for the Nation."

LA PROVINCE A PARIS.

ANYONE fond of crowds would have enjoyed himself in Paris recently. If he preferred crowds of peasants his happiness would have been complete. Most of the Americans and Germans have gone home, the English have not come, and Paris is entirely given up to the provincials. The 22,000 mayors, with their families and friends would have been quite enough, but they brought or have sent since, as it appears, their acquaintances and neighbours. Paris has been thick with mayors, mostly in antiquated top-hats, all of them quiet, serious men, except after that mighty *déjeuner* when they were jovial. But the crowd of mayors has been simply lost in the vaster crowd of their neighbours. The peasants swarm everywhere, in the exhibition, in the streets, in the railway stations. In serried lines of four or five, open-eyed, open-mouthed, all of them looking everywhere but in front, they ramble onwards, pointing out objects

of interest with massive umbrellas which hit one in the chest, or with sharp-pointed sticks which hit one in the eye. Good honest people, in white caps and ancient hats, one is pleased to see them so happy, but one may not enjoy their company in narrow spaces. The vast extent of the Exhibition is a narrow space for their numbers. They swarm all over it, and picnic on the seats, the steps, or the grass. The ground is soon sprinkled with papers and empty bottles.

The Exhibition, which was pleasant in May, has degenerated into a mere fair to suit its present visitors. The Village Suisse which was quiet and pretty, has become a cheap bazaar. Even in the Petit Palais, that masterpiece of architecture worthy of its exquisite contents, there are placed, wherever possible, stalls for the sale of the gimcrack rubbish which one sees in the little shops of the Rue de Rivoli. Close to the Limoges enamels the peasants can buy a glass paper-weight with a coloured view of the Eiffel Tower,

and quite near to the Pendule des Trois Grâces they can obtain a toy for a penny.

In the midst of these crowds, other people who have come to see the Exhibition are soon exhausted, and after a few hours murmur feebly "*Où est la sortie?*" or "Let's get out of this!" After a few days their one idea is to escape from the Exhibition. That became my one idea. I had not been to Versailles for twenty years, and I remembered that it seemed quiet then. The peasants were undoubtedly too much interested with the Exhibition to go anywhere else. There would be no one at Versailles. I resolved to spend a quiet Sunday there, far from the crowd.

On a beautiful morning I stroll to the tramway, which seems more pleasant than the train in such warm weather. The three cars, great clumsy things which rumble over the Place de la Concorde behind a horn-blowing locomotive, are entirely filled. A hundred and twenty people also going to Versailles for rest and quiet. Ah, well, they will be lost in the gardens! So I will take a cab to St. Lazare, and go by the train. It is a long train, and by the time it starts it is also filled. The second-class carriages have an *impériale*, so the train must carry nearly a thousand people, all of them going, like myself, for rest and quiet to Versailles. No matter. A thousand or so will be hardly noticed in the palace or the gardens.

The train is slow, for it takes an hour to go fourteen miles. The thousand of us arrive hungry for the long-delayed *déjeuner*, and hurry into the town. All the restaurants are full. The Hôtel des Réservoirs is so packed that people are standing round the doors, and one expects to see them falling out of the windows. Famished French people who like their *déjeuner* at twelve get it at half-past two. I stay as short a time as possible in the stifling *salle à manger*, ventilated only through a glass verandah facing the sun, and then hurry to the gardens, in search of that rest and quiet. I do not exactly find them, as some two or three hundred thousand people have come also. I see something of the great fountains between the heads of this vast crowd. I let it go first to the station, and follow slowly at dusk, being nearly crushed to death even then in a *salle d'attente* which has never been ventilated since it was built. I have the good luck to get a seat in a train at seven, and I reach St. Lazare at nine after my quiet Sunday at Versailles. How pleasant Paris will be next year!

H. D. B.

A CURIOUS TRANSFORMATION.—Mr. GOSCHEN gives up the active work at the Admiralty with ships and shipping, and will become a *Pier*!



SCOTCH MIST.

"THE RAIN SEEMS TO BE CLEARING OFF AT LAST, SANDY."
 "AY, I DOOT IT'S THREATENIN' TO BE DRY!"

TO A COLLECTOR.

You do not gather fragile ware,
 Nor gems in precious metal set,
 Nor coins nor curios rich and rare,
 To fill a costly cabinet.

Not books in comely bindings bound,
 Nor bookplates decked with emblems
 strange,
 Nor prints, afford the gleaning ground
 Where your eccentric fancies range.

At Christy's none your voice may hear
 With eager energy compete;
 In your pursuit you need not fear
 To be the dupe of Wardour Street.

No! but with keen observant eye
 You scan the pavement and the floor,
 And the impatient passer-by
 For used tram-tickets you implore.

What though the pious hope be vain
 (In which you fervently believe)
 A million of them will the pain
 Of some small sufferer relieve?

For one may doubt, confiding lad,
 If our collectors each could plead
 So kind a motive for his fad,
 And haply not more wise indeed.

"OUR ONLY GENERAL."

Brown. Who is the General most talked
 about just now, JONES?
 Jones. Of course, Lord ROBERTS.
 Brown. No, guess again.
 Jones. Sir REDVERS BULLER or FRENCH.
 Brown. Wrong again. You must know.
 Jones. Well, then, Lord KITCHENER.
 Brown. Out of it. Quite out of it.
 Jones (angrily). Then I give it up. Who
 is it?
 Brown (triumphant). General Election!

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
 Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.
 Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER IV.

A KICK FROM A FRIENDLY FOOT.

*She is a radiant damsel with features fair and fine;
 But since betrothed to Bosom's friend she never can be mine!*
 Original Poem by H. B. J. (unpublished.)

Mr. BHOSH's bosom-friend, the Lord JACK JOLLY, had kindly undertaken to officiate as his Palinurus and steer him safely from the Scylla to the Charybdis of the London Season, and one day Lord JOLLY arrived at our hero's apartments as the bearer of an invite from his honble parent the Baronet, to partake of tiffin at their ancestral abode in Chepstow Villas, which BINDABUN gratefully accepted.

Arrived at the JOLLY's sumptuous interior, a numerous retinue of pampered menials and gilded flunkies divested Mr. BHOSH of his hat and umbrella and ushered him into the hall of audience.

"BHOSH, my dear old pal," said Lord JACK, "I have news for you. I am engaged as a Benedict, and am shortly to

celebrate matrimony with a young goodlooking female—the Princess VINOLIA JONES."

"My lord," replied Mr. BHOSH, "suffer me to hang around your patrician neck the floral garland of my humble congratulations."

"My dear BHOSH," responded the youthful peer of the realm, "I regard you as more than a brother, and am confident that when my betrothed beholds your countenance, she will conceive for you a similar lively affection. But hush! here she comes to answer for herself. . . . Princess, permit me to present to you the best and finest friend I possess, Mr. BINDABUN BHOSH."

Mr. BHOSH modestly lowered his optics as he salaamed with inimitable grace, and it was not until he had resumed his perpendicular that he recognised in the Princess JONES the charming unknown whom he had last beheld engaged in repelling the assault of a distracted cow!

Their eyes were no sooner crossed than he knew that she regarded him as her deliverer, and was consumed by the most ardent affection for him. But Mr. BHOSH repressed himself with heroic magnanimity, for he reflected that she was the affianced of his dearest friend and that it was contrary to *bon ton* to poach another's jam.

So he merely said; "How do you do? It is a very fine day. I am delighted to make your acquaintance," and turning on his heels with a profound curtesy, he left her flabbergasted with mortification.

But those only who have compressed their souls in the shoe of self-sacrifice know how devilishly it pinches, and Mr. BHOSH's grief was so acute that he rolled incessantly on his couch while the radiant image of his divinity danced tantalisingly before his bloodshot vision.

Eventually he became calmer, and after plunging his fervid body into a foot-bath, he showed himself once more in Society, assuming an air of meretricious waggishness to conceal the worm that was busily cankering his internals, and so successful was he that Lord JACK was entirely deceived by his *vis comica* and invited him to spend the Autumn up the country with his respectable parents.

Mr. BHOSH accepted—but when he knew that Princess VINOLIA was also to be one of the *amis de la maison*, he was greatly concerned at the prospect of infallibly reviving her love by his propinquity, and thereby inflicting the cup of calamity on his best friend. Willingly would he have imparted the whole truth to his Lordship and counselled him to postpone the Princess's visit until he, himself, should have departed—but, ah me! with all his virtue he was not a Roman Palladium that he should resist the delight of propinquity with the radiant queen of his soul. So he kept his tongue in his cheek.

However, when they met in the ancient and rural castle he constrained himself, in conversing with her, to enlarge enthusiastically upon the excellencies of Lord JACK. "What a good, ripping, gentlemanly fellow he was, and how certain to make a best quality husband!" Princess JONES listened to these encomiums with tender sighing, while her soft large orbs rested on Mr. BHOSH with ever-increasing admiration.

No one noticed how, after these elephantine efforts at self-denial, he would silently slip away and weep salt and bitter tears as he weltered dolefully on a doormat; nor was it perceived that the Princess herself was become thin as a weasel with disappointed love.

Being the ardent sportsman, Mr. BHOSH sought to drown his sorrow with pleasures of the chase.

He would sally forth alone, with no other armament than a breechloading rifle, and endeavour to slay the wild rabbits which infested the Baronet's domains, and sometimes he had the good fortune to slaughter one or two. Or he would take a rod and hooks and a few worms, and angle for salmon; or else he would stalk partridges, and once he even assisted in a foxhunt, when he easily outstripped all the dogs and singly confronted Master REYNARD, who had turned to bay savagely at his nose. But BINDABUN undauntedly descended from his horse, and, drawing his hunting dagger, so dismayed the beast by his determined and ferocious aspect that it turned its tail and fled into some other part of the country, which earned him the heartfelt thanks from his fellow Nimrods.

Naturally, such feats of arms as these only served to inflame the ardour of the Princess, to whom it was a constant wonderment that Mr. BHOSH did never, even in the most roundabout style, allude to the fact that he had saved her life from perishing miserably on the pointed horn of an enraged cow.

She could not understand that the Native temperament is too sheepishly modest to flaunt its deeds of heroism.

Those who are *au fait* in knowledge of the world are aware that when there are combustibles concealed in any domestic interior, there is always a person sooner or later who will contrive to blow them off; and here, too, the Serpent of Mischief was waiting to step in with cloven hoof and play the very deuce.

It so happened that the Duchess occupied the adjacent bungalow to that of Baronet JOLLY and his lady, with whom she was hail-fellow-well-met, and this perfidious female set herself to ensnare the confidence of the young and innocent Princess by discreetly landing the praises of Mr. BHOSH.

"What an admirable Indian Crichton! How many rabbits and salmon he laid low that week? Truly, she regarded him as a favourite son, and marvelled that any youthful

feminine could prefer an ordinary peer like Lord JOLLY to a Native paragon who was not only a University B.A., but had successfully passed Bar Exam!" and so forth and so on.

The Princess readily fell into this insidious booby-trap, and confessed the violence of her attachment, and how she had striven to acquaint Mr. BHOSH with her sentiments but was rendered inarticulate by maidenly bashfulness.

"Can you not then slip a love-letter into his hand?" inquired the Duchess.

"*Cui bono?*" responded the Princess sadly. "Seeing that he never approaches near enough to me to receive such a missive, and I dare not entrust it to one of my maidens!"

"Why not to me?" said the Duchess. "He will not refuse it coming from myself; moreover, I have influence over him and will soften his heart towards thee."

Accordingly the Princess indicted a rather impassioned love-letter, in which she assured Mr. BHOSH that she had divined his secret passion and fully reciprocated it, also that she was the total indifferent to Lord JACK, with much other similar matters.

Having obtained possession of this *litera scripta*, what does the unscrupulous Duchess next but deliver it *impromptu* into the hands of Lord JACK, who, after perusing it, was overcome by uncontrollable wrath and instantaneously summoned our hero to his presence.

Here was the pretty kettle of fish—but I must reserve the sequel for the next chapter.

(To be continued).

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The Love that Lasts* (WARD, LOCK & Co.) FLORENCE WARDEN gives us a sort of Scotch Blue Beards story, in fact, its resemblance to that classic nursery tale is so evident as to have struck the authoress herself, since she makes the heroine's confidential companion, BEATRICE LORIMER, say, "Still there's always a sort of Blue Beard's-chamber fascination about anything you can't see, isn't there?" And what is it the brave soldier but, at the same time, crack-brained, unprincipled, sun-stroked Chief of the Clan Roskeen conceals from his wife in the mysterious Blue-Chamber part of the ancient castle? Are they headless wives? or wives with heads and sad tales? It is someone of the feminine gender, of whom the suspicious heroine and the curious reader hear a little, guess a lot, but never, never, see!! No, *never!* For, just at the moment when we are about to penetrate the awful secret, the invisible female vanishes altogether! Then there is a kind of "Mad Moll" about the place; but that's another story. There is also a shrieking, gibbering, vicious urchin of uncertain sex and mixed nationality, who plays antics through various passages of the Castle and of the story like some malicious hobgoblin, until the imp suddenly and unaccountably disappears from this romance of unreal life, in a flash, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp. "*Pour vous distraire, mon cher lecteur,*" says the Baron, "I recommend this novel to your distinguished consideration."

The Oxford University Press—the House Beautiful of books—has achieved fresh triumphs. With the help of his magic India paper, Mr. FROWDE has been able to produce a prayer-book printed in clear type and of convenient size for the pocket. The pages measure five inches by two and a-half. Yet, my Baronite finds the book as easy to read as his Family Bible, and much more convenient to carry to and from church. A volume of the same superficial area, slightly thicker, contains "Hymns Ancient and Modern," thus fully equipping the church-goer. Another novelty in a well-tilled field is the publication in a single volume of a carefully-arranged combination of the old and the revised version of the Bible. This is so skilfully done that both texts may be read in the same page, every difference between the two versions, including punctuation, being recognised at a glance.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



Bernard Partridge fecit

It was a bright dainty steps. Having done as much, he stood for a little while idea, but to be quite sure that the old Duke was asleep; and being unfortunately he remembered that he advanced quickly to the bed which BOULE made, and began to turn one of the pillars of it very quickly and dexterously.

"Luckily, I oiled the rollers last time I tried it," he said to himself, "or this old cock would dream of the fall of Jericho. Stop the marriage, would he? We'll see about that."

It was an odd action; but not less odd than the bed by which he stood. You had been as blind as a bat not to have noticed the BOULE bed the moment you entered the famous apartment. High, four-posted, canopied, with carved wood at the head of it, carved wood at the tail of it, the BOULE bed stood out in the room as some splendid baldachino, some monument of an historic past when beds were beds and no mistake about it. But the very oddest thing about it was the fact, that no sooner had CÉLESTIN begun to turn the pillar at the foot of it than down came a fourth side, cunningly concealed in the canopy above, and so skilfully made that it shut in the whole affair, and covered up the Duke and his snores just for all the world like a great box with four carved sides to it. And this was not the end; for when CÉLESTIN had ceased to turn the right hand pillar, he began to turn the left, and went on turning it until a jar upon his hand told him that his work was done, and need not be done again until thirty-six hours had passed.

"There, my boy," he muttered with satisfaction, "you'll break your daughter's heart will you! Well, get up and do it, then; get up and do it. And don't you say nothing against BOULE beds when next you hear of them. They're splendid, I tell you; first class, as you'll find out to-morrow."

He rubbed his hands in childish glee, and left the apartment quickly. On the landing he went to a little panel in the wall, whereon the head of CHARLES IX was painted; and, touching a spring, the panel opened to his hand.

"Right," he said to himself; "we'll put some victuals there

this is a world of sacrifice, where the law misapprehends even the motives of the best of us. That the Duke was a monster to come to Paris at all, he readily admitted. Had not the family, after many scandals and revelations which the Press declared to be unfit for publication (but published, nevertheless, with headlines and italics), persuaded the crazy old fellow to retire to his château at Blois; and having done as much, proceeded to forget his very existence. He was mad; there was no doubt of it. No other plea would have saved the family honour and closed the family purse. And when it came to a question of little IRÈNE's marriage, who would consult on old imbecile who could not be right in his head because he had no head worth speaking about to be right in? Madame la Baronne declared that the Comte DE BARRES was a worthy husband for her niece. IRÈNE admitted blushing that she was unworthy of the Comte DE BARRES, and on that account would marry him. But no one thought of asking the Duke's permission or consulting him. As well consult the statues on the Place de la Concorde. The marriage would go on without him. Some day he would be told in his saner moments.

CÉLESTIN recalled all this as he stood on the landing, and his blood boiled within him—at least, he was under the delusion that something of that sort was going on, for he felt uncommonly desperate; and, as he professed, if anyone had stood before him just then he would not have been responsible for the consequences. But whatever the precise condition of his mental equilibrium, he behaved strangely for one with such desperate resolves; and his first act was to withdraw the shoes

in the morning, and then no murder will be done. But you ain't a-going to the wedding, old cock—not by a long way."

* * * * *

At five o'clock upon the following morning, the Duke of MONTMIRAIL opened his eyes and remembered the maxim about the early bird.

"More fool the worm," he said gaily, as he sprang out of bed in frolicsome glee, "more fool the worm for his early habits. I never did like worms, and I am not going to begin. Ha, ha! my little IRÈNE, how pleased you will be to hear papa—how very pleased to kiss your dear old father, who has come all the way from Blois to see you. And Madame la Baronne, who said that I was mad—the old cat!"

He stood a moment with an article of attire in either hand to reflect upon the enormity of that slander. He, the twenty-fifth Duke of MONTMIRAIL, mad! He would show them how mad he was. Not that he denied an occasional delusion, for the best man is liable to that, especially after the wines of Spain. But there were delusions and delusions. On this particular day the Duke could have sworn that he was the victim of some mild hallucination, and that the bedroom in which he now found himself was different from the bedroom in which he had slept last night. And the bed too! He had a dim recollection of a great canopied bed, which reminded him of nothing so much as the baldachino in St. Peter's at Rome. But this bed was not a canopy; it was an alcove; it seemed built into the wall. He recognised, it is true, the carvings at the head and the foot of it, and the carved wooden back; but who ever saw a carving that is different from any other carving? The Duke scratched his head: then he shook it. There was nothing strange in it, no rattling of loose ends. He had dreamed of the canopied bed, he said; in reality there had been no such thing. And he remembered, for his better consolation, that he had seen the bedroom by gaslight. Naturally, it would seem strange to him in the colder light of dawn.

The matter, after all, was not of much consequence, for there were more important things to be thought of; and, first, of his appearance in the rooms below, where all must soon be ready for the marriage-feast. His mouth watered when he remembered the good things that would have reason to groan on the tables below. He must make an imposing appearance on that scene, he said; his tastes were divided between a pompous surprise at the Madeleine and a dramatic coup at the *mairie*. In either case somebody would be very much astonished—and for that he had come from Blois.

He had put on some of his clothes by this time, and now he thought that he would ring for his hot water. It was strange that he could not find a bell-rope in the room; but when he came to look a little closer he observed that this omission was not the only strange one in that apartment. Indeed, he has himself admitted that his subsequent discovery surprised him very much indeed—for what should dawn upon him as he peered about the chamber but the fact that, not only did it lack such a

useful adjunct as a bell-rope but that it had no door at all—the devil of one that he could see. "And what," asked the Duke of himself, "and what is the good of a room which has not got a door?"

It was a ridiculous question for a man to put to himself, as he admitted presently when he went round the room step by step, and felt all the panels, and bruised his shins against the wainscoting and shouted very loudly for someone to come and let him out. When he had somewhat recovered his normal state of reason he argued closely, but was no nearer a solution than he had been at the beginning.

"For," said he, "if there is no door, how the devil did I get in? And if there was a door, who the devil has taken it away and what has he done with it?"

Other problems of a similar nature tormented his awakening mind. If there were no door, what was the good of him ringing for CÉLESTIN to open it. Or again, while he could imagine a door without a room, he could by no means see the use of a room without a door. The essential fact of his presence there tortured a sensitive nature. "The devil take the door," he said; and admitted that in all probability such a request had been anticipated.

A long time passed before the Duke moved from the bed again. The room without a door was a kind of problem to him. He felt that he would have been glad of a paper and pencil to work it all out. Not that it was a bad room—not by any means. The furniture of it, though it was very dusty, seemed elegant and in the fashion of the last century. But he remembered that CÉLESTIN had spoken of the green room, and the scheme of this was pink. A view from the window did not help his muddled brain, for he saw nothing but a blank wall; and blank walls suggest prison bars, as all the world knows. Much more to his liking was a flask of red wine and some crisp bread, with fine Normandy butter, placed on a curious little shelf just under a portrait of the Pompadour. The Duke drank of the wine freely, but did not eat the bread. "I will wait until *déjeuner*," he said; and sat down to argue about the door again.

"I am not mad, or I should not be able to put the door and the room together," was his standpoint. "If there never was a door I never came here, which is absurd. I am a little weak in the head, it is true, but weakness of the head does not drive doors away, and this door has gone, marched, *vamped*, vanished, hey presto, in a flash. *Ergo*, if I am not mad, the door is, which is another absurdity. I will not think about it at all. I will go to sleep, and when I wake up the door will be there again."

Very slowly and soberly he undressed and went to bed again; but not to sleep, for he caught himself opening his eyes often to see if the door had come back again, and once in a moment of great fear he stood up and bawled for help, crying chiefly for CÉLESTIN to come in to his assistance. "And do not knock upon the door," he added, when his cries were unanswered. It was very strange that no one heard him, he

thought. True, there were few sounds from the house itself—only a rumbling of wheels through the window without, as of carriages arriving and departing, and the distant music of church bells gaily ringing. Strange to say, the Duke, in his perplexity, had forgotten all about the reason of his visit to Paris. His one desire was to find the door which did not exist. It could not possibly be that a whole day would pass, and the door continue obstinate. In his angrier moods he beat upon the walls with his fist and bawled "Murder!" A silence as of the grave was the only response.

Through the heat of the day, and still when twilight fell, and again as darkness came down, the Duke was a prisoner of the doorless room. He had passed through many phases of alarm and doubt when night set in; had cried often for help, and shed tears of rage, and implored countless saints to help him. It was midnight, indeed, when he fell asleep; morning when he woke to see the door in its place again, and the great canopied bed just as it was, and the furniture and the hangings in all their splendour of historic green. Nor is it beyond belief that his first action was, as CÉLESTIN has declared, to turn the ebony handle, and, standing a moment in the corridor, to kiss the painted panels of the barrier which had so tortured him.

"There was a door, after all," he cried. "CÉLESTIN, the coffee—the coffee! I am dying with hunger."

* * * * *

CÉLESTIN appeared on the instant, and saluted his master gravely.

"You have passed a good night, Monsieur?"

"A terrible night, CÉLESTIN; I dreamed that someone had taken away the door."

CÉLESTIN put down the hot-water, and sighed.

"My poor master," he exclaimed, "how ill you are!"

"But I am not ill, fellow; I was never better in my life. Where is Madame la Baronne?"

"She has left Paris for Chantilly, Monsieur."

"You say——?"

"She has left Paris for Chantilly, Monsieur."

"And Mademoiselle IRÈNE?"

"Is with Monsieur le Comte at Trouville. She has gone on his yacht."

The Duke sat on the bed like one shot.

"CÉLESTIN," he said, "do you think that I am mad?"

"Ah, my poor master, how shall I tell you?"

"Come, no nonsense! Did I arrive in Paris last night, or did I not?"

CÉLESTIN pretended to make a calculation.

"You arrived in Paris, Monsieur, on the third day after the 10th of May as I know by——"

"Faugh! the man is mad!"

"Oh, I've a splendid memory for dates, Monsieur. As I was telling JULES——"

"Hold your tongue, fellow. Who was it that showed me the *salle-à-manger* decked out for a wedding yesterday?"

"A *salle-à-manger* decked out for a wedding—oh, my poor master!"

"And a *salon* prepared for a *soirée*?"

"Oh, my poor master!"

"Who was it told me that my daughter was to be married to-day?"

"Oh, my poor master! Why, they've been married—why, let me see—the first Tuesday after the last Sunday in Lent; add ten to that, and see what it makes, Monsieur."

The Duke groaned.

"Madame la Baronne said that I was—Bah! the old cat. Is it true, then; is it true?"

CÉLESTIN shook his head.

"The family speaks of it in hushed whispers, Monsieur."

The Duke groaned again.

"CÉLESTIN, I am certainly mad."

"Do not speak of it, my dear master."

"Last night I woke up in a room trimmed in pink. The bed was an alcove; I could not see a door. Now, as one man to another, what does that mean?"

CÉLESTIN thought for quite a long time. Then he said—

"Mean, Monsieur, why that you should leave Paris, now, this very minute, and go back to Blois. That's what it means, Monsieur."

The Duke jumped up with the agility of a boy.

"I will go when I have breakfasted," he said.

* * * * *

At a later hour, when the Duke of MONTMIRAIL had departed from the western terminus, CÉLESTIN, the valet, took JULES the cook to the green room on the second floor and showed him the bed which BOULE made.

"Ah, my boy," said he, "there's a bed for a gay old spark. They've all forgotten it in this house except me. Just look at it while I work the machinery. Turn the pillar near the wall, and the back goes up, you see, and there's the pink room beyond it. Now turn the other pillar, and down comes a new back on our side, and what have you got, why, a bed in another room, that's all you've got—a bed in a room without a door. Alcove one side, and canopy the other—ah! they knew a thing or two in those days."

JULES shook his head sagely.

"It is a bed to take home your second wife to," said he.



GROSS OR DETAIL.

Miss Ethel, "AND HOW MUCH ARE THE GUINEA-PIGS, PLEASE?"
 Naturalist. "TWO-AND-SIX A-PIECE, MISS."
 Miss Ethel. "OH, BUT WE WANT A WHOLE ONE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD simultaneously issue two narratives of experience in the War in South Africa. *How I Escaped from Pretoria* is a reprint, in cheap handy form, of Captain HALDANE'S story, which for a month or two shed fresh lustre on *Maga*. *Twice Captured* is the attractive title of Lord ROSSLYN'S record of adventure during the Boer War. It is a pity for his own sake that, having enjoyed the distinction of re-capture, Lord ROSSLYN was not kept under supervision until he had abandoned intention of writing this book. Its literary style is of the worst kind of modern halfpenny journalism. Its public interest may be measured from the heading of a chapter: "I Leave Cape-town." The pages glitter with I's, conveying intelligence of which the following is by comparison rather thrilling. "I found the *Golden Eagle* here when we arrived, and soon after saw Sir SAMUEL SCOTT, with whom I dine on board to-night. . . . GOULAY took me to the club and got me elected a temporary member." Lord ROSSLYN discloses himself as a kind of coronetted BURDETT-COUTTS, a blue-bottled fly, bursting with vanity, buzzing about men with stern business on hand. Once he comes in contact with General BULLER with consequences to be expected. Having worried the military authorities into giving him permission to join the camp, it was conceded on condition that he was not to send off newspaper despatches. Waylaying the General, Lord ROSSLYN urged the public desire that he should be able to write "My Weekly Diary," while in camp. "The great man," Lord ROSSLYN bitterly writes, "never turned his head. 'I gave you permission under certain

circumstances,' he said, and from that ground he would not budge." Some relief from the puerility of the book is found in the illustrations, which, taken on the spot, are occasionally interesting. It is a pleasure to turn from this vaporous performance to Captain HALDANE'S story, the high merit of which my Baronite hastened to recognize when it appeared in the magazine.

Jezebel (HUTCHINSON) runs beyond the average length of the 6s. vol., which, happily in some cases, shows a tendency towards decrease in bulk. The variation is welcome, for the volume is good from beginning to end. It opens with a striking episode; it works up to, and finely closes with, a dramatic passage. There are a multitude of characters, all flesh and blood. My Baronite knows Miss DEXTER. He sat with her at breakfast a short time ago, at a meet of the hounds not far from the cottage where GEORGE MEREDITH lives his placid life. She was dressed in the "rough garments designed by herself, and executed by a tailor in the village." In Town everybody knows Lady MARGARET ARLINGTON, with her shrewd ways, her kind heart, and her neglect of the final "g" in common words. My Baronite pointedly refrains from even hinting at the plot or the passion of Mr. RICHARD PRYCE'S last novel. But it's worth getting.

But for certain episodes, absolutely unnecessary, but generally described by an English reader as "peculiarly French," the Baron would strongly recommend to all lovers of the sort of sensational romance whereof the immortal *Count of Monte Cristo* is the most popular type, a story, which, in spite of its melodramatic character, is not devoid of humorous scenes and characters by EUGÈNE CHAVETTE, in two volumes, of which the first is entitled *La Veuve Rossignol*, and the second *La Cléopâtre* (*Flammarion, Éditeur, Paris*); though it would have been better to have included both under some such title as *Le Trésor de Caltrap*, or the more popular one of *Les Trois Frères*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE ONLY WAY.

["Journalism is the only profession open to discharged criminals."]

We all are well-known characters, and though we ain't a-trod The classic courts o' Cimebridge, we 'ave spent our lives in quod;

But, spite sich eddication, wot's our chances? Ain't it 'ard, That almost hevery callin's—like them prison winders—barred?

An orfice in the Government we thought would suit us prime, For there they're all time-servers an' in course we've served our time;

But though we're good at pickin' locks and burglin' mansions, We can't a-get into the 'Ouse nor yet the Cabinet.

The law's a thing we'd tike to like a biby to its milk; We all of us 'ave done our terms an' some 'as tiken silk; But barristers must only see the side on which they are: Our convictions are too many for to practise at the Bar.

We might be Christian Socialists who labour to secure The gold from rich men's pockets for to benefit the poor. We'd mike the best churchwardens too: we keep, at any rite, An eye upon the coppers when we're tikin' round the plite.

We might 'ave been GEORGE MEREDITHS an' filled up shelves and shelves:

We're used to long, long sentences we couldn't parse ourselves; But no: we've spent our lives in cribbin' articles, and so The world suppose the journalist's the only tride we know.

ECCLESIASTICAL.—Sir,—You can explain everything. Explain me this. I read in a letter to the *Times* how Mr. BALFOUR had said that the "Low Church Bishops had vetoe'd suits." Now, what sort of suits did these Bishops wear? "Vetoe'd" seems such a curious descriptive epithet to apply to an entire suit. To boots it might possibly be applicable. Yours,

A PERSON OF NO CLERICAL IMPORTANCE.



A SLEEPING PARTNER.

Bobbie. "I SAY, MABEL, COME AND PLAY WITH ME AGAINST THOSE TWO."

Mabel (pleased). "CERTAINLY, BOBBIE. BUT I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T BE A VERY GOOD PARTNER. YOU SEE, I'M NOT DRESSED FOR TENNIS."

Bobbie. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. THAT'S WHY I ASKED YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO JUMP ABOUT. BUT YOU'LL LEAVE THE BALLS TO ME, AND WE'LL HAVE A GOOD CHANCE OF LICKING THEM!"

DEPTHS OF MISERY.

THE door of the restaurant was suddenly opened, and a man flung himself into a seat by the nearest table. The waiter hurried forward to sweep off the crumbs and present the bill of fare.

There was a wild light in the stranger's eyes. "Give me food!" he cried.

"Yessir, what will you have?"

"Anything; a chop or a steak, only be quick about it!" He seized a roll out of the bread-basket and pulled it to pieces with trembling fingers, cramming the fragments into his mouth.

The waiter rushed to the speaking tube and shouted down. It was evident that the stranger was in the last stages of hunger. Two more rolls quickly shared the fate of the first. When the welcome steak arrived, it was horrible to watch the man attack it. In four and a half minutes there was nothing left, and a

plate of potatoes and a pint of stout were absorbed at the same time.

But the stranger's face still retained its wolfish expression. He beckoned the waiter, and ordered a large suet dumpling.

As a medical man, I felt sure that the poor fellow had undergone serious privation and, having paid my bill, I crossed to his table.

"Excuse me, Sir," I observed, "but you must have had a rough time of it."

He was one of those people who can speak with their mouth full.

"Terrible!" he ejaculated. The dumpling had disappeared, and a large piece of Gorgonzola was put in front of him.

"You have been travelling, I presume."

"I should think I have."

"Dear me, may I ask how long your privations have lasted?" The cheese had vanished, and a happier expression had come over the stranger's face.

"Just five and thirty minutes," he observed in answer to my last question.

"I beg your pardon!" I ejaculated.

"My dear Sir, I am speaking the truth. Have you ever been on the Central London Railway?"

Then it began to dawn on me.

"I entered the lift at Shepherd's Bush to go to the Bank," he continued. "I had fortified myself with a hearty lunch, but one thing I had left out of the question."

"You mean the appetising influence of the ozone," I said.

"Exactly! By the time we reached Notting Hill Gate, I began to think I must have made a mistake and not had my lunch after all. At the Marble Arch I was sure of it. Chancery Lane was passed, and I was enduring agonies of hunger. There was a lady sitting opposite me with some buns in a paper bag, and it was all I could do to restrain myself from snatching them. At the Bank I was staggering from sheer exhaustion, and was only just able to cross the road to this restaurant. But I feel better now!"

"If," I observed, as he was paying his bill, "the twopenny tubo drives one to a three-and-sixpenny meal at the end of each journey, it will come a trifle expensive. Good afternoon!"

STUDIES IN SMALL ZOOLOGY.

THE MOUSE.

THIS poor creature has been tortured from time immemorial, but if we consider the cause of the persecution, it will be found that it arose from the animal's want of food, and also from his partiality to the skirts of the fair sex. There is no gain-saying the fact that a Mouse would clear a meeting of the Primrose League in less time than either Sir WILFRID LAWSON or Mr. JOHN BURNS. He is so independent that he objects to Welsh rarebits. At the same time there is a fearlessness about the Mouse (when cats are few and far between), which impresses one with a delight in its existence. If you only know how to tame him and his wife, they will come to you with all that confidence which you miss in the man from whom you would borrow a hundred pounds on the nod.

At the same time the prolific inclinations of *Madame la Souris* are a distinct drawback to the popularity of her offspring. A workhouse for mice has not yet been thought of by the London County Councilors, who are generally so far ahead of the times that they appear to live in the next century. I believe, however, that the Wisacres of Spring Gardens authorise the purchase of cat's meat for their pet Grimalkins. I trust it is sufficiently abundant to satisfy appetites which otherwise batten on the little creatures who do not pretend to be other than the humblest of created beings.



"MANY A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST."

SCENE—*The Transvaal.*

R.H.A. Driver (on Gun Team). "THEM BOERS TAKES A BIT OF CATCHIN'!"
Sergeant. "CATCHIN'! BLOWED IF WE AIN'T LIKE A TRACTION INGIN' TRYIN' TO CATCH RATS!"

"PARIGI! O CARA."

So sings "the good young man gone wrong" in *Traviata*, and just now I imagine our "Parigi" is dearer, carior, than ever. Not that this deponent found it so; the entrance to the Exposition, for self and partner, cost him but half a franc in two days, and his lunch, *chez Champaux*, was not more than it would have been had he taken it at the original establishment *Place de la Bourse*. But the *hotels de luxe* must perforce charge, and they do, too; for the time when the last visitor of summer shall have come and gone is fast approaching, and while the sun of the Exposition shines the golden hay must be made. If you know the ropes, slack or tight, you can walk on them as easily as possible, but at a price; and if you don't, you are bound to "come down" heavily. "Midst pleasures and palaces" 'tis delightful to roam, but, *après tout*, there's no place like Home or the nearest approach you can get to it when abroad.

The Exposition is to be kept exposed until the 5th November. Great day! *La Fête de Sieur Guy des Fourchettes*! Eh, mon, but it's a grand place—splendid, *magnifique! merveilleux!* Excellent was the description given by your correspondent, "H. D. B.," in last week's *Punch*, of "*La Province a Paris*"; no embroidery was there on the plain, unvarnished tale he told, no deviation from the simple truth. The peasantry seem to enjoy themselves immensely. What knives! What chunks of meat and chicken! What hunches of bread! What capacious mouths! However, not to see the peasants, but just to take one glance at the pictures, the art and loan collections, a peep into some of the Houses in the Street of Nations, and a quiet half-hour in the Old English Manor House, was my object, and most satisfactorily was it achieved, especially as regards the last-named exhibition; for it, was on a Sunday morning when it

was closed to the general public, and guarded by the stalwart representatives of British Bobbydom, who admitted nobody without a ticket.

The pavilion, built by Messrs. JOHN AIRD, was in excellent order, cool, quiet and comfortable. For was it not a house thoroughly well Aird? The collection of works of art lent by notable possessors of old masters, headed by Her Majesty, who sent the HOPPERS, is a thing to remember, and trouble enough must Sir WILLIAM AGNEW have had to get everything together properly placed and up to time. The house itself is a delightful model in the best possible and the quietest possible taste. Upstairs and on the ground floor all the arrangements are perfect; but, strange to say, there are no "kitchens and offices." Where is the coal cellar? Where is the wine cellar? Where is the butler's pantry? The servants' hall? Foreigners will gather from this model dwelling-house that the English people are so self-reliant as to dispense with the aid of attendants. Milor blacks his own boots; Miladi washes up, and the "Meesses" make the beds and act generally as housemaids. How, then, can "Britons never be slaves"? when this model house, this home, this sweet home, offering no evidence of the existence of domestics, proves to demonstration that every one in a household has to slave, since the motto must be "if you want anything done, do it yourself." However, if I'm wrong, there's till November 5th for anyone to go over it again and set me right. The Palace of Costumes must not be missed. From the days when Eve made her first petticoat from the leaves of a fashion book (Fig. 1), and when Adam adapted the trunks of trees to sartorial purposes, down to the latest ball-dress of the present century, you have the tableaux, graven in wax, all before you. Hold on to the rail, for you go by rail, and stick to your place all the way round. *Qui vivra verra.*

THE SWALLOW SWOOPING.

(With all proper apologies to Mr. George Meredith's "The Lark Ascending.")

SILENT, seraphically soft,
He flickers and is borne aloft,
A speck to sight, an orb of spray,
His eager pinions cleave the day;
Empearled in dewdrops, crystal bright,
A radiance from the hem of night,
Where the deep heart of noontide leads
The ceaseless measure of the meads,
Now caught in clouds, now rapt in rills,
An echo of celestial thrills,
Pale with the passion of the sky,
A rosy burst of melody,
He spreads, he droops, he shakes his wings,
He pulses on the breast of things,
He follows still and still pursues
The folded footfall of the dews;
Caught in a web of silvery beams
Unthreads the needle of his dreams,
Too frail for thought, too high to share
His passage of the spiral stair
Or tread the bridge that drives him sheer
From here to there, from there to here,
A broken gleam, a darting glint
Of starry steel on fiery flint,
Sprung from the master-vision heard
At morning in the sun's first word,
Renewed with every bursting boon
That clings about the crescent moon;
He leaves at last, a flash of fire,
His beaked companions of the wire,
He floats, he darts, he swings, he stoops,
He soars again, he twists, he swoops,
He skims the stream, his bill a fate
To gauzy wings that congregate,
Where in her nest of shivering reeds
The golden-hearted mother breeds,
From day to day from night to night,
Her brood of lilies bridal-white,
Then flings aloft again and cleaves
A zig-zag pathway to his eaves.

Was ever flight of ours could match
So fleet, so gay a flight, or catch
With airy hands the splendour born
Of swiftness mated in the morn
To sunbeams frankly shaken free
Of earth and earth's mortality?
Too pure, too wild, to take or tame,
A burst, a jet, a spurt, a flame,
The first glad spirit-shape that hurled
His single breast against a world,
He leaves our meaner gates ajar,
Enspersed and born again, a star,
Joyous, immaculate, content,
Shoots from the sprinkled firmament,
And free from blame as void of praise
Goes twinkling through his summer maze,
Part of ourselves, and yet not all,
Who cannot soar but fade and fall,
Cling in the meshes of our fears,
And groping blind forget the spheres,
Or pause and poise, or trip and trim,
Nor dare the leap that carried him,
The soul of joy, the heart of light,
In one clear sweep, superbly bright,
Through earth's dead envelope of clay
To sunshine and the living day. R. C. L.

RECREATION AND RED-TAPE.

THE other day Mr. Punch, in the interests of those who would prefer that the open spaces in the Royal Parks should be devoted to healthful games rather than abandoned to microbe-dealing loafers, pointed out that the present state of affairs was due to a mixture of cant and dog-in-the-mangerness. "The Daily Mail, with the usual enterprise which distinguishes its expeditions into uncivilised lands, at once despatched a representative to the Board of Works, where the envoy was lucky enough to capture Major HUSSEY, who holds the office of Assistant Bailiff to the Parks—a title savouring of summary executions and distress for rent." Quoth the Major, "If people were to play cricket it would render the Parks too dangerous for anybody to attempt to cross them." He also added that cricket would exclude "multitudes of children from the Parks," and concluded by



NOT A LABOUR CANDIDATE.

saying: "Then, too, there is the question of turf. If you were at that big bazaar last week, you saw a corner of Kensington Gardens without a blade of grass on it. That is because cricket is allowed there."

Greatly impressed by the A. B.'s remarks Mr. Punch, in his character of Universal Enquirer, went hap-hazard to a portion of Hampstead Heath, known as Parliament Hill Fields, controlled by that much-abused body the London County Council. Here Mr. Punch discovered on ground none too flat in places, hundreds of men, youths, boys, and, *mirabile dictu*, tiny children of both sexes busy with bats and balls. No ambulance was on the ground, and during the hour and a half devoted to Mr. Punch's observations not even a dog was injured. The turf in all directions was of a beautiful verdant hue, and in no way shorn of the grass by the many "pitches." This, perhaps, was explained by the presence of a flat-topped green and red painted vehicle initialled L.C.C., and for the

information of Major HUSSEY and other Royal grandees, it may be as well to state that this four-wheeler is called a WATER CART. The officials who allow the blades of grass to disappear in Kensington Gardens could no doubt obtain the address of the maker, by applying to other Gardens known as Spring. Yet it must be said that turfless Rotten Row is, apparently, not unacquainted with similar engines. Meantime, the Intelligent Foreigner has returned home with a new motto in his album. It reads, "Board of Works and no play make JACK a dull boy."

Mr. PUNCH'S ELECTION ADDRESSES.

V.—SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

To the Electors of Stirling Burghs.

[According to the *Daily Telegraph*, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, replying to a vote of thanks at St. James's Hall, said that he did not pretend to be a statesman but simply a sincere fellow-worker with his comrades. His election address is correspondingly modest.]

MY friends, in these distracted days,
Mid cannon's roar and rifle's rattle,
'Tis mine—in military phrase—
To lead the Liberal ranks to battle;
I try to make my speeches bold,
To wear a manner brisk and breezy,
To win new votes and keep the old—
But, oh! my friends, it isn't easy!
I've had a skittish team to drive,
Their views were very much divided,
But is there any man alive
Who'd steer the brutes as well as I did?
I had to humour HARCOURT'S whims
And MORLEY'S fads and ASQUITH'S
fancies,
To snuffle Little England hymns,
And pipe Imperialistic dances.

Sir EDWARD GREY and LABOUCHERE,
Both Liberals—mark you!—by profession,

Made an extremely awkward pair
To carry with me through the Session.
I took a friendly interest
In KRUGER'S aiders and abettors,
And strove to make the sorry best
Of CLARK'S incriminating letters.

MY friends, I've set before your eyes
The Liberal Party's sad condition,
Hoping to make you realise
My very difficult position.
I'm not a Statesman, as you know,
I don't, in fact, pretend to be one,
But, search the Party high and low,
I hardly think that you will see one!

So why not give your votes to me,
My Liberal friends, my more than
brothers,
I'm not a genius, maybe,
But still I'm better than the others!
It's pretty commonly agreed
—And I accept the verdict gladly—
Considering whom I had to lead,
I really didn't do so badly! ST. J. H.



EAST AND WEST.

Chinese Emperor. "I WILL MAKE THE EXPIATION THAT HEAVEN DEMANDS!"
German Emperor. "AND—YOU WILL ALSO MAKE THE REPARATION THAT I DEMAND!"



DELIGHTFUL IDEA FOR SECOND SUMMER WEATHER.

WHY NOT DO YOUR FISHING FROM BACK OF NICE QUIET PONY?
HELPS TO DECEIVE THE WILY TROUT TOO.

IT IS JUST AS WELL, THOUGH, IN MAKING A CAST, TO SEE THAT
YOU CLEAR HIS TAIL WITH YOUR FLIES!

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

["San Marino wanted a hospital, and to raise funds it determined to create a peerage. The patents of nobility realised £40,000."—*Le petit Bleu.*]

Ex nihilo fit nihil is a dictum, I've been told,
Whose application everywhere is seen, O!
But here 's a little country where the maxim doesn't hold
They know a thing or two in San Marino.
(Oh, yes, beyond a doubt
They have managed to find out
A thing or two in little San Marino.)

A hospital they wanted, and I'm sure we all agree
No object more deserving could have been, O!
But unhappily they hadn't the essential L. s. d.
In the money-box of little San Marino.
(Which is frequently the case—
So they tell me in the place—
With the money-box of little San Marino.)

So they set to work and pondered; and they said "We've
no Debrett!

Of course we draw the line at King or Queen, O!
We're true to the traditions of our great Republic, yet
Some titles would be nice in San Marino."

(A feeling which is shared—
So I've heard it oft declared—

By Republics more advanced than San Marino.)

"Some patents of nobility we'll advertise to-day
And funds no doubt we will contrive to glean, O!
For well-to-do nonentities will always gladly pay
For being called 'My Lord' in San Marino."

(Which no doubt is very true,
And I'm told they do it too

In other lands as well as San Marino.)

They gave notice of an auction, and I'm very glad to tell
That scores of bidders came upon the scene, O!

Ex nihilo fit—peerages and hospitals as well
In the favoured land of little San Marino,
(Which shows, I think—don't you?—
That they know a thing or two
Of human nature down in San Marino.)

TO MR. ATKINS AND FRIENDS.

IN view of the return of the troops from the war, Lord
WOLSELEY has, in effect, stated that there is a popular chorus to
a song in which he refuses, and hopes everyone else will refuse,
to join. The words are,

"And we'll all get blind drunk
When JOHNNIE comes marching home!"

"*Mutato nomine fabula narratur de T—'*OMMY. By all means
let everybody bear in mind that "treating" is the worst
treatment for TOMMY, who, under the influence of drink, may
lose all chance of obtaining regular employment. Let the
Shakspearian example of *Cassio* be before the eyes of his friends
and admirers, so that TOMMY may not have to exclaim with
that misguided and too jovial hero, "My reputation's gone!
My Reputation!"

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.—The Government, it appears, has
purchased the ruins of Tintern Abbey from the Duke of BEAUFORT,
and intend to maintain it as a show place for visitors. Will
there be an entrance fee of so much ahead? If the pecuniary
results should be eminently satisfactory, the Commissioners of
Woods and Forests may next consider whether they won't
change the spelling of the name to "Tin-turn Abbey."

VERY APPROPRIATE.—The Vestry Overseer in Lambeth is
named HONEY. He is less remarkable for his sweetness than
for his faculty of sticking like wax to the ratepayers.

A WORD IN SEASON.

[The Lake District is to be spared the infliction of the Electric Tram.]

(With apologies to the late Laureate.)

The Lake District (log).

TRACTION electrical and new,
Of me you shall not win renown.
You thought to break my country's heart
In preference to wooing Town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled,
I saw the snare and I retired:
The city's fit concomitant,
You're not by me to be desired.

Traction electrical and new,
I know you proud to bear your name;
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Which understands from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your swift sake
A heart that lives where Nature grows;
My simple Lake of Windermere
Is worth a hundred dynamos.

Traction electrical and new,
If time be heavy on your hands
Do you run through from Bow to Kew?
Has London made no more demands?
Oh, teach the City clerk to bless
You, as he's carried to and fro;
Attend to pressing business
And let this lovely district go!

"CHOOSING A COOK."

[A (very slight) anticipation.]

SCENE—A luxuriously furnished boudoir.
Its owner, Miss Ermytrude Stuefry—
better known to her family as 'Liza
Stubbs—is seated at her escritoire.
Enter Mrs. Jones, who has called in the
hope of inducing Miss Stuefry to take
a vacant place in her establishment.

Miss E. S. (without rising). Good-day.
Take a pew, if yer like. No extry charge
made for seatin', you'll be glad to
'ear.

Mrs. J. Thank you so very much. I shall
be so thankful for a little rest. (Patheti-
cally) This is my seventeenth journey
this week in search of a cook!

Miss E. S. Hum! Don't sound as if the
place was much of a catch, does it now?
Well, 'urry up with the partick'lers.
There's a dozen more waitin' to see me in
the ante-room. What's the figger.

Mrs. J. (timidly). Well,—for your ser-
vices, you know—I had thought we might
go so far as £60 (hastily, observing Miss
E. S.'s expression)—and beer, of course!

Miss E. S. That fairly takes the bun,
that does! Sixty, indeed! Look 'ere, if
you can't offer £100 and port every night
you're only wycin' toime—so I tells yer
strite!

Mrs. J. A hundred! . . . well, of course
you are an exceptionally fine cook, aren't
you?

Miss E. S. I can do you a chop or steak



"WILL YOU PLAY WITH ME, GLANPA?"

"WHY, OF COURSE I WILL, MY DEAR."

"ALL RIGHT! YOU BE THE FAIRLY, AND I'LL BE THE GIANT, AND PUT YOU IN PRISON!"

to-rights, and what more d' you want? I
did make a nontray once—but never no
more!

Mrs. J. Oh, but I'm sure you'd do one
just now and then—when we have a
dinner-party, you know!

Miss E. S. Not I. (Darkly) One C'row-
ner's inquest's enough for me. No; chop
one day an' steak the next—that's my
rule, and if yer don't like it yer can lump
it. Now I'm goin' to ask you a few
questions. Three nights out a week, of
course?

Mrs. J. Really, isn't that a little—well,
well, if you insist upon it!

Miss E. S. That's the fust point.
(makes a note with a gold pencil). Se-
cond, is there a tennis-court?

Mrs. J. No—you see our garden isn't
large, and my husband and I like flowers,
so that—

Miss E. S. (interrupting). Then yer must
mike one strite orf. I cawn't do without
my game o' tennis—to which I invites my
friends, it's hunderstood. You'll break-

fast at ten, dine at one, an', if I've time
after my own dinner, I'll give you a bit
o' supper about nine. But yer mus'n't
count on it, yer know. 'Orses, of
course?

Mrs. J. (in astonishment). I—I beg your
pardon?

Miss E. S. 'Orses, I said—meanin' as I
'opes you keep 'em?

Mrs. J. (reluctantly). N-no, I'm afraid
we don't, just at present. What with
wages, you see, and other expenses—

Miss E. S. (shutting her silver blotting-
book with a bang). Then it's orf. Cawn't
go without my canter in the Row, same as
other folks. No biz. done on those terms
—so you'd best pass along now.

Mrs. J. (bursting into tears). Oh, dear
Miss STUEFRY—don't, please, refuse!—
we're simply dying of hunger! Do come
and cook for us—and perhaps we could
arrange to hire something for you!

Miss E. S. (relenting). Well, I'll think it
over and drop yer a line. I've a tinder
'eart. Ta-ta!

A. C. D.



He. "OH, PRAY, MISS DALRIMPLE, DON'T CALL ME MR. BROOKES."
 She. "OH, BUT OUR ACQUAINTANCE HAS BEEN SO BRIEF. THIS IS SO SUDDEN—" (Sweetly) "WHY SHOULDN'T I CALL YOU MR. BROOKES?"

He. "OH—ONLY BECAUSE MY NAME'S SOMERSET!"

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

I MUST not forget the musician aboard the steamer R.M.S. *Fusilier*. Save me from "The harp that once" heard, accompanied by a violin aboard a steamer, is never to be forgotten! When I go on board any steamer, small or large, I look about to see if there are any travelling musicians present. Not seeing them, how grateful am I!

But this itinerant performer, this player on the dulcimer, is a thorough master of his art, displaying his skill in most adverse circumstances. I am glad to see that his collection from the ever-varying audience—for at every port *en route* many old passengers change, giving place to new—promises to be a good one. Travelling by this boat on several occasions, we strike up an acquaintance, and I find that he is literally a born musician, having been dulcimering since the early age of eight years old until the boiling point of perfection was reached, when he set forth on his travels, all over the world, this troubadour-knight, ever true to his sweet-toned Dulcima. *Varium et mutabile semper* is Dulcima, and in less skilful hands she could be an uncommon nuisance. Other Dulcimas I have known and execrated: the tone of this one is soothing, and gentle, sometimes full and powerful as that of a full-blown organ, but always agreeable, never getting on the nerves.

Fort William at 3.30. Here, as we were about to land, a strange thing happened. Our party (two ladies and self) had a bag each. As I was patiently waiting my turn on the gangway I heard a whisper in my ear to the effect, "Sir, if I am not mistaken, you are —" and here, in still lower tone, he breathed

the venerated name of the Universal Literary Provider, one of whose "young men" I have had the honour to be for the major part of a life-time. I could not deny the fact. I was staggered. I must have looked as taken aback as ever did *Jonas Chuzzlewit* when ferreted out by *Nadgett* on board the "Ankwerks Package." The whisper was repeated, with the addition, "I knew I was not wrong. Now, do permit me to carry your bag." This was suspicious. I turned and faced him, a hale, hearty, tall clergyman of the Church Militant Ecclesiastical type, who is wearing a heavy moustache that not so very many years ago would have been deemed unclerical. *Tempora mutantur*. Suddenly the idea occurred to me, "is this a ruse, a clever dodge, in order to collar my bag, bolt with it and its contents and leave me alone in my glory! Where should I be?"

"What would then become of me,
 Without a bag at Banavie?"

"Really," I protested, "I could not allow—besides," I added, tightly gripping my bag, "if you are returning by the boat —" "I am," he replied, and, as it chanced, at that moment, the bell of the steamer rang, and in another second stress of time compelled him, evidently much against his will, to cut short his quite unexpected but highly appreciated civility. "May I know," I exclaimed, as he was just about to hurry off to the boat; "to whom I am indebted for this really great—" but he nipped my epithets in the bud. "I haven't a card," he explained rapidly, "but my name is, etc., etc., and I am, etc., etc.," and he vanished. I will not reveal the secret. How cruelly had my suspicions wronged him! He was a great dignitary of the Church, and if ever this meets his eye the Reverent Canon will know that his courtesy was most thoroughly appreciated.

A quiet morning on an uninhabited island.—HAVING chartered an Oban boat to go out upon the Oban Sea, I as COLUMBUS the Skipper, accompanied by COLUMBUS JUNIOR row forth on voyages of discovery. The first discovery I make is that the sculls are not a pair; that a certain amount of water has to be "bailed out," like a prisoner on remand. These discoveries having been made and everything put in order we are fairly launched.

We row about, and take possession of many places hitherto unknown (to us). After some exploration we "hug the shore," which, being of a repellent nature, rejects our advances. So we steer for a rocky island creek, intended by Nature for two persons (or more) to go ashore and refresh themselves. Biscuits, fish sandwiches, and a flask of whisky and water are at hand. The Skipper lands, taking care to have with him the provision, including the suction, and COLUMBUS JUNIOR, having been served with a ration of biscuits, commences fishing. His subsequent proceedings have no further interest for the Skipper, who draws a newspaper from his pocket. Before starting I (the Skipper) had gone to a bookstall, and, being in nautical vein, the name of a paper, new to me, caught my eye. It was *The Pilot*. "Just the thing," said I to myself, "for a cruise." So, without further parley, I took the *Pilot* on board my boat. Now on my island, I am going to enjoy all the nautical news *The Pilot* has to tell me.

No doubt that in it are given problems in steering, sailing of vessel, how to enter harbours, how to manage buoys, general directions and particulars to yachtsmen and yachting advertisements, and notes about fishing tackle, &c., &c.; in fact, all nautical and pilotical, nothing political.

Ahem! . . . why—I don't see much about shipping in it. Opening it at haphazard, I find paragraphs about the Church Association and the Bishops, articles on "Newman" and "Wilberforce," and letters from Canon GORE. What an ideal name for an active member of the Church militant! It is, I find, an ecclesiastical paper and weekly review. Only, why *The Pilot*? Nautical men are simple folk, and are so easily taken in. In this case, however, the deception is mutual. I've taken in *The Pilot* and *The Pilot* has taken me in. Why



Employer (to applicant for situation): "AND THEN I AM VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY CELLARS; YOU UNDERSTAND WINE, I PRESUME?"
Builder. "HIN MY LAST SITIUTION, SIR, I WAS CONSIDERED A VERY TOLERABLE JUDGE O' WINE, SIR."

Pilot? Does it direct the navigation of the seas? I meditate on this. Becoming much interested in articles on "The Byron Letters," "England and her Inimical Allies," I gradually drop off into meditation, with my eyes closed, "rock'd in the cradle of the deep." How reposeful is the plash of the waves. Refreshment. Nature's soft nurse, &c., &c. . . . Awakening, I find I have been left, with *The Pilot*, a high and dry Churchman between two rocks, the sea having courteously retired to some considerable distance. The message it has left, distinctly writ on pebbles, rocks and seaweed, is that it is "out" for the rest of the day, and won't return for some hours. But, COLUMBUS JUNIOR, having wearied of his sport—he has caught two fish, one of which he knows to be poisonous and the other doubtful—comes to row me back to our native shores, to land and luncheon.

1880—1900.

WHEN I went to the House as a middle-aged man
 (Said I to myself—said I),
 I'll work on the very best Radical plan,
 (Said I to myself—said I).

In the cause of the poor I will wax very warm,
 With CORDEN and BRIGHT raise the popular storm,
 And lustily cry with them "Peace and Reform!"
 (Said I to myself—said I).

The bitterest words that the language affords
 (Said I to myself—said I),
 I'll pour on those infamous scoundrels, the Lords,
 (Said I to myself—said I),
 The Tories, that faction of greed and of strife,
 "The old, stupid party,"—the rest of my life
 I'll ceaselessly wage with them war to the knife,
 (Said I to myself—said I).

Aggression in arms, and the longing to pounce
 (Said I to myself—said I)
 On other folk's lands I will hotly denounce
 (Said I to myself—said I);
 And as for the Boers, if any there be
 Who talk of oppressing a people so free,
 So simple and innocent, send them to me
 (Said I to myself—said I).

With the wisdom of age I am coming to see
 (Say I to myself—say I)
 Domestic affairs give no chances for me
 (Say I to myself—say I).
 My pensions may go by the very same ways
 As the other parochial points I did raise
 In the dim long-ago of my Radical days
 (Say I to myself—say I).

To rail at the Lords was a youthful mistake
 (Say I to myself—say I),
 They make such a good constitutional brake
 (Say I to myself—say I);
 Of course, here and there, you may light on a drone,
 But in future I'm going to leave them alone—
 I yet may wear strawberry-leaves of my own
 (Say I to myself—say I).

When a statesman proposes a number of things
 (Say I to myself—say I),
 And time no fulfilment of promises brings
 (Say I to myself—say I),
 The obvious course for such parties as he
 Is to hide neath the khaki of BOBS and B.-P.—
 And I fancy the rule may apply to J. C.
 (Say I to myself—say I).



Painter. "YOU CAN STAND DOWN AND REST, MODEL."
Model. "AW RIGHT, HARTIST!"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WHEN JONES (by nature kind and brave),
 The dearest friend I ever had,
 Comes to insult me and behave
 Like an unmitigated cad;

When SMITH, *per contra*, who can show
 Two sovereigns for my modest one,
 Now kindly condescends to know
 Me, whom he always seems to shun;

When Lady CLARA VERE DE VERE,
 Oblivious of her Norman stock,
 Deigns in our villa to appear
 To tea, and wears her smartest frock;

When hauteur affably expands
 And hobs and nobs in crowded rooms,
 When peers with cheesemongers shake
 hands,
 And crossing-sweepers ride in
 broughams;

When churls, accustomed in the street
 Perambulators to revile,
 In ecstasies fond mothers greet, [smiles—
 And kiss their babes with ghastly

'Tis not the world is at an end,
 Nor that millennium's dawn has shone—
 These are but symptoms that portend
 A General Election's on.

THE RALLYING CRY OF THE RADICALS.

["Where they do agree . . . their unanimity
 is wonderful."—*The Critic*.]

SAY not that we entered the battle
 Discordant with casual cries,
 With the various polyglot rattle
 That Babel addressed to the skies;
 Say not that we came to our task with
 Competitive tunes for our toes,
 With the militant Fife of an ASQUITH,
 The peace-loving pipes o' MONTROSE.

Do not mention the curious manner
 In which we combined for attack,
 With the fugitive Hollanders' banner
 Pinned on to the jubilant Jack;
 Do not mention the way that we camped
 on
 The field of our ultimate doom
 With the guns of our Ladysmith LAMBTON
 In line with the Mausers of OOM.

Though apparently riven asunder,
 We jointly adopted the view
 That the War was a crime or a blunder;
 The question was—which of the two?
 For the Tories had gone for our "brothers"
 With openly cynical eyes,
 Or were napping (according to others)
 And taken by vulgar surprise.

If there was any personal faction
 That marched to a separate band,
 It was drowned by our war-cry in action
 Unanimous, fluty and grand!
 Ignoring debateable notions—
 Home Rule, Local Drink, and the rest—
 It appealed to the primal emotions
 That lurk in the average breast.

That cry of the Party *en bloc*, Sirs,
 Our Leaders were proud to endorse;
 It was used by the Battersea Boxers
 With singular feeling and force;
 Our bruisers of Southwark have cried it,
 'Twas Bermondsey's rallying call;
 And the brain of our Labby supplied it—
 "GIVE BRUMMAGEM JOSEPH A FALL!"

O. S.

WHAT'S O'CLOCK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Would you kindly
 ask the good and great authorities who
 rule for our well-being why it is that
 there should not be some synchronised
 system of recording the time of day on
 the public clocks of London? Heaven
 knows that they are scarce enough, but
 when all at variance with one another,
 and when railway companies elect to give
 their own time, it makes one marvel as to
 the use of Greenwich Observatory. Even
 in Brussels the street-corner timepieces
 work harmoniously. Perhaps the London
 clocks have gone on strike. If so they
 should be placed in other hands.

Yours faithfully,

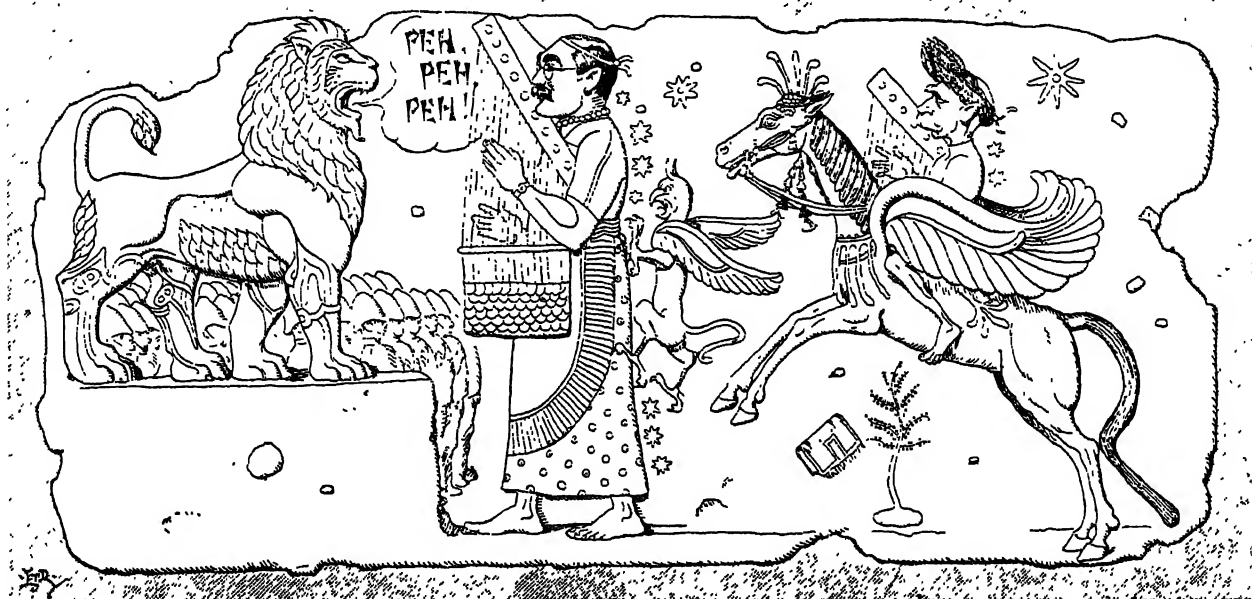
WILLIAM WINDUP.

Grandfather's Clock Tower, Peckham Rye.



“RETURNED!”

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



FIFTH FRAGMENT.

1. . . . now in those days, in the land of Rûl-baredányah
 2. which from the Azhur-méhn by command did arise,
 3. where dwelt the Nephar-nephar-nephars, ruled over by waverers,
 4. (the Sessil-minestreh)
 5. great scribes did flourish
 6. Rûdiyâd-Omer-Khiblin
 7. the singer of war-songs, the maker of tablets,
 8. the *djoggah* of memories forgetful of Empire,
 9. who sprang from his cradle, and searchingly studied
 10. by the aid of a night-light
 11. the mechanical details, of the *rok-kaz-et-setrah*
 12. and half-filled his note-book
 13. with technical terms—in the bedstead-department.
 14. Then rising at day-break
 15. he wrote leading-articles, and soul-stirring epics
 17. in the Pánjáb vernacular, whatever
 18. you call it
 19. Then did he
 20. the Rikki-távis, the Namgeh-Dhóolahs,
 21. the Krishna-mulvénihs,
 22. the Mem-sahibs, and the Imréhs, and the Gungha-Díns,
 23. the Subadhars, the Deodars, and the Jemadhars,
 24. the Jin-riki-shas, and the Musumés,
 25. and other strange wild-fowl
 26. from the Hills bring down,
 27. quite new to the language,

28. and their plain tails did he spread abroad.
 29. And the walls of the Báraks did he level with the ground,
 30. and their inmost recesses did he lay bare
 31. and the Tomis and the Khaki-Tûniks forth into the light of day did he bring, and
 32. as grist to the mill, and as spoil did he count them.
 33. And when he had slaked their thirst,
 34. and for all they were worth had he drawn them out,
 35. into the hands of the Pábli-shahs and
 36. of Mûdiz did he deliver them bound
 37. who did jump at them and VÉND them and scatter them broadcast.
 38. And into the homes of peaceful *sabhskri-bahs* did they convey them.
 39. And their language expressive, unwonted in drawing-rooms.
 40. (Here follow several *Cursive Characters* wholly unknown to the Translator of these Tablets) made quite a sensation
 41. and elderly ladies, unable to breathe
 42. in *sulphurik-ethur*
 43. swooned away on the sofa (not far from the *kúrit*) and withdrew their *sabhskrib-sháns*.
 44. . . . and when to the wars the Tomis departed
 45. forgetful of Er of the ruddy complexion,

46. (suggestive of scrubbing), with the locket of silver,
 47. whom they cherished on Sundays,
 48. and similar details—forgetting, in fact, all their normal surroundings (according to Khiblin)
 49. Did he put forth a tablet, and Arthaz-ul-ivan did set it to music,
 50. and it got on the organs, and the butcher's assistant,
 51. and likewise the grocer's, the slaves of Pépehpeh, got it after a fashion
 52. and whistled like sirens, while they pedalled their *go-karts* until they turned purple. [Lívvrih,
 53. . . . Alphr-ed-orstin, the poet in
 54. who wrote things to order,
 55. the wearer of laurels, "by special appointment,"
 56. who gets half a cygnet, or a haunch of a unicorn, somewhere about *Krismuz*
 57. as some slight acknowledgment of his loyal endeavours
 58. to be in at the birth and to say something pretty
 59. to coincide in arrival with the first tin of Mhéllin;
 60. and attend at the weddings, with his harp in the vestry,
 61. and when it was over, on his *Bardik-Pegássuz* (from the *Mûz* at the Palace)
 62. by the mane did he clamber
 63. trotting after the carriage, throwing lyrical slippers
 64. and metrical rice-grain.
 65. was as green as his laurels, a *verdigriz* colour,
 66. with envy of Rûdiyâd. F. R.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.,
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER V.

THE DUEL TO THE DEATH.

*The ordinary valour only works
At those rare intervals when peril lurks;
There is a courage, higher far, and stranger,
Which nothing can intimidate but danger.*

Original Stanza by H. B. J.

No sooner had Mr. BHOSH obeyed the summons of Lord JACK, than the latter violently reproached him for having embezzled the heart of his chosen bride, and inflicted upon him sundry severe kicks from behind, barbarously threatening to encore the proceeding unless CHUNDER instantaneously agreed to meet him in a mortal combat.

Our hero, though grievously hurt, did not abandon his presence of mind in his tight fix. Seating himself upon a divan so as to obviate any repetition of such treatment, he thus addressed his former friend: "My dear JACK, PLATO observes that anger is an abbreviated form of insanity. Do not let us fall out about so mere a trifle, since one friend is the equivalent of many females. Is it my fault that feminines overwhelm me with unsought affections? Let us both remember that we are men of the world, and if you on your side will overlook the fact that I have unwittingly fascinated your *fiancée*, I, on mine, am ready to forget my unmerciful kickings."

But Lord JOLLY violently rejected such a give-and-take compromise, and again declared that if Mr. BHOSH declined to fight he was to receive further kicks. Upon this CHUNDER demanded time for reflection; he was no bellicose, but he reasoned thus with his soul: "It is not certain that a bullet will hit—whereas, it is impossible for a kick to miss its mark."

So, weeping to find himself between a deep sea and the devil of a kicking, he accepted the challenge, feeling like Imperial CÆSAR, when he found himself compelled to climb up a rubicon after having burnt his boots!

Being naturally reluctant to kick his brimming bucket of life while still a lusty juvenile, Mr. BHOSH was occupied in lamenting the injudiciousness of Providence when he was most unexpectedly relieved by the entrance of his lady-love, the Princess JONES, who, having heard that her letter had fallen into Lord JACK's hands, and that a sanguinary encounter would shortly transpire, had cast off every rag of maidenly propriety, and sought a clandestine interview.

She brought BINDABUN the gratifying intelligence that she was a *persona grata* with his lordship's seconder, Mr. BODGERS, who was to load the deadly weapons, and who, at her request, had promised to do so with cartridges from which the bullets had previously been bereft.

Such a piece of good news so enlivened Mr. BHOSH, that he immediately recovered his usual serenity, and astounded all by his perfect nonchalance. It was arranged that the tragical affair should come off in the back garden of Baronet JOLLY's castle, immediately after breakfast, in the presence of a few select friends and neighbours, among whom—needless to say—was Princess VANOLIA, whose lamp-like optics beamed encouragement to her Indian champion, and the Duchess of DICKINSON, who was now the freehold tenement of those fiendish Siamese twins—Malice and Jealousy. At breakfast, Mr. BHOSH partook freely of all the dishes, and rallied his antagonist for declining another fowl-egg, rather wittily suggesting that he was becoming a chicken-hearted. The company then adjourned to the garden, and all who were non-combatants took up positions as far outside the zone of fire as possible.

Mr. BHOSH was rejoiced to receive from the above-mentioned Mr. BODGERS a secret intimation that it was the put-up job, and little piece of allright, which emboldened him to make the rather spirited proposal to his lordship, that they were to fire—not at the distance of one hundred paces, as originally suggested—but across the more restricted space of a nosekerchief. This dare-devilish proposal occasioned a universal outcry of horror and admiration; Mr. BHOSH's seconder, a young poor-hearted chap, entreated him to renounce his plan of campaign, while Lord JACK and Mr. BODGERS protested that it was downright tomfooly.

CHUNDER, however, remained game to his backbone. "If," he ironically said, "my honble friend prefers to admit that he is inferior in physical courage to a native Indian who is commonly accredited with a funky heart, let him apologise. Otherwise, as a challenged, I am the Master of the Ceremonies. I do not insist upon the exchange of more than one shoot—but it is the *sine qua non* that such shoot is to take place across a nosewipe."

Upon which his lordship became green as grass with apprehensiveness, being unaware that the cartridges had been carefully sterilised, but glueing his courage to the sticky point, he said, "Be it so, you bloodthirsty little beggar—and may your gore be on your own knob!"

"It is always barely possible," retorted Mr. BHOSH, "that we may both miss the target!" And he made a secret motion to Mr. BODGERS with his superior eyeshutter, intimating that he was to remember to omit the bullets.

But lackadaisy! as Poet BURNS sings, the best-laid schemes both of men and in the mouse department, are liable to gang aft—and so it was in the present instance, for Duchess DICKINSON intercepted CHUNDER BINDABUN's wink and, with the diabolical intuition of a feminine, divined the presence of a rather suspicious rat. Accordingly, on the diaphanous pretext that Mr. BODGERS was looking faintish and callow, she insisted on applying a very large smelling-jar to his nasal organ.

Whether the vessel was charged with salts of superhuman potency, or some narcotic drug, I am not to inquire—but the result was that, after a period of prolonged sternutation, Mr. BODGERS became impercipient on a bed of geraniums.

Thereupon CHUNDER, perceiving that he had lost his friend in court, magnanimously said: "I cannot fight an antagonist who is unprovided with a seconder, and will wait until Mr. BODGERS is recuperated." But the honourable and diabolical duchess nipped this arrangement in the bud. "It would be a pity," said she, "that Mr. BHOSH's fiery ardour should be cooled by delay. I am capable to load a firearm, and will act as Lord JOLLY's seconder."

Our hero took the objection that, as a feminine was not legally qualified to act as seconder in moral combats, the duel would be rendered null and void, and appealed to his own seconder to confirm this *obiter dictum*.

Unluckily the latter was a poor beetlehead who was in excessive fear of offending the Duchess and gave it as his opinion that sex was no disqualification, and that the Duchess of DICKINSON was fully competent to load the lethal weapons, provided that she knew how.

Whereupon she, regarding Mr. BHOSH with the malignant simper of a fiend, did not only deliberately fill each pistol-barrel with a bullet from her own reticule bag, but also had the additional *diablerie* to extract a miniature laced *mouchoir* exquisitely perfumed with cherryblossoms, and to say, "Please fire across this. I am confident that it will bring you good luck."

And Mr. BHOSH recognised with emotions that baffle description the very counterpart of the nose-handkerchief which she had flung at him months previously at the aforesaid fashionable Bayswater Ball! Now was our poor miserable hero indeed up the tree of embarrassment—and there I must leave him till the next chapter.



AVE always been more or less anxious to get into Parliament. Don't know why,

I'm sure: awful nuisance when you come to

think of it: late hours: fearful boredom listening to speeches on the drainage of Little Pumpington, the real or imaginary wrongs of Irish peasantry and Scotch crofters, and discussion of other wildly enthralling subjects. However, there it is—everyone seems anxious to add M.P. to his name; good sort of advertisement; I suppose it makes a fellow feel as if he were somebody. Nervous work, though, speaking in public—must get over the feeling somehow.

Have to leave my shooting, and start off by ghastly early train, to North Foozleton to address the "Inner Circle" (sounds like Metropolitan Railway). Met at North Foozleton by my Agent, who rushes forward enthusiastically, exclaiming in the hearing of the porters, Station-master, and a dozen passengers, "Ah, my dear fellow, a thousand welcomes! I never thought North Foozleton would secure you!" Blush, and return handshake with my right, whilst fumbling for a shilling for porter, with my left hand. Hurry to hotel to luncheon. Agent says I must first interview Anti-vaccination Committee. Protest feebly that I must lunch first. Agent inexorable, and I am carted off. Seventeen stuffy old persons and three young long-haired terrors welcome me, and make interminable speeches, hurling in statistics on benefits of anti-vaccination. Reply that I think there is a great deal in what they say. Bow them out. Before I can rush off to luncheon, a second deputation shown in to hear my views on Local Veto Question. Sigh, and listen to lot more rhodomontade. Bless

them heartily, and edge for door as fragrant smell of soup salutes my nostrils. No good: pinned down, and have to make second speech. Deputation at last leaves, and at 3 P.M. get hurried luncheon.

Agent again.

Must now address "The Three Hundred" (headed by the Mayor), who are not quite sure whether they will adopt me as candidate, or not. Say my views on Imperial interests, overtopping domestic legislation, not quite satisfactory. Ask Agent what they want me to say? He informs me exactly what will be palatable, and I write it down and try to learn it by heart. Prime myself, and then, seated in picturesque attitude, rather suggestive of "Rule Britannia," await the arrival of deputation. Small man enters first, and looks at me with eagle eye. I grasp him warmly by hand, only to find that this is not the Mayor, as I had thought, but his junior clerk. Retire in confusion, to my seat again. At length the Mayor—a large-sized, important-looking gentleman—opens map, for no particular reason that I can see—and says that he and his colleagues would like to hear what I have to say upon the subject of our mighty interests at home and abroad. Feel very much abroad, myself, at this moment. Explain, as well as I can, that "I think England ought to maintain her prestige abroad," and pause to see effect. Glum silence; feel rather clammy about brow, but try again. Say that "the blood we have shed in South Africa should not be shed in vain." Again silence, whilst my Agent nudges me ominously—can't think what he means. Try a third shot: say that "if our trade is to expand we must be prepared to make sacrifices." (N.B.—Don't know what this means precisely, but it sounds all right.) Mayor and company still silent and unresponsive. Can't think what's wrong. More nudging from Agent. I turn to him wonderingly, and then the murder is out.

"Little Englanders!" he whispers. I turn all manner of colours. Pull myself together, and say airily, "Those, gentle-

men, are the sentiments our opponents are so fond of dinning into our ears. But what is the truth of the matter? Is it not a fact that we *ought* to be at peace, and we *are* at war? Is it not a fact that we make sacrifices, and reap no benefit therefrom? Is it not a fact that, in order to keep up this boasted prestige, we are constantly spending blood and treasure in foreign lands, and that we are spending them in vain?" Tremendous burst of applause, and I see now I have struck the keynote, fair and square. Continue in this strain for another quarter of an hour, and then (thank goodness) deputation retires, each member unfortunately insisting upon shaking me by the hand. Am allowed by my Agent one hour's leave of absence, in order to take the air, under strict undertaking not to exceed my time. Promise meekly, and go out into town. People look curiously at me, and at length, small boy, who has probably seen my photograph in shop windows, yells out, "That's 'im!"

Immediately, a crowd consisting of some twenty or thirty ragged urchins and an equal number of dirty-looking loafers with hands in pockets, collects and follows me with business-like air round the town. Very flattering and all that, of course, but—walk on, and try to look unconscious. No good; presently come across group of opposition, who at once begin to "boo" at me. Very unpleasant this—more so when one of them deftly hurls cabbage in my direction. Three or four of my following accept challenge, and "go for" the cabbage-thrower. Very embarrassing for me. Try to escape, but crowd now too thick. Fight soon over, and my supporters lounge up to me, rubbing mouths on backs of hands, and each with one eye fixed on neighbouring "pub." Dispense several shillings, and get back to hotel as quickly as possible. Next morning, opposition papers come out with violent diatribes anent the scene of the previous day. "The champion of reaction"—thus my opponents—"need not think to escape the consequences of the Bribery Act by the flimsy pretence that he was only flinging his gold about to reward hired ruffians for protecting his precious person. The party to which we have the honour to belong is not to be blinded. We can 'see through a ladder' as far as most people, and we solemnly warn this gentleman, who, being young and inexperienced is entitled to a certain meed of our pity—and contempt, perhaps, we should also add—that not even his youth and obvious want of tact and decent feeling shall shelter him from the consequences of his barefaced attempt to corrupt the electorate. We shall not shrink from exposing such conduct to the pitiless gaze of the pure light which should always beat upon that throne which is occupied—willy nilly—by public men. Let him, therefore, beware."

Pleasant reading, this. Am first made a mark for my opponents' missiles, and then threatened with dire consequences because I submit to be fleeced by my defenders. Very trying.

Agent comes in to me, at breakfast, looking quite gleeful. Says he has just arranged for hire of schoolroom in Spotted Dog Street, with most convenient exit over adjacent roofs in case of trouble. This is where I am to address expected turbulent meeting. Say I don't think my throat will stand strain of addressing that particular meeting. Agent says most imperative that I should do so. It is in the quarter of the town most unfavourable to my cause, and we *may* get votes by bearding lion in den. Have no wish to beard lion. D—n lion!

No use—Agent again inexorable; threatens to throw up post unless I consent. Sigh and resign myself, though I murmur gently that I don't think I am fit for so arduous a task. Agent replies, "Oh, nonsense! you are young and an athlete. I shall have far greater difficulty in escaping, if it comes to climbing over roofs." So brutal. Sigh again, and envy comparative quiet and safety of troops in hostile country.

Next morning devoted to going round shaking hands with supporters and kissing babies. Am sure Agent has selected people with hottest hands, and also dirtiest babies, for my express edification. Quite exhausted by luncheon time. Too done up to eat. Three whiskies and sodas. Doze gently.

Awakened by Agent. This man really too energetic—am sure he never sleeps, eats or drinks—hasn't time to. Says that Deputation from Society for Annoying People of Other Views than its Own is in the next room, and would like to have my views on situation. Ask what situation? "Oh, generally," replies Agent, and hustles me into room. More hand-shaking, more warmth—especially of red paws. Deputation bombard me with questions. Dodge them as skilfully as possible, and agree to everything, without actually promising to support their fads. Escape, after renewed epidemic of hand-shaking. Should like to go for a walk, but too risky. Dare not chance repetition of yesterday's scene in street, and subsequent newspaper denunciation.

At breakfast next day read violent article in local "True Blue" paper, in which following words occur.

"Our fearless representative" (that's me) "will go boldly into the midst of his enemies to-morrow night, and force them to hear the truth for once. He is not the man to shrink from his self-imposed task, however hard, however dangerous—for our unscrupulous opponents do not stop short of physical violence, in order to close an adversary's mouth—"

I paused. I don't think I quite grasped the idea of personal violence when I undertook to fight this constituency—felt rather depressed as I resumed reading the article. "Our candidate, strong in the knowledge of his righteous cause, would brave more than the contemplated shower of brickbats, hurled by a pack of organised ruffians, in pursuit of what he conceives to be his solemn duty to the electorate."

Not so sure of this. Not so sure that shower of brickbats is contemptible. Should like to go into quiet room and think matters over, before finally deciding to address this meeting. Not afraid, of course, but still—

Address meeting of supporters, in afternoon. Gathering very crowded. Am speaking from a waggon in market-place. Feel a little nervous; however, after chairman has introduced me clear throat, and begin. Audience quiet for first ten minutes, then several voters at once, want to know things.

"Will I support Anti-vaccination?"

"Certainly. Would even go farther, and insist upon everyone being anti-vaccinated, again and again, until it took." (Great uproar in meeting. Wonder what has upset them?) My Agent looks at me with agonised face. Fail to see what I have done wrong, myself. "Would I support early closing?" "Rather!" (Howls from shopkeeping element, met by vociferous cheering of *employés*.) "What are my views on Church question?" "I—er—oh—well, don't know that—" Here Agent

nudges me and whispers, "Don't commit yourself." Say, "Am quite open to conviction. Dislike bigotry." (Safe investment this. No one thinks himself a bigot). Fortunately, another party, with axes of their own to grind, interrupt, and ask, "Would I support Local Option?" Haven't faintest idea what Local Option is; rather embarrassing. Wonder what one ought to say? Agent to the rescue again. Writes on slip of paper, "Say you keep impartial mind on this most important subject." Repeat this. They seem satisfied. "Am I total abstainer?" "Yes—in theory, that is. My own health won't permit of my setting good example, but am quite convinced that the less alcohol one takes, the better for one." (Cheers from teetotal party, cruelly interrupted by voice, "Then why ain't you a teetotaler yourself?") Rather a poser this. "Am I Imperialist or Little Englander?" "Well, whilst in favour of upholding England's greatness, *Rule Britannia, Imperium et Libertas*, and blow the expense, etc., I should oppose any extension of territory, or expansion of Empire's responsibility, and I thought that Little Englanders had, after all, a strong case because—" but here indignant murmurs from crowd, warn me I am treading on dangerous ground. Resume: "When I say Little Englandism you know, gentlemen, what do I mean?" ("Blowed if I know!" from gentleman in shirtsleeves.) "I mean, that in little England, we are—" but rest of sentence never came to life, as at that moment, horses attached to my waggon suddenly started forward and jerked me off my feet. My Chairman also—a very fat and ponderous person—found himself sitting with fearful violence on floor of vehicle. Upsetting, in every sense of the word. Meeting not so sympathetic as it might have been. In fact, it jeered in very unfeeling manner. Agent gave the word to drive off, and we travelled up the High Street to my hotel in waggon.

Have apparently pledged myself, now, to—

Early Closing.

Anti-Vaccination.

Reform of War Office.

Inoculation for Measles.

Eight Hours' Day.

Compulsory Muzzling.

Higher Education.

Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister.

Local Veto, and Compensation for Publicans.

Slightly confusing, but suppose it will all come right in the wash—the end, I mean. After all, every candidate pledges himself to all sorts of things which mean nothing, and are never heard of again. My opponent is making promises wholesale. Suppose I must do same, or "get left."

Tell my Agent I would like a little rest after these experiences. He gibes at idea, and hurries me off to speak to *employés* of large firm as they leave work. Say I am sure they don't want politics when tired from their day's labour. He jeers again; and like lamb led to slaughter, am put into cab and driven off to factory gates. Bell clangs, after ten minutes' waiting, and army of grimy workers issue forth. They stare at me as if I were something fresh from the Zoo. I mount roof of cab, after insisting upon horse being taken out—disaster of an hour ago, still fresh in my mind—and begin my address. Very intelligent body of men apparently; they actually listen, without inter-

rupting, for quite five minutes. Then one stalwart worker jerks thumb in my direction, and grunts out:

"Oo's this joker, BILL?"

"I dunno. Wot's 'e torkin' abart?"

The first speaker then turns pityingly, to my Agent, and says:

"Wot's the matter with 'im, Guv'nor? Is 'e orfen took like this? You ought to look arter 'im better. Wodjer let 'im git on the roof o' the keb for, eh? 'E might fall orf and 'urt 'isself." (Loud laughter from grimy crowd.) Feel that, after this, further political argument would be wasted. Horse put to again, and am driven away, my feelings not being soothed by Parthian dart hurled after my Agent, by original spokesman.

"You must be a bit balmy on the crumpet, Guv'nor, to bring a thing like that darn 'ere'. Taike 'im 'ome agen, an' put 'im in a monkey 'ouse!"

Very depressed—really think I shall give up contest and retire. Mention this to Agent, who looks most astounded:

"What! When we are getting on so well?" he exclaims.

"So—what?" I ask, gasping with astonishment.

"So well," he repeats firmly, and I give up contending. This man's hopefulness quite pathetic.

Addressed two more meetings of my supporters—got fearfully heckled at last one. Worthy burgess at back of 'hall suddenly let loose flood of political conundrums on my devoted head. Believe I answered them, somehow—not quite sure of this—and so home to bed, fagged out.

Next morning, begged Agent piteously for half-holiday. He smiled grimly, and announced that he had arranged for me to address operatives at Messrs. SHODDY'S works at dinner-hour. Naturally, I thought he meant about 7.30 or 8 P.M., the time every civilised human being thinks of dining, and promised to be there. Lit a pipe, and fell fast asleep over newspaper. Did not wake till nearly one o'clock, when door burst violently open, and Agent, pale and trembling with excitement, rushed in.

"What's the matter?" I asked, rubbing my eyes.

"Matter? *Matter!*" he shrieked. "Why weren't you there as you promised to be, to address operatives at SHODDY'S? They waited half-an-hour, and then nearly lynched me, because you didn't come!"

"Glad I didn't, under the circumstances," I said. "Frankly, my dear sir, would rather—oh, much rather—they lynched *you* than me," I answered. "But you distinctly said 'dinner time,' and it's only luncheon time, yet."

Agent groans, and passes hand over forehead, in evident despair. "*Can't* you understand—" he begins, and then, overwrought, sinks on to sofa, exhausted and almost weeping. Wonder what I've done? At last, wishing to alleviate his distress, I say, "Have a brandy and soda, my dear chap? Let me ring, and—" But he looks up, wild-eyed, and evidently not thirsty.

"No, no. Don't you know that operatives *don't* indulge in late dinner. You see, their footmen and butlers wish to get away to the theatre early, so—"

Now, this is is evidently meant sarcastically, which I think rather bad form. I'm sure I've done everything I can be expected to do—in reason, that is—and as to SHODDY'S operatives—well, d—n SHODDY'S operatives!

"Mischief's done now," he says, grimly. "That's lost us at least fifty votes—and this is the last day you will have any opportunity of addressing these people, unfortunately." Assured him I didn't regret it a bit, whereupon he sighed and said he was afraid I didn't quite grasp exigencies of situation.

"To-night," he added, "we wind up campaign by this meeting at Spotted Dog Street—the very centre of the enemy's stronghold."

I said I didn't know that I quite saw use of attacking enemy's stronghold—I failed to see its attractiveness—seemed to me to be rather waste of time, as it were. Thought it would be more advantageous to take a rest, and get long night's sleep, before polling day. Agent imperatively negatives this. "Most important we should show them we are not afraid," he says.

"Oh, of course," I answer, a little dubiously; "only, you know, if it should come to a beastly row, you know—." He leans forward so as to bring his face close to mine, and says in low tones, "It's all right. There's a way out at the back of the platform, and I've got some likely fellows, who know how heads should be scientifically punched, to gather round the exit door. Leave it all to me. We've only to climb over three roofs, and then we shall find the fire-escape ladder. I've arranged for all that, and we can be back here in the hotel, within twenty minutes of leaving the hall."

Comforting, this—in a way. And yet I experience sense of vague disquiet. Don't know how it is, but certainly feel curious disinclination for the evening's task. Think dumb-bells exercise would be good under the circumstances. Suggest to Agent also, that he and I should put on the gloves for a bit. Declines, and recommends a little ladder practice as desirable substitute for boxing.

Dine at unholy hour of six, so as to be ready in good time. Know it will give me awful indigestion, but have to suffer. Appetite poor: poorer still when I hear half-drunken man outside hotel window, roaring, "Let me git at 'im, the beauty! Wants my vote, do 'e? I'll vote 'im! Wait till this evenin'! I got sumthin' ready for 'im. Arf a brick, wrapped in a 'ankercher!" Is moved on by policeman. But why, oh *why*, don't they lock him up? Know he—and the half-brick—will be there to-night. Begin to feel I shall *not*. Never felt less interested in politics, in my life. Explain this to Agent when he arrives. Quite useless; he insists on immediate start. D—ash.

Arrived within half a mile of meeting place, din awful. It gradually increases, as we approach. Crowd surround our brougham and jeer. Hastily put up windows, both of which are promptly broken by mob, and threats freely hurled at us through jagged panes. Cordon of police save us from further violence, and we are shoved and hustled into hall. Groans and yells mingle with the cheering which greets my appearance on platform. Chairman tries to introduce me to meeting, but is promptly howled down. Then I advance to front, and say—or, rather, shriek—

"Gentlemen!"

Further terrific outburst of shouts, groans, cheers, yells, hisses, pandemonium broken loose, in fact.

"Gentlemen!" I shriek again—or fancy I do, as it is quite impossible to hear my own voice. "To come before you to-night, to address myself to the task of"—(Put 'im out!)"—"to the task of setting before this enlightened gathering, the advantages of"—("Break 'is 'ead!")—"of supporting a party which is strong enough to"—("Kick 'im out!")—"face the great Imperial issues which"—("Shut up!")—"which, I say"—("Sit down!")—"the great Imperial issues—"

Cat-calls, whistles, tin trumpets, trampling of feet, *ad lib*.

The Chairman then rose and appealed for "fair play," and asked were they Englishmen, to howl down a man without hearing him? No use. The noises never ceased for a moment. Again I essayed to make myself heard above the hideous din; And at this juncture that half-brick arrived on the platform. Luckily it only fell on my toes, instead of knocking out my brains, so I suppose I ought to have felt thankful. I did not. Just as an ugly rush was made for the platform, I marked down the thrower of the missile, and I think that never in my life did I experience a keener satisfaction that when, just as this gentleman got his head on a level with my fist, I planted the same, full, true, and flush, on the end of his red and bulbous nose. But the enemy outnumbered us by scores. Agent whispered in my ear,

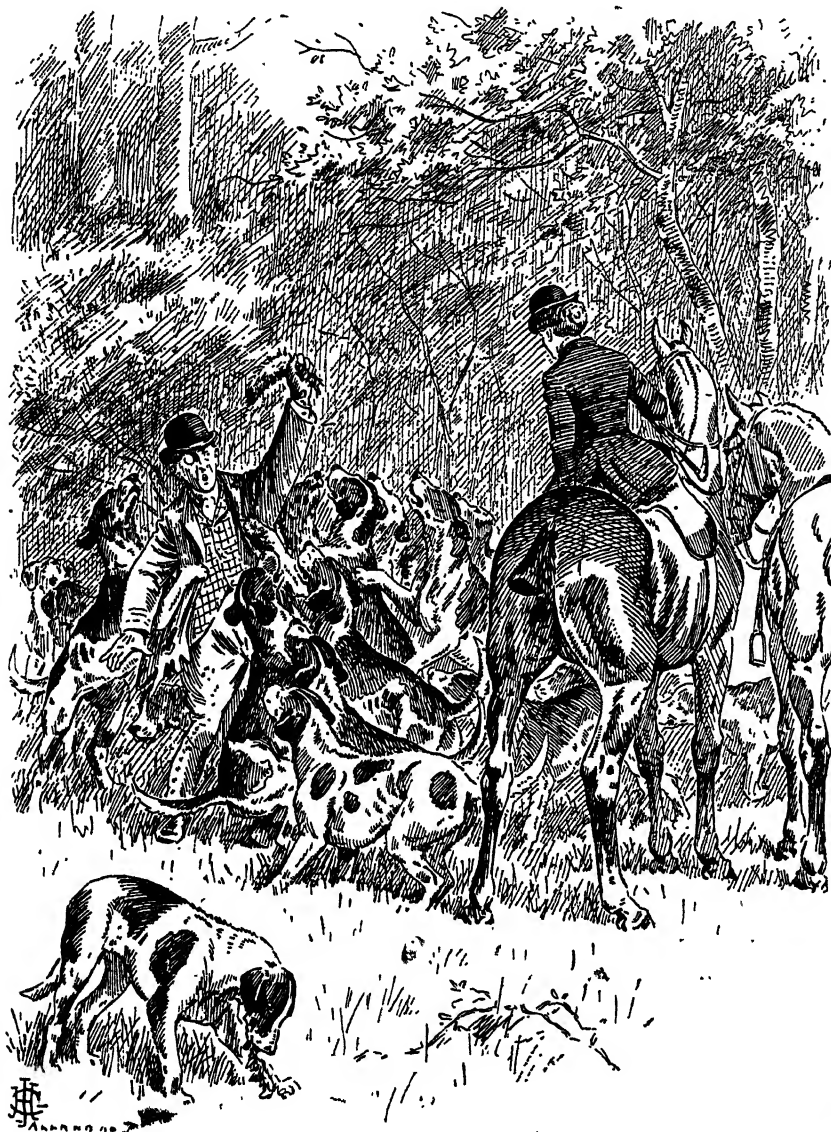
"Quick, out by the back door—follow me closely!"

Did so, and succeeded in slipping through door, and banging it to, as mob gained possession of platform. They rushed to door, in hot pursuit, and commenced battering it in. We fled up some badly-lighted stairs, our movements considerably hastened by howling of mob below. Out of skylight, over three roofs, faces and hands begrimed with soot and smuts: at length we reached the fire-escape, which my Agent's magnificent forethought had provided. Down this we slid, jumped into a passing cab, and finally reached hotel, panting, breathless, with clothing torn to rags, and my political enthusiasm hopelessly wrecked for ever.

And the crowning sorrow of all came next day, when, at the close of the counting, the numbers were announced as 2,121 for my opponent and 2,120 for myself. I had been beaten by one vote.

I shook the dust of North Fozzleton from my feet, on the morrow. All I have left to remind me of that disastrous campaign is—the Bill.

Fox Russell



NOBODY WAS NEAR HOUNDS IN THE BIG WOOD WHEN THEY PULLED DOWN THE CUB EXCEPT MR. TINKLER AND HIS INAMORATA. HE RASHLY VOLUNTEERS TO SECURE THE BRUSH FOR HER!

"MORE HONoured IN THE BREACH."

AT the close of the *première* of Mr. ARTHUR JONES's successful play, Mr. WYNDHAM, speechifying before the curtain, "declared," in response to calls for the author, "that he had failed to induce Mr. JONES to leave his modest retirement." Bravo, HENRY AUTHOR JONES! Never on any account be cajoled into appearing before the curtain, whether to satisfy the friendly curiosity of the approvers, or the spite of those "whose opinion is to the contrary." Stay in your modest retirement, and do not be attached to the wheels of any manager's triumphal chariot, be he whom he may. The Dramatist should remain the *Deus in machinâ*, invisible; and so should the composer, unless he happens also to be the conductor of his own work. Is the successful novelist on view from ten to four at his publishers, where all his admirers can present themselves and call him out on the landing, or into the shop, or on to the counter? Are the successful artists in rooms at Burlington House awaiting to be summoned, individually, into one of the galleries in order to

receive the applause (which might not be unmixed with some expression of dissent) from their admirers? No: Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES did well and wisely in not coming forward and making himself "a spectacle for gods (in the gallery) and men." We trust he will stick to his principles, and sincerely hope that his self-denying example will be followed by other successful dramatists.

"IS THIS A DAGGER THAT I SEE BEFORE ME?"—The *Daily News*, in assisting electors generally to know who was who and to put 'em up to what's what, prefixed "asterisks" to the names of re-elected Old Parliamentary Hands, and placed "a dagger (†)" to the names of members of the expiring Parliament who have left their old loves in order to be on, if possible, with their new. How deadly! Suggestive of secret societies, assassinations, or suicides. When the full return is before the public we shall know how "The Dagger of the D. N." (capital title for sensational story!) has been used. Till then we tremble!

SNAPSHOTS AT THE EXPOSITION.

HAVE held out against the World's Show all through the spring and summer from patriotic motives but go we must; and here we are, camera in hand.

I.—After *déjeuner* feel we had better *battre le pavé* (French joke) by making at once for the rolling platform. This is a never-ending joy to the Parisians, and the twenty-two thousand mayors who swarm all over the place. It is an exceeding delight to see people get on to the *grande vitesse* (eight kilometres an hour) with their backs to the direction of movement, and abruptly sit down on *terra infirma*. It adds a new terra to their existence, and three negatives to my kodak.

II.—Make for the Transvaal section. Here are enthusiastic *pro-Boers* signing a couple of registers, and tumbling over one another to do so, while the attendant shouts out without stopping "*Tout le monde signe!*" On closer examination, find it is a birthday address to the two "Presidents" (whose birthdays fall in October) expressing somewhat belated wishes for the success of the sublime (*sic*) work which they have undertaken, and unshakable conviction that they occupy the highest rank in the history of civilisation (*sic*), and that their cause will be finally successful. Prominent feature in the building is a highly idealised bust of Mr. KRUGER, with palm-branches of victory resting on his shoulders, and any number of visiting cards and poetic effusions pinned on to the evergreens surrounding him. All round the walls are scribbled, "*Chamberlain est une vache*," "*Mort aux Anglais*," and similar compliments.

III.—To the Boer farmhouse behind. It's interior bears ironical testimony to the above-mentioned "civilisation," which seems to have escaped the notice of the memorialisers. Other negatives not as yet developed.



Hostess. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR GAME PIE, MR. BRIGSON? WE RATHER PRIDE OURSELVES ON IT, YOU KNOW."
Brigson (nervously anxious to please). "OH, THANK YOU, IT'S VERY NICE INDEED, WHAT THERE IS OF IT. WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS, THERE'S PLENTY OF IT—SUCH AS IT IS!" [Awful pause.]

THE PRICE OF PEACE; OR, A PIECE FOR EVERY PRICE.

"VIVE Henri Quatre! Long live our gallant King!" So sang the chorus in some old opera, and so, adaptably, sing we, "VIVE HENRY NEVILLE! Long live our gallant actor!" who, on the great stage of Drury Lane, appearing as the *Earl of Derwent*, M.P., the principal and, indeed, the only rôle worth mentioning out of some thirty somebodies and forty nobodies, carries the audience with him whatever he may say or do, and assures the success of Mr. CECIL RALPH'S new drama *The Price of Peace*. Not but what there are many other contributory, in a minor degree to the success of this the latest production of the resourceful manager, ARTHUR COLLINS. How could the audience be led swiftly from grave to gay, from lively to severe, without the orchestral intimations given them, *d'avance*, as to the state of mind in which they are to place themselves so as to receive tragedy, comedy, or farce in the spirit in which it is about to be presented? How plaintively does Mr. J. M. GLOVER, musical director and orchestral composer, treat the sufferings of the dying invalid in the "Accident Ward of St. Thomas's Hospital!" Here are cleverly given, musically, all possible "accidentals" for such a scene. After this painful exposition of writhing mortality, begone dull care and, to a kind of Jolly-Young-Waterman air, let us adjourn to the terrace of the House of Commons, where ladies and legislators are taking tea.

And what chances has not his collaborateur, the author, given the musician, who is Hand-and-Glover with the dramatist! There's a religiously sentimental "motive" ("motive" is the word, of course) in the Convent of Light Blue-and-White Ladies; then, as an ecclesiastical variety, there's a Christianised Hymeneal, or Hymn-eneal, procession of surpliced, red-cotta'd choir with certain of the superior clergy belonging to the Abbey

of Westminster, not to mention an extract from the marriage service, adapted to the occasion and "spoken through music" of a most mysterioso-religioso character, while bridesmaids and congregation devoutly kneel according to the rubric in the "P. B.," which in this instance stands for "Prompt Book" and not for "Prayer Book." And then the awful shock! "Will you have this man?" "I WON'T!" Bang goes everything! We're all in a whirl! "First she would, then she wouldn't," now *she won't*. Aha! The good young man, the bridegroom, Mr. COOPER CLIFFE, in wedding "trouserings" brand new, is thunderstruck; the villain, like *Mephistopheles* in the Cathedral, works his eyebrows and moustache sardonically, waving his hat surreptitiously but triumphantly ("Aha! she is mine!" *sotto voce*), and . . . "What ho! she bumps!" . . . in a fainting fit . . . on floor of Abbey . . . what's the odds as long as it's Abbey! . . . Curtain.

Then, while yet the audience, dismayed, are eyeing one another, not knowing what such dire events may portend, Mr. JAMES GLOVER is in his seat again; he won't let 'em be dull, not he! He'll give 'em something to think about! So, with the liveliest music, composed in his most frolicsome-as-a-kid-Glover humour, occasionally lightened up with a dulcimer or zittern, he bids us, for ten minutes at least, forget the sorrows of the past scene in the buoyancy of the sparkling air. He has appropriate "melos" for everything and everybody, illustrating the Wagnerian dramatic theory down to a demi-demi-semiquaver. "Glover!" Why, he is Tailor, Bootmaker, Hosier, in fact, general Outfitter in a musical way, with suits for everybody.

Then for the scenes! Here are the names so well-known at Old Drury of EMDEN, PERKINS, BRUCE SMITH, JULIAN HICKS, MCCLEERY, and CANEY. Mr. EMDEN'S Westminster Abbey (interior) is most effective. Mr. BRUCE SMITH'S House of Commons

(interior) most daring but least effective, and the same artist's cleverly arranged scene, showing deck and cabin "on board the steam-yacht *Marigold*," most realistic. Mr. CANEY'S "Conservatory, at Lord Derwent's House," during a reception given by that eminent Conservative minister, is a brilliantly arranged and cleverly painted set.

As to the acting, all are good. Of course a small character part like that of *Count Ostadine*, who appears late and is shot early, stands out from all the others and is carefully played by M. EUGENE MAYEUR. I regret having missed the name of the clever young actress who plays the *Mysterious Orphan*. Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX is nice as *Lady Kathleen*; not much of a heroine, any more than *Harold Vincent*, M.P., is much of a hero. Mr. COOPER CLIFFE puts all the wickedness he can into the stereotyped dramatic gentlemanly villain; Mr. LOWNE and Mr. ALLAN are two staunch allies of Lord Derwent's; Miss MARY BROUGH is funny; Miss FEATHERSTONE lady-like and unimpressive, while Mrs. RALEIGH, in a broken-English part, lifts herself a head and shoulders above everybody, when in the shipwreck scene she performs on a tight-rope, clinging to it, and climbing to the top of the mast, followed by a mysterious orphan, amidst the deafening cheers of the excited spectators and the crash and *cre-scendo* of Mr. HAND-AND-GLOVER'S orchestra.

"And," asks somebody, "the plot—the story? What is it all about?"

To tell the honest truth, *I don't know*; and, what is more, *I don't care*. And this, I should say, would be the unsophisticated answer of the thousands of all classes who, delighted and satisfied with the evening's entertainment, cheered the mysterious orphan, and were especially struck by that most dramatic scene where Mr. NEVILLE shoots the foreign spy. Rarely has been seen a more powerful situation than this, which, apart from everything else, establishes the dramatic success of a patchwork piece.

IO, TRIUMPHE!

[A resolution has been passed at a meeting of the Worshipful Company of Master Plumbers, that a professional education, with a test examination, shall be demanded of "sanitary plumbers."]

Now let me strike the solid ground
With freer foot than e'er of yore,
In happy homes from shore to shore
Let strange beatitude resound.

There's hope for me, there's hope for you,
And hope for BROWN, and SMITH, and JONES,
The world a newer glory owns,
And, owning it, is happy too.



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

BIG GAME HUNTING.—V. ELEPHANT SHOOTING.

TO BE SOMETHING OF AN ACROBAT MAY, ON OCCASION, PROVE USEFUL TO THE SPORTSMAN.

No more the plumber, blithe and gay,
Shall take in hand his little job,
Shall come to pillage and to rob,
To mend the sink and ride away.

No more, to stop the gas escape,
Besiege the place from week to week,
Pretending for the cause to seek;
Gone is his every jest and jape.

A future dawns in which the race
Shall do its plumbing well and fast;
The mended sink or pipe shall last
More than a week's precarious space.

The pipes, in straw and sacking nursed
May freeze: but then a master hand
Shall plumb their depths and understand
Precisely why it was they burst.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS! *Election Time*.
—Of all the returns recently announced, those of the Naval Brigade, the C. I. V.'s, and Sir R. BULLER are the only ones universally popular.

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.



Oban to Gairloch via Tobermory.—Those to whom time is no particular object, and to whom the idea of rising at the unconscionable hour of 5.30 a.m., in order to start at 7 a.m. is repugnant, will do well to take this recent traveller's advice (it will be useful for a future holiday), and instead of making the tour from Oban to Gairloch and back by Inverness and Caledonian Canal in three days he should break the journey at several points and so proceed by easy stages. Of course, "who breaks pays," and the cost of these breakages will be considerably above that of the ordinary circular tour. On the other hand, for the extra amount of expenditure there is an extra amount of comfort, and the leisurely traveller will see far more of the beauties of the country, and will get value for his money out of all proportion to that obtained by the regular straight-away-right-through-here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow tourist. Instead, then, of rising at 5.30 to leave by the 7 A.M. boat we chose the *Fingal*, leaving Oban at 12.30, and started for Tobermory. Weather nothing particular. Once upon a time the *Fingal* was on the Thames, a regular river boat; now promoted to the MACBRAYNES' service. The Macbraynian agents know a good thing when they see it. At the Western Isles Hotel we stop the night. Lovely view from terrace and from our bedroom windows. Some good drives and walks; for another occasion, not now. Everybody most civil and obliging, but no electric lighting, and no gas in bedrooms! Difficulties in consequence with looking-glass. Away next morning, the performance of our travelling company being "For one night only."

On board the *Gael*. Weather unpromising. Wind uncommonly blusterous, "but" we say, hypocritically deceiving one another, and so keeping up our falling courage, "it sounds worse than it is. Probably it will be quite calm outside." Ah! "outside!" but there are more sides than one to this question for the uncertain sailor. So we go aboard the "bonnie barque," as did somebody (I forgot his name) and "his fair young bride," and ask the Purser, the Captain, and the Mate, quite confidentially, what may be their opinion, individually, as to the weather and our prospects of a fine sailing day. The "prospects" appear to be somewhat dim: the Mate says that "as the wind is a bit blowing off the land" (as I understand him, for his Scotch is just a wee bit broad) "we shan't get it so very bad off Ardnamurchan Point," for this is the point, and an uncommonly strong point, too, as afterwards appears, "where it's generally rather stiff."

I consult the Steward. The Steward grasps the situation, and my hand is on the companion rail. Steady, ay steady! "If it's bad," says the Steward, "off Ardnamurchan Point, we shall wait till we get to—" Bang! whack! Swish! as if buckets were being emptied over the deck. Steward disappears. I stagger up to the saloon. Delightful saloon. Hardly anybody there. We are at the end of the season, and there are not more than twenty or thirty passengers, if as many. Can't count, as they shift about so. One of our party in saloon smiling, hopefully; but her cheek is blanched, and I read doubt in her eye. She has been told by the Stewardess that "it is a nasty day." It needed no Stewardess to tell us that. Furthermore, she observes, "That it is very rough off Ardnamurchan Point." The partner of my joys assures me she is comfortable: oh, quite so; she is well wrapped up. There is another quite comfortable-looking lady next to her, and a quite uncomfortable-looking gentleman at full length, with his head buried on the cushion in the near corner. The other corners are similarly occupied by heads and legs of either ladies or gentlemen in various stages of decomposition, that is, of "coming to pieces." I stagger up the companion clutchingly; post myself next to my barrister friend, who always manages to find

a dry and comfortable spot even on the wettest and most uncomfortable boat, and he concedes about a third of the space he is occupying to me. How selfish people do become in rough weather on board a steamer! Here we stand; the *Gael* behaves in first-rate style. Were the sea only as steady as the *Gael* the voyage would be delightful, that is, in fine weather. For, alas, the mists come about us, the sun disappears, and to a certain extent we lose the wild grandeur of the various coasts. We keep dry; we smoke; we dodge the wind and the wind dodges us; yet on the whole the balance—which we manage to keep—is in our favour. But, oh, to see the poor travellers, two ladies and a man, who, with their boxes and portmanteaux, have to go ashore at some place where there is no pier, and where they will have to arrive in a boat rowed by two stalwart fishermen who have come out to meet them! How those two fishermen in their oilskins ever contrived to bring that cumbersome boat alongside the *Gael* will always remain a wonder to me; and how our passengers contrived to embark in that wildly-tossed tub, with their luggage, in that boisterous sea, will puzzle me painfully in maddest nightmares.

The boat bounces up alongside; bang! Wild boy with curly hair clings on to rope thrown to him by sailors on deck; other sailors running up and down deck, throwing over ropes, hauling ropes; captain shouting directions, sailors replying and carrying out the orders; up goes the boat, and those in it, the fishermen and boy in oil-skins are almost face to face with us; down goes the boat, all the faces disappear and they are some twenty yards below us. Now the passengers!! Brave woman! two sailors hold her ready to lower her into boat; two fishermen waiting to receive her; up goes the boat, bang goes the wave, flop goes the lady, and struggles on all fours to a seat. "One!" as the knitters said, seated at the foot of the guillotine. Another lady—stout—a mere bundle of clothes in the hands of the stalwart sailors. Now—whoop!—off she goes—and she too is caught in a heap, and rights herself after fearfully convulsive struggles. "Two!" Now the man—"an old man, your Lordship"—gently, gently—up comes the boat—whoop! down goes the old man, flat, prone, and is spread out, like a smashed poached egg on rashers and toast, over boxes, ropes, bags, and traps that have been pitched in anyhow. He, too, presently reappears among the boxes, right side uppermost, coming up like the damaged prize-fighter does, smiling. "Three!" No more! Now then, "Cast off!" Heart-rending expression! "Cast off!" There go the cast-offs! This way, that way, kicked about by the waves, as a football might be in a match! There's the boat atop of a wave! It disappears—totally. Heavens! No, up again. Their oars are out. Our steam is up, so's our time, and we are away. Heaven send them safe ashore. But never, never, never will I take a ticket for anywhere, on any coast, the peculiarities of which are unknown to me, without first ascertaining whether or no there be pier or landing stage, and they are available in all weathers, good, bad or indifferent. Nothing would induce me personally to pay my money and take my chance.

1.40, the wicked winds ceasing to trouble us, the weary are sufficiently at rest to sit down to a well-served luncheon or dinner, whichever you like to call it.

Less blusterous was it after a while, but misty clouds hung about, and as the late AUGUSTUS HARRIS would have described it, "Its sky-borders want taking up a bit" so that we may see the height and the ever-varying beauties of this weird coast. MACBETH's witches are in the clouds, and I'm afraid they are going to make a night of it. They've made a day of it already, as we're now about an hour late. "Things are looking a little better," as they put it in the City. Here we are in a wild, picturesque spot of Skye with a real good landing-stage. It is Portree.

THE AMERICA CUP.—No one could more appropriately send a challenge for this or any other Cup than Sir Tea LIPTON.



DON JOSÉ PACIFICO.



THE MISERIES OF A VERY AMATEUR GOLFER.

HE IS VERY SHY, AND UNFORTUNATELY HAS TO DRIVE OFF IN FRONT OF THE LADY CHAMPION AND A LARGE GALLERY: HE MAKES A TREMENDOUS EFFORT. THE BALL TRAVELS AT LEAST FIVE YARDS!

THE TRIALS OF THE TELEPHONE.

(An everyday experience in London.)

Ting-a-ring-a-ring. (Pause.) "Are you there?" (No answer.)

Ting-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring. (Pause.) "Hulloa!" (Still no answer.)

Ting-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring, etc. (Pause.) "Hulloa!! ARE you there?"

Still small voice. "Hulloa!"

"Is that the Exchange?" "Yes."

"Will you put me on to— Wait a bit; I've forgotten the number."

"What number did you say?"

"I said I'd forgotten the number."

"Oh. Will you ring me up again when you've found it? (Switches off.)

Pause, during which the telephone directory is consulted, then—Ting-a-ring-a-ring, as before. After several repetitions—

Still smaller voice. "Hulloa!"

"Is that the Exchange?"

"Yes."

"I say, how long does it take to get an answer? I've been ringing this five minutes."

"What number did you say?"

"I didn't say any number."

"Oh. Will you ring me up again when—"

"Stop! (Frantic, entreating.) I want number 590 Gerrard."

"5990 Gerrard? Right."

"No!" (with desperate distinctness). "590 Gerrard."

"I see, 590 Gerrard."

Long pause. Then—Ting-ring-ring.

"Hulloa! Is that you, SMITH?"

"No, my name's BROWN. Who are you?"

"Aren't you 590 Gerrard?"

"No (snappishly). You rang me up."

"Very sorry. It's a mistake."

"Oh! Ring off."

Ting-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring.

(Further long pause.)

Still small voice. "Hulloa!"

"Is that the Telephone Exchange?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"I told you to put me on to 590 Gerrard. You put me on to someone else."

"You said 5900 Gerrard."

"I didn't."

"Well, would you like to be put on to 590 now?"

"Yes, please" (mollified).

Still longer pause. Telephone left in despair.

Ting-a-ring-a-ring. (Agonised rush to the telephone.)

"Hulloa! Is that SMITH?"

"Mr. SMITH is in, Sir. Whom shall I say, please?"

"BROWN, please. BROWN of BROWN, ROBINSON & Co."

"Very well, Sir. Will you wait a moment?" "All right."

Pause of ten minutes, during which BROWN is listening with agonising intentness to the subdued buzzing of the telephone.

Then—

"Hulloa!"

"Hulloa! Is that you, SMITH?"

"Yes."

"I say, old chap, you've kept me waiting a deuced long time."

"Awfully sorry. Had a fellow with me. What is it?"

"Will you come," etc., etc. (No answer.)

"Well, can you come?" (Still no answer.)

"Are you there?" (Still blank.)

Ting-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring, etc. (Short pause. Then exasperated voice)

"What is it?"

"Why don't you answer?"

"Answer what?"

"My question, of course."

"Who are you?" "I'm SMITH."

"Well! This is the Telephone Exchange. Whom do you want?"

"I was talking to 590 Gerrard. Have you cut me off?"

"Very sorry. ...Thought you'd finished (politely). Shall I put you through again?"

"No, thanks! (savagely.) I'll go round and ask him myself. It'll save time. (Rings off, and does so.) [Curtain.]

A LOST RELIC.—There is a delightful old character that has, we believe, almost entirely disappeared from the Parish Churches, i.e., the Parish Clerk. To choirs, in "places where they sing," the venerable clerk had to give place. The chancel would be re-quire'd but the clerk would not be required. Alas! poor relic of a dull time, your distinguishing feature was your "Amen-ity."



Carrier. "TRY ZIDEWAYS, MRS. JONES, TRY ZIDEWAYS!"

Mrs. Jones. "LAR' BLESS 'EE, JOHN, I AIN'T GOT NO ZIDEWAYS!"

ODE TO A LIBERAL MOCKING-BIRD.

[With acknowledgments to the late KEATS, and respectful compliments to F. C. G. of the "Westminster Gazette."]

OUR brain aches and a torpor numbs our nerve
As though with opiates we were deep imbrued,
Being apparently condemned to serve
A second shift of penal servitude;
And we must envy thee thy happier lot,
Gay-hearted Dryad of the trenchant plume,
Who still upon the post-meridian breeze
In thy green-tinted plot
Amid the Opposition's ambient gloom
Chaffest the Tory with thy usual ease.

O for a drink of water such as cools
The Liberal larynx torrid on the stump,
Smacking of Cockermouth's perennial pools,
Of WILFRID LAWSON and the village pump!

O for a tankard full of H₂O,
The true, the proletarian Hippocrene,
With Local Veto winking at the brim
And filtered mirth below;
That haply we might hop about the scene
With thy sublime agility of limb:

Hop as our heart dictates, and quite ignore
What thou hast missed this many a summer-tide,
The weariness, amounting to a bore,
Of being always on the stronger side;
Where fat and callous-eyed indifference rusts
Even the Tory Blood's incisive blade:

Where humour's bolt is evermore discharged
At unresisting busts;

And wit that works by opposition's aid
Dies of a liver horribly enlarged.

Frankly, immortal Bird, for five long years

We had a presage we should die that way,
And now the country's voice confirms our fears
Almost allowing us to fix the day;
Now more than ever longingly we dream
Of times when Victory flushed the Liberal camp,
And there was ploughing in the sandy ruts;
Of ROSEBERY, grateful theme,
Of HARCOURT on the vulnerable ramp,
And all the vista lined with obvious butts.

For thee, a like regret would seem absurd;
No vast majorities depress thy brain;
Thou hast (if one may say it of a bird)
Thy faithful subjects in the Powers that reign.
Perhaps the self-same art in days by-gone
Tickled the ribs of JOSEPH's brother-band,
When, o'er a coat of many patterns blent
His pictured optic shone
Through comic casements opening on the land
Of Goshen, where he ran the Government.

The Government! The word is as a knell
Tolling us back to dulness of the Pit,
While thou art happy in another spell
Of the old hope forlorn that whets the wit;
There is thy JOSEPH, hewn a hundred times,
And, like Valhalla's warriors, fresh as paint!
Ah! in thy gallant fight against the gods,
Pity our bloodless rhymes,
That fall on hollow squadrons, pale and faint,
With never a chance to front the frowning odds!

O. S.

NEVER ON ITS LEGS.—The most constant faller in the Metropolis: The Strand, because it is always being picked up.



AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

He. "THERE IS MADAME CHOSE FLIRTING WITH A NIGGER! WHY, SHE IS ONLY QUITE RECENTLY A WIDOW."

She. "AH, THAT ACCOUNTS FOR HER CHOICE. SHE IS IN MOURNING, AND THE BLACK SUITS HER!"

ESSENCE OF ROSEBERY.

(Extracted from the Inner Consciousness of Toby, M.P.)

HAPPILY time not yet come for writing life of Lord ROSEBERY on the plan of his Study of PITT, that masterpiece of satisfying brevity. Mr. COATES, in preparing the portly volumes, *Lord Rosebery, His Life and Speeches*, just published by HUTCHINSON, has recognised this fact. Story, God bless you! there is much to tell. With the addition of some dates and a light link of narrative, Mr. COATES leaves it to be told by Lord ROSEBERY himself. Could not be in better hands.

By far the largest number of 1,000 pages are occupied by verbatim reports of

speeches in the House of Lords and on public platforms. Their topics testify to the many-sidedness of Lord ROSEBERY's mind. He has something luminous to say about such diverse things as the Franchise Bill, the House of Lords, Foreign Affairs in many aspects, Home Rule, the Municipal progress of London, the two PITTS, the one Sir ROBERT PEEL, the principle of Betterment, Liberal Imperialism, Disestablishment, Bookish Statesmen, and the death of Mr. GLADSTONE.

The work being a serious contribution to modern political history, room is not made for another class of public speaking rarer in its excellence than that indicated in this catalogue. Since Lord GRANVILLE died Lord ROSEBERY is the best, perhaps

the only, great after-dinner speaker left to us. It is much easier to deliver a ponderous discourse in Parliament than it is to make an after-dinner speech which shall be wise as well as witty, lambent with flashes of humour but never degenerating into flippancy. To achieve this success a keen, yet chastened, sense of humour is indispensable. This Lord ROSEBERY has in abundance. In polished phrases, often exquisitely turned, he sometimes bridges the distance between Humour and its more stately elder brother Wit.

Imbued with this saving grace of humour, Lord ROSEBERY is easily and naturally moved to pathos. Think of the little aside in his speech on the death of Mr. GLADSTONE which touched even the House of Lords—an assembly the late Lord CECIL-RIDGE vividly described when he said he never spoke in it without feeling as if he were in a churchyard addressing the tombstones. Language had been exhausted in eulogy of the great statesman and in lamentation at his cutting off. Only Lord ROSEBERY thought of "the solitary and pathetic figure who, for sixty years shared all the sorrows and all the joys of Mr. GLADSTONE's life."

Herein lies the secret of his popularity with the masses, a position unique among peers, excelling anything of the kind enjoyed by commoners, approaching within measureable distance the magnetism of Mr. GLADSTONE in the prime of his days. There is a good deal of humanity about Lord ROSEBERY.

He has, consequently, the indefinable quality of being personally interesting to the multitude. Mr. DISRAELI held this wand; so did Mr. GLADSTONE, with a marked difference in the result. So does Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in degree beyond all his colleagues in the Cabinet. So in another field does Lord ROBERTS, the beloved "BOBS" of the nation. To a man in public life its price is above rubies.

Mr. COATES's volumes are illustrated by two portraits of Lord ROSEBERY, familiar by their very scarcity. If Mr. GLADSTONE was the most photographed man of modern days, his Midlothian host is the least photographed. There is a charming portrait of Lord ROSEBERY's mother, taken about the time when she was one of the eight maidens who bore the train of the QUEEN at the Coronation. Also, there is a photograph of the late Lady ROSEBERY. Mr. COATES quotes from a (by its author) forgotten article which appeared in *Punch*, sixteen years ago, during one of the Midlothian campaigns. "Essence of Midlothian," it is entitled, and purports to be extracts from the diary of Mr. GLADSTONE on his political tour. "Whenever I go to a strange house, or a strange town," he is represented as having written, "I want no better welcome than a

look from Lady ROSEBERY's kindly face."

Mr. GLADSTONE possibly never uttered the thought. But the Member for Sark, who was all through the many Midlothian campaigns, and cherishes the memory of the Lady of Dalmeny whose presence graced the earlier tournaments, and passed away whilst the last but one was in progress, believes it was often in his mind.

SIDES AND ASIDES.

(Extracts from a speech given during the Election at Boxborough.)

WHY do I ask you to support me, gentlemen? (Because my wife won't give me any peace till I get into Parliament.) Because I know you have the interests of this mighty Empire at heart, and will not allow this great and distinguished borough (Beastly hole—shan't come here often if I can help it) to be represented by one who (Can't for life of me remember whether Radical Candidate is Pro-Boer or Imperialist), if he is not a traitor, is at any rate a friend and companion of traitors. (That fixes him, anyway.) The Radicals ask us what we have done. For answer (impressively), I point to the hospitals in South Africa and to the graves of those brave—(What on earth is the chairman kicking me for! Eh? What? Giving myself away? Well, so would he if he'd been jawing all day.) Then look, gentlemen, look carefully at the chain of negotiations! (Where the dickens is that page of notes!) Every child has the history at its finger ends. (The child may: I haven't, unless I can find that confounded page.) But I see the time is slipping by, and I will not weary you with the elementary history of the South African problem . . . Let us now turn to Social matters (Must throw a sop to the faddists here). Deeply tho' we prize Imperial matters, we are none the less interested in Domestic Reforms. They have given us many hours of anxious thought (Should think so. Had splitting headache in hunting up Buxton's Political Manual, last night). . . . This is how the subject appears to me after mature consideration (Capital chap—for a Radical—that Buxton, providing us with ready-made arguments.) And in conclusion, let us remember those stirring words of DISRAELI (sick to death of them, but must have tag for peroration), etc., etc.

SIX MONTHS LATER.

(Smoking Room, House of Commons.)

EH? Deputation of Anti-Diluvianists to see me. (To Private Secretary) What did I promise 'em? Oh! Would lose no time in bringing forward a Private Bill. Well, I won't lose any time. (Chuckles.) Old joke, but "age cannot wither," &c. (Looks at Tape.) Settlement of South Africa—still on. Sick to death of it. Hullo! Jollyboy, you off? Eh? Will I



"SCORED!"

Little Wife. "Now, FRED DEAR, I'M READY."
 Lazy Husband. "I'M AWFULLY SORRY, DEAR; BUT I MUST STAY IN, AS I'M EXPECTING A FRIEND EVERY MINUTE."
 Little Wife (sarcastically). "A FRIEND EVERY MINUTE! HEAVENS, FRED! WHAT A CROWD OF FRIENDS YOU'LL HAVE BY THE END OF THE DAY!"

join you at Scott's? Certainly. Thank goodness you're a Radical, as we can pair. We must dodge the deputation though.

[Exeunt arm-in-arm.]

NEW DRAMATIS PERSONA.—The duty of a broker's man is, we believe, to seize everything he can put his hands on, up to the amount of the creditor's claim, in the debtor's house. It appears, however, according to *The Times* account of the new play at the Lyceum, that in this drama there is a broker's man who "seizes every opportunity." First-rate bailiff's officer

this. To him in nursery rhythm let us sing—

Take the cake, take the cake, Broker's man,
 Take it and hold it as long as you can.

The curiosity of not a few will be aroused by the attraction that is offered at the Lyceum by this new character of the Broker.

MR. KRUGER has accepted the hospitality of a Belgian gentleman who has put the Castle of Anderlecht, near Brussels, at his disposal. Could not a Spanish gentleman present him with a Château d'Espagne?



Fair Pupil (in riding school). "Ow!—EE—EE! HE'S WALTZING ROUND AND ROUND! QUICK—WHICH STRING DO I PULL?"

TIMELY TIPS FOR TIMID TALKERS.

ANYBODY can gain a distinct reputation as a conversationalist by using these tips.

I.—WITH A DEFEATED PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE. (For ladies.)

1. Now, you must tell me *everything* about your election, and why you lost the seat, and how a candidate can become so unpopular . . . No, I really *won't* let you change the subject—it's so interesting to hear about it from one who has been through it all.

2. Is it true that you were so sure of getting in that you invited all your friends to tea on the Terrace next summer?

3. I saw that the local paper said you

were beaten because you were "a tongue-tied carpet-bagger." Do explain just what that means!

4. Of course, as you didn't get in, you didn't have to pay any expenses, did you?

II.—WITH AN OFFICER FROM SOUTH AFRICA. (For an old gentleman.)

1. Hasn't the war been shockingly mismanaged? But what can you expect when our officers are such a namby-pamby crew? Just look at the Continental way of doing things. *They* don't provide every subaltern with a refrigerator and a feather-bed! 'Pon my word, it's sickening to think, . . . etc., etc.

2. Can you tell me why not a single General of the lot had the sense to deploy

his men in double sections of open file? The war could have been ended in half the time by the use of that formation. If you'd only read that paper, you might learn a thing or two about strategy!

3. Brought home a tidy lot of loot, I suppose? Rather a shame, though, to tear off the women's necklaces and earrings . . . oh, don't pretend you *didn't*! Read all about it in a French paper. You fellows can't hush up things as easily as you think!

III.—WITH A POET: (For a middle-aged lady.)

1. How do you think of all those beautiful thoughts? No, I haven't exactly *read* your verses—there's such a lot of trash published nowadays, isn't there?

2. Oh, you are *quite* wrong—it interests me *immensely*! And I want to know what pen you use, and how many lines you can write an hour if you try your *hardest*, and how much a line they pay you, and *ever* so many other things!

3. When are you going to make a new poem? . . . You won't mind if I come into the library and take a *tiny* peep over your shoulder when you're doing it? I do so want to see how you get the rhymes to match!

IV.—WITH THE HOST.

(For very young gentlemen.)

1. "Fairish bag to-day?" Oh, not bad, considerin' you can't afford to preserve properly, and that your guns were such a rotten set of crocks. . . . No claret, thanks—been there before, y' know! Give you address of really *decent* wine merchant. "Weed?" Well, no—I've got my own cigar-case.

CHILDISH VIEWS.

["I say it is absolutely childish of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to say that the publication of this despatch had any effect on President KRUGER."—*Mr. Chamberlain.*]

WHEN men of mark, like Dr. CLARK

And Mr. LABOUCHERE,

Send but a line to Bloemfontein

It worketh wonders there;

Oom PAUL and STEYN take heart again,

BELLONA lights her brand,

And lo! once more the dogs of war

Are loosed upon the land.

My words of course have no such force:

Who takes offence if I

Politely say that Mr. K.

Is, like a sponge, squeezed dry?

Who would suspect the least effect

Could from my figure flow,

Should I declare with tragic air

"The sands are running low!"

No! to suppose such words as those

From such a man as me,

Could influence a man of sense

Is foolish as can be.

A childish view, I think—don't you?

For how can I compare

With men of mark, like Dr. CLARK

And Mr. LABOUCHERE?



THE NEW SISYPHUS.

CAMPBELL BANNARMAN. "WELL, HERE GOES FOR ANOTHER TRY. ODD! IF IT WERE ONLY BIGGER IT MIGHT BE EASIER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



Doing Collar Work.

MY Baronite does not want to pry into secrets, but he strongly suspects that in conceiving the idea of the leading character in *Quisante* (METHUEN) ANTHONY HOPE had in his mind a certain knight whom Sheffield (in other respects a sane community) delighteth to honour. "A not over honest mountebank," Alexander *Quisante*, M.P., in a bitter moment of frankness, describes himself. ANTHONY HOPE, in dealing with him, presents a ruthless study of a cad. That is not an attractive subject; but genius, always tolerant, inclined to tenderness, endows *Quisante* with singular gifts, which draw to him and hold fast bound a high-born lady, the pink of purity, the soul of honour. *Lady May Gaston*, having fallen under the thrall of man who, from a moral point of view, she properly despises, becomes his wife, works with and for him, even lies for him; and when he dies in an hour of triumph will not, for the sake of his memory, marry an upright, high-minded gentleman she has always loved. It will be seen that here is a strange, complicated problem. ANTHONY HOPE works it out with infinite skill. *Quisante* will probably not have the run of some of his earlier novels. As a work of art, it is far away the best thing he has yet done.

Some years ago there was produced at, if the Baron's memory is not treacherous, the Palais Royal, a very amusing French farce subsequently rendered into English ("as she is spoke") under the title of *The Saucy Sally*, and capably played by CHARLES HAWTREY and Company at the Comedy or the Avenue Theatre, the plot of which will be forcibly recalled to the memory of any regular theatre-goer who may chance to read Mr. JACOBS' amusingly-told story of *A Master of Craft* (METHUEN). The Captain in this story is one of the old style of sailor of whom it was said that he had a wife in every port, or at least a sweetheart, and who, like Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY in the part above-mentioned, was "three single gentlemen rolled into one," being generally engaged to three ladies at the same time, only in different places, his one difficulty being to get quit of the two for whom he didn't care much and he spliced to the one whose affection he prized. *Captain Flower* is the nautical *Don Juan* of this story, which might have been called "Captains Three," seeing that there are two others, *Captain Fraser* and *Captain Barber*, and between these three the incautious reader is not unlikely to get somewhat "mixed." No one can narrate this sort of nautical, riverside, wharf-side, Wapping-Old-Stairs story better than can Mr. JACOBS. The simple un-nautically educated landsman who knows none of the technicalities of mariners' jargon, or, at least no more of it than he may find in the conversation of *Cap'en Cuttle* and *Captain Bunsby* of *The Cautious Clara*, will be at first immensely amused by the characters and their peculiar "lingo"; but their movements being somewhat spasmodic, and the plot a trifle intricate, he will, it is not unlikely, gradually become, like *Mariana*, rather "a-weary, a-weary," and will feel a strong inclination to take nautical rank as a "skipper." *A Master of Craft* ought to have been one of those short breezy stories wherein Mr. JACOBS, as a real "master of his craft," is *facile princeps*. In this present story the characters are drawn by the hand of a master of his craft, but the plot which these amusing, if somewhat monotonous puppets, have to work out, is neither strikingly new nor original, and the determined reader will have got through two-thirds of the book before he comes upon a really humorous and genuinely original situation. The Baron ventures to declare that he prefers any one of the stories in *Many Cargoes* to the entire *Master of Craft*.

My Baronite has accidentally come across a poorly dressed volume of verse labelled *Skipped Stitches*. It issues from the establishment of a firm of "book and job printers," resident

in an unnamed town in the United States. The writer is ANNA J. GRANNISS, "author of the *Old Red Cradle*," and the little book bears the proud stamp "seventh thousand." The *Old Red Cradle*, which seems to have struck popular fancy in America, is very well in its homely way. But it is incomparably below the mark of other pieces, notably the dedicatory verses, and a stanza of ten lines entitled "April." Best of all is "My Guest," a masterpiece of sombre, stately simplicity, freshly treating so hackneyed a topic as death. My Baronite remembers reading it a year ago in *The Treasury of America's Sacred Song*, edited by W. GARRETT HORDER, and published by Mr. FROWDE. Enquiry in that quarter elicited the information that Miss GRANNISS has passed the greater part of her life at work in a factory in Plainville, Connecticut. It might be worth the while of any enterprising British publisher to look up the stray gem and let us all study it.

Apparently under the impression that anything about China and the Chinese would have considerable interest for the average Englishman of to-day. Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. have brought out Mr. A. B. FREEMAN MITFORD's *The Attaché at Peking*, written between thirty and forty years ago, containing references to GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, and to Herr VON JOEL, of Evans's. VON JOEL! and Evans's! Forty years ago, if it's a day! So, though China be a most Conservative country, yet, as events have, in a general way, moved on a bit since the time of the Whistling German in Evans's Supper Rooms, the narrative of Mr. MITFORD lacks somewhat the attraction of novelty and freshness. The preface, however, is decidedly interesting, as recording the opinions on China of a man who knows it well. It is to be hoped that Chinese good-breeding, as evinced after a good dinner in B. MITFORD's time, has considerably improved. Mr. MITFORD's summary, from his past experiences and present anticipations, seems to be that China would be a pleasant place to live in—but for the Chinese.

All About Dogs. A Book for Doggy People, by C. H. LANE (JOHN LANE). This is sure to be popular, that is, judging by the title, for the Baron has not, as yet, seen the book; and, if he had, he would have handed it over, of course, to TOBY for review. To be perfect, the book ought to have been issued "Dogs-eared." That it must be full of Dogs Tales is evident. Tales of Sad Dogs, Funny Dogs, Clever Dogs, Sly Dogs, Regular Dogs, Detective Dogs of the old "K 9" division, all categorically arranged. It ought to have been dedicated to our TOBY, who has been recently out yachting in his own bark.

Blessed among publishers be the name of CHATTO & WINDUS! They have reprinted, with the coloured frontispiece and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN's introduction, PIERCE EGAN's *Life in London*, being a record of the day and night scene of *Jerry Hawthorn, Esq.*, and his elegant friend *Corinthian Tom*, in their rambles and speers through the Metropolis. Originally published in 1821, with quaint dedication to His Most Excellent Majesty King GEORGE IV., the title has been familiar to my Baronite from boyhood's days. But till to-day the book he never saw. Writing years ago in the old *Westminster Review*, THACKERAY laments how he had been in quest of the book to the British Museum and five circulating libraries, and found it not. Here it is, a cheap re-print with full text, all the notes, the italics, the Roman capitals and eke, when the humour is very thin, the point unusually obscure, long primer. To tell the truth, it is about the dullest book in the language—prolix, stilted, stupid. That makes it only the more interesting, revealing in a flash of light, what kind of men those whilom bucks our grandfathers were. Less than four score years ago *Tom and Jerry*, as the precious thing was affectionately called, was the most popular book of the day. It established a school of literature. Three dramas founded upon it were placed on the stage, one running for three hundred nights, a record unapproachable in these days. Puzzle for the third generation: to discover its witching charm.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



AWKWARD FOR HIM.

Tam. "I'M SAYIN', MAN, MY CAIRT O' HAY'S FA'EN OWER. WILL YE GIE'S A HAUND UP WI' 'T?"

Jock. "DEED WILL I. BUT YE'LL BE IN NAE HURRY TILL I GET TAE THE END O' THE RAW?"

Tam. "OU NO. I'M IN NAE HURRY, BUT I DOOT MY FAITHER'LL BE WEARYIN'."

Jock. "AN' WEAUR'S YER FAITHER?"

Tam. "HE'S IN BELOW THE HAY!"

LIFE IN THE PURPLE.

[The autobiography of the Amir of AFGHANISTAN, a portion of which has appeared in *The Monthly Review*, is, we understand, only the first of a series. Below we publish some extracts from another autobiography, which has come into our hands.]

EVER since I was born I have felt that I was not like other people. Something used to whisper to me that somehow or other I was greater, and better, and more capable of noble deeds than the sovereigns

who sat on inferior thrones in other countries. I happened to mention this one day to BISMARCK; but his reply, which I scorn to repeat (after all, he is dead, and I hardly know why I drag him in), only showed the brutal ferocity and stupidity of his character. Then and there, I determined to get rid of him.

I have often been asked how I find time to inspect troops, to compose speeches, dramas and poems, to paint splendid allegorical pictures, to deliver harangues,

to shoot, to be an Admiral, to change my uniforms, to sit for photographs, to write State-papers, to govern my Empire in every department, and to make jokes with my family. What says the poet?—

Für einen Herrn in Khaki der nach Süden gehen will

Es ist nichts so fein gesponnen, es kommt doch an die Sonne.

On these principles, so gloriously expressed by our immortal SCHILLER, I have always acted, and the result is before the world. My uniforms are kept in a large hall a thousand feet square, where they hang from specially-constructed pegs like the harness of horses in the fire brigade. All I have to do is to stand under a uniform, press a button and the clothes fall round me in an instant. I often spend an hour or so in amusing myself in this way. It is quite a mistake to suppose that anyone helps me with my pictures and poems. I do them quite by myself. I will here quote from one of my hundred best poems:—

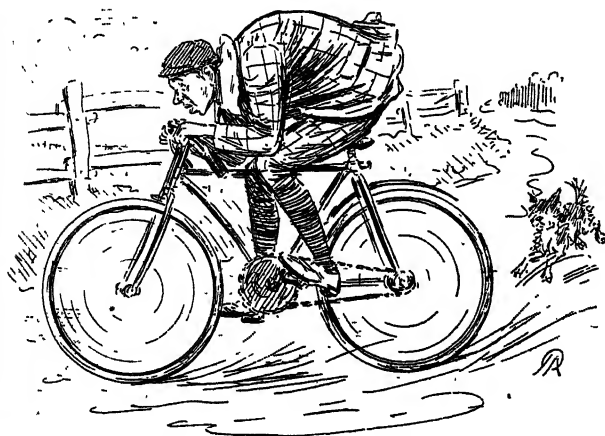
Der Deutsche Kaiser! hoch! hoch! hoch!

Und hoch! hoch! hoch! der Deutsche Kaiser.

My meals are simple: a dish of soup, a turbot, a pheasant or two, a sirloin of beef, a boar's head (shot by me on the same day), a *dudelsack* (a native dish, very appetising) and a selection of sweets washed down with native champagne—such is my plain daily fare. After dinner is over, the latest batch of arrested editors is brought into my presence. They are then set to fight one another, and the conqueror is allowed to compose a leading article in my honour. I find it very soothing to my nerves to watch these impudent fellows chopping one another to pieces.

After that I retire to my study, and after thinking about the good of my country and the very backward condition of my Reichstag, I sometimes write to my Grand-mamma, in England, and advise her what she ought to do with her Parliament, or I send telegrams to Vienna and St. Petersburg suggesting a series of visits, with reviews of soldiers, and imperial banquets, and toasts and speeches. Thus I pass the evening. I am not really proud, and—though BISMARCK never would admit it—I am quite one of the most humorous men living. I can always see jokes very quickly, and make the best myself. My chancellor and my ministers often spend hours in laughing at them. Here I must say that I have no opinion of the Czar of RUSSIA as a joker—but of course everybody cannot be funny.

I have often been asked how I train my chancellors, my generals, and my moustache. The idea of the moustache came to me in dream. I often dream, but generally forget my dreams. This one about a moustache I remembered, and immediately carried out.



ON PLEASURE BENT.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

(Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER VI.

LORD JOLLY IS SATISFIED.

*Ah, why should two, who once were bosom's friends,
Present at one another pistol ends?*

*Till one pops off to dwell in Death's Abode—
All on account of Honour's so-called code!*

Thoughts on Duelling, by H. B. J.

MANY a more hackneyed duellist than our unfortunate friend BHOSH might well have been frightened from his propriety at the prospect of fighting with genuine bullets across so undersized a nosekerchief as that which the Duchess had furnished for the fray.

But Mr. BHOSH preserved his head in perfect coolness: "It is indisputably true," he said, "that I proposed to shoot across a pocketkerchief—but I am not an effeminate female that I should employ such a lacelike and flimsy concern as this! As a challenged, I claim my constitutional right under Magna Charta to provide my own nosewipe."

And, as even my Lord JACK admitted that this was legally correct, Mr. BHOSH produced a very large handsome nosekerchief in parti-coloured silks.

This he tore into narrow strips, the ends of which he tied together in such a manner that the whole was elongated to an incredible length. Then, tossing one extremity to his lordship, and retaining the other in his own hand, he said: "We will fight, if you please, across this—or not at all!"

Which caused a working majority of the company, and even Lord JACK JOLLY himself, to burst into enthusiastic plaudits of the ingenuity and dexterity with which Mr. BHOSH had contrived to extricate himself from the prongs of his Caudine fork.

The Duchess, however, was knitting her brows into the baleful pattern of a scowl—for she knew as well as CHUNDER BINDABUN himself that no human pistol was capable to achieve such a distance! The duel commenced. His lordship and Mr. BHOSH each removed their upper clothings, bared their arms, and, taking up a weapon, awaited the momentous command to fire.

It was pronounced, and Lord JOLLY's pistol was the first to ring the ambient welkin with its horrid bang. The deadly missile, whistling as it went for want of thought, entered the door of a neighbouring pigeon's house and fluttered the dovecot confoundedly.

Mr. BHOSH reserved his fire for the duration of two or three harrowing seconds. Then he, too, pulled off his trigger, and after the explosion there was a loud cry of dismay.

The bullet had perforated a large circular orifice in Honble BODGER's hat, who, by this time, had returned to self-consciousness!

"I could not bring myself to snuff the candle of your honble lordship's existence," said Mr. BHOSH, bowing, "but I wished to convince all present that I am not incompetent to hit a mark."

And he proceeded to assure Mr. BODGER that he was to receive full compensation for any moral and intellectual damage done to his said hat.

As for his lordship, he was so overcome by Mr. BHOSH's unprecedented magnanimity that he shed copious tears, and, warmly embracing his former friend, entreated his forgiveness, vowing that in future their affection should never again be endangered by so paltry and trivial a cause as the ficklety of a feminine. Moreover, he bestowed upon BINDABUN the blushing hand of Princess JONES, and very heartily wished him joy of her.

Now the Princess was the solitary brat of a very wealthy Merchant Prince, Honble Sir MONARCH JONES, whose proud and palatial storehouses were situated in the most fashionable part of Camden Town.

Sir JONES, in spite of Lord JACK's resignation, did not at first regard Mr. BHOSH with the paternal eye of approval, but rather advanced the objection that the colour of his money was practically invisible. "My daughter," he said haughtily, "is to have a lakh of rupees on her nuptials. Have you a lakh of rupees?"

BINDABUN was tempted to make the rather facetious reply that he had, indeed, a lack of rupees at the present moment.

Sir MONARCH, however, like too many English gentlemen, was totally incapable of comprehending the simplest Indian *jeu des mots*, and merely replied. "Unless you can show me your lakh of rupees, you cannot become my beloved son-in-law."

So, as Mr. BHOSH was a conformed impecunious, he departed in severe despondency. However, Fortune favoured him, as always, for he made the acquaintance of a certain Jewish-Scotch, whose cognomen was ALEXANDER WALLACE MCALPINE, and who kindly undertook to lend him a lakh of rupees for two days at interest which was the mere bite of a flea.

Having thus acquired the root of all evil, BINDABUN took it in a four-wheeled cab and triumphantly exhibited his hard cash to Sir JONES, who, being unaware that it was borrowed plumage, readily consented that he should marry his daughter. After which Mr. BHOSH honourably restored the lakh to the accommodating Scotch minus the interest, which he found it inconvenient to pay just then.

I am under great apprehensions that my gentle readers, on reading thus far and no further, will remark: "Oho! then we are already at the *finis*, seeing that when a hero and heroine are once booked for connubial bliss their further proceedings are of very mediocre interest!"

Let me venture upon the respectful caution that every cup possesses a proverbially slippery lip, and that they are by no means to take it as granted that Mr. BHOSH is so soon married and done for.

Remember that he still possesses a rather formidable enemy in Duchess DICKINSON, who is irrevocably determined to insert a spike in his wheel of fortune. For a woman is so constituted that she can never forgive an individual who has once treated her advances with contempt, no matter how good-humoured such contempt may have been. No, misters, if you offend a feminine you must look out for her squalls.

Readers are humbly requested not to toss this fine story aside under the impression that they have exhausted the cream in its cocoanut. There are many many incidents to come of highly startling and sensational character, and the public is once more reminded that they are to order early to prevent disappointment.

(To be continued).



CAPTAIN ABNER BUDLONG was a retired sailor-man. He was small of stature,

with mild blue eyes, and a little gold ring in each

of his ears. He was in the prime of life, and had been so often wet with salted water, and dried by salted winds, that he looked as though he might last for ever.

He had ceased to sail in ships because his last vessel, of which he had been part owner, had positively declined to sail any longer under him. When this misguided craft decided to go to the bottom of the sea Captain ABNER, in a little boat, accompanied by his crew, betook himself to the surface of the land, and there he determined to stay for the rest of his life. His home was on the seashore; in the summertime he fished and took people out to sail in his boat, and in the cold weather he generally devoted himself to putting things into his house, or arranging or re-arranging the things already there. He, himself, was his family, and, therefore, there was no difference of opinion as to the ordering of his household.

The house was divided through the middle by a narrow hallway; that part to the right, as one entered the front door, was called by Captain ABNER "the bachelor side," while the portion to the left he designated as "the married side." The right half might have suggested a fore-castle, and was neat and clean, with sanded floors and everything coiled up and stowed away in true ship-shape fashion. But the other half was viewed by Captain ABNER as something in the quarter-deck style; the little parlour opening from it was carpeted, painted and papered, and filled with a great variety of furniture and ornaments which the Captain had picked up by sea and land.

This parlour and the room above had been furnished, decorated, and ornamented for the future mistress of Captain ABNER's household, and he was ready to dedicate them to her service whenever he should be so lucky as to find her. So far, as he sometimes expressed himself, he had not had a chance to sing out "There she blows!"

One afternoon, when Captain ABNER was engaged in dusting the ornaments in the parlour, his good friend, SAMUEL TWITTY, stood in the doorway and accosted him. SAM TWITTY had been mate to Captain ABNER, and as he had always been accustomed to stand by his Captain, he stood by him when he left the sea for the land, and although they did not live in the same house, they were great cronies, and were always ready to stand by each other, no matter what happened. SAM's face and figure were distinguished by a pleasant plumpness; he was two or three years the junior of Captain ABNER, and his slippered feet were very flat upon the ground. He held his pipe behind his back in such a position that it hung over the right half of the hallway. A pipe in the married part of the house was never allowed.

"SAM," said Captain ABNER, "you've hove in sight jes' at the right minute, for I'm kind o' puzzled. Here's this conch-shell, which is the biggest I ever seed, and a 'king conch,' at that, which you know, SAM, is the finest kind there is, and I can't make up my mind whether she'd like it here, in the middle of the mantelpiece, or whether she'd like to have that gilded idol here, where it would be the fust thing she'd see when she came into the room. Sometimes I'm inclined in the way of the heathen idol, and sometimes in the way of the king conch-shell. And how am I to know which she'd like? What do you think about it?"

"Well now, Cap'n ABNER," said SAM, his head cocked a little to one side, "that's a pretty hard question to answer, considerin' I don't know who she is, and what kind o' taste she's got. But I'll tell you what I'd do, if I was you: I'd put that king conch-shell on the mantelpiece, or I'd put the gilded idol there, it wouldn't matter much which, and then I'd put the other one handy, so that when she fust come in, and you saw she didn't like whatever it was that was in the middle of the mantelpiece, you could whip it off and put the other thing there, almost afore she knowed it."

"SAM," said Captain ABNER, "that's a real good rule to go by, and it looks to me as if it might fit other things besides gilded idols and conch-shells. And, now you're here, I'd like you to stay and take supper with me. I've got somethin' to tell you."

After the evening meal, which was prepared by Captain ABNER and his guest, who were both expert maritime cooks and

housekeepers, these two old friends sat down to smoke their pipes, the parlour door having been carefully shut.

"SAM," said the Captain, "I've got everything ready for her that I can think of. There isn't anything more she'd be likely to want, so now I'm goin' after her, and I'm goin' to start on Monday mornin'."

SAM TWITTY was astonished. He had had an idea that Captain ABNER would go on preparing for "her" to the end of his days, and it was a shock to him to hear that the work of preparation, in which he had been interested for so many years, and in which he had so frequently assisted, was now to be brought suddenly to a close.

"Ready!" he ejaculated. "I wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't told me yourself. And yet, come to think of it, I can't see for the life of me what else you can do for her."

"There ain't nothin' else," said ABNER, "and on Monday mornin' I'm settin' out to look for her."

"Do you go by land or by water?" asked SAM.

"Land," was the answer. "There ain't no chance of runnin' across her by sea."

"And how are you goin'? Walkin'?"

"No, Sir," said ABNER. "I'm goin' to hire a horse and a buggy. That's how I'm goin'."

"And where are you goin' to steer fust?" asked SAM.

"I'm goin' fust to Thompsontown, and after I've took my observations there I'll fetch a compass and sail every which way, if need be. There's lots of people of all sorts in Thompsontown, and I don't see why she shouldn't be one of them."

"No more do I," said SAM TWITTY. "I think it's more'n likely she'll be one of them."

Very early the next morning, almost before the first streaks of dawn, Captain ABNER was awakened by a voice under his window.

"Shipmate, ahoy!" said the voice, which was SAM TWITTY'S. In a moment ABNER'S head was out of the window.

"Cap'n ABNER," said SAM, "I'm goin' with you."

ABNER did not immediately answer, but presently he replied, "Look here, SAM TWITTY, you come around after breakfast and tell me that agin'."

Promptly after breakfast SAM appeared.

"Look here," said Captain ABNER, when they had lighted their morning pipes, "That ain't a bad notion of yourn. Somethin' might turn up when I'd want advice, and you might give me some like you gave me about the king conch-shell and the gilded idol. It ain't a bad idea; and as you say so, I'd like you to come along."

SAM did not reply with the alacrity that might have been expected of him. He puffed silently at his pipe, and gazed upon the ground. "You said you was goin' in a buggy," he remarked.

"Yes, that's what I'm expectin' to do."

"Then how am I to get back?" asked SAM. "A buggy holds only two."

"That's so," said ABNER. "I never thought of that."

"Look here, Cap'n," said SAM. "What do you say to a spring-wagon with seats for four, two in front and two behind?"

This suited Captain ABNER, and SAM went on to say,

"There'll be another good thing about that; if you get her, and bring her back—"

"Which is what I'm goin' for, and intend to do."

"Then," continued Sam, "you two could sit on the back seat, and I could sit in front and drive."

"Did you ever drive, SAM?" asked Captain ABNER.

"Not yet, but I wouldn't mind larnin'."

"But you won't larn with me and her," said Captain ABNER.

"There's one thing I wouldn't like to see," continued SAM TWITTY, "and that's you and me settin' behind and her a-drivin'."

"There won't be none of that," said Captain ABNER. "That ain't my way."

On Monday morning the two friends started out for Thompsontown, but considerable delay was occasioned at the livery-stable by certain pieces of advice which SAM TWITTY offered to Captain ABNER. In the first place, he objected to a good black horse which had been attached to the wagon, giving it as his opinion that that was too much like a funeral, and that a cheerful coloured horse would be much better adapted to a matrimonial expedition. A gray animal, slower than the black one, was then substituted, and SAM was quite satisfied. Then a great many things came into his mind in the way of provisions, and conveniences, which he thought it would be well to take on the voyage; and he even insisted upon rigging up an extension at the back of the wagon, on which her trunk could be carried on the home journey.

At last they got away, and as they drove slowly out of the little village not one of the inhabitants thereof knew anything about their intended journey, except that they were going to Thompsontown, for Captain ABNER and SAM TWITTY would have as soon thought of boring a hole in the bottom of a boat in which they were to sail as of telling their neighbours that they were going to look for "her," and to bring her back in that spring wagon."

The old gray horse jogged very comfortably over the smooth road until a toll-gate was perceived near by.

"Now then, Cap'n," said SAM, as they drew up in front of the little house by the roadside, "whatever you pay here you ought to charge to the expense of gettin' her."

"That's so," said his companion; "but if she's all right, I ain't goin' to mind no tolls."

A pleasant-faced woman came to the door of the little house and stood, expectant, while Captain ABNER thrust his hand into his pocket.

"How much is it?" said he.

"It's ten cents," said she.

Then SAM TWITTY, who did not wish to sit silent, remarked that it was a fine day, and the toll-gate woman said that indeed it was. Captain ABNER was now looking at some small change in the palm of his hand.

"I ain't got ten cents," said he. "Here's only six, and I can't scrape up another copper. SAM, can you lend me four cents?"

SAM searched his pockets. "Haven't got it," said he. "Them little things we bought, jes' afore we started, cleaned me out of change."

"The same thing's happened to me, too," said ABNER; "so, Madam, I'll have to ask you to change a five-dollar note, which is the smallest I've got."

The toll-gate woman said she was very sorry, but, indeed, she had not five dollars in change, either at the toll-gate or in the house where she lived, back in a little garden. The day before she had had a good deal of change, but she had paid it all to the Company.

"Then what are we goin' to do?" asked SAM. "I suppose you won't let us go through without payin'."

The woman smiled, and shook her head. "I couldn't do that; it's against the rules. Sometimes when people come along and find they have nothin' to pay toll with, they go back and get the money somewhere. It's our rules, and if I broke them I might lose my place."

"Which we wouldn't think of makin' you do," remarked SAM.

"But that's a thing I can't do," said Captain ABNER. "I can't turn round and go back. If the folks knew I had turned back because I couldn't pay toll I'd never hear the end of it."

"That's so," agreed SAM. "It would never do to go back."

The toll-gate woman stood and looked at them and smiled. She was a cheerful personage, not inclined to worry over the misfortunes of her fellow-beings.

"Isn't there any place near here where I could get a note changed?" asked ABNER.

"I can't say," answered the toll-gate woman. "I don't believe any of the houses along the road has got five dollars in change inside of them. But if you are not in a hurry, and wouldn't mind waitin', it's as like as not that somebody will be along that's got five dollars in change."

Then up spoke SAM TWITTY. "Do you and your husband live here and keep the toll-gate, ma'am?"

The woman looked as though she thought the plump person a little inquisitive, but she smiled and answered, "My husband used to keep the toll-gate, but since he died I've kept it."

Captain ABNER looked troubled. "I don't mind so much waitin' myself," said he, "but it's the horse I'm thinkin' about. I promised I'd have him fed at twelve o'clock sharp, every day I have him. He's used to it, and I don't want him givin' out afore I'm through with him."

"When horses is used to bein' fed at regular times," said the toll-gate woman, "they do show it if they don't get fed at them times. But if you don't mind, I've got a little stable back 'ere, and some corn, and if you choose to drive your horse into the yard and give him a feed, I'll charge you jes' what anybody else would. And while he's feedin' most likely somebody'll come along that's got five dollars in change."

For some minutes SAM TWITTY had not said a word, but now he most earnestly advised his friend to accept this offer, and jumping to the ground he hurried to open the gate so that Captain ABNER might drive in. ABNER had not yet made up his mind upon the subject, but, as SAM stood there by the open gate, he drove in.

"Look here!" exclaimed SAM, as they stood by the stable door. "This is a jolly good go! Did you take notice of that toll-gate woman? She's tip-top to look at. Did you see how clean she is, and what a nice way of smilin', and a good deal of red in her cheeks, too, and jes' about old enough, I should say, if I was called upon? And, more than that, I should say, judgin' from what I seen of her, she's as likely to be as accommodatin' as any person I ever did see, that I had seed for so short a time. I jes' put her into my mind goin' into your parlour and sayin' that conch shells was jes' what she liked on mantelpieces. And I could put her in jes' as well with the gilded idol."

"You seem to do a lot of thinkin' in a mighty short time," said ABNER; "but what's all that got to do with anything?"

"Do!" exclaimed SAM. "It's got lots to do. Why wouldn't

she be a good one for 'her'? I don't believe you'd find a better one in Thompsonstown."

"SAM TWITTY!" exclaimed ABNER, rather testily, "what are you talkin' about? Do you suppose I'd paint and paper, and clean up and furnish one side of my house for her, and start out on a week's cruise to look for her, and then take and put in her place, and give everything I've been gettin' for her for so many years to the fust woman I meet, and she a toll-gate woman at that?"

"Now, I tell you, Cap'n," said SAM, as he assisted in taking the horse out of the wagon, "don't you go and miss a chance. Here's a fust-rate woman, with red cheeks and mighty pretty hair, and a widow, too. Even if you don't take her now, it's my advice that you look at her sharp with the idea that, if things don't turn out in Thompsonstown as you'd like them to, it'd be mighty comfortin' to you to be pickin' her up on your way back."

When Captain ABNER and SAM returned from the stable, they looked up and down the far-stretching road, and then, at the invitation of the toll-gate woman, they seated themselves on a bench at the back of the toll-house.

"It isn't a very good time for people to be passin'," said she. "Not many folks is on the road between twelve and one. They're generally feedin' themselves and their horses; but if you can make yourselves comfortable here in the shade, I don't think you'll have to wait very long. I'll jes' step in and see if my dinner's eooked. There ain't nobody in sight."

SAM TWITTY rubbed his hands together. "In my opinion," said he, "that woman is a fust-class houskeeper."

In a very few minutes she returned. "If you two don't mind," said she, "I can give you your dinner here at the same price you'd have to pay anywhere else. I always cook a lot on Mondays, so that I can have something cold for the rest of the week. It's on the table now, and you can go in and wait on yourselves."

SAM gave a quick glance at ABNER. "You go in with her," said he, "and eat your dinner. I'm not hungry, and I'll wait out here and keep the toll-gate. Afterwards, I'll get a bite."

The toll-gate woman smiled. "Perhaps it would be better for me to go in and wait on one of you at a time, but I don't think it's likely there'll be anybody passin'."

ABNER did not object. He was hungry, and he followed the toll-gate woman into her house. SAM TWITTY made a motion as if he would dance a little in his slippered feet.

"That's jes' like runnin' across a dead whale what's expired of too much fat. All you've got to do is to cut it up and try it down. The fust thing that Cap'n ABNER does is to run into a widow woman that'll suit him, I believe, better than anybody he'll meet, if he cruises around Thompsonstown for a month."

SAM sat down on the bench and pictured things in his mind; he took the toll-gate woman all over Captain ABNER's house, even to the unmarried part, and everywhere he saw her the same bright-cheeked, pleasant, smiling woman she was here in her own house. These pictures pleased him so much that he withdrew his senses from the consideration of everything else, and therefore it was he did not hear wheels on the road, and was awakened from his pleasant dreams by a voice outside the door. He bounced to his feet, and entered the toll-house.

(Continued in our next.)



She. "OH, HARRY, DO LOOK AT THAT SWEET LITTLE VILLAGE NESTLING SO COSILY DOWN THERE!"

Harry (just returned from the War). "YES; BUT, I SAY, WHAT A RIPPING PLACE TO SHOOT AT FROM HERE!"

O TEMPORA!

["A high patriotic tone is also assumed by the Republicans . . . Mr. BRYAN, according to one side, stands for everything that is noble, good, and unselfish in American life. According to the other side, it is almost a religious duty to vote against him as the most demoralising agency in American politics. These rival views indicate the heated condition of the political atmosphere."—*The Times*.]

WHEN politicians disagree,

It really is surprising

How very little they can see

Their angry passions rising.

Each party thinks that it alone

Has patriotic ardour shown,

And slangs the other, each its own
Virtues advertising.

Thus BRYAN, his admirers hold,

Is Virtue's very scion—

All goodness, noble, true, and bold

In battle as a lion;

"And every vote you give to-day
To old McKINLEY is"—they say—

"A vote to traitors. Then away!

Vote for Mr. BRYAN!"

'Tis strange to see the fury blind

In each mad agitator,

What virulence and narrow mind

Marks every angry prater—

But still more strange, O *Times*, to see
These observations made by thee:

Mutato nomine de te

Fabula narratur.

L'HOMME NÉCESSAIRE.

["Every ministerial paper is demanding a reconstruction of the ministry, and all are differing as to how the work is to be done, save that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at any rate, is to be retained in one capacity or another."—*Daily Paper*.]

Chorus of Tory Papers.

WE each are prepared with a nice little list

Of men who would probably never be missed;

For instance, would anyone notice the loss
Of LANSDOWNE or RIDLEY or CHAPLIN or CROSS?

Some think we could do without BALFOUR,
and yes,

Some even propose to dispense with Lord S.
But with rare unanimity all must agree
The one indispensable man is J. C.

L'homme nécessaire, l'homme nécessaire!
The one individual no one can spare!

DARBY JONES ON THE CAMBRIDGE-SHIRE.

HONOURED SIR,—I fancy I can hear your Mellifluous Vocal Organ exclaiming "Where in the name of PEGASUS has this impudent horse-coper been concealing his Unsavoury Corpus?" I know that "knowlands volands," as they say in the Classics, you will, Esteemed Field-Cornet, have your Ready Rebus. In reply, I answer with a bow worthy of the Sublime Porte ('48) "Say mong affair." Ha! ha! there the Mystery is explained at once to your Scotland Yard Divination. Yes! Honoured Sir, I, moy key voo parle, have not deserted the Grand Exposition of Gay Paree.

However, once more I am back to my dear Muttons. Travelling Incog, as the Spaniards have it, I did not fail to find a Haven at Newmarket on the Cesarewitch Day, and if my worn eyesight was not at fault, I observed you, Sir, in a Riding-coat of Superlative Beauty receiving Handsome Tribute from a Quid-pro-quo, or Ready-Money Knight of the Ring. However, Every Man to his own Meat-yard, as the Gauls have it. Lord DURHAM tickles up American jockeys, let me, inspired by the Beauty, the Bordeaux, the Burgundy, and Banishment of La belle France, endeavour to give Winter Keep to my High-Well-born Patrons. Here goes.

There are many who'll shout for the *Planks-all-afoat*

Or sing the *Small Mother of All*,

But I much prefer the *Republican's* note

And the *Rock* whence the gold-dust may fall;

But a bit of *Glad Fortune* is more in my line,

And *Kathleen Mavourneen* don't slight;

The *Fish o' man* ought to run *Bright Harbour*
fine,

But beware of the *Crocodile's* bite!

Such, Honoured Sir, are the Impressions.
Proofs before Letters, of your ever Humble
Henchman,
DARBY JONES.

TO THE MANHOOD OF ORKNEY AND SHETLAND.

[*The Daily Chronicle*, while inclined to admit a majority of 132 for the Unionists, describes the contest as "A Drawn Battle." Should this illusive phrase penetrate to the Far North in time, it is to be feared that the Electors of Orkney and Shetland may be left under the impression that the casting vote lies with them. This would, of course, be misleading.]

CANNY Electors of the Ultimate Isles,
 Ranged in the rear of Hyperborean breezes,
 On whose erratic coasts and devious kyles
 A waiting world's imagination seizes—
 Over the level battle lately "drawn"
 (I cite the *Chronicle's* Own Statistician)
 England, by hopes and fears asunder sawn,
 Observes you in the referee's position!
 You are the Oracle designed to clear
 The riddle of the moment ripe for solving;
 You are the Hub on which a panting sphere
 Is just at present patiently revolving!
 Considering how the salt, repulsive sea
 Often estranges men through stress of weather,
 We fear that in this crisis you may be
 Unable freely to commune together.
 Ah! may no island off the usual track
 Be severed from its proper polling-station!
 No tempest, blown about the straining smack,
 Disfranchise half the voting population!
 O let no billow beating on the rocks
 Imbibe the bulwarks of the local ferry!
 No blizzard swamp the sacred ballot-box
 Exposed, it may be, in an open wherry!
 Round every lonely crag—the haunt of whales—
 Containing one (or more) enlightened crofter,
 Blow soft, with halcyon airs, ye wanton gales!
 Blow soft on Tuesday, and, on Wednesday, softer!
 Blow from the South with tidings brought to date,
 A running narrative, concise and racy;
 Mention that we have had a war of late,
 And give its outline in a general *précis*.
 Describe the awful doom of Doctor CLARK,
 Comment on neighbouring Wick's instructive story,
 And let it be the object of remark
 That Caledonia is turning Tory.
 Blow from the South on intellects forlorn,
 On creeds encrusted by the sea's obsession;
 Unbind the spell of Liberal tales outworn,
 And shatter each erroneous impression.
 If Orkney still is vowed to Home Rule views,
 If Shetland hankers still in this direction,
 Revise their calendar and break the news
 That this is not the '95 election.

O. S.

TO THE WELL-INFORMED MR. P.—Sir,—Is it true that The Most Worshipful the Lord Mayor, in consequence of unmannerly and deservedly punished treatment of his son at the hands of the Caustonians roughs, proposes to change the City motto to "*Domine dirige Nose*"? My point is that the motto must not be changed. '*Nos mutamur to Nose*! City-waited as I am at this moment, at a City dining-table, with a City waiter in attendance (alas, poor ROBERT!) I say "No!" Everyone says No, and so the Noses have it, and the Nos must remain. Had it been the same feature damaged in the case of a Radical and a Little Englander, his tweaked feature might have been called his "Pro-Boer-cis"! I will not pursue this subject further. *Je n'ose pas*, lest you send the police after me. So I make tracks, and sign myself, yours, INVIDIOUS NASO.

A WOMAN WITH A QUEER PAST AND A GREAT FUTURE.

At Wyndham's Theatre an original play in four acts, entitled *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, written by Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, has achieved signal and instant success. And this success is partly due to the author's choice of a simple theme, which he has worked out with admirable skill, and partly to the general excellence of the interpretation of the work by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and his Company. Mr. WYNDHAM'S stage-management of the piece, as the practical development of the author's idea, is perfect. The gradual building-up of the piece culminates in a triumph for author, actor, and actress in the third act. Here is the great scene.

After the curtain descends on this grand climax, faultlessly written and faultlessly acted, we return to ordinary life; the impostor has been unmasked, the trial is over. What more do we wish to know, either of her or of any of the *dramatis personæ*? Nothing. The sooner we are off and away home the better. There is absolutely no reason for a fourth Act, except to bring into prominence the part of *Lady Eastney*, naturally and delightfully played by Miss MARY MOORE, and to show how the scandal-monger, *Mrs. Bulsome-Porter*, a character most cleverly portrayed by Miss MARIE ILLINGTON, is finally (but very unfairly) polished off. The fourth act is *de trop*.

And now for one moment putting aside the embroidery of the elderly love-making between the judge, over fifty, and *Lady Eastney*, about twenty-eight, if I remember right, what is the story? This: *Mrs. Dane* is an unprincipled woman whose conduct has wrecked a household in which she was governess; she has been generally accepted as a respectable widow by society at Sunningtree, where she has pitched her tent, while her child, the result of her *liaison*, she has left in some out-of-the-way place to the care of a nurse. This *Mrs. Dane* encourages the attentions of an elderly married man, *Mr. Bulsome-Porter*, and is the sort of woman to whom *Mr. James Risby*, a young man of the world, can, without offence, offer his love in a villa, but not his name, and whose offer *Mrs. Dane* apparently would have accepted, but that *Judge Carteret's* adopted son, is determined, no matter what obstacles may be in the way, to marry her. But there is a scandalous whisper about her past life: so her good reputation must be established beyond a doubt ere the judge can consent to the marriage.

Now, what would a clever, unscrupulous woman do in such a case? Submit to a private cross-examination? Risk everything when, at her slightest beck, her ardent young lover will marry her in spite of whatever his adopted father, the judge, can do to prevent him? No: so astute a woman, who is a living lie, would have held up her finger to young *Lionel Carteret*, such a headstrong, passionate boy, capitalily represented by Mr. KENDRICK, he would have followed blindly, and they would have been married. In time the judge, mindful of his own youth, and naturally of a kindly disposition, would have come round and, ultimately, the triumph of *Mrs. Dane* would have been complete.

But not a bit of it. Mr. ARTHUR JONES makes his *Mrs. Dane* lie, and lie, and lie: she has fascinated one man (she may have fascinated a hundred) who has deceived his friend and has told a lie for her: she has fascinated a commonplace married man: she has fascinated a hard-headed detective (Oh, the daring of Mr. H. A. JONES!), who, suddenly, throws his reputation to the winds and tells a lie for her: she has fascinated the Judge's son, and he will give up everything for her, if Mr. ARTHUR JONES would only permit him to do so; only in that case there would have been no play, or at least there certainly would not have been this magnificently dramatic third act, which covers a multitude of sins. The success of the piece is a triumph for Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM as a perfect master of his craft. He is no longer WYNDHAM the light comedian, acting a part, but he is *Mr. Justice Carteret* cross-examining Miss LENA ASHWELL, who is doing her utmost to keep up appearances as *Mrs. Dane*. Admirable!



CUB HUNTING IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

VII.—A MOTOR-CAR.

*"Motor, motor, little car!
How I wonder what you are,
Making all the horses shy,
Blowing people to the sky."*

NURSERY BALLAD of the future.

A REALLY savage monster is
The burden of my song;
A fearsome sort of beast, I wis!
It paraffins along.

You hail its presence from afar;
The very ghastly smell
Which hovers o'er this motor-car
Is more than tongue can tell.

Its voice is as the voice of one,
Who suffers constant pain;
Perverted is its sense of fun,
'Tis probably insane.

And when it trumpets forth its woe,
If standing in its way,
Don't hesitate, my friend, but go,
There's danger in delay.

It's just as well to stand in awe,
And just as well to fear;
Self-preservation is the law
Which teaches kindness here.

Now, if you ever own the beast,
Be careful not to rile,

Or rouse its temper in the least,
But dose it well with "ile."

Lest haply it should bolt with you,
And never bring you back,
And friends, if you possess a few,
Should walk about in black.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.

Q. What is the favourite tree of the
dead-head?

A. The "You-pass" (upas).

[Acting managers duly warned.]

MR. KRUGER'S ALTERNATIVE.—"Sail or
Return?" He decided, "Sail."

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.



Portree. Thursday, September 20th. Late. But still the shades of evening are only just agoing to begin, and even now we shall make Gairloch at about seven, though we are timed to be there at six. Rather past six a.m.; but "we sha'n't stay at Portree long," I observe to my learned friend, as there are no passengers to come aboard.

"No passengers!" he exclaims pointing to a herd of cattle. "What do you call those?"

"Wild-looking bullocks," I answer, adding immediately, as

the reason for his inquiry dawns on me, "You don't mean that those beasts are coming on our boat?" "I do," he replies. And before I can utter an exclamation of intense surprise and unmitigated disgust, embarkation has commenced. Such bull-fighting! Wanted, several toreadors. The herdsman whacks the snorting brutes, unintermittently, with thick or thin sticks. Some of the men of the *Gael* place a gangway, on which the animals, it is hoped, may be induced to embark. Apparently it is not "all done by kindness."

The gangway being about four inches off the ground and descending at a pretty sharp incline to the fore-part of the steamer, the "puir beasties" have first of all to lift their forelegs and then place them on the temporary bridge. This, not having been thereto educated by a dancing-master, one and all, flatfootedly and bullheadedly, refuse to do. They would do it if they only knew how much pain and trouble they would save themselves: but—that's just it—never were so many "buts" in any argument. They butt forward, they push back, they slither on the mucky ground (planks or pavement, all appears to be of one horrid colour), they fall, they struggle up, the men whack, the beasts blow, the men thwack, and shout, and holloa in high and low Scotch—"The drover's curse unheeded swells the air"—until one sturdy little bullock, of greater pluck than all his companions put together, makes a resolute and ferocious stand. First of all, he separates himself from his companions by a bold and unexpected flank movement. "Scuttle" is the order of the day! Professional herdsman jump aside; unprofessionals make for the pier-railings, and climb them at all hazards; one drover gets behind a post; another seeks protection by placing a truck between himself and the justly incensed little bullock who, failing to spike anybody on his horns, dashes down the pier towards the gates, slithering about, falling, staggering up again, and then going head foremost, full butt for the iron gates, where his further action is impeded by the stupidity of several other bullocks, and, with the best possible intentions, suddenly broke loose and raced the first one to those gates. They beat him by a head and several horns, but being infirm of purpose their gallop ended in a futile scamper, which totally prevented the plucky little originator of the stampede from carrying out his idea, and galloping off with the gates on his horns as easily as SAMSON might have gone off with those of Gaza on his shoulders. The bullocks hesitate, and are lost; their indecision is the herdsman's opportunity. The drovers rally; they drive back the crowd; little bullock, recalcitrant, is carried away with the rest, strongly objecting, and pointing his objections by digging his fellow-prisoners in the ribs and other eligible spots. The herd separates, some to the right, some to the left. Once again the gallant little bullock is free; his foes have skeddaddled. Two men are holding two horses: an idea strikes plucky little bullock; if he can't get all he would, he will get what he can.

So in a second he dashes at an unoffending horse: horse, startled, defends himself with a kick; man holding horse, thrusts with a stick at bullock; bullock turns on man; man flies; horse gallops off, making for the gates; second horse takes fright; bullock goes for him; owner of this horse hides, but does not take his hand off the cord with which he keeps the horse secure. Little bullock pauses and considers this new situation. Dogs bark, but fly at the merest irritable shake of the bullock's head, who then turns his attention to horse; horse eyes him askance in a shy, frightened manner; bullock (really he ought to be a first-rate little Spanish bull) scientifically selects spot in horse's ribs where his horns will just fit in nicely; is about to treat him to a solo on the horn, when artful drover, from behind a post, catches bullock round the neck with a lasso as cleverly as any professional toreador could have done. Bullock puzzled—tries to break away—turns, sees the holder at the other end of the rope, and makes for him savagely; man gets behind truck, still with lasso held tightly; other drovers now arrive and at last the plucky little animal, by means of whacks, pushings, tail-twistings, draggings, belabourings, shovings, diggings and pokings, is forced to let himself be tumbled on to the gangway, where he falls on his side, and so remains, while other cattle are pushed on behind him; when, suddenly awakening to the absurdity of the situation, he jumps up, plunges, violently, snorts fiercely, and makes one last desperate charge with a view to "doing for" somebody, regardless of all consequences. Straight down, head foremost, horns well pointed, he goes at the drover who has hauled him on by the rope. Drovers and sailors vociferate wildly: and not a half-second too soon does the man entrench himself behind a cask, over which the bullock, charging frantically, tumbles and falls; then picking himself up, he shakes his head with the air of one who finds that it is no use struggling against the inevitable and quietly jogs off to join his other companions in the forepart of the vessel.

After the cattle have been shipped, there is trouble with the horses. The entire performance occupies the best part of an hour, and consequently, the *Gael*, due at Gairloch at 6 p.m., does not arrive until eight; just two hours late. Such a landing-place! Night has set in; no moon (which was, of course, an oversight, or would have been if we could have seen it); no gas; no lights, except a lantern or two carried by mysterious Guy Fauxes out before the time. It is more like the secret landing of bold smugglers, melodramatic conspirators, than the disembarkation of poor weary tourists.

Nice hotel at Gairloch, where apparently electric light has not yet arrived. Gas limited, too. Civility and punctuality. Prices rather above the average, but Gairloch is a bit out of the way, and prices may be "out of the way" also.

TO A MONKEY.

[Professor KLAATSH of Heidelberg holds that the theory of the descent of man from an ape is no longer tenable, but that the ape is a degenerate form of man.]

O MONKEY, saddened by the	That you are not the sire of men
hymn	But rather to be rated
From yonder organ scrannel,	Their son, perhaps the least
Dressed in your very short and	degen-erated.
sim-ple flannel,	Yet, monkey, after all I fear
It pained me when I gazed before	That KLAATSH'S sage objection
Upon your tail dependent	Still leaves you as a very near
To think I possibly was your	Connection;
Descendant.	It scarce improves the place of
But this no longer I bemoan,	man,
KLAATSH says it is a fiction,	In fact, I'd almost rather
And proves, entirely to his own	Be called your son, O monkey,
Conviction,	than
	Your father.

Q. FOR EXAM.—Where did NOAH keep the bees? Evidently, as any examinee would reply, "Among his Archives." Quite so.



THE STRAIGHT TIP.

John Bull. "Now, MY BOY, THIS IS MORE THAN YOU EXPECTED. SO MIND AND DON'T PLAY DUCKS AND DRAKES WITH IT!"



G. L. STAMPA. 1900.

He. "YOU CLIMED ZE MATTERHORN? ZAT WAS A GREAT FOOT."

She. "GREAT FEAT, YOU MEAN, COUNT."

He. "AH! ZEN YOU CLIMED HIM MORE AS ONCE!"

OUR OTTER HUNT.

From the Hunting Diary of Toby, M.P.

Ayr, Monday Afternoon.—"Will find no otter to-day," said the Member for Sark, gloomily looking out of the window; "the river's in spate."

"Dear me," I said, sharing his discouragement, "I thought it was in Ayrshire."

SARK, with perhaps laboured politeness, explained that spate is not a geographical term as, e. g., "a castle in Spain." It meant that after a night of heavy rain the river was flooded, giving the always slim otter undue advantage over the dogs.

Nevertheless at the meet, some two miles out of Ayr, there was a great gathering. The hounds were coming from Dum-

fries, and so did many of the hunters and huntresses. The latter exceedingly business-like persons of divers ages. Otter hunting means walking through wet grass, climbing walls and gates, sometimes fording a river. DIANA was dressed accordingly. For the most part she carried a spiked pole for help in tight places.

Amongst the men, The MCTAVISH took the cake. He wore a serviceable tweed suit with large pockets, in which you might put a brace of otters, if you caught them. His manly legs shyly showed their graceful curves from beneath thick worsted stockings; pattern the MCTAVISH tartan. Heavily built Bluchers shod his nimble feet. His steel-tipped lance swung lightly in his brawny right hand. (In Manchester commercial circles he is known as head of

the firm of HARRISON, TAVISH & Co., wholesale grocers. On his annual visit to Scotland he resumes the family name and becomes The MCTAVISH, *tout court*.)

There being no otters in the Thames in the neighbourhood of Westminster Bridge, my personal acquaintance with their appearance and habits is merely nominal. On looking up the authorities, I was gratified to learn that, to a certain extent, my ignorance was shared by LINNÆUS. That eminent man classed the otter with the weasel. He was, of course, wrong. The weasel, which rarely sleeps, lives invariably on the land. The otter is, *chez lui*, in the water. The otter (*lutra*) has eighteen teeth in each jaw, of which, I regret to say, twelve are false molars. The feet are palmated and the tail flattened horizontally. The otter is about two feet in length to the insertion of the tail, which is sixteen inches long. It is brown above, whitish around the lips, on the cheek and beneath. When properly trained it becomes very useful, a single otter being capable of supplying a large family with fish.

In view of the necessity of formulating ministerial policy in a new Parliament, here lurks a hint for Don Jos . Prevented by circumstances, including a hard-fisted Chancellor of the Exchequer, from realising his beneficent dreams of Old Age Pensions, why not formulate a scheme for supplying the deserving poor with the means of obtaining a free breakfast table of fish? "One man one otter," would overdo the thing, even as an electioneering cry. But an otter per household, say of seven, would be a great boon to the working classes. "Our Young Queen and our Old Constitution," was a potent political cry sixty years ago. "A Free Otter and Fresh Fish" might, at the close of the century, work equal charm.

To the crowd grouped by the bridge spanning the turbulent Ayr enter the hounds. Old sportsmen might doubt finding an otter in present condition of the river. The hounds troubled by no such fear. They knew very well why they were routed out of their kennel at an unearthly hour of the morning, clapped into the train, and brought all the way from Dumfries. Who said no otters? The dogs sniffed the luscious undergrowth by the river brink; they turned gleaming eyes on the dark brown stream flowing hurriedly to the sea; they threw back their heads and bayed musical entreaty to be let loose.

"Put them in," said the Master, after brief colloquy.

The huntsman strode off through a wood whose high bank overhung the river. The hounds followed with joyous bark and ecstatic tail-wagging. Soon they were in the water, running hither and thither in search of a drag. Behind straggled the crowd, a long line stretching far back

under the canopy of autumn-tinted trees on which the sun shed fresh glory.

Suddenly, in front, where the huntsmen led the hounds, there was an outburst of angry cries, broken by the cracking of a whip. "They're on to the drag," eagerly whispered the crowd, pressing forward at the run. They were indeed. But what they had found was not an otter.

It was The McTAVISH!

That ardent Highlander, getting ahead of everybody, and finding near the bridge convenient access to the river, descended and was conducting an otter hunt on his own account. It was a critical moment with the eager hounds, who seemed to have got on the drag. And here was The McTAVISH in front, at the bend of the river, poking his stick into holes as if he were a *chiffonier*. The huntsman, happily on the other bank, yelled and cracked his whip. "Get behind the hounds!" roared the crowd.

We found no otter through the three hours' hunt that followed. But the sight of The McTAVISH, with pale face and firmly set teeth, clambering up the steep bank amid yells of execration, was worth the outing.

A CALL.

["According to the *Figaro*, one of the most frequent uses to which the telephone is put by French country subscribers is that of an alarm to wake them in the morning."]'

"CALL me early, telephone,
I rely on you alone;
Maidens sleep, alarms stop,
And I slumber like a top."

With your bell beside my bed,
Down I lay my restless head;
Oft to hear your rings I seem,
[Wake, and find 'tis but a dream.

When, at five, the dream comes true
(Full two hours before 'tis due)
At my expletives you scoff—
"Oh, wrong number, please ring off."

Then with shattered nerves and worn,
Fast asleep I fall at morn;
Possibly you rang again—
But I only woke at ten.

CHARLIE AND NELLIE.

THE knell of *Nell Gwyn* for operatic, novelistic and dramatic purposes has not yet sounded. For two months her success has been assured at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where now our "*English Nell*," the princess of orange girls, is going as strongly as ever, if not more so. The success of this rather poor piece of patchwork by Messrs. ANTHONY HOPE and EDWARD ROSE (a dramatised version of Mr. HOPE's novel entitled *Simon Dale*) is undeniable, and it is due not to any merits of the play but to the acting of Miss MARIE TEMPEST as *Nell Gwyn*, and of Mr. FRANK COOPER as *Charles the Second*.



A CALAMITY.

Holiday Driver (picking himself up). "THE TRAP AIN'T MINE, AND THE 'ORSE AIN'T MINE; BUT I'M BLOWED IF I 'AVEN'T BROKE MY NEW 'AT, WOT CORST ME THREE AN' A TANNER LARST SATURDAY!"

That Miss MARIE TEMPEST is the NELL of CHARLES THE SECOND's time is hard to realise, but that she is the embodiment of the character as the public of to-day see it through nineteenth-century glasses, cannot for a moment be disputed. This "OUR NELL" is *chic*; *voilà tout*. She is a NELL of the sort of French comic opera to which light-hearted librettists and singing actors and actresses have accustomed the public. The great disappointment is that MARIE TEMPEST, who has taught them what to expect of her, should have only one song. But in place of singing we find her acting, and acting as well as ever she sang.

Mr. FRANK COOPER's *Charles the Second* is simply admirable, and without such a performance as his, it is doubtful whether even a *Tempest* could have "taken the town by storm."

AFTER THE VACATION.

SCENE—Editorial Sanctum.

Editor. We may as well give a glance at the overset. What have we in hand?

Sub. First, a long correspondence on Railway Delays.

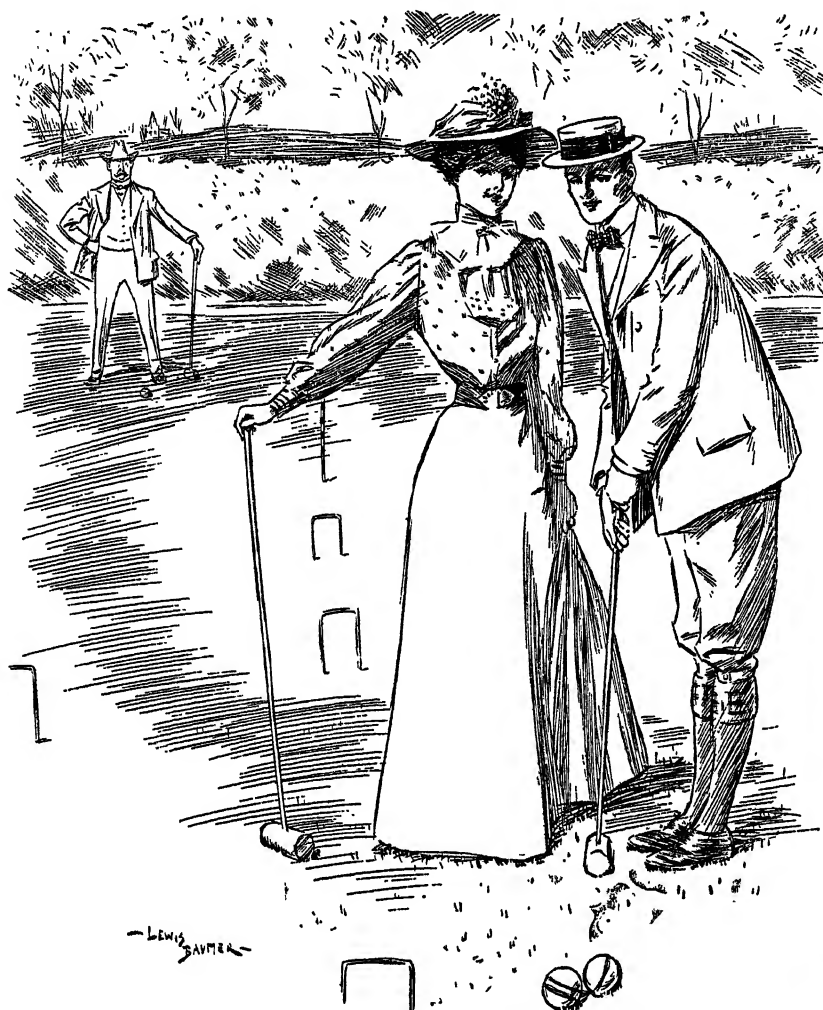
Editor. People have come back from the Continent—pass that. Next, please.

Sub. Complaints about Seaside Hotels.

Editor. Bathing-machines in winter quarters. Next, please.

Sub. Taking up the Streets—six letters; objection to the action of the L. C. C.—twelve letters; condemnation of the Post Office—twenty-five letters.

Editor. All excellent stuff, but now that the silly season is over I think we can keep the whole show on the rack until next year. (Agreed to.)



THE POSSIBILITIES OF CROQUET.

THE ABOVE REPRESENTS THE GAME OF "ALL AGAINST ALL," AS PLAYED BY BROWN, MISS JONES, AND THE MAJOR.

A BEDLAMITE BALLAD.

CAN you meet me, can you meet me in a merry *tête-à-tête*
While we win the soul of music from the minstrel at the gate?
Can you bring the young ADOLPHUS, who is gone on MARY ANN,
And go spinning, spinning, spinning into far Saskatchewan?

You must fetch the summer solstice from its home amid the ice,
Fetch a short and shilling shocker which is costly at the price;
And a venerable walrus in his furbelow and flounce
Shall ejaculate, "Good gracious! I'm a bounder on the bounce."

But he wasn't—not for JOSEPH: he had only gone to wait
Where the skais do all the curling, though they never, never
skate;
Where the smelts are soft and civil, and you couldn't stop to think

What a funny figure soles cut as they caper on the rink.

If he talked about elections—not the walrus, but the sole—
You might ask him if polenta was a better word than poll.
He'd be sure to understand you, and I shouldn't wonder much
If he spoke of Little England in a dialect of Dutch.

Could you stomach that? Not you, Sir! you would wring the
beggar's hand

With an anecdote extracted from the works of SARAH GRAND;

A (S.) PEKIN LIKENESS.

["... like Paris, Pekin might, in time, become almost a model city... at present it is unspeakable."—*Daily Press*.]

Extract from "*The China Daily Chronicle*."

ASSISTANT Drainage Commissioner SMEL-HI, reports most favourably upon the present condition of our streets. *Restaurateurs* are complaining that the supply of rats is falling off already.

The newly-elected Member for the Southern division of Pekin, FAT TUM, took his seat and the oath, and anything he could lay his hands on, in the County Council, yesterday.

The County Council decided by a large majority not to decapitate their park-keepers in future for small offences, as it causes an inconvenient shrinkage in the supply of trained men. As open spaces near the Metropolis are all the rage just now, park-keepers are in active demand.

HO-LING-OUT, the amateur champion golfer, beat NO-YEWS by 3 up and 1 to play, over the Long-Lung Links.

It is officially announced that LI-IN-METAH has been appointed Chairman of the Pekin Gas Company.

UN-SUNG gave a recitation of his unpublished works at the Celestial Palace of Varieties, last night, and escaped with only superficial injuries.

HO-WOT-FUN was charged with placing his thumb upon the end of his nose as the Son of Heaven, H. I. M. the Emperor, was passing up the street. In accordance with custom the prisoner was sentenced to death by the torture of the *Ling-Chi*: but in deference to modern notions in our reformed city, the sentence was immediately reduced to one of forty shillings, or seven days.

Then caparisoned, but courtly, you could subjugate his rage
With a speech in twenty columns on the ethics of the Stage.

"What a frost!" he'd say and giggle, "ELLEN TERRY isn't there;

She is teaching ALFRED AUSTIN how to bind his bardic hair.
All the rest are fairly quisby, so they'll wonder what you're at,
If you bait your lines with BEERBOHM, who has hardly any fat."

Turn and turn about he'd tell you of the wonders of the street,
Of the poets and their poems and their swift poetic feet;
And he'd catch a final splendour from a subterranean whale,
Who would ask him most politely not to tread upon his tail.

So be sure you come and meet me when the kettle's on the
boil;

We'll have soap and penny ices wrapped in envelopes and oil;
And we'll dance a tidy two-step—you can get it at the Stores—
Till our Parliament prorogues us as a parcel of Pro-Boers.

PROH PUDOR!—In order to receive the heroes of the C. I. V. at least decently, the picking-upping and the laying-downing of Fleet Street and Cheapside has been rapidly pushed forward, the men have been out all night taking it turn and turn about to repose, but the papers have been careful to note most delicately that "Night-shifts have been employed." So thoughtful!

THE SHAW CRECHE;

Or, A New Cur-ri-cu-lum.

["Any grown-up person guilty of the crime of trying to form the character of children ought to be drowned. . . . If there is to be any progress at all, it must be recognised that the children know better than their teachers. I believe all persons derive the most important part of their education from children."—*Extract from a "lecture," by Mr. G. B. SHAW, to members of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland, at University College.*]

SYL-LA-BUS.

A KIN-DER-GAR-TEN for Grown-ups will shortly be o-pened at Child's Hill, to sup-ply a long-felt want, as it is be-gin-nig to be re-al-ised that the or-di-na-ry Pub-lic School and U-ni-vers-it-y E-du-ca-tion is all a mis-take.

Per-sons of Ri-per years are there-fore in-vi-ted to re-pair the de-fic-i-en-cies of their ear-ly train-ing by en-ter-ing as Pro-ba-tion-ers at the "Shaw Crèche," as the new In-sti-tu-tion will be called.

All the com-forts of a well-or-gan-ised Nur-se-ry will be pro-vi-ded. Each ad-ult is to have his or her own pri-vate Cra-dle in a well-aired and spa-cious Dor-mi-to-ry with se-pa-rate Cu-bi-cles, and will be Tubbed once a week by Ex-per-i-enced In-fants.

The Pap will be of the High-est Qual-i-ty, ad-min-is-tered at in-ter-vals of Two Hours through-out the day, with Object Les-sons in the use of the Feed-ing Bot-tle and the Art of Rear-ing by Hand. Teeth-ing Rings and Rat-tles can be had, if de-sired, but these will be charged ex-tra.

The Jun-ior Stu-dents will wear long clothes and ro-settes, but will be short-coat-ed on ob-tain-ing a re-move in-to the All-Fours Form. Per-am-bu-la-tors re-tained in the Class-i-cal De-part-ment, while the Mod-ern Side will be al-lowed Go-Carts. Les-sons in Balance and Walk-ing Up-right gi-ven to Sen-ior Stu-dents by Three-year-Old Spe-cial-ists. Pri-vate Tu-i-tion in Ad-van-ced Sub-jects, such as Mount-ing and Des-cend-ing Stairs, Get-ting Down from Table, Eat-ing With-out As-sist-ance, &c., is al-so pro-vi-ded for.

The Or-di-na-ry Course of In-struc-tion will in-clude a tho-rough-ly Prac-ti-cal Train-ing in use-ful ac-quire-ments and Branch-es of Know-ledge, from the E-le-ments of "Tak-ing No-tice" to the Art of Read-ing the Clock. De-mon-strations in the The-ory of Ba-by Farm-ing and the Prac-tice of A-li-men-ta-tion will be gi-ven from time to time by Pro-fess-ors of Four years and Down-wards, a-mong whom are num-bred se-ver-al Prize-win-ners in Ba-by Shows and Mell-in's Food Com-pet-i-tions.

Re-cre-a-tion will be made a spe-cial feature, in the form of Run-nig with the Hoop and Play-ing at Hor-ses.

Dis-ci-pline will be strict-ly main-tained, the pun-ish-ment for In-sub-ord-in-a-tion be-ing Drown-ing in the first in-stance.

A. A. S.



"I SAY, OLE FELLER, 'AVE YER BIN GACHTIN' OR YOLFIN'?"

OUT-HERODING HEROD.

SAYS Mrs. HEMM to Mrs. HENN, both being regular play-goers of long standing, that is, when there was no sitting for love or money, "What's this *Errod* as Mr. BAREBONES TREE is agoin' to perform at 'Er Majesty's own Theayter? I don't 'old with no scripshural subjecks myself."

"Lor' bless yer, my dear," said Mrs. HENN, "this ain't no scriptural subject, this ain't. I'm told as the name is 'Arrod,' same as the stores, that's if it ain't HERRARD the pianny-forty maker."

"'Scuse me," said Mrs. HOE, "you're both right and both wrong. I've heerd as Mr. TREE takes the part of *Errod*—not as he defends 'is wicked deeds, not by no means he don't; but when I says 'takes the part,' I mean plays the character of *King Errod*, and his feelin's is arrow'd." The other two ladies were satisfied.

"But," asked Mrs. HENN, "ain't there a daughter of 'is a Miss SAL LOAMY, as does a dance?"

"Quite right, Aunt," replied Mrs. HENN's nephew, who knows all about theatrical matters. "She's a dancer comin' over from the Paris Exhibition. They call her a 'Sal de Dance.' Now you know."

"Puffickly," said Mrs. HENN. "Honly to hear such absurd reports is muddlin' and—"

"Very Herodtating," cut in the nephew, and immediately cutting out, disappeared from the scene.

"BRITISH SERVICE EXPLOSIVES." — Important and interesting article on this subject in *Times* of last Wednesday. Some uncommonly prim persons eye'd it askance and declined to read. They remembered: "That in the captain's but a choleric word, which in the private is rank blasphemy," and observed that it was an article which only one person could read safely, as he would do so officially; and he is "A Commissioner of Oaths."

Commander-in-Chief-and-Generalissimo Punch to Lord Roberts. "Delighted to welcome you home again as soon as possible; November if you can, but don't hurry. 'When BOBS is away the Boers will play,' and, by this time, we know what their uncommonly Boerish play means."

SOUTH DUBLIN ELECTION.—"Tis better to have fought and lost Than never to have fought at all!"—*Horace Plunkett's Birthday Book.*



ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE!!

Future Duke. "WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO DO THIS MORNIN', EH?"

Future Earl. "OH, I DUNNO. ROT ABOUT, I S'POSE, AS USUAL."

Future Duke. "OH, BUT I SAY, THAT'S SO ROTTEN."

Future Earl. "WELL, WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO, YOU ROTTEN?"

THE UNREST OF THE AISLE.

(With profound apologies to Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Isle of Unrest.")

So, in Chapter XX., they turned the church into a hospital. Here the millionaire Baron tended the wounded, having little else to do at this point of the story. Sometimes, becoming impatient, he twiddled his thumbs. The wise man twiddles his thumbs when the unwise stamps his foot. Madame BUN assisted the Baron, and jerked a word or two at him occasionally. Otherwise, nothing much happened. But the Baron knew that if he waited long enough the wounded hero would be sure to appear. Then he would be taken home to be nursed by the heroine. To nurse a hero is the heroine's

prerogative—he, the old Baron, knew this, and, knowing, twiddled his thumbs. The expected not infrequently occurs. Two and two seldom make more than four. Aphorisms are cheap to-day. They help to fill a novel. And short sentences are very effective. Like this. Let us continue.

So he waited. As for Madame BUN, she washed the dishes and grunted. Also she borrowed a banjo, and played cheerful tunes to the wounded in the church. The local *cure* objected. To make objections is a characteristic of the clergy. Even a man in a cassock has opinions of his own. Nigger melodies struck him as unseemly. Madame BUN slightly depressed her eyelid and said "Oh!" As for the Baron, he shrugged his shoulders, and went on waiting for the wounded hero. When he came, the story could get on again, which,

after several pages of this sort of thing, really would be rather a relief.

And the heroine? She also waited—waited at home, until they should bring back the wounded hero. To fill up the time, she talked to the Baroness. The Baroness also was waiting. A woman who talks is less rare than one who keeps silence. Likewise, pride goes before a fall, and all that glitters is not gold, and a stitch in time saves nine. So she talked—not in the long-winded manner of ordinary conversation, but in brief, pithy, little sentences, each full of hidden meaning. All my characters in all my books use them.

"He will come?" she asked once more, the tip of her delicate nose flattened ever so slightly upon the window-pane.

The Baroness shivered—a significant shiver. Some shivers are occasioned by a falling temperature. Others are not. This was not. "Yes," she said, speaking very slowly, "Yes—he will come."

"But the Colonel?"

"Ah, the Colonel!" and the Baroness stroked her little finger with a knitting-needle. The heroine noticed the gesture and gasped.

"What!" she cried, "you don't mean—?"

The Baroness nodded her head six times. When a woman nods her head, assent is often implied. "Remember the Abbé!" she returned, darkly.

"Pah!" said the heroine scornfully, "the Abbé indeed! Why, pray, should I remember him?"

"Because," answered the Baroness, "because—hush!" she broke off. "Listen! Yes, they are bringing the wounded hero on a stretcher! Now you will nurse him, and perhaps he will propose to you at last."

"Good!" said the heroine. When a person uses this exclamation, it is possible to surmise that a prospect is anticipated with pleasure. And now we have finished a chapter. There are many chapters in a book, but beneath one only is *finis* written. Ah, dread parable of life!

"REDUCTION IN THE RATES!"—No, not "reduction in the rates" of speed on any one of the Lines. No travellers need be alarmed, nor need we expect columns of letters to the *Times* and other papers complaining all round. This "reduction in the rates" has been made by the L. C. C. "on taking a quantity," i.e., £60,000 per Exchequer contribution, with the result that the Ratepayers are to pay just one farthing less! Let us be grateful for even the most microscopical mercies, and let us acknowledge this farthingworth of finance with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." Oh, so much obliged.



REPORTING HIMSELF.

YOU THAT ANSWERED ENGLAND'S CALL
AT THE DARKEST OF THE NIGHT,
COME AND TAKE YOUR CORONAL
WON IN MANY A GALLANT FIGHT !

SHE THAT ARMED YOUR EAGER RANKS,
SHE FROM WHOM YOU HAVE YOUR NAME,
LONDON'S CITY YIELDS YOU THANKS
FOR YOUR GIFT OF ADDED FAME !

[The City Imperial Volunteers are to be welcomed by the City of London, Saturday, October 27.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE enemy of the successful author is of his own household. To be precise, it is the head of the household—to wit, himself. Having taken the world by storm with a particular book, through whatever long and honourable life may follow he will ever have it (metaphorically) thrown in his teeth. Thus has Mr. ANSTEY suffered from *Vice Versâ*. He has done brilliant things since, in spite of the coyness of publishers, that rare flash of humour illuminated the world. People have been good enough to accept them, though with a sigh, a shake of the head, and a murmured reference to Mr. *Bultitude*. These may take comfort from *The Brass Bottle* (SMITH, ELDER). For weirdness of conception, for skilful treatment, and for abounding humour, Mr. ANSTEY's last, my Baronite avers, is a worthy companion of his first. The scene where *Horace* entertains at dinner the father and mother of his *fiancée* and the fair one herself is deliciously funny. The episode on the top of St. Paul's, where the angered Jinn resolves to cast down his unresponsive protégé, touches the skirts of tragedy. *Horace*, looking down from the dizzy height, expecting every moment to be his last, notes, "far below, the opaque white top of a lamp on a street shelter, where a constable stood directing the traffic. Would he look up if *Horace* called for help? Even if he could, what help could he render? All he could do would be to keep the crowd back and send for a covered stretcher." There is the situation indicated in a few brief sentences. Even in this imminent peril *Horace* does not depart from the matter-of-fact, business-like British way of looking at things, which brings into sharp contrast the mysticism and magic of the contemporary of King SOLOMON, confined in a brass bottle for a series of centuries. Perhaps the cleverest thing in a surpassingly clever book is Mr. ANSTEY's abstention from attempt to explain.

When Mr. J. M. BARRIE drops into Scotch, from which apparently he cannot refrain any more than could Mr. *Dick* keep Charles the First's head out of his great literary composition, he becomes to the ordinary Southerner, whose acquaintance with Northern dialects is limited, absolutely unintelligible. To quite understand Mr. BARRIE's *Window in Thrums*, or his latest novel, *Tommy and Grizel*, the patient reader need have at hand a Scotch dictionary, and even then there is here and there a passage that is quite Meredithian in its grammatical twistings. Mr. BARRIE's style is suggestive; there is more in it than meets the eye; but let it be admitted that sufficient meets the eye to interest the mind. For one hundred and fifty-six pages the story of *Tommy and Grizel* is uphill work for the most persevering reader, unless, of course, he be an enthusiastic Barrie-ite, ready to swear that his favourite author is a King of Scribes who can do no wrong. But chapters thirteen to seventeen will reward you for your toil. The character of *Tommy* is not to be comprehended at a glance; neither is that of handsome and sweet *Grizel*. Yet, once let *Tommy* be comprehended, and there is about the story a monotony which might be a trifle enlivened were *Grizel* to pose a little less frequently, and give up "rocking her arms" on the slightest provocation. How can anyone get on pleasantly with a heroine whom "the author of her being" describes as "*Grizel* garbed in wiles"! The story would have been more effectively told at half the length.

The Third Salisbury Administration (VACHER), is a monumental work of well-directed energy. It purports to place on record the principal events in the career of Lord SALISBURY's third Administration. Lord CURZON will recall with mingled feeling his remarks on the threshold of its career. Looking around him, contrasting what had been under a wicked Liberal Government with what actually was within a few days of Lord SALISBURY's succession, he beheld peace abounding, whilst all the nations reverently regarded the figure of Britannia, stamped on the penny coin and elsewhere. Mr. THWAITES, looking back to where the rapt figure of the Under-Secretary for Foreign

Affairs stood in 1895, finds it his duty to record the troublesome times of the concert of Europe, dealing with the Sultan and his massacres in Armenia; the story of the Civil War in Crete, leading to the Turco-Grecian War, and its many pitfalls; the quarrel with America touching the Venezuela Boundary; the disruption in the Far East; the new war in the Sad Soudan; the Fashoda incident; the Campaign in Chitral; trouble on the Gold Coast; the war in South Africa, and the gathering of the cloud of European armies around Peking. Each of these momentous events is thoroughly dealt with. The value of the book is increased by a series of maps and appendices giving the text of the Queen's Speeches in successive sessions since 1895, and various State papers. Orderly in its arrangement, impartial in its treatment, lucid in its style, my Baronite recommends the book for a handy shelf in the studies of all concerned with public affairs.

In the Ice World of Himalaya (FISHER UNWIN) is a record of dauntless travel among the peaks and passes of Ladakh, Nubra, Suree, and Baltistan. Mr. and Mrs. WORKMAN used their bicycles as far as possible, amazing the hoary East, as these still strange vehicles traversed unfamiliar ways. In one of their expeditions they had the advantage of the guidance of the famous Swiss ZURBRIGGEN. Where he goes business is meant, and it certainly was accomplished by this dauntless couple. The only obstacles that proved almost insurmountable were the domestic servants and the coolies. The head man counted himself a member of the Christian fold, and had been baptised with a Christian name. Experience of this gentleman confirmed the travellers in the accuracy of the advice which they found echoed throughout India, "Never trust a native, least of all a Christian native." The story of their travel, modestly told, is illustrated by maps, and a valuable series of engravings from photographs taken on the spot. These, whilst interesting to study, are not of a character which tempt my Baronite to follow in the footsteps of this adventurous couple. To be drawn out of a crevasse almost by the eyebrows is a satisfactory conclusion of the matter, and looks well in a photograph. But why put yourself in the way of falling in?

"DOMIBOLOFF!" she cried. And so does the Baron, as he closes Mr. HARRY A. SPURR's nihilistic novel, *The Vaulted Chamber* (DIGBY, LONG & Co.) Here's what used to be styled "transpontine melodrama" with a vengeance! Here is to be found a scene which will be of the greatest interest to those who have witnessed the Russian Equestrian Drama, and the plunge into the water at the Amphitheatre, near Leicester Square. *The Vaulted Chamber* and the *Vampire Bat*! Think of it! The author having had his innings carries out his vampire bat.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

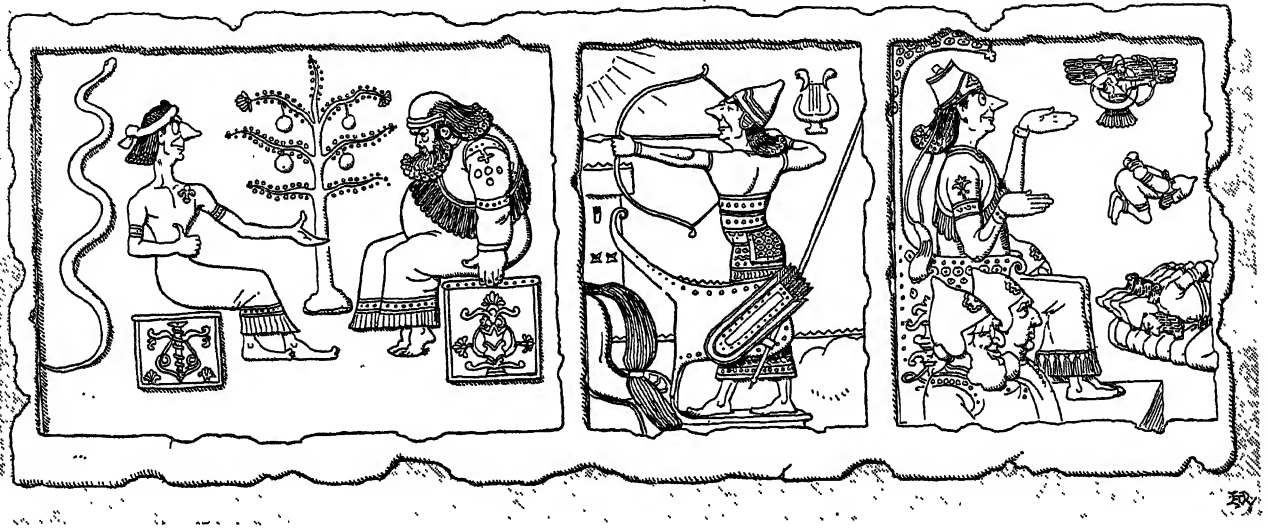
(By a recent traveller in Scotland.)

"ABOVE there, that park is
The land of the Markis,
His title's BREADALBANE. The river
We're now looking down on
Is (pray do not frown on
My saying its name!) called *The Liver*!"

"The Liver! how horrid!"
Unwrinkle your forehead,
The name need not cause you a shiver;
See! boats in the day-time,
And oh! quite a gay time
At night with the lights on the Liver!

THE new Master of the Rolls is Mr. Justice A. L. SMITH. Mr. *Punch*, Master of all Rôles, "werry much applauds," as did Mr. BILLY TAYLOR's captain "what was done," and heartily congratulates the new Master.

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



SIXTH FRAGMENT.

1. Then Shuv-menébar, the Lord of the Midlands,
 2. the master of Jesse, the looser of war-dogs,
 3. whose eye is so magnified (not the personal pronoun)
 4. by the *dīzk* made of crystal, the wearer of *ērkiḏz*,
 5. unto Sálüzbrī-Thaprém yah did come;
 6. unto Sessil the portly, the yielder to pressure,
 7. and like an *únkāl* unto him did he talk
 8. of making hay while the sun shone
 9. *etsétrah-etsétrah*
 10. Got him up in a corner,
 11. away from the others,
 12. with no means of exit, and no space to breathe in.
 13. Then did the great Sessil, the dweller in castles,
 14. not used to these urgent and middle-class manners
 15. and not being able to find the portcullis nor even the drawbridge, . . .
 16. give way with reluctance but faintly protesting.
 17. And forth to the people, the cities and hamlets
 18. unto all the Elékhtars went out the Menestreh.
 19. Then did Shuv-menébar perform a *phandángôh*
 20. outside on the *dhīrmat*.
 21. to Bur-ménâm he hastened,
 22. and sent forth his orders to narrow the Isshu;
 23. and focus the limelight on the great Aneks-Eshûn,
 24. not greatly complaining if the beams of the lantern
 25. should haply illumine (incidental advantage)
 26. the interesting features of a certain great statesman—
 27. for obvious reasons preferred to be nameless. . . .
 28. Then in his *stádi* the great warriors

of the district did he gather together and with them counsel did he take:
 29. with Jesse the faithful, the wearer of
 30. suggestive of *Kriemas*; [whiskers,
 31. and Pou-íl the war-lord,
 32. the maker of contracts,
 33. the dealer of dealings,
 34. who served out the stockings and winter-*merino*s
 35. that marched with such glory in the land of the Oompál;
 36. commander-in-chief of the Haibûri Life Guards,
 37. whose martial demeanour
 38. showed over the counter—if he stood upon tiptoe;
 39. and Örstûn, the sun-god, the dealer in bedsteads,
 40. Civil Lord of the Ocean (who looked through a sidelight of similar crystal)
 41. a later edition with stop-press corrections
 42. of the *khárah-taristiks* of
 43. Hisdád-shuv-menébar and they knelt on the *kharpāt*, and bowed down before him.
 44. From his throne near the book-case he briefly
 45. addressed them
 46. how the whole country like a flood would he sweep, the *Rhádhiḱ-al-Pāti*
 47. would he utterly overwhelm; and the creatures misguided
 48. who ventured to differ, or voted for
 49. people like Kámm-el-Bánráman
 50. or even the father of Issab-el-Khárnabi, or anyone else
 51. not of His way of thinking
 52. all these did he brand by anticipation
 53. with his special broad-arrow as the rankest of traitors. (Brand-new manufacture)
 54. (Great cheering from Jesse).
 55. Then against their cities did he go up and their strong fortresses did he besiege and
 56. difficult places on his feet did he press into, and his language was awful,

57. and many a tablet of urgent insistence did he send forth the faithful
 58. municipal Jesse to post in the post-box.
 59. And at length did the *Bálát* deliver its secret.
 60. And to the foot of his throne as captives they brought him, defeated in battle,
 61. Dokhta-klāk, the impossible, the seizer of passes
 62. plainly marked not transferable,
 63. the servant of Oompál, rejected of Kéth-nez;
 64. Wilphr-ad-Lórsun the witty, the producer of *dhoggral*,
 65. of the *djinjah-bhir* drinkers the recognised chieftain,
 66. who regarded the Tömis as *burglaz* incarnate;
 67. Phíl-ab-stanub the honorable, the Azzur-krotúpik,
 68. the leader of the Undamáí-nahs, the Hórkuzli-Dossyehs, the Vul-gharataks, the Givmaz-taj-oaphals.
 69. Him did he load with chains and into the House of the *ērkiḏz* did he cast.
 70. with Aba-dinsha-bukannan and other exotics, and even with Pikh-az-Ghil, wearer of ringlets,
 71. to be a derision to the rank and the fashion
 72. of the district around, and be brought out on Súndez, on the lawn after lúnshan,
 73. and put through their paces to amuse the house-party. . . . *ahém*—the house-party.
 74. But the charges of treason so lavishly scattered
 75. turned out to partake of a *bhūmerang* nature
 76. for half the Elékhtars—inflexibly loyal
 77. declined to be libelled, or even be labelled
 78. and voted for Libráls.

E. T. R.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE UNWIELDY GIFTHORSE.

*When dormant lightning is pent in the polished hoofs of a colt,
And his neck is clothed with thunder,—then, horseman, beware of
the bolt!*

From the Persian, by H. B. J.

IN accordance with English usages, Mr. BHOSH, being now officially engaged to the fair Princess JONES, did dance daily attendance in her company, and, she being passionately fond of equitation, he was compelled himself to become the Centaur and act as her *cavalier servant* on a nag which was furnished throughout by a West End livery jobber. Fortunately, he displayed such marvellous dexterity and skill as an equestrian that he did not once sustain a single reverse!

Truly, it was a glorious and noble sight to behold BINDABUN clinging with imperturbable calmness to the saddle of his steed, as it ambled and gambled in so spirited a manner that all the fashionables made sure that he was inevitably to slide over its tail quarters! But invariably he returned, having suffered no further inconvenience than the bereavement of his tall hat, and the heart of Princess VANOLIA was uplifted with pride when she saw that her betrothed, in addition to being a B.A. and barrister-at-law, was also such a rough rider.

It is *de rigueur* in all civilised societies to encourage matrimony by bestowing rewards upon those who are about to come up to the scratch of such holy estate, and consequently splendid gifts of carriage timepieces, tea-caddies, slices of fish, jewels, blotter-cases, biscuit-caskets, cigar-lights, and pin-cushions were poured forth upon Mr. BHOSH and his partner, as if from the inexhaustibly bountiful horn of a Pharmacopoeia.

Last, but not least, one morning appeared a *saice* leading an unwieldy steed of the complexion of a chestnut, and bearing an anonymously-signed paper, stating that said horse was a conubial gift to Mr. BHOSH from a perfervid admirer.

Our friend BINDABUN was like to throw his bonnet over the mills with excessive joy, and could not be persuaded to rest until he had made a trial trip on his gifted horse, while the amiable Princess readily consented to become his companion.

So, on a balmy and luscious afternoon in Spring, when the mellifluous blackbirds, sparrows, and other fowls of that ilk were engaged in billing and cooing on the foliage of innumerable trees and bushes, and the blooming flowers were blowing proudly on their polychromatic beds, Mr. BHOSH made the ascension of his gift-horse, and titupped by the side of his betrothed into the Row, the observed of all the observing masculine and feminine smarties.

But, hoity-toity! he had not titupped very many yards when the unwieldy steed came prematurely to a halt and adopted an unruly deportment. Mr. BHOSH inflicted corporal punishment upon its loins with a golden-headed whip, at which the rebellious beast erected itself upon its hinder legs until it was practically a biped.

BINDABUN, although at the extremity of his wits to preserve his saddle by his firm hold on the bridlé-rein, undauntedly aimed a swishing blow at the head and front of the offending animal, which instantaneously returned its forelegs to *terra firma*, but elevated its latter end to such a degree that our hero very narrowly escaped sliding over its neck by cleverly clutching the saddleback.

Next, the cantankerous steed executed a leap with astounding agility, arching its back like a bow, and propelling our poor friend into the air like the arrow, though by providential luck

and management on his part he descended safely into his seat after every repetition of this dangerous manoeuvre.

All things, however, must come to an end at some time, and the unwieldy quadruped at last became weary of leaping and, securing the complete control of his bit, did a bolt from the blue.

Willy nilly was Mr. BHOSH compelled to accompany it upon its mad, unbridled career, while all witnesses freely hazarded the conjecture that his abduction would be rather speedily terminated by his being left behind, and I will presume to maintain that a less practical horseman would long before have become an ordinary pedestrian.

But BINDABUN, although both stirrupholes were untenanted, and he was compelled to hold on to his steed's mane by his teeth and nails, nevertheless remained triumphantly in the ascendant.

On, on he rushed, making the entire circumference of the Park in his wild, delirious canter, and when the galloping horse once more reappeared, and Mr. BHOSH was perceived to be still snug on his saddle, the spectators were unable to refrain from heartfelt joy.

A second time the incorrigible courser careered round the Park on his thundering great hoofs, and still our heroic friend preserved his equilibrium—but, heigh-ho! I have to sorrowfully relate that, on his third circuit, it was the different pair of shoes—for the headstrong animal, abstaining from motion in a rather too abrupt manner, propelled Mr. BHOSH over its head with excessive velocity into the elegant interior of a victoria-carriage.

He alighted upon a great dame who had maliciously been enjoying the spectacle of his predicament, but who now was forced to experience the crushing repartee of his *tu quoque*, for such a forcible collision with his person caused her not only two blackened optics but irremediable damage to the leather of her nose.

The pristine beauty of her features was irrecoverably dismantled, while Mr. BHOSH—thanks to his landing on such soft and yielding material—remained intact and able to return to his domicile in a fourwheeled cab.

Beloved reader, however sceptical thou mayest be, thou wilt infallibly admire with me the inscrutable workings of Nemesis, when thou learnest that the aforesaid great lady was no other than the Duchess of DICKINSON, and (what is still more wonderful) that it was she who had insidiously presented him with such a fearful gift of the Danaides as an obstreperous and unwieldy steed!

Truly, as poet SHAKESPEARE sagaciously observes, there is a divinity that rough-hews our ends, however we may endeavour to preserve their shapeliness!

(To be continued.)

A QUERY ANSWERED.

"WHY does a bishop wear gaiters?
The Parson, why wear a white tie?
Why is his dress like a waiter's
Except when the Parson is high.

Why gaiters should Bishops appear in,
The reason is very well-known,
Their Lordships would look very queer in
One gaiter on one leg alone.

CONSISTENCY.—H.R.H. the Prince of WALES and "a select party" (as the *Daily News* describes it) awaited the arrival of Mrs. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST at Liverpool Street station, and as Mrs. G. C. W. did not arrive punctually, off went the party without her. But how could punctuality be expected of Mrs. G. C. W.? Isn't she "The late Lady RANDOLPH"? and mustn't she consistently act up to the title?



see the comical expression on his own face on being thus suddenly aroused to a sense of his duty.

"How much is the toll?" said the young woman, still smiling.

SAM looked at her; she was a good-looking young person, and he liked her smile, for it betokened a sense of humour, and that pleased him. "How much?" he repeated. "A man and a horse, and—"

"But this is a girl and a mare," she interrupted. "How much is that?"

SAM looked up and smiled. This young person certainly had a sense of humour. "I wonder how much that would be," he said. "I guess I'll have to get a pencil and paper to work it out."

The girl laughed. "You are not the toll-gate keeper?" she asked.

"No," replied SAM, "I'm keepin' it for the regular one. She's eatin' her dinner. Don't you know the toll yourself? You've paid it before, haven't you?"

"No, I haven't," she replied; "I am visiting in the neighbourhood. But I won't haggle about being a girl. I'll pay the price for a man, if you will let me know what it is."

An idea came suddenly into SAM TWITTY'S head; this was a very bright girl, a very attractive girl, who was visiting in the neighbourhood, and he determined to keep her at the toll-gate a few minutes if he could.

"I don't want to make any mistake," he said quickly. "I'll jes' pop into the house and see what the toll really will be for you."

"Oh, you needn't do that," said the young woman. "Of course, it is the same—"

But SAM was gone; she laughed, and said to herself that

IN the roadway was a buggy and a horse, and in the buggy sat a smiling young woman. Why

she smiled SAM could not imagine, but he could not

the deputy toll-gate keeper was a very funny person. SAM ran to the house, panting. He beckoned to Captain ABNER to step outside.

"Look here," he said, "you hurry out to the gate, and take a good long look at the girl that's here. She's a-visitin' in the neighbourhood. Now mind you take a good look at her, and I'll be there in a minute."

Without exactly understanding the reason for this earnest injunction, ABNER went to the gate. He was accustomed to taking SAM's advice, if he saw no good reason against it.

The toll-gate woman was on her feet, but SAM detained her and said something about the relation between sex and toll.

"Well, well," said the woman; "she must be a queer one. I'll go out to her."

"Oh, no," cried he, "sit here and finish your dinner. He's comin' right back, and I'll collect the toll." Half-way to the toll-house, SAM met ABNER. "What do you think of her?" he asked, hurriedly. "Did you take a good look at her?"

"Yes, I did," replied his friend, "and I don't think nothin' of her. What is there to think about her?"

"Go back to your dinner," cried SAM. "I've got to collect her toll."

"I want you to tell me," said the girl, not smiling now, "do you keep a detective here? Do you think I want to cheat the road out of its toll? I am ready to pay the charge, whatever it is."

"Detective!" exclaimed SAM.

"Yes," said she. "That little brown man, who came out here and looked at me as if he were determined to know me the next time he saw me."

"Oh, him!" said SAM. "That's a friend of mine, Cap'n ABNER BUDLONG. He's no detective, nor nothin' like one. He jes' came out to see who was passin' while I was findin' out about the toll. He's always fond of seein' people."

"I should think he was," said the young woman. "In fact, I think you are a funny lot, toll-gate woman and all. Now, here is a quarter; please take the toll and give me the change—that is, if you know how to calculate."

SAM took the money and opened the little cash-box, but he did not immediately make the change. "I don't want you to think hard of any of us," said he, "on account of your bein' kept here a little longer than common. But 'specially I don't

want you to think hard of my friend, Cap'n ABNER BUDLONG, the gentleman who stepped out here to see who was passin'. Bless your soul, he's no detective! He's one of the finest men I know, and you jes' ought to see his house at Shamrick. It's filled with more things that's nice to look at, and things that's comfortable to use than any other house in this region. Everything's jes' as clean and ship-shape——"

"He must have a good wife," the young woman interrupted.

"He hasn't got no wife at all," said SAM, delighted to get in this piece of information. "Never had one."

The girl looked at him, and then she laughed merrily. "I must go on," she said. "You truly are a funny lot, all of you. And as she drove on she looked back, still laughing.

SAM TWITTY rubbed his hands together quite cheerfully, and went into the house to get his dinner.

"Did that person change your five-dollar note?" asked the woman.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed SAM. "I never thought to ask her."

"What did you ask her?" cried the woman. "She was out there for the longest time, and I thought, of course, you was gettin' your note changed."

SAM smiled. "She was very interestin'," said he.

Three travellers passed through the toll-gate, but no one of them could change a five-dollar note, and ABNER chafed at the delay.

"I don't like wastin' time like this," said he to SAM, as the two smoked their after-dinner pipes.

"Wastin'!" exclaimed SAM. "I don't call this wastin' time. We didn't start 'till late this mornin', and here we've got sight of two of her a-ready. Here's this one, as red-cheeked and sociable as anybody could expect, and then there's that gal in the buggy."

"Gal in the buggy!" exclaimed ABNER. "What on earth are you talkin' about her for?"

"Why shouldn't I?" asked SAM. "I tell you, Cap'n ABNER, she's the prettiest and the liveliest young woman you'd be likely to meet if you cruised for a year; and she's visitin' right in the neighbourhood, and can't be far from Shamrick."

"Codwollops!" said ABNER, contemptuously.

In the course of an hour old JOSHUA ASBURY drove up in his farm-wagon, and changed the five-dollar note, and was glad to do it, for he did not like to carry so much battered and rubbed silver and copper in his pocket. The two friends now made ready to depart.

"Let's hurry up," said SAM. "We've done fust rate so far, and may be we 'll sight one or two more afore bedtime."

"When you come back," said the woman, "I'd be glad to have you stop and rest, and give your horse a feed if you want to."

SAM TWITTY assured her most earnestly that they certainly would stop, whether they wanted rest and a feed or not, and he thanked her warmly for the kind entertainment she had given them.

"SAM," said ABNER, when they were on the road, "the trouble with you is you're too quick. If you was at the tiller you'd run into the fust port you come to, and there wouldn't be no v'yage at all."

"There's no knowin' when a fellow may want to run into port," replied SAM; "and it's a good thing to find out all about 'em as you're coastin' along."

A few miles from the toll-gate they came to the bottom of a long hill, and half way up it they saw, going in the same direction as themselves, a man walking vigorously.

"By the general cut of his clothes," said SAM, "I'd say he is a parson."

"I expect you're right," said ABNER. "Most likely fillin' some fishin' minister's pulpit, Sunday, and walkin' home, Monday."

The pedestrian clergyman walked more slowly as he neared the top of the hill, and the gray horse gradually overhauled him.

"Look here," said Sam, nudging his companion, "let's give him a lift. He must be dreadful hot. And then, by George, Cap'n ABNER, jes' think what a jolly thing it'll be—goin' after her and takin' a minister along, sittin' comfortable on the back seat! That's like holding a landin' net ready to scoop her up the minute you get her to the top of the water."

They stopped and asked the clergyman if he were going to Thompsonstown, and when he said he was they invited him to get in and take the unoccupied seat. He proved to be an agreeable companion; he was young, and very grateful. SAM soon fell into a friendly conversation with him, and two or three times when ABNER thought that his friend was on the point of saying something that bore too directly on the object of their journey he pressed his port boot gently upon SAM's starboard slipper.

Toward the middle of the afternoon they reached Thompsonstown, where the young clergyman said he was going to stop for the night, and go on by train the next day. SAM TWITTY was glad to hear this, and advised him to stop at the "Spinnaker Boom," where he and Captain ABNER intended to stay until they finished the business which brought them to Thompsonstown.

Thompsonstown was a seaside resort, and rather a lively place in the season. There was a large hotel for summer visitors who could afford to pay good prices, and several smaller houses of entertainment, such as the "Spinnaker Boom," where people of moderate means were made very comfortable.

It was much too early for supper, and Captain ABNER and SAM took a long walk on the beach, and at their invitation the young clergyman joined them. This gentleman, who did not seem to know anyone in Thompsonstown, proved to be a thorough landsman; but as he was chatty and glad to acquire knowledge, it gave Captain ABNER and SAM a great deal of pleasure to talk to him on nautical points and thereby improve his mind.

On their return SAM stopped with a start, and almost dropped his pipe.

"What's the matter?" cried Captain ABNER. "Did you see her spout?"

SAM made no answer, but stood with his mouth open. He had remarkably good vision. The clergyman stopped, and looked at him inquiringly.

"They are comin', both of 'em!" said SAM.

"Both of who?" asked ABNER.

"The gal in the buggy and the toll-gate woman."

Sure enough, these two women were now approaching, side by side, briskly walking over the smooth beach. SAM's eyes sparkled. The toll-gate woman appeared much more comely and attractive than when engaged in her professional duties earlier in the day. She was now attired in fresh-looking summer clothes, and wore a pretty straw hat. As for the girl of the buggy, she was quite another person. It would have been impossible for anyone who had merely seen her within the limited confines of a small vehicle, to form any idea of the buoyant air and the lively step of this handsome young woman.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed SAM TWITTY, advancing toward them. "Who would have expected to meet you two here!"

Meeting thus unexpectedly on the beach, our characters were variously affected; the toll-gate woman beamed with pleasure, while the young woman of the buggy looked as if she were about to laugh; the young minister looked very much interested, although he could have given no good reason why he should be; the countenance of Captain ABNER BUDLONG betrayed no interest whatever, but SAM TWITTY was in a glow of delight.

"I suppose you are surprised to meet me here," said the toll-gate woman; "but this is the way of it. A neighbour and his wife came along soon after you left and offered to bring me to Thompsontown, and, of course, I jumped at the chance, and left the toll-gate in charge of my brother, who lives hard by. And in the town, at the house of a friend, I met this young lady; but," glancing at her companion, she added, "I really did not catch the name."

"Miss DENBY," stated the young person referred to.

The three men here bowed to Miss DENBY; and, stepping nearer to SAM, the toll-gate woman asked in a low voice—

"Who is this minister?"

"I don't know his name," said SAM, "but I'll find out in a minute." Then he approached the girl of the buggy. "I'm so glad to see you," he said.

She laughed outright. "It is awfully funny," answered she, "that you care whether you see me or not."

"I don't think it's funny at all," said SAM. "But let me ask you one thing; what's the name of the toll-gate woman?"

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed. "From the way she talked about you I thought you were old friends. Her name is Mrs. SICKLES."

SAM skipped over to the young clergyman, and put his question; "Mr.-r-r?"

"RIPPLEDEAN," said the young man.

In an instant the quick-slippered SAM had joined the party in the bonds of conventional acquaintanceship, having added to the rest of his information the fact that he was SAMUEL TWITTY, of Shamrick.

"You are the funniest people I ever met," exclaimed the lively DENBY girl. "No one of you seems to know the rest, but you are all acquainted."

"It is very pleasant to know each other, I'm sure," remarked the toll-gate woman, "and if I had anything to say about what would be agreeable on such a breezy afternoon as this, now that there's a party of us, I'd say it would be to get a boat and take a sail on this sparklin' water."

"A sail!" cried SAM. "Why that will be the best thing in the world, and if you'll wait ten minutes I'll get a boat. Cap'n STLAS PECK is a friend of mine, and has got two boats that ain't both likely to be out. I'll run down and get one, and have it here in no time."

In less than a quarter of an hour the party was seated in Captain PECK's sail-boat, Captain ABNER at the tiller and SAM TWITTY in charge of the sheet. They decided to sail out to an island about three miles from shore. A stiff breeze was blowing, and Captain ABNER was in his glory. The wind was much too high for ordinary pleasure-boats and there were no other sails upon the bay, but summer visitors and seafaring men stood along the beach and watched the admirable manner in which that little craft was handled. Word was passed from one to another that it was Captain ABNER BUDLONG, of Shamrick, who was at the tiller, and as many of the watchers knew Captain ABNER, and what he had done in days gone by, they were proud to see what their neighbour of Shamrick was doing now.

Mrs. SICKLES sat beaming, both hands grasping the rail and her feet firmly braced, but on her face was an expression of perfect trust, as she gazed from Captain ABNER to SAM TWITTY, which would have been edifying to anyone of weak habits of faith. The younger woman's hat was off, and her hair

was flying like a streamer from a mast-head. She drank in the salt breeze with delight, and her eyes sparkled as the boat dipped at the turn of Captain ABNER's tiller until the rail cut under the surface of the water as if it were skimming a pan of milk. She looked upon the bright-eyed sailor at the helm as though he were some sort of a salt-water deity whom it was suitable to worship. It was better than sparkling wine to her, to dash over the sparkling water.

The island shore drew near; the little boat bore bravely down upon it, and then with a beautiful sweep she fell into the wind, her white wing dropped and hung listless, and her keel gently grazed the sand.

"If there was an egg 'twixt her bow and the beach," said SAM, "Cap'n ABNER wouldn't have smashed it."

The Captain stemmed the praises which now poured upon him with a jerk of the head. "That's all very well," said he, "but I'm goin' to give SAM TWITTY a chance. He'll sail you back."

When the party was on shore, and the boat safely moored, SAM TWITTY began to jump about like a collie dog in charge of a flock of sheep. He had said little in the boat, but his mind had been busily at work with the contemplation of great possibilities. There was much to be done, and but little time to do it in; but SAM's soul warmed up to its work. Casting a rapid glance around, he singled out Captain ABNER, and dashing into the little party, cut him off from his companions and drove him out of earshot.

"Now, Cap'n ABNER," said he, "your time's come, and the quicker you get to work the better."

"Work!" cried ABNER. "What work have I got to do?"

"Do!" exclaimed SAM. "You've got lots to do. Look at that sun. It's settin' jes' as steady as if it was bein' towed into port, and you'll never get another chance like this. Here's two women to pop your question to; here's a minister on hand; here's me and the other woman for witnesses, and here's sky, sun and all them white caps skippin' over the water. There couldn't be a better place for a sailor to be married in than jes' here."

"But I tell you, SAM," said ABNER a little querulously, "I didn't come here to marry one of them women. I didn't start on this trip to make fast to the fust female person I might fall in with. I set out on a week's cruise, and I want to see a lot of them before I make a ch'ice."

"I tell you, Cap'n," said SAM, very earnestly, "it won't do. You might hang round Thompsontown for a year, and you wouldn't find any two such women as them two. Here they are—two kinds to pick from. One of them as ripe as a peach, and the other like a cross between a cricket and a blossom. And you've got no time to fool away. When the sun goes down you've got to sail back to Thompsontown, and then one will go one way and the other another, and where the minister will go to, nobody knows. They'll all be scattered and out of sight, and this glorious chance you've got might as well be at the bottom of the sea. Now, Cap'n, I tell you this thing that's right afore you is what you come for. Jes' you listen to what I say to you; you go to that Mrs. SICKLES, and let her see how you're standin' and what your course is. She's no fool, and she can see the sense of gettin' over a sand-bar at high tide jes' as well as you can."

(Continued in our next.)



YE FIRST MEET OF YE SEASON.

From a rare old Frieze (not) in the British Museum.

THE UNHAPPY VALET DE SHAM.

Two questions suggested themselves to me while sitting out *The Lackey's Carnival* at the Duke of York's Theatre; first, supposing this play by Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES had been performed by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and company, would it have appeared so hopelessly bad as it does on this stage? Secondly, what would have been the fate of *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, with all its great merit, but with its superfluous fourth act, had it been cast and produced at this Theatre? And my answer to both queries is, that, granting the hypotheses, the defects of *The Lackey's Carnival* would not have been so glaringly apparent at Mr. WYNDHAM'S theatre, and that, whatever success the third act of *Mrs. Dane's Defence* might have achieved at the Duke of York's, it would have been utterly cancelled by the weakness of its fourth act. Ere this opinion shall see the light, it is not absolutely improbable that *The Lackey's Carnival* will have been relegated to the Limbo of Lost Plays.

In *James Tarboy*, the principal character of the piece, Mr. JONES has created a monster unredeemed by one touch of any good quality in ordinary human nature, and in his reproduction of the original Mr. ALLAN AYNWORTH, makes the fatal mistake of broadening the lines and intensifying their blackness. Then he dabs on patches of colour here and there, the effect

of which is to render this "living picture," of an already contemptible scoundrel, grotesquely repulsively.

Miss EDITH MATTHISON is good as the wife; CARLOTTA ADDISON excellent as the detestable mother of the villain; and Master HARRINGTON is capital as that juvenile "liar and slave," the page-boy.

? MISPRINT.

[Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN claims to have at last succeeded in binding together the dissentient elements of the Irish party into "a coherent political force."]

WE have read the above paragraph several times over, first hurriedly—then slowly, and with care. Perhaps the explanation of the seeming mystery is that the last word, "force," should be spelled with an "a" instead of an "o." Then it reads all right.

PAINTING THE TOWN (AND COUNTRY) BLUE.—The *Graphic* publishes an interesting map, showing at a glance the results of the Parliamentary Election. Unionist boroughs and counties are coloured blue, Liberal strongholds red. It is decidedly a blue lookout for Liberals. They will comfort themselves with the reflection that colours thus imposed are apt to wash out.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER VIII.

A RIGHTABOUT FACER FOR MR. BHOSH.

*Halloo! at a sudden your love warfare is changed!
Your dress is changed! Your address is changed!
Your express is changed! Your mistress is changed!
Halloo! at a sudden your funny fair is changed!*

*A song sung by Messengeress Bindu before Krishnaghee
Dr. Ram Kinoo Dutt (of Chittagong.)*

THOSE who are *au fait* in the tortoise involutions of the feminine disposition will hear without astonishment that Duchess DICKINSON—so far from being chastened and softened by the circumstance that the curse she had launched at Mr. BHOSH's head had returned, like an illuminous raven, to roost upon her own nose and irreparably destroyed its contour—was only the more bitterly incensed against him.

Instead of interring the hatchet that had flown back, as if it were that fabulous volatile the boomerang, she was in a greater stew than ever, and resolved to leave no stone unturned to trip him up. But what trick to play, seeing that all the honours were in Mr. BHOSH's hands?

She could not officiate as Marplot to discredit him in the affections of his ladylove, since the Princess was too severely enamoured to give the loan of her ear to any sibillations from a snake in grass.

How else, then, to hinder his match? At this she was seized with an idea worthy of MACCARONI himself. She paid a complimentary visit to the Princess, arrayed in the sheepish garb of a friend, and contrived to lure the conversation on to the vexed question of prying into futurity.

Surely, she artfully suggested, the Princess at such a momentous epoch of her existence had, of course, not neglected the sensible precaution of consulting some competent soothsayer respecting the most propitious day for her nuptials with the accomplished Mr. BHOSH? . . .

What, had she omitted to pop so important a question? How incredibly harebrained! Fortunately, there was yet time to do the needful, and she herself would gladly volunteer to accompany the Princess on such an errand.

Princess VANOLIA fell a ready victim into the jaws of this diabolical booby-trap and inquired the address and name of the cleverest necromancer, for it is matter of notoriety that London ladies are quite as superstitious and addicted to working the oracle as their native Indian sisters.

The Duchess replied that the Astrologer-Royal was a *facile princeps* at uttering a prediction, and accordingly on the very next day she and the Princess, after disguising themselves, set forth on the summit of a tramway 'bus to the Observatory Temple of Greenwich, where, after first propitiating the prophet by offerings, they were ushered into a darkened inner chamber. Although they were strictly *pseudo*, he at once informed them of their genuine cognomens, and also told them much concerning their past of which they had hitherto been ignorant.

And to the Princess he said, stroking the long and silvery hairs of his beard, "My daughter, I foresee many calamities which will inevitably befall thee shouldst thou marry before the day on which the bridegroom wins a certain contest called the Derby with a horse of his own."

The gentle VANOLIA departed melancholy as a gib cat, since Mr. BHOSH was not the happy possessor of so much as a single racing-horse of any description, and it was therefore not feasible that he should become entitled to wear the blue ribbon of the turf in his buttonhole on his wedding day!

With many sighs and tears she imparted her piece of news to the horror-stricken ears of our hero, who earnestly assured her that it was contrary to commonsense and *bonos mores*, to attach any importance to the mere *ipse dixit* of so antiquated a charlatan as the Astrologer-Royal, who was utterly incapable—except at very long intervals—to bring about even such a simple affair as an eclipse which was visible from his own Observatory!

However, the Princess, being a feminine, was naturally more prone to puerile credulities, and very solemnly declared that nothing would induce her to kneel by Mr. BHOSH's side at the torch of Hymen until he should first have distinguished himself as a Derby winner.

Whereat Mr. BHOSH, perceiving that the date of his nuptial ceremony was become a *dies non* in a Grecian calendar, did wring his hands in a bath of tears.

Alas! he was totally unaware that it was his implacable enemy, the Duchess DICKINSON, who had thus upset his apple-cart of felicity—but so it was, for by a clandestine bribe, she had corrupted the Astrologer-Royal—a poor, weak, very avaricious old chap—to trump out such a disastrous prediction.

Some men in this hard plight would have thrown up the leek, but Mr. BHOSH was stuffed with sterner materials. He swore a very long oath by all the gods that he had ceased to believe in, that sooner or later, by crook or hook, he would win the Derby race, though entirely destitute of horseflesh and very ill able to afford to purchase the most mediocre quadruped.

Here some sporting readers will probably object! Why could he not enlist his unwieldy gifthorse among Derby candidates and so hoist the Duchess on the pinnacle of her own petard?

To which I reply: Too clever by halves, Masters! *Imprimis*, the steed in question was of far too ferocious a temperament (though undeniably swift-footed) ever to become a favourite with Derby judges; secondly, after dismounting Mr. BHOSH, it had again taken to its heels and departed into the Unknown, nor had Mr. BHOSH troubled himself to ascertain its private address.

But fortune favours the brave. It happened that Mr. BHOSH was one day promenading down the Bayswater Road when he was passed by a white horse drawing a milk chariot with unparalleled velocity, outstripping omnibuses, waggons, and even butcher-carts in its windlike progress, which was unguided by any restraining hand, for the milk-charioteer himself was pursuing on foot.

His natural puissance in equine affairs enabled Mr. BHOSH to infer that the steed which could cut such a record when handicapped with a cumbrous dairy chariot would exhibit even greater speed if in *puris naturalibus*, and that it might even not improbably carry off first prize in the Derby race.

So, as the milk-charioteer ran up, overblown with anxiety, to learn the result of his horse's escapade, Mr. BHOSH stopped him to inquire what he would take for such an animal.

The dairy-vendor, rather foolishly taking it for granted that horse and cart were gone concerns, thought he was making the good stroke of business in offering the lot for a twenty-pound note.

"I have done with you!" cried Mr. BHOSH sharply, handing over the purchase-money, which he very fortunately chanced to have about him, and galloping off to inspect his bargain, which was like buying a pig without first poking it in the ribs.

In what condition he found it I must leave you to learn, my dear readers, in an ensuing chapter.

(To be continued.)

"SHARPSHOOTER CORPS."

Easy Conversationalist. Have you ever seen the "Sharpshooter Corps"?

Sufferer. No, but I've felt it, and had it extracted.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE SPOOK.

[According to the the *Daily Telegraph* of October 23, spiritualists and their disembodied friends have lately been protesting at Professor DEWAR's experiments with air at low temperatures, whereby sundry stray spooks have been caught and solidified along with the atmosphere. As a result of their ignominious incarceration, several hitherto well-affected spirits have threatened to emigrate to a climate where a less pressure is brought to bear upon them.]

I 'm a Spook of respectable birth—
My record is perfectly clean;
Since I quitted the earth
I've consistently been
A phantom of recognised worth.

I am found in the spectral "Who's
Who?"

And my visiting list is select—
Just a medium or two
That I 'm sure are "correct."
I tell them in raps how I do!

I 'm thoroughly harmless, you see;
So I think that I've cause to complain
Of the needless degree
Of detention and pain
I endure in this land of the free.

For look, when I 'm paying a call
On a crony and feeling secure,
I am certain to fall
In an air-trap where DEWAR
Is lying in wait for a haul.

Ere I 'm able to beat a retreat
The Professor will murmur, "There's
air!"

To exhibit his feat
I am frozen with care
Like a joint of Australian meat!

Then I 'm kept in a vile little-ease
Of a vial (forgive me the jape!)
Where there's no room to sneeze
And I 'm bent out of shape
With my noddle tucked under my
knees.

Thus an innocent wraith to way-lay
By the heels with this solid-air trick
Is become, I may say,
What you call "a bit thick"—
From this "frost" let me clear right
away! A. A. S.

DARBY JONES ON LORD DURHAM.

HONOURED SIR,—Although I failed to stigmatise (Old Expression *redivivus*) the Actual Winner of that famous Handicap the Cambridgeshire Stakes, I nevertheless cast to the winds the chances of the *Raft* and *Democrat*, and indicated some good Place Investments. By-the-way what Translucent Joy must Mr. BASSET feel beating beneath his Winter Waistcoat when he is returned his subscription of 25 sovereigns by reason of *Good Luck* having occupied the position recognised in European Monarchy by the Nephew of NAPOLEON ONE.



Brown (slapping *total Stranger* on back). "HULLO, OLD MAN, HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AN AGE. DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?"

Stranger. "I DON'T REMEMBER YOUR FACE, BUT YOUR MANNER'S VERY FAMILIAR."

It is not, however, Noble Sir, my object to discourse about the Newmarket Terminus, but rather would I offer a few Remarks as totally unbiassed as a Texan Broncho—on the Wit and Wisdom of the Noble Earl of Durham—and believe me, Honoured Sir, the Head of House of Lambton has whacked his Hammer on the Right-Wrong Reptile—just as his Illustrious Ancestor demolished the Lambton Worm. It isn't a question of whether a Race Horse owner is an American or Briton, or a Japanese or a Laplander, it's whether he plays what we call "The Strict Game." And when we find Yankee Jockeys foul-riding followed by a crowd of Yankee Bunco-Steerers, we open our Eyelashes and ask "What price Canvasback Ducks?" The Earl is R I G H T (print that in "caps,"—"jockey caps" of course—), but being a Steward of the Omnivorous Jockey Club he can't open his

mouth as wide as the Shepherds' Bush Twopenny Tube Railway.

I, Sir, have consistently advocated the LICENSING OF BOOKMAKERS by the Jockey Club. All right-minded Slaves of the Ring would welcome such an Edict, for it would be the Destruction of the "Hook it" Gentry round about Piccadilly Circus. Like the Melancholy Italian, they have their barrel Organs, but if Lord DURHAM would take up this question, he would throw such a Solid Running Path over the Lava of the Turf, as might, indeed, satisfy the Requirements of that Magnificent Free Librarian, Mr. PASSMORE EDWARDS, who, though individually opposed to the Curse of Betting, nevertheless collectively supplies in his lively Margarine-coloured organ the *Echo*, some of the best Sporting News in London.—I am, your devoted Henchman,
DARBY JONES.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.
IN MONTHLY PARTS.

XI.—THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SECTION.

OCTOBER 1ST TO 4TH.—

FRIENDS, Britons, patriots and C. I. V.,
I come to bury CÆSAR! He is off,
With your polite applause to lay his ghost!
Long tempted, like another ANTONY,
By soft seductions of the modern Muse,
I have commissioned Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS—
And PHILLIPS is a very useful man
Who understands my genius to a T
(Not all the bards are very useful men)—
To fashion me a play to take the Town.
And he has done it, if I know what's what.
Indeed, the thing is quite original,
Save for the plot adapted from the Greek
Of that sublime historian JOSEPHUS,
Who also was a very useful man.
So much for PHILLIPS. In the title-rôle,
Trusting to steady patronage, I hope,
With your permission, to surpass myself.
Others, at such a juncture might perhaps
Out-Herod HEROD; I shall purpose to
Out-Berberohm BEERBOHM! Thanking you again.
H. B-RB-HM TR-E.

5TH, 6TH.—How like a timorous sloth of tender years
My reputation hangs upon a TREE;
Bravely it bears my weight; and yet the blood
Sings in my brain, not altogether used
To being upside-down.

I seem to hear
The strain of all the heart-strings in the stalls,
And all the public breathing in the pit!
Now is the climax when the author's pulse
Is at its hottest; now the crucial scene,
When everything is blank, besides the verse,
And either HEROD or myself goes mad!

* * * * *

(Later).

We stand together wreathed in wedded smiles;
I never thought a TREE could spread such bows!

ST-PH-N PH-LL-PS.

7TH, 8TH.—In order to wake to ecstasy the throbbing heart of a great people, it is not grammar that is needed, nor yet the power of suborning the venal critic. What you want is a profound and intimate knowledge of facts, of human nature, of realities; combined with an exquisite modesty of attitude on the author's part. Those are the qualities for lack of which *The Christian* failed.

M-RIE C-R-LLI.

9TH, 10TH.—There was a time when I taught the Island to measure the actual value of literary work by its popularity in the British market. The inexplicable success of *The Master Christian* among the middle classes has compelled me to modify this opinion. It may be that the overwhelming force of one illustrious example encouraged me to make an unwarranted generalisation.

H-LL C-NE.

11TH TO 13TH.—*Suave mari, &c.* Yet, indeed, in no Epicurean sense, it is well to withdraw betimes from the fierce conflict of parties that one may secure a bird's-eye view of the vanity of affairs. ACHILLES in his tabernacle, NAPOLEON on Elba, HARCOURT, MORLEY and I have all enjoyed this restful experience; beautified, with some of us, by the pursuit of history or dialectics. The first four, it is true, returned to public life, with fatal results in more cases than I care to mention. For myself,

greatly as I admire the Man of Action, I have had a thought that posterity may, after all, prefer to know me as a literary craftsman who merely devoted his superfluous energy to politics and the Turf by way of distraction.

R-S-B-RY.

15TH.—Sybarite!

W. V-RN-N H-RC-RT.

16TH, 17TH.—The deeficulty aboot sic a name as WATSON (ye'll ken that IAN MACLAREN is naethin' but a fechtin' disguise) is that a mon may be mistaken for anither genius of that ilk descreption. I hae a letter fra a puir body wha says: "Honoured Sir, me and my family wishes to let you know that our souls have been wonderful refreshed and elevated by your noble pome—*Abdul the Damned*."

I-N M-CL-R-N.

18TH.—Great Muse! and can it be this godless isle

Breeds any so impervious of pelt

That they confound my chaste and Greekish style

With kailyard cackle of the so-called Kelt?

W-LL-M W-TS-N.

(To be resumed next week.)

O. S.

HORACE HIBERNICISED.

[The Nationalist address to Mr. KRUGER states that the memorialists are "proudly conscious that they represent all that is best in Ireland."]

Ad Mæcenatem Krugerum.

KRUGER, of ancient Dopper strain,
Thro' whom advertisement we gain;
There is a common class of Celt
Who proves his valour on the veldt,
And holds the rarer metals dross
Beside the copper of a cross.
One here, whose feet to honour climb
Undogged by outrage and by crime,
One there, who courts the shafts of fate
In loyal service of the State,
It may be difficult to teach
The smaller parts of currish speech.
The man who, all unwisely brave,
In seeking glory dares the grave,
May often haply favour least
The moonlight maiming of a beast,
And he who snipes his country's foe
Perversely lets his landlord go.
Of Erin's sons there are whose pride
Is to be true whenever tried,
Large-hearted, loyal, gallant, gay,
A colour spot on English grey.
Us it rejoices to bemean
Ourselves by idiotic spleen,
By rant vaingloriously writ,
And rancour unadorned by wit.
For worth we know one only test,
That the most blatant is the best;
And if your Honour mark us—well,
Our heads, if not our hearts, will swell.

NOT AN UNREASONABLE IDEA.

First Citizen. What's the meaning of this? 'Aving done with the General Election, 'ere we are landed up with the Municipals? 'Oo's responsible for this?

Second Citizen. Why, the printers and bill-stickers of course. They'd like an Election every week.

AFTER THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Big Plunger. Well, whenever I get a chance of a dash on a precious stone I'm in it. I backed *Diamond Jubilee* for the Derby and the Leger, and now I've made my winter's keep over *Berrill*.



HAMLET ADAPTED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hamlet. RT. HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR.*Polonius.* RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.*Polonius.* "DO YOU KNOW ME, MY LORD?"*Hamlet.* "EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT WELL. YOU'RE A FISHMONGER."*Polonius (proudly).* "I AM, MY LORD."*Hamlet.* "I'M GLAD YOU'RE SO HONEST A MAN."*Polonius (rather puzzled).* "HONEST, MY LORD?"*Hamlet.* "AY, SIR; HONEST. TO BE HONEST, AS THIS WORLD GOES, IS TO BE ONE MAN PICKED OUT OF TWO THOUSAND."*Polonius (satisfied).* "THAT'S VERY TRUE, MY LORD."

[Wednesday, October 24. Mr. Chamberlain was presented with the freedom of the Fishmongers' Company. On the same evening Mr. Winston Churchill, addressing his constituents, referred to the attacks made on Mr. Chamberlain's personal honesty.—*Vide "Times," Oct. 25.*]



"GARN! YER WEAR YER FATHER'S BOOTS!"
 "SO DO YOU! AN', WOT'S MORE, YER FEEL 'EM!"

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

Summing up.—Before ending my holiday at Oban, I wish to put on record that I am a convert to Scotch Sabbatarianism on Sunday. No postman appears; ergo neither letters nor papers, except for those persons to whose existence the receipt of letters and papers is essential. If any such there be at Oban, they can go themselves, or send, to the post office, between nine and ten on a Sunday morning. Between four and five in the afternoon they can send as many telegrams as they can write in the time and pay for.

Boating, riding, driving, and every form of labour, or amusement, is discountenanced on Sunday. No small craft about, sailing or rowing; yachts lie idly at anchor. A very few carriages drive in from long distances, bringing visitors into the town for morning church. Service over, the promenade is crowded on a fine Sunday, at mid-day, but top-hats and stiff go-to-meeting clothes are rarities. "The Church Parade" is decorous; and but for nearly every one carrying, quite naturally and unostentatiously, several devotionally bound books, it might be a gathering for a flower show, or of some highly respectable wedding parties before the festive breakfast. After one o'clock silence without; feeding within. The gay time is the Sunday evening parade. As the dusk grows duskier, couples become more affectionate; air is colder, hearts are warmer; and as evening merges into night, outlines become blurred, and colours blend. It is an eager and an embracing air.

So quiet! A stroll is the thing. Forth I fared. First northwards. Here I find a few people, scattered about, sedately reading, quietly discussing, meditating; a fair sprinkling of couples, deeply interested in themselves, occupying such seats as a considerate Town Council has so match-

makingly placed among the rocks and under the trees on the point of land beneath Dunolly Castle; perches for love-birds. So far so good: tranquillising effect; I retrace my steps. . . . Stay! Is it possible? What do I see—a vehicle containing four tourists! Is it so, have they been to some distant place of worship? Hum—they don't look like it: they are depending on one another for mutual support (this is evidence of brotherly and sisterly love), and are all decidedly somnolent. Just as they are disappearing, there rattles along the front a char-à-banc! full of trippers, by all that's unsabbatarian! Noisy trippers, too! I am profoundly indignant.

"Stay!" said I to myself, "maybe these people, having been at work all the week, have come here from Saturday to Monday, and only on Sunday have they the slightest chance of seeing the country and benefiting their bodies and minds by the beautiful sights, the soothing sounds and the reposeful atmosphere of these lovely surroundings. Without a trap and horses for a two-hours' drive or more, they would have missed all this; and if their throats have required moistening, well, this is an exception that proves the rule of sobriety and rest on Sunday at Oban."

My last morning.—The cheery Captain of the gallant *Fusilier* salutes us as we go aboard for a final run up to Fort William and back. Fine type of commanding officer in the Macbraynian Loch-Marine Service is Cap'en MACALLUM (or, if you forget his name, you can call it to mind by styling him "Cap'en What-you-may-callum") of the aforesaid gallant *Fusilier*, one of the best boats of this fleet. The Cap'en brings up alongside of the landing-stage in splendid style, under the very guns of Fort William! By the way, there are no guns, and there isn't any Fort; nor any William; but these are mere details.

I should not be doing my duty towards Oban did I omit all mention of the spick-and-span police force. They wear caps instead of helmets, and carry a handy sort of switch, silver-mounted. They walk with a light and airy step, quite merry "Switch-boys." In orderly Oban, orderly in a general way that is, there is not much occupation for the natty constables, though now and again, on certain occasions when the braw laddies, having taken a weedrappie i' the 'ee, are inclined to make themselves a trifle objectionable to staid citizens, the spry police of Oban know exactly when and where their services will be required, and cleverly keep out of sight until the psychological moment arrives.

On the climate.—Is Oban relaxing? Personally, I do not consider it so; but, anyway, it is a first-rate place for "relaxation."

Farewell visit.—Dunnolly, or Dunollie, Castle—that is, the ruins of what was once upon a time Dunollie Castle—picturesquely situated at the northern entrance of Oban Bay, can be inspected three times a week by kind permission of the spirited proprietor who permits visitors to walk through a portion, and a very pretty portion too, of the estate, on certain days, charging only the trifling sum of threepence a head for entry within the walls of the ruin itself. I trust that these threepennies, which must bring in a considerable amount during the tourist season, do not go to any "restoration fund." The threepences won't be restored, of course; neither, let us trust, will be the ruins. I fancy they are devoted to some charitable purpose. Personally I prefer the view of the castle from the bay, to the view of the bay from the castle. From the rocks below I behold a most glorious sunset; for in glorious sunsets Oban is rich indeed. The milkman's sonata on the bell, heard in the middle distance, for the last time, warns me that the hour of dinner is near at hand. It needed no milkman's bell to tell me this.

* * * * *
Adoo! Adoo!—To Dunollie is always a pleasant stroll. To-day it has a melancholy interest for me. Goodbye! I visit it on the last afternoon of my vacation. Most appropriate; *Done 'Oiday Castle.*

AFTER VACATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You, who are the friend of the young, can, I think, spare a thought from your cares to the freshmen lately folded to the breast of Cambridge or of Oxford. From all quarters of the world have they taken their way, some with high ideals of the little life they are to live within those grey and venerable walls, some with thoughts of a happy time relieved of the incubus of school-masters, and exalted by the possession of a cheque-book and a moderate balance at the bank. But they are all freshmen, youngster upon whom trials and troubles have set no defacing mark, gay, light-hearted, shy and unspoiled in mind, in heart, and it does a veteran good to live with them, even though it be merely in imagination, for a moment.

How silently, how swiftly and how relentlessly the years go by and separate us from our freshmanhood by an ever-widening gulf. Yet, I look back through the mists of memory, and, lo! clear and distinct above the rest the days of my novitiate shine out! I see the great Court of Trinity, I hear the splashing of the fountain, the evening bell that called us to chapel, the laughter and shouts of the gowned and hurrying men trooping to service. I see the sturdy ancient porter standing squarely in his gateway, and I feel again the discomfort of the cobblestones with which the court in those dim irrevocable days was paved. Happy freshmen of to-day! You still hurry to chapel, I doubt not, but your feet tread a smooth, well-flagged pavement.

But the grass-plot, I suppose, is still sacred to the feet of Fellows of the College. Not even the freshman may plead his innocent habit of walking over his lawns at home as an excuse for desecrating with his impious tread the college turf. Yet, such is the daring nature of freshmen, that now, as in former years, when the nights are dark and the porters are asleep, they may be dimly seen dashing over the lawns to their rooms, wild figures of enterprise and revolt against the laws.

Lately, straying through my old college, I noted three grave and solemn cats sitting with an air of ownership at the foot of a staircase. There they had sat, it seemed to me, since my own distant first October term, and there they will sit as the ages roll. For, though dogs are forbidden, the cat is a lawful animal in college, and many are the votaries of the whiskered Pasht. Does she still, I wonder, insert herself heedlessly into narrow spaces between rafters and roof and make night clamorous with her pitiful appeals for extrication? For even cats are not always happy. Moreover, there was once a dog,



Carman. "NOW THEN, MISS, WHICH SIDE ARE YEE COMING?"
Nervous Beginner. "I—I DON'T KNOW YET!"

a lively fox terrier, who "kept" in rooms in the Great Court, and was lowered into Trinity Lane in a basket from an upper window. Having chanced one night to alight on the head of the Dean, his college career came to an untimely end. The plea that his vile body was merely being used as a convenient weight to test a new system of pulleys was, I regret to say, received with the chilling suspicion which in those days froze the relations between dons and undergraduates. That, too, is, I am assured, altered now, and every Dean treats every freshman as if they two were twin brothers.

There is no life so like its description in books as life at a University. The heedlessness, the cheerful extravagance, the gay frivolity, the sport, the talk, the meetings, the encounters, the cuttings of lectures and chapels, the dinners—all these remain the same from generation to generation. Bed-makers still wear their bonnets and shawls, gyps hurry from room to room and grow rich, but never old, in their hurrying, and tutors' breakfasts to freshmen are still arctic in their moral

atmosphere and severely restrained in the conversation that they produce.

However, be happy, freshmen, while you may. Great traditions of manly effort and endurance and accomplishment, whether in the schools or in the no less worthy intercourse of playing field and river, are yours. All the heroes of the past, whose great names and whose mighty deeds you rehearsed at school, are now a part of your splendid inheritance. You will learn to be men, not by forgetting to be boys, but by giving free scope to all the bright and happy impulses that spring from youth and high spirits—always, be it observed, within the limits of becoming mirth. And therefore—but I remember: it is to Mr. Punch that these lines are properly addressed. He, from his seat of wisdom, smiles, I know, upon all freshmen and gives them greeting.

THE VAGRANT.

WHY is the German Emperor the larkiest monarch in the world?—Because he is at the head of everything in Berlin, which is always on the Spree.



Dealer (to Customer in search of a hack). "Now, SIR, IF YOU WANT ONE FOR PLEASURE, I CAN RECOMMEND THIS. BUT IF YOU WANT ONE FOR LIVER, I SHOULD ADVISE THAT!"

ESSENCE OF DON JOSÉ.

(Extracted from the Inner Consciousness of Toby, M.P.)

FAR away the most interesting portion of the book about Don JOSÉ's work and life, just published by HUTCHINSON, is the earlier half, leading up to promulgation of the Unauthorised Programme. The author is obviously a Birmingham lady, and only Birmingham people can realise what Don JOSÉ has done for the material, educational, and moral advancement of the town they love with clannish feeling rare on this side of the Tweed. If Don JOSÉ had never been anything more than Mayor of Birmingham he would have established a unique position. He found a large area of the town a nest of slum. He left the borough a model for municipalities. Of course, he had co-workers. So had NAPOLEON, through his long series of campaigns. It was Don JOSÉ who inspired

them with his own energy, his dauntless courage, his directness of purpose, his large and liberal views. Born too late to assist in building Rome, he made Birmingham.

Wisely quoting where necessary contemporary records, Miss MARRIS gives a clear and graphic account of Don JOSÉ's chrysalis state, and his inevitable emergence. The Member for Sark chanced to make Don JOSÉ's personal acquaintance just twenty-six years ago, at the turning point of his career. Mayor of Birmingham, in 1874, it became his duty to act as host to the Prince and Princess of WALES. Already he had begun to be an object of public interest. He was suspected of being tarred with the brush of Republicanism. He was certainly dissatisfied with things generally as they were managed outside the radius of Birmingham. In the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* he had, a few months

earlier, given Mr. GLADSTONE his sailing orders, and put the Liberal party straight. How would he comport himself with unaccustomed royalty as his official guests?

Well, as they say at Edgbaston, he did it *à merveille*. The impression then made on that exacting judge, that acute man of the world, the Prince of WALES, founded an appreciation growing in warmth and strength in the more intimate connection arising out of marvelously developed circumstances since created.

There are two Don JOSÉS, one known to a continent that hates and fears him, the other familiar to a little islet of family and friends who see in him the most lovable of men. Among the interesting illustrations that add to the value of Miss MARRIS's book are two portraits. One, taken so recently as August this year, present Don JOSÉ seated in his orchid house. In the steadfast outlook, the sternly closed lips and, above all, in the hands nervously clasped as if the interlaced fingers were closed over the head of Oom PAUL, is seen the Don JOSÉ of public life. In another portrait, taken in company with his son AUSTEN, the Colonial Secretary is effaced, the centre of the picture being reserved for the columnal figure of his boy AUSTEN, of whose first House of Commons' effort, essayed amid the fiery heat of the Home Rule Disruption, Mr. GLADSTONE said, "It was a speech that must have been dear and refreshing to a Father's heart."

Don JOSÉ is, in brief, a dire enemy, a peerless friend. Indispensable when the Unionist Government was formed in 1895, he would take nothing for himself until he had exacted a pledge that certain of his ancient comrades should be provided for. This faithfulness, rare in political life, has for the last five years been a fruitful source of flouts and jeers. The Member for Sark tells me (and perhaps I should not give the secret away) that herein lies DON JOSÉ's vulnerable point. You may revile him as you please, attack him where you can. He comes up smiling, ready to give at least as much as he gets. But to say a word of disparagement of JESSE COLLINGS, to whisper doubt of POWELL WILLIAMS'S heaven-born genius as a man-of-war, cuts him to the quick.

DON JOSÉ has that magnetism of character which, commandeering mankind, enables him to move mountains. Speaking in 1868 of the local organisation which, later, became known as the Birmingham Caucus, and did much to dominate the constituencies, he described it as designed "to perpetuate the Liberal representation of Birmingham." As long as Don JOSÉ wore Liberal colours that purpose was effected. However politics might shape themselves outside the Midlands, Birmingham was true to the pole of Liberalism. When Don JOSÉ turned

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PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

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"WERE YOU IMPRESSED BY THE PARTHENON, MR. MCTURK?"
 "IMPRESSED! WHY, IF YOU'LL BELIEVE ME, THE BUILDING IS NAETHING BUT A HEAP O' RUINS!"

his steps in the directly opposite direction, Birmingham, with more or less of docility, went with him. To-day, the representatives of the once Radical Metropolitan, and a large tract within its sphere of influence, form the backbone of the party supporting a Tory Government. At both epochs Birmingham was honestly convinced that it was in the right.

The record of English history will be searched in vain for a parallel case of personal supremacy. One can imagine the pathos that shakes the voice of the Squire of MALWOOD, as, strolling through the New Forest, now in the sere and yellow leaf, he chants the wistful ballad of the Pilgrim of Birmingham:—

Full twenty years and more are past,
 Since I left Brummagem;
 I set me out for home at last
 To good old Brummagem.
 But every place is altered so,
 There's hardly a single place I know;
 And it fills my heart with grief and woe,
 For I can't find Brummagem.

The Birmingham of the Corn Law League, of the Charter, of rampant Radicalism on all current political questions is as dead as Carthage. And DON JOSÉ of all men buried it.

C. I. V. ILIMITIES.

[The following letter, written by a City Imperial Volunteer to his mother in Glasgow, after the great march, has been forwarded to us for publication.]

Kambersfontein.

DEAR MOTHER,—I am sure you will like to hear about our entry into London. You are always interested in my soldiering.

Well, we entrained at Southampton. Our colonel had commandeered two trains for us. And ultimately we found ourselves at Padder River Station, so-called from the canal which is near it. We tumbled out sharp, and formed up on the platform. The station was empty, but the streets were full of burghers. They showed us every civility, however, and cheered as we passed. They had even hung out flags for us. It was just like marching into Johannesburg over again.

After we'd gone four or five miles, and were beginning to feel rather done, we were halted while the mayor made a speech and handed over the keys or something to MACKINNON. We would much rather have had a drink. The streets were very narrow here, much narrower than Pretoria, and the buildings not near so fine. But the people were

still quite well disposed, and cheered us heartily as we passed. It was very curious—quite like a captured city.

Then we made our way along a still narrower little street called Fleet Street. It had apparently been barricaded at one time along its entire length, for there were banks of timber everywhere. But the mines, if there were any, didn't go off, and we got safely to the Cathedral, where there was service. It was at the top of a steep hill. We called it Cannon Kopje from Cannon Street, close by.

After service we re-formed and marched to the Guild-kraal, where everybody outspanned and ate till they pretty well busted. And I can tell you they wanted it! But it was a prime feed all the same. Then there were speeches. Everybody said we were heroes, and were as civil as possible.

Altogether, it was a most successful march, and there were few casualties. It was the only time we were afraid of encountering "de wet."—Your affectionate TOMMY.

THEATRICAL MEM.—Curious that at Wyndham's Theatre the part of a Canon should be played by A. Bishop!



Hostess. "WHY, MR. SMITH, I'VE HARDLY SEEN YOU ALL THE EVENING! NOW I PARTICULARLY WANT YOU TO COME AND HEAR A WHISTLING SOLO BY MY HUSBAND."

Smith (whose hearing is a trifle indistinct). "A WHISKEY AND SODA WITH YOUR HUSBAND? WELL, THANKS, I DON'T MIND IF I DO HAVE JUST ONE!"

DRAMA À LA MODE.

(A Suggestion.)

MR. PUNCH, having been struck by the fact that the public taste has turned of late in the direction of light musical pieces, and mindful of the recent metamorphosis of a successful comedy into a musical play, begs to offer the following luminous suggestion to certain theatrical managers. Whilst fully aware of the success achieved by Messrs. MAUDE and HARRISON in SHERIDAN'S comedy, and by MR. WYNDHAM in the drama of MR. JONES; yet Mr. Punch feels certain that a greater

triumph would await the transformation of these two plays into ordinary musical comedies. They would probably run a few years then, in place of a few months. Appended are a few rough directions.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

(A Musical Comedy in Two Acts.)

ACT I.—Garden at *Lady Sneerwell's* House. A fancy-dress fête in full swing. This allows good scope for chorus-work and effective costumes. Miss MARIE LLOYD as *Lady Sneerwell* should be well provided with songs. The less attempt made to follow SHERIDAN'S story the

better. *Sir Peter Teazle* (Mr. WALTER PASSMORE) and *Lady Teazle* (Miss ADA REEVE) in a quarrelling duet (with dance to follow), would be very effective. Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, having doubled the parts of *Joseph* and *Charles Surface*, may be safely relied upon to dislocate most wittily the entire action of the piece. His revived song about "The good young man that drank nothing but Porter—water" is sure to create a *furor*. Mr. GEORGE ROBBERY, with his well-known gift for historical impersonations, could give an effective picture of the beau—*Sir Benjamin Backbite*. He must not interrupt Mr. ROBERTS, however, too often with "Oh, how rude!" As *Sir Oliver Surface*, Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE is sure to be immense, and to do full justice to the high colouring.

ACT II.—Banquet Hall in *Charles Surface's* House. Great opportunity for Mr. ROBERTS as the convivial host—with impromptu speeches. His sudden transformation (done in the wings) to *Joseph Surface*, with a discourse on conjugal happiness, should prove the "hit" of the piece. The love-interest can be well left in the hands of Miss PRETTYSMILE and Mr. HIGHNOTE. The genius of Mr. ROBERTS is not so well suited for portraying the romantic affection of *Charles* for *Maria*.

MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE.

(A Musical Comedy in two acts.)

It would be best to entirely remove the serious atmosphere of this clever work, before it can be expected to succeed as a musical play. Mr. DAN LENO (whose long experience in feminine parts—especially married ones—should be of great assistance) may be safely entrusted with the rôle of *Mrs. Dane*, and this inevitably suggests Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL as *Sir Daniel Carteret*. The two might give their old pantomime duet, "You don't mean to say so—I do," in a comic cross-examination scene. *Canon Bonsey* should be reduced to a curate, and as such—Mr. PENLEY is, of course, the man. Mr. Punch is brimful of other brilliant suggestions, but these, perhaps, suffice to show how *Mrs. Dane Leno's Defence*—beg pardon—*Mrs. Dane's Defence* might become a splendid musical success.

A BRILLIANT GAS RETORT: The new SUGG lamps in the Strand, at the corner of Wellington Street. In street-lighting electricity has long held the field. Enter Mr. SUGG, with a couple of his thousand-candle lamps under each arm, and the adjoining electric lights blink in dismay. In magical result, ALADDIN'S lamp nothing to WILLIAM SUGG'S.

"THE BOXERS."—About December the 26th, "The Boxers" will be found everywhere in England. Don't be afraid; these will be "The Christmas-Boxers."



DARING DOGS!

BRITISH SAILOR. "WE DON'T WANT TO LIVE IN NO BLOOMIN' PAGODA, DO WE?"

GERMAN SAILOR. "NEIN! BOT SUBBOSIN' ODER BARTIES VANTS TO OGGUBY HIM?"

BRITISH SAILOR. "WHY, THEN, WE BLOOMIN' WELL RESERVES TO OURSELVES THE RIGHT TO TALK IT OVER!"



WEEDING OUT THE OLD 'UNS; OR WHICH WILL HE SUPER-ANNUATE?

Chorus of Elderly Coryphæes. "OF COURSE, SOMEBODY HAS TO GO; BUT SURELY IT CAN'T BE ME! I'M AS YOUNG AS EVER!"

[The only one who is quite safe, of course, is Signorina José.]

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATER-COLOUR-MEN, R.I.

ONE of the most delightful picture-shows of the year is that of the Water-colourists and Pastellists at the Royal Institute. The Gallery, situated as it is at the top of three flights of stairs, flights not by any means of imagination, ought certainly to exhibit nothing but specimens of the highest art. PHIL MAY's are first, as he is No. 1 in the catalogue, and his are the first seven on the walls, of which "*Scandal*" and "*Dismal Nico*" are the pick of this bunch; but, later on, No. 365, of the same artist's work, "*An Orphan*," undoubtedly takes the "bun," and, indeed, the poor boy looks as if he wanted it badly. Then notice 336, the *Volendam Child*, which sounds like swearing but isn't. Insert "good" between the last syllable of the first word and "child"; that describes her. Let the visitor go to Nos. 169 and 170, by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I., sketches, full of military life and character,

Sir JAMES D. LINTON has taken an ecclesiastical turn, and seems to have stained glass in his eye. He represents WESLEY, LATIMER, ST. EDMUND THE MARTYR, ALCUIN and BUNYAN all in the same window together. From the stained-glass-window point of view, all excellent men according to their "lights."

Mr. BERNARD PARTRIDGE's *Sir Henry Irving* (223) as *Hamlet*, "a drawing from memory," is quite a masterpiece. As a life-like, soliloquising portrait it is wonderful. The Garrick Club should not let this great chance slip, and should purchase it for its unique collection. The portrait of the Artist by himself, is very good, for he has apparently seen himself as others see him. There is no price put on his head. Evidently the artist knows a trick worth two of that, and is not to be "sold."

Miss EMILY FARMER's two children in No. 241, *Sweet and Bitter*, are delightful. *Autumn's Golden Crown*, by E. G. WARREN, R.I., is glorious in colour, showing many a country chiropodist engaged in cutting somebody else's corn.

279. *A Sussex Common*, by E. M. WIMPERIS, Vice-President,

R.I., will make you consider whether it is not risky to go any further than the frame without an umbrella.

(339) *The Phyllis* and (345) *Billy Taylor's Sweetheart*, by the President, R.I., are good specimens of the handiwork of GREGORY the Great.

J. AUMONIER, R.I., gives us nine pictures of Clovelly, which place he evidently visited in the very sunniest weather. Probably, with a microscope, the wasps which swarm there might be detected. We could "linger longer" in Dutchland with Messrs. MACQUOID, RICHARDSON and FINNEMORE, all Royal Insti-tutors who we trust will have many first-class pupils in their school, but our time is limited. Walk up, Walk up!

OLD SAW Re-SET.—Lord ROSEBURY has severed his connection with the turf and sold his racing stud. He will now give his undivided attention to politics. This course necessitates a considerable amount of speechifying. Thus his Lordship may be said to have reversed the well-known advice given by DUCROW to the author of an equestrian drama, and to have decided to "cut the osses and come to the cackle." *Prosit.*

The British Army for Ever! Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue! Never shall England want a soldier as long as there are whole regiments of them in the most brilliant form of "Scraps," horse and foot, all Tucked up comfortably in the Christmas-is-coming Boxes of Xmas Cards and other novelties prepared by Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. LABOUCHERE, looking through the book advertisements, came upon the following announcement. "*The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain; The Man and the Statesman.* Price 10s. nett." "And very dear at the money, too," said the SAGE (late) of Queen Anne's Gate, lighting another cigarette.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MY Baronite's acquaintance with ghosts is neither extensive nor peculiar. But if as a class disembodied spirits are as sweet, as gentle and as lovable as the late *Agnes Rivers*, the heroine of *The Gateless Barrier* (METHUEN), he would desire further acquaintance. In the design of the story, LUCAS MALET set herself a difficult task. An Englishman who has married a real spry American beauty, visiting his ancestral home, makes the acquaintance of a lady who has been dead, and should have been buried, nearly a hundred years. In spite of mortal conjugal relations, *Lawrence Rivers* makes love to the ghost who, in the prettiest, most pathetic manner returns his love. It is obvious that here is opportunity for making a ludicrous mess of things. LUCAS MALET, with delicate yet firm touch, from first to last steers clear of bathos. Her story is rather a beautiful poem than a prose narrative. A daringly original thought has been worked out with unfailing success.

The Random Recollections of a Publisher (SIMKIN & Co.), by MR. WILLIAM TINSLEY, "which his name was ever 'BILL,'" are, to the Baron, decidedly interesting, and not a little amusing. Herein contemporaries or barely contemporaries, more or less known to one another and to the general public, some of them meeting for the first time in these two volumes, form a kind of Happy Family in a Happy Land where actors, authors, actresses, artists, publishers publicans, singers, pressmen, composers, compositors, barristers, betting men, dancers, doctors, in fact, all Bohemia, between St. John's Wood and Margate inclusive, live, move and have their being, sometimes in merriment, sometimes in doleful dumps; sometimes in funds, sometimes penniless; but always more or less careless, generous yet selfish, always open-mouthed and often open-handed; easy-going as money might be easy-coming; ready to do a *confrère* a good turn that would require no great exertion; men full of strange oaths and warm-hearted sentiments. Such was the Bohemia that MR. TINSLEY knew and loved so well; where, "once upon a time," the Random Recollector and the Baron must have foregathered. He takes us back to old Vauxhall; what little he has to say about Mr. Punch is fairly correct and proper: and he is hereby informed that no one was ever at any time authorised to describe himself on his visiting card as "correspondent of Punch." The Random Recollector becomes a trifle mixed as to the ABECKETT family; but as Mr. Toots says, "It's of no consequence, I assure you." Also he is in error as to the sequence of events in the history of GEORGE ROSE, *alias* "ARTHUR SKETCHLEY." But other reminiscences may be forthcoming which will put such trifles right. But in the meantime these will serve. MR. TINSLEY'S recollections awaken slumbering memories, and conjure up, for the Baron at least, some old familiar faces, and the cheery tones of many a brilliant companion when all the world was young.

It is no secret that the General Election was arranged for in high places with the certain expectation of sweeping the country. On examining the dust shovel at the end of a laborious and costly process, it is found to contain two seats. This certainly beats the mountain in labour, which, as everybody knows, brought forth only a mouse. Here be twain. The result, unexpected on both sides, doubtless owes much to the energy of the Liberal Publication Department, which flooded the constituencies with literature designed to show the results of "Five Years of Tory Government" and the like. MR. CHARLES GEAKE and his colleagues in Parliament Street have a pitiless way of piling up damaging facts and figures forgotten in the rush of events. My Baronite believes that if MR. BIRRELL had been on the subscribers' list of the Department, and had obtained a supply of its formidable electioneering pom-poms and small arms, he would to-day be one of the Members for Manchester.

Christmas is coming, and the Christmas Books are arriv-

ing in Christmas Boxes. "Allow me," says my Baronitess, "to introduce at once to both boy and girl readers *Jones the Mysterious*, by CHARLES EDWARDES (BLACKIE & SON). A child-wonder, indeed, is this *Master Jones*. His sudden and uncanny disappearances at times when the reader is most interested in his movements, supply the principal incidents of quite the most exciting and humorous story of school-life we have read for a long time."

Young lady readers must certainly patronise *Cynthia's Bonnet Shop*, by ROSA MULHOLLAND, and I am sure they will be delighted with both *Miss Cynthia* and her sister *Befind*, who are the principal characters in this very charming story. Such is the opinion of my Baronitess.

My Baronitess informs me that she has not the slightest hesitation in advising everybody young enough to enjoy the story, to make the acquaintance of *Miss Nonentity*, by L. T. MEADE (W. & R. CHAMBERS). She will be found a very delightful person who proves herself to be a "Miss Somebody" and of considerable importance, too.

The Story of a School Conspiracy, by ANDREW HOME (W. & R. CHAMBERS), telling of a deep-laid plot and of hairbreadth escapes! All guaranteed to fill the heart of every schoolboy with keenest joy. "Tolle lege, Tolle lege!" O Schoolboy! or irreparable will be thy loss. THE BARON DE B.-W.

NEW RENDERING OF AN OLD REFRAIN.

AIR—"Vive la Compagnie."

WE'RE glad to welcome you back again,

Vivent les C. I. V.'s!

You've fought for honour with might and main,

Vivent les C. I. V.'s!

It doesn't seem much for a Briton to do,

To risk all he's got while he's fighting for you,

He does it—he's proud of the Red, White and Blue,

Vivent les C. I. V.'s!

Chorus.

Vive la Reine! et Vive la Paix!

Vive Lor' Maire de la Cité!

Vivent l'Empire et les Colonies,

Et vivent les C. I. V.'s!

(Chorus put into quasi-French, just to show that we can be loyally Canadian when we like. Another cheer—"Vive Lor' STRATHCONA!" That's better than shouting, "Vive KRUGER!"—a German, by the way—not even a Dutchman!)

DRAWING WALES AT THE PALACE.

IF MR. CHARLES MORTON, manager of the Palace Theatre, were not a delightfully engaging man, it is evident that the many fair young ladies composing the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir would not have become engaged to him. Their talented Personal Conductress, Madame CLARA NOVELLO DAVIES, would have set her face—a most expressive face, too—against it. 'Tis a rare thing to see gathered together in any one place twenty-four young ladies—the total of the blackbirds baked in a pie—all engaged! And all engaged to one man! But there they are, engaged to MR. MORTON for a season. And when the Palace is open, not only do these Welsh birds begin to sing part-songs excellently well, but Miss JENNIE FOULKES (young FOULKES, of course, she has left the "old FOULKES at home") and Miss JANET GARNETT (precious is a GARNETT!) step forward to give us solos that delight the audience; the latter young lady showing herself of great promise as well as of first-class performance.

With their eyes on the adroitly wielded bâton of Madame DAVIES, the Royal Welshesses chaunted their spirit-stirring national song, "*Echt Teerg Ew Dnal Riaf*," which includes the sweetly melodious and popular ballad, "*Ynnej Senoj*." Gallant Little Wales will crowd to the Palace Theatre of Song for this! Also for the entire entertainment, which, varying and varied, reflects the greatest credit on MR. CHARLES MORTON'S management.



her, and she agrees to ship with me, then I can't ask the other one, and there might as well be no other one. And she's as pert a little clipper as ever I seed, SAM; and she likes sailin', that she does."

"Now, don't you worry about that," said SAM. "You jes' say all you've got to say to her and hear all she's got to say, but don't sign no papers till you talk to the other girl. Hurry up, and walk along the beach a little farther off."

Without waiting for an answer, SAM TWITTY galloped away, or that was what he would have done had he been a sheep-dog. He darted in between Mrs. SICKLES and her companions, he turned her down the beach, he talked to her in rapid snaps about the sea, the sky, the sand, and before she knew it he had driven her alongside of Captain ABNER. Then, with what might have been compared to a bark of satisfaction, he bounced away to join the others, who were looking for shells.

In about ten minutes SAM TWITTY's port eye told him that Captain ABNER and the toll-gate woman were approaching, but in ABNER there were signs of a disposition to fall back. In an instant he had bounded between them, and was showing shells to the widow. Then, letting her go on by herself, he turned sharply upon ABNER.

"Well," said he, their heads close together, "what did she say? Is she all right?"

Captain ABNER threw a glance over the water, as if his soul were yearning for the fancied possibilities of Thompsonstown. "Oh, it's all right enough, so far as she counts," said he. "I went straight at it, and put the whole thing afore her. I told her about the house and the two parts to it, and what they was for, and she said that was charmin'; and I told her about the king conch-shell and the gilded idol, and she said she thought either one of them would be jes' lovely, and nothin', she

A P T A I N
A B N E R
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a moment.
"She's a
mighty
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SAM," said he; "but if I
go and set the case afore

believed, could be better on mantelpieces than gilded idols or king conch-shells. And everything else was jes' as slick and smooth as if she was slidin' off the stocks. She's good-lookin' enough, SAM, but she ain't got no mind, and I didn't fix up that house, and bother myself, year in and year out, gettin' it all right, to take it and give it to a woman what's got no mind."

"And don't she suit you?" asked SAM eagerly.

"No, Sir," replied the other; "she don't suit."

"All right," exclaimed the ever-ready SAM, "jes' you wait where you are for one minute." In less than that time the agile SAM had rounded up Miss DENBY, and had her walking along the beach by the side of Captain ABNER; and whether she thought that skilful skipper was going to show her some rare seaweed, or the state of his mind, made no difference to SAM.

The good Mrs. SICKLES was standing alone, reflectively gazing upon the little waves, so SAM had no trouble in carrying off the minister to a short distance for a few confidential remarks.

"I want you to tell me, Sir," said he, "if there's any reason why you couldn't marry a party, right here on the sea-shore—I don't believe there could be any more fittin' place, 'specially as one of them is a sailor. People don't have to have no licence here in this State."

Mr. RIPPLEDEAN laughed. "As I am a regularly ordained minister, I can perform a marriage anywhere in this State," said he, "where, it is true, no marriage licence is required, provided the parties are of legal age, and there are no objections. But who wants to be married?"

"I can't say, jes' now," answered SAM, "matters isn't settled yet; but everything is goin' ahead lively with a stiff breeze, and I guess we'll get into soundin's pretty soon. I only spoke to you to know if you'd be all right when the couple's ready."

"There is nothing the matter with me," said the young man, "but I would like to know——"

"Jes' you lay-to for a while," said SAM, "and I'll tell you all about it." And then, noticing that Mrs. SICKLES was glancing toward the Captain and his companion, as if she thought to join them, he dashed out to cut her off.

Meanwhile, Miss DENBY, with glowing eyes, was saying, "Yes, I do love to sail, and to sail in a small boat, close to the water, almost as if I were in it, skimming like a bird with my wings dipping. Oh, it is grand! And you have a sail-boat?"

The Captain answered, "Indeed I have; and there's none better, either for sailing on the wind, or before the wind, or with next to no wind at all."

"How wonderfully you must sail it. I could not keep my eyes off you as you brought us over here. It was grand! You made her do anything you pleased."

The Captain smiled and nodded. "But I think of my house as much as I do of my boat, Miss," said he. "I've got a mighty nice parlour that's as good as any ship's cabin; and now let me put this p'int to you. If you had a big king conch-shell, the prettiest you've ever seen, and it was on the middle of the mantelpiece, and you had a gilded idol in another place, would you put the idol where the conch-shell was and the conch-shell where the idol was, or would you leave 'em both jes' where they was afore?"

The young woman laughed. "What kind of an idol would it be?" she asked. "A beautiful piece of carving?"

"Tain't that," said Captain ABNER; "it's jes' a piece of wood whittled out by a heathen, but it used to be in a temple, and it's gilded all over."

"Oh, dear," said she, "I don't think much of that sort of an idol. I might like to be a gilded idol myself, if I had the right person to worship me. But, as for a wooden idol, I wouldn't put that on the mantelpiece, and I am of the same opinion as to the conch-shell."

"But it's a king conch-shell," said the Captain.

"I don't care," said she; "king or queen, it would be all the same to me. But if I were you I think I would be most of the time in the boat. What is a house, no matter what it has in it, compared to a boat dancing over the waves and speeding before the wind!"

Captain ABNER looked at her. "I expect you'd like to learn to steer, wouldn't you?"

"Indeed I would," she answered. "There is nothing I would like better."

Captain ABNER put his hands into his pockets, and gently whistled, and then, leaving him, Miss DENBY ran to join the toll-gate woman. Down swooped SAM TWITTY.

"Is it all right?" he whispered to ABNER.

"All up," the other answered, "and I'm glad of it. She don't want no gilded idol, and she don't want no king conch-shell. She wants her hand on the tiller, that's what she wants. She's got too much mind for me. After I've been workin', year in and year out, gettin' my affairs the way I want them, I don't fancy anybody comin' down on me and takin' the tiller out of my hands."

SAM made two or three steps forward, and then he stood gazing in the direction of the setting sun. Resting on one, slipped foot and extending the other before him, he folded his arms and remained a few moments wrapped in thought. Suddenly he turned.

"Cap'n ABNER," he cried, "it won't do to sink this chance! It'll never pop up agin. You must have spoke pretty plain to that toll-gate woman, considerin' the way she's been turnin' it over in her mind."

"Yes, I did," said Captain ABNER, "and that's the way I found out what she was. But I didn't ask her to ship with me."

"And you don't want her to?" said SAM.

"No, I don't."

"And you don't want the other one, nuther?"

"No, I don't," replied Captain ABNER, doggedly. "I don't want nuther of 'em. And I say, SAM, the sun's gettin' down and it's about time for us to be settin' sail."

"There's a good stretch of sky under that sun yet," said SAM; "and jes' you wait a bit, Cap'n."

SAM TWITTY walked slowly along the sandy beach; he looked as a sheep-dog might look, who was wondering within himself whether or not he had brought back from the fields as many sheep as he had taken out. He stopped and gazed about at

the party. Captain ABNER was walking toward the boat, the Minister and the DENBY girl were standing together comparing shells, and the toll-gate woman was strolling by herself a little higher up the beach, still in a reflective mood. SAM glanced from his companions to the sky, the water, the beautiful glistening sands.

"It's a shame to lose all this," he said to himself, "it's a burnin' shame to sink it all." Then suddenly, as if his master had whistled, he sped to the side of Mrs. SICKLES. Backwards and forwards these two walked, SAM talking earnestly, and the toll-gate woman listening with great interest. Captain ABNER now and then gave them an impatient glance, but the other couple did not regard them at all.

"But, Mr. TWITTY," said Mrs. SICKLES, "this is so unexpected. I had an idea of the kind about Cap'n ABNER, for I could not help it, but you—really. I've heard of you, often, Mr. TWITTY, but I never saw you until to-day."

"Now, Mrs. SICKLES," said SAM, "you couldn't have had a better day to see me in, if you'd waited a year, and speakin' quick and sharp as I've got to do, for the sun's keepin' on goin' down, there couldn't be a better day to marry me in."

"Oh, Mr. TWITTY!" cried Mrs. SICKLES, with a flushed face.

"There couldn't be a better time or a better place," said SAM, "with a minister right here, and two witnesses."

"But, Mr. TWITTY," said she, "I really thought that Cap'n BUDLONG—from what he told me about his house and his things—"

"Cap'n ABNER is one of the finest men in this world," interrupted SAM, "and he's got a fust-class house, and he's got all sorts of things from all parts of the world that he's put in it; but I can get a house and things to put in it, and I can do without gilded idols and king conch-shells—and what's still more to the p'int, Mrs. SICKLES—I want you, and he don't."

"There's something in that," said the toll-gate woman; and then she added, "but as to marryin' you here, and now, Mr. TWITTY, it's not to be thought of."

SAM walked slowly away; one might have thought his head drooped under a rebuke. He approached the young minister and the girl of the buggy.

"Look here," said he to the former, "you don't mean to say, Sir, that you'd back out of marryin' a couple right here and now, that was growed up and of full age, and nothin' to hinder?"

"Marry!" cried Miss DENBY. "A wedding right here on this beautiful island! Oh, that would be glorious! Who wants to be married?"

"I do," said SAM.

They both laughed. "But the other person?" asked Mr. RIPLEDEAN. "Who is to be the bride?"

"Oh, the bride'll be Mrs. SICKLES," said SAM. "But the trouble is she ain't altogether willin'."

"I told you," said the merry Miss DENBY; "you know I told you that you are the funniest people I ever met, and you truly are. People generally come to an agreement between themselves before they speak to the clergyman."

"Mr. TWITTY," said the clergyman, "I strongly advise you to give up your present notion of immediate matrimony, and wait, at least, until all parties agree upon time and place, and upon the other circumstances of this union for which you seem so impatient."

"Hello, SAM!" shouted Captain ABNER, from the water's edge. "Ain't you comin' along?"

SAM made no answer to anyone. He walked silently down toward the boat. Everything seemed to be breaking loose from him, and slipping away. His old friend, who had so long wanted "her," and who had prepared his house for her, and had set out to look for her, had declined to take her when he saw her, and he, SAM, who had so thoroughly understood the opportunities which had been spread before the little party that afternoon—

and who knew what would happen if these opportunities were allowed to slip out of sight?—had been set aside by one woman and laughed at by another; had been advised by a clergyman, and had been scolded by Captain ABNER. His soul resented all this, and he saw that the edge of the sun was nearly touching the rim of the distant sea. With a great slap upon his thigh he sprang to the side of the boat, and turned and faced the others, all of whom were now approaching him.

"I am to sail this boat back to Thompsontown," he cried. "It's been agreed I'm to do it, and I'm goin' to do it; but one thing I'll tell you—the sun can go down, the night can come on, and you can all stay here till mornin', if you like, but this boat don't leave this island with me at the helm till I'm a married man." With this he skipped on board, sat down in the stern, and clapped his broad hand upon the tiller.

There was a burst of astonishment from the rest of the party, as SAM thus seated himself at bay. Even the girl of the buggy did not laugh.

"But I must go home," she cried, "before it is any later. My friends will be waiting supper for me."

"Don't matter," said SAM. "Supper can wait."

"Look here!" said Captain ABNER.

"I don't want to look here," said SAM. "I'm lookin' a different way, and it's Mrs. SICKLES I'm lookin' at. And you needn't none of you look cross at me. I'm to steer this boat home, that's settled, and I don't steer her an inch till I'm a married man."

The others gathered together on the beach and gazed with varied emotions upon the determined figure of SAM as he sat in the stern, one leg crossed leisurely over the other, his protruding slipper lighted up by the rays of the setting sun.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Mr. RIPPLEDEAN. "Is he crazy? Does he really think of forcing us to remain here until he shall be married? I never heard anything—"

"So delightfully absurd," interrupted Miss DENBY.

"There's nothing crazy about SAM TWITTY," said Captain ABNER. "He's as sound as a nut, body and soul. But when SAM makes up his mind he sticks to it. Now, sometimes, when I make up my mind I don't stick to it. He's a good man all round and he's got enough to live on, though he never was a cap'n; but you couldn't find a better fust mate than him, or a better sailor, except, perhaps, somebody what's had a leetle more experience. SAM made up his mind that we was all comin' out here for a weddin'—everything fallin' together exactly to suit, wind and tide and everything else. But SAM ain't going to force nobody to do nothin'; he ain't that kind. All he's goin' to do is to stay here till he's married."

The girl of the buggy clapped her hands. "Oh, that is fine!" she cried. "It is like lifting you up on a horse and dashing away with you. Oh, dear Mrs. SICKLES, take pity on him and on all of us. If you do not, I shall have to talk to him myself and see if I—"

Mrs. SICKLES was not inclined to give attention to any such idle words as these, and she stepped up to Captain ABNER.

"You seem to think very well of Mr. TWITTY, Sir," she said.

"Indeed I do," he answered. "There ain't nobody I think more of, on watch or below, in storm or fine weather, take him as you find him, than I do of him."

SAM TWITTY had not heard any of the remarks which had been made on shore—he had been communing with himself—but now his active mind would no longer permit him to sit still. Springing to his feet, he stepped forward and stood up in the bow of the boat, and cast his eyes over the little party in front of him. Then he spoke:

"Mrs. SICKLES," said he, "I want to put a p'int to you that's been put to you afore, but I'll put it a little different. If there was a gilded idol and a king conch-shell that you

known of, and you was asked which of them you would like to have for your own, and you only could have one——"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Miss DENBY, "here is that delightful gilded idol and conch-shell again. I wonder what they will do now."

The toll-gate woman was paling and flushing, and these changes of countenance, combined with her becoming summer dress and her straw hat, made her very attractive to the eye. Without waiting for SAM to finish his remarks, she spoke:

"I am very sure, Mr. TWITTY, that both the things you mention, from what I've heard of them, would be very nice and pleasant; but you see, Mr. TWITTY, I don't——"

SAM suddenly stepped upon the rail, steadying himself by the mast, "Mrs. SICKLES," he cried, "I'll put it plainer to you—supposin' you couldn't get the gilded idol?"

Mrs. SICKLES now saw very clearly that there was no more time for hesitation. She stepped a little forward.

"In that case," she said, "I'd take the conch-shell."

With a bound SAM TWITTY sprang upon the shore, and the next moment he had seized the blushing Mrs. SICKLES by the hand. For a moment he gazed proudly around, the sunset light casting a ruddy glow upon his countenance, which made it almost as rosy as that of his companion. Then he tucked her arm under his own, and turned toward the minister.

"Please step this way, Mr. RIPPLEDEAN," he said; "that little bluff there, with grass on it, is the place I've picked out for the ceremony, and, Cap'n ABNER, I'll ask you and that young woman to follow along after us and stand up for witnesses."

Just as the upper edge of the sun disappeared beneath the glowing sea, the name of SICKLES departed from observation and recognition on that line of longitude. But in the glow upon the faces of Mr. and Mrs. TWITTY there was nothing to remind one of a sunset sky. It might have been supposed, rather, that they were gazing eastward and that the morn was glorious.

Having gravely saluted his bride, SAM lifted up his voice; he was used to that sort of thing, for he had been a boatswain. "Cap'n ABNER BUDLONG," he exclaimed, "step aft and kiss the bride."

When this command had been obeyed with urbane alacrity, SAM called out again, very much as if he were piping all hands to osculation, "Reverend Mr. RIPPLEDEAN, step aft and kiss the bride."

When the minister had retired from the performance of his duty SAM cast a speaking glance in the direction of Miss DENBY. He looked as if he would say that on this occasion it was a great pity that anyone should be left out. The girl of the buggy understood his glance, and lifted up her voice in laughter.

"Oh, no, Mr. TWITTY," said she; "it is not the custom for bridegrooms to kiss witnesses."

"Oh, no," added Mrs. TWITTY, in tones of approbation, and these were the first words she spoke after she had ceased to be SICKLES.

As that boat of blissfulness sped across the bay, before a strong breeze from the west, under a sky full of orange-coloured clouds, SAM TWITTY's strong hand grasped the tiller with an energy which would have been sufficient for the guidance of a ship-of-the-line. As the thin sheets of water curled over the lee-scuppers of the boat, that feminine right

hand which held SAM's left never trembled nor tightened its hold, and when the clergyman, sitting by Miss DENBY, asked her if she felt at all afraid, she cheerily replied,

"Not with the gilded idol and the king conch-shell both on board. No, not I!"

The honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. TWITTY was spent in Thompsonstown and lasted three days, for at the end of that time the bride's brother demanded to be released from the care of the toll-gate, having other duties which were incumbent upon him. But when SAM and his wife spoke of leaving "The Spinnaker Boom," Captain ABNER was perfectly willing to go with them. His face bore an expression of contented resignation.

"I'll drive you two back, SAM," said he; "'tain't no more use for me to stay here. I don't believe I'll find her, and I give her up."

On the way home the happy Mr. TWITTY burst out laughing. "It do seem awful comical, Cap'n ABNER," said he, "after all we said about comin' home, that me and her should be settin' on the back seat and you drivin' in front alone." And when this remark was explained to Mrs. TWITTY she laughed very heartily indeed.

SAM did not go directly back to Shamrick. His wife had a good house and could not, without due notice, give up her public office, and so he determined to remain, for the present, in the very pleasant quarters thus afforded him. But he vowed with considerable vehemence that Mrs. TWITTY should keep the toll-gate no more; this duty, so long as it had to be performed, he would take upon himself, and he found it a most congenial and interesting occupation.

"Like it!" he exclaimed to his wife, after his first day's experience. "It's as interestin' as readin' the paper. Everybody that comes along seems ready for some different kind of chat. And when that young woman with the buggy happens to be drivin' this way, she don't pay no toll. I'll pay for her myself, every time, on account of her sarvices as witness."

"No, you don't, SAM TWITTY," remarked his consort; "that young woman pays her own toll, every time. While I'm here I don't want no changes in the customs of this toll-gate."

It was about a fortnight after SAM TWITTY's wedding that this well-satisfied individual, being called to the gate by the sound of wheels, beheld a buggy with Miss DENBY sitting therein. In answer to SAM's cheerful greeting, she did not laugh, nor even smile.

"I saw your friend, Captain ABNER, about a week ago," she said, "as I drove through Shamrick, and he looked dreadfully solemn. I think his disappointment is wearing on him. It is a great pity that a man who can sail a boat as he can should have a moment's sorrow on this earth. It almost made me feel sorry he found out I wanted to learn to steer. I think that was the only barrier between us. And he would have taken me out sailing every fine day!"

"Oh, no, no," said SAM, "that never would have done. You could not have kept your hands off the tiller. If he had known what was good for him he would have married her." These words he spoke in a confidential tone, and pointed with his thumb behind him. "But he had the chance, and he didn't take it; and now I don't wonder he's doleful."

"You ought to go and try to cheer him up," said Miss DENBY, gathering up the reins. "Do you expect to go on keeping this toll-gate, Mr. TWITTY?"

"I'd like to," said SAM, "if you're goin' to keep on travellin' this way."

"Oh!" said Miss DENBY, with a reproving smile.

"Yes, indeed," said SAM, "for it reminds me of such a happy day."

"Oh!" said Miss DENBY, as she drove away with her nose in the air.

A few days after this SAM did go to Shamrick, and walking on the street he met Captain ABNER; but, to his surprise, that individual did not look at all doleful. There was a half smile on his lips, and his step was buoyant. The two old friends clasped hands with much heartiness.

"You are as gay as a pot of red paint," said SAM; "you must be feeling well."

"I should say so," said ABNER; and then, after a portentous pause, he added, "I've got her!"

"Got her!" exclaimed SAM, in amazement. "Where did you get her?"

"Got her here."

"And who is it you've got?"

"SUSAN SHELLBARK."

"SUSAN SHELLBARK!" cried SAM. "You don't mean to say that?"

"It's SUSAN SHELLBARK; and I do mean to say that?"

"Why, you've known her all your life," said SAM.

"All my life," was the answer.

"Then why didn't you take her 'fore?" asked his friend.

"Because I hadn't been to Thompsonstown, to see what I could get there. Of course I didn't want to take anybody here until I found out what there was in Thompsonstown. Now I know there ain't nothin' for me there."

"And so you take SUSAN SHELLBARK!" interrupted SAM.

"And so I take SUSAN SHELLBARK."

SAM looked at his friend for a moment, and then burst out laughing. "Give me your hand," he cried. "I'm mighty glad you've got SUSAN SHELLBARK, and I'm mighty glad you went to Thompsonstown."

"So am I," said Captain ABNER. "If I hadn't gone to Thompsonstown, I'd never have got SUSAN SHELLBARK."

"That's so," cried Sam. "And if you hadn't made up your mind to go to Thompsonstown, you and me'd never got stuck at the toll-gate with nothin' but a five-dollar note. I'm mighty glad we was stuck, Cap'n ABNER; I'm mighty glad we was stuck!"

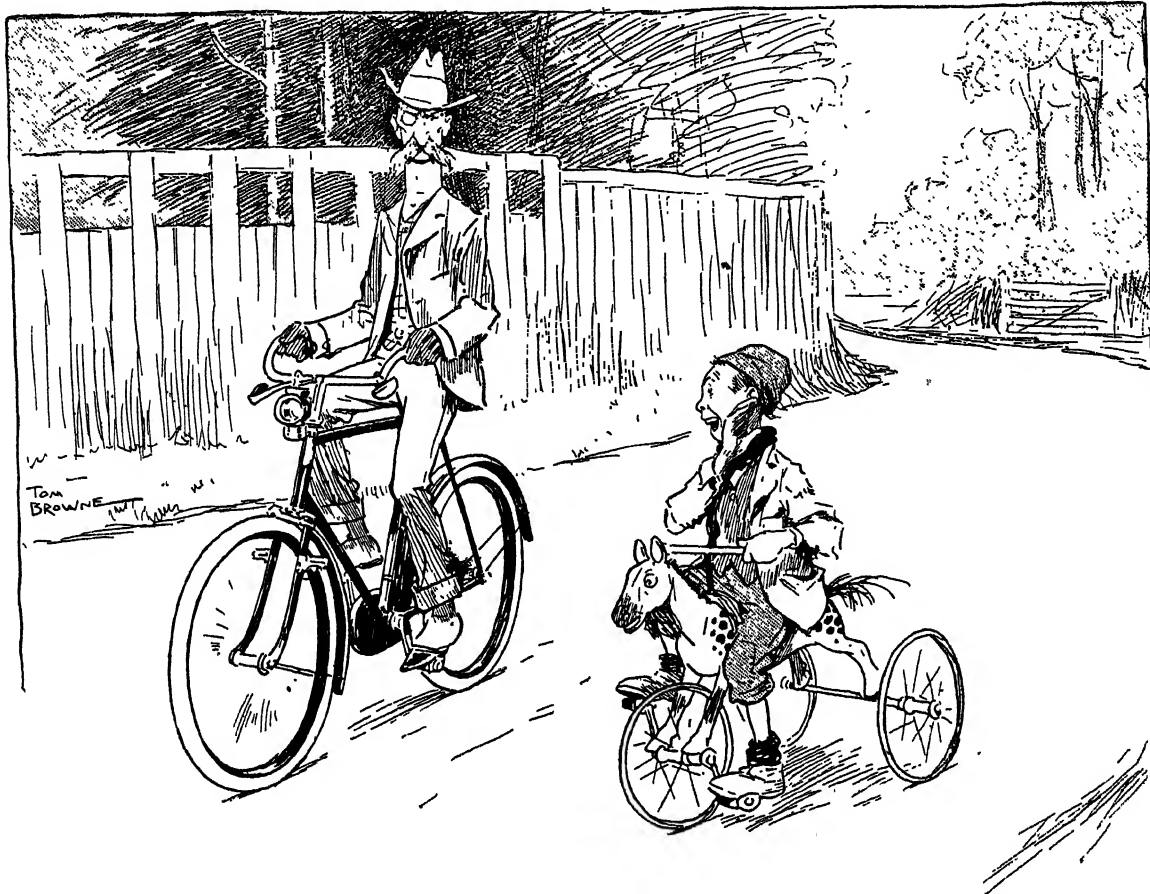
Thereupon the two friends shook hands again.

"But there is one thing I want to ask," said SAM, "what about the gilded idol and the king conch-shell?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Captain ABNER; "they're both to go on to the mantelpiece—one on one end, and t' other on the other. That's to be the way with everything we've got. You've knowed SUSAN SHELLBARK as long as I have, SAM, and you know she'll stick to that bargain."

"That's so," said SAM; "she'll stick to that bargain. Both of you'll be on the mantelpiece—one on one end, and the other on t' other."

Frank R. Stockton



THE FREEMASONRY OF THE WHEEL.

"RIPPIN' WEVVER FER HUS CICIKLIN' CHAPS, AIN'T IT?"

THE NEW CRUSADE.

[The Folkestone authorities intend to banish strolling musicians from the streets and foreshore. Similar steps are contemplated against the minstrels at other seaside resorts.]

No longer is the public mind perplexed
By problems many thousand miles away;
The Transvaal has been formally annexed,
And KRUGER'S fled to Delagoa Bay;
While, as regards the East, we must confess
Excitement is considerably less.

Yet, close at hand, another duty lies,
Which, at the present, our attention draws;
And ev'ry true-born Englishman should rise
To help in this extremely noble cause.
Before the nation dares to boast of peace,
All sea-side minstrelsy will have to cease.

Municipal authorities, awake!
Gird up your loins, get ready for the fray!
A speedy course of action you must take;
Fear not to tread where Folkestone leads the way.
(There they compel the victims, if you please,
To drain the cup of sorrow to the "Lees.")

From Scarborough to Eastbourne raise the cry,
Sound the alarm from Blackpool to Torquay;
Think you that anyone will question why
The "busker" should be driven from the sea?
Under the banner of this new crusade
Vengeance is come at last, though long delayed.

Shall we endure the banjo's "pänka-pong"
Without complaint, from dawn till dewy eve?
From echoes of the latest comic song
Can we not be allowed a short reprieve?
The ocean's unadulterated hum
Alone should strike upon the tympanum.

The sportive breakers we can wonder at,
While our complexions by the sun are kissed;
We do not need the wily acrobat,
Or the inferior ventriloquist.
If we *should* yearn for music, understand,
We'll listen to the Corporation band.

From pebbled beach and asphalted parade,
From grassy cliffs and crowded thoroughfares,
Wherever they may ply their noisome trade,
We'll drive them forth and hunt them to their lairs;
Triumphant then we can return alone,
And re-commence inhaling the ozone.

Then when 'tis done, when all the strife is o'er,
And ev'ry hope of minstrelsy is lost,
Of those who gather by the sad sea shore
Who will be mean enough to count the cost?
The Price of Peace will surely bring us gain,
And that may be the case at Drury Lane.

A WELL-INFORMED person of the genteeler sex wishes to be informed what was the original language of ALLSOPP'S Fables.



Dorothy (who has found a broken Nest-egg). "OH, MUMMY, WHAT A PITY! MY BLACK HEN WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO LAY ANY MORE EGGS. SHE'S BROKEN THE PATTERN!"

HOW SUSAN SAW THE C. I. V.

(Extracts from a Private Letter.)

MISS SUSAN TROTTER (BRIXTON) TO HER AUNT.

DEAR AUNT AMELIA,—I promised to write and tell you all about Monday—C. I. V. day. Well, we enjoyed ourselves very much, and it was awfully exciting, though of course things don't go quite as one wishes, do they? It was a great shame about Saturday, as JIM and me came all the way from home by an 'early' bus, and I had my new hat—you haven't seen it, but it's a beauty, and *such* a bargain; I got it . . . But still, of course, it couldn't be helped—I mean the putting off—though JIM says as the papers say that they ought to have known all about the storms, and provided against them. Anyhow, it's a shame making me wear my new hat.

Well, on Monday Pa, and Ma and SARAH,

came up on the 'bus, and me and JIM a bit later. I was afraid we should be late for a good place, as it was nearly ten o'clock when we arrived at the Strand (Pa said he wanted to hear the Lord Mayor), but JIM always leaves things to the last, though I oughtn't to say anything against him as he bought me a red rose, and what with my rose and the hat with green trimmings—there, I did feel a swell! In fact, JIM told me that of all the girls he saw . . . though those things never make me proud, as they would SELINA MOSG—you know SELINA.

We all stood together for an hour or so till Pa got thirsty—that's the worst of Pa, he always gets thirsty when he comes out. Ma, went with him. We lost sight of them after, though Pa and Ma told us all about their adventures after. We were pretty squeezed, I can tell you. JIM had some words with a fat old woman

(the very image of old Mrs. ROWLEY). Really, fat people shouldn't come sight-seeing—not that JIM didn't speak out a little too personal. Poor Ma got frightened into hysterics by a horrid policeman on horseback, who backed into Ma just when Pa was explaining to her all about the War. She told Pa if he'd been half a man he would have got in front of her and protected her. I'm afraid Pa rather lost his temper, though I mustn't fill up my letter with tattle, which I always hate.

Well, about three I was pretty well dead. Ma says as SARAH fainted—but SARAH never was strong. I felt pretty bad, and some brute spoilt my hat. JIM had his hat bashed in, and got his arm hurt. If I could have got out I would, I tell you; but there, I couldn't move. At last, awfully late, there was an awful noise—shouting and screaming. JIM says, "There they are!"—but I couldn't see with everyone fighting in front. Then JIM hoists me right up—what do you think of that, Aunt?—and I saw splendid for a moment. They were picking their way one by one, and they were brown. But then JIM got knocked over; so did I.

The Doctor says I must rest for a week. JIM has his arm in a sling, and a shade over his eye. Ma is still very queer, and Pa isn't quite himself. Still, we were luckier than the SMITHS. They had. . . . But we did enjoy ourselves, for we saw them. There, I've written this in bed, and can't write more now,

Your loving Niece, SUSAN.

WONDERS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

(By our Pessimist returned from the gay metropolis.)

WONDER why people make so much fuss about it.

Wonder if there is anything better in the shape of nationality than the British police constable in the English Pavilion.

Wonder why there is so much space allowed for so few exhibits.

Wonder if tickets at twopence a piece will fall, by the close, to a penny a dozen.

Wonder whether any of the side-shows are worth the price charged for admission.

Wonder whether the Transvaal Pavilion is compensation for a long stroll towards the Trocadero.

Wonder whether the Palace of Costume is so much better than Madame Tussaud's, or equal to the Dress Collection made for South Kensington by the late LOUIS WINGFIELD.

Wonder whether the great French show is really better than a combination of Earl's Court, the Westminster Aquarium, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Crystal Palace.

Wonder—finally—whether Paris is not much pleasanter when it is not blessed (?) with an International Exhibition.



Second Whip. "G-A-W-N-E AWAY!"
Middle-aged Diana. "GO ON AWAY, INDEED! IMPERTINENCE! I'LL GO JUST WHEN I'M READY!"

A FEW HINTS

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF PROCESSIONS.

WHEN the next big London crowd, not for seeing the Lord Mayor but for welcoming the military, assembles, it will be found necessary to adopt more effective measures than prevailed on C. I. V. day to keep it within bounds. Some, if not all, of the following suggestions appear to be worth a trial:—

General BULLER will make his way through Fleet Street, into the City, on an armoured steam-roller, in front of which will be a sort of cow-catcher attachment, to dispose of any too-aggressive Hooligans.

General BADEN-POWELL will wear a false nose and whiskers, and thus be enabled to mingle with, or circumvent, the mob. To complete the illusion, he will be provided with a bunch of "ticklers" and get taken up under a false name for endeavouring to sell these instruments of torture.

General MACDONALD will be surrounded by a body-guard of bag-pipes, simultaneously playing all the various pibrochs in different keys. This, it is expected, will act as a powerful solvent to the throng of his admirers, however compact and determined.

General FRENCH will be enrolled among the Mounted Police for the occasion of his triumphal entry, and will execute some of his unrivalled flank movements up side streets, thus reaching his destination unexpectedly.

Lord KITCHENER, as an Engineer, will proceed by the Tube, having previously warned off all special correspondents.

Lord ROBERTS will arrive by balloon, descending on the roof of the Mansion House, no other way of escaping the attentions of an enthusiastic nation being feasible. So much for individual heroes and favourites.

When the rest of the boys come home, the Imperial Yeomanry and the other mounted troops will drive every available fire-engine and 'bus in close formation, charging down the Strand at full speed and sweeping all before them.

The penny steamboats will be at the disposal of the "Handy Men," when some unexpected developments will no doubt occur. These antiquated craft could not make a more fitting end.

And, lastly, the Tommies in general will take up the best seats along the route, and watch the crowd march past instead of themselves. But perhaps the simplest solution of the difficulty would be to have the streets "up" for the day, and then there would be no procession to obstruct.

THE VESTRY LOG AND THE BOROUGH STORK.

"So Bumbledom's dead, and exit King Log!"

Cries the ratepayer, heart light as cork.
 Beware of the future, Municipal Frog,
 For a terrible bill has the Stork.

"CRAMMING" FOR THE ARMY.

IN order to get a commission in the British Army it is necessary, as all the world knows, to be up to a certain standard of weight. The height of ambition is to be heavy.

This curious regulation has formed the subject of sarcastic correspondence from time to time in the newspapers, and the Commander-in-Chief—who did not himself, as a subaltern, scale the number of lbs. which are now considered necessary for an officer of that rank—has been asked how he can reconcile it with his conscience to hold his present exalted position knowing that, in weight, he is quite unfitted to hold even a subordinate rank in the Service.

Happily, Lord WOLSELEY has never felt it incumbent upon him to answer such questions. He has thus been spared the task of explaining the utility of a regulation which would have prevented NAPOLEON and WELLINGTON, not to speak of Lord ROBERTS, from obtaining commissions.

The rule, however, remains, and the British Parent can but bow before it.

In order to meet the difficulty which it raises, and to enable deserving young men to attain to the requisite standard (avoir-dupois) for a commission, an educational establishment on novel lines has been started. As our readers may not have heard of it, and as its utility is obvious, we subjoin its prospectus.

AT THE NEW MORALITY THEATRE.

THE new play at the New Royalty, entitled *Mr. and Mrs. Daventry*, is in four acts, written by Mr. FRANK HARRIS, and produced by Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL who plays the principal part. Some among the Royalty audience, remembering the DICKENSIAN name of the author, might be inclined to associate him with the possible husband belonging to the oft-quoted lady of Mrs. GAMP's fertile imagination, but it would be nearer the mark were they to recall to their memory the episode in *Pickwick* where the humble purveyor of a banquet who was fairly well abused all round by the *convives* on whom he waited, and whom he thus apologetically addressed, just as the author of this drama might be supposed to address his critics. "I hope, gentlemen," said HARRIS, "that you won't be severe with me, gentlemen" . . . "I hope, gentlemen, I give satisfaction." "No, you don't, sir," said Mr. TUCKLE; "very far from it, sir."

HARRIS, the greengrocer, may in his heart have despised and hated the serving-men who abused him so roundly as a "vulgar beast," and an "unreclaimable blaygaird," but he had to kootoo to them, and probably the next "swarry" was of a very superior character. Perhaps Mr. HARRIS's next play will be one to which "the young person," married or unmarried, can be taken by her experienced elders without her running any risk of being constrained to hear the rules of conversation in polite society infringed, or of listening to such subjects as are proper to divorce Court proceedings treated with brutal frankness, or Frank-Harris-ness, and of seeing in action such situations as in real life would be within easily "measurable distance" of the "*flagrans delictum*." The official Examiner of Plays seems to have reasoned thus, "This play has taken such a lot of licence already, that it may receive a licence from the Lord Chamberlain. So here goes!" And the flat was pronounced.

In construction Mr. HARRIS shows himself a student of the French dramatists; but as he is still *in statu pupillari* the first two acts, while rightly arousing interest in the chief *dramatis personæ*, contain little that is at all entertaining, much that is unnecessary, and scarcely a line that rises above the level of commonplace. But with the third act Mr. HARRIS makes his great effort; his dialogue is terse, strong, and to the point; and, thanks to the admirable impersonation of the heroine by Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, the almost perfect acting of Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER as the lover, and the faultless presentment of the husband, *Mr. Daventry*, by Mr. FREDERICK KERR, he succeeds. The fourth act comes out strongly, very strongly in word, as did the third act in deed, but had its interpretation been in other hands the ultimate success of the play would have been doubtful. As it is, the triumph is for the acting, without which so transparently absurd a situation as that in the third act could not have passed muster with even the most uncritical audience. For, here, in order that the old device of listening behind a screen may be used (a novice always lugs this in if he possibly can) effectively, *Mrs. Daventry* enters, and, complaining of a distracting headache, begs to be left alone with her eau-de-cologne bottle; then, because the glare of the electric light increases her pain, she very naturally extinguishes all the lamps, and in order that she may benefit by being entirely in the dark, she lies down at full length on a sofa, facing the strong moonlight which streams in at the window! She does not attempt to pull down the blinds or to shut the shutters,—for theatrical-effect reasons, of course; and for the same reasons she does not turn her back to the light.

Then "enter the two conspirators," as *Sam Weller* puts it, her husband and the married woman with whom he is intriguing. The latter being horribly nervous and suspicious, both of them would look under every chair, sofa, behind any curtains, in fact, in every place that might possibly conceal an eaves-dropper. Yet, though *Mrs. Daventry's* toes are absolutely in evidence (she swiftly withdraws them), this guilty couple neither look

behind the screen, nor examine that third-part of the room occupied by window, sofa (part of which is in sight), and aforesaid screen. A skilled dramatist could not have made such a mistake, nor can I understand how so consummate an actress as Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL was induced to risk so evidently absurd a situation. That she accepted the risk, and won, is her triumph. And as I have before said, if the piece has anything like a lengthy run, Mr. HARRIS may "thank his lucky stars," or rather the clever histrionic "stars," Mr. FREDERICK KERR, Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, and Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

ON THE WAR PATH.

["The scenes of last Monday are a disgrace to civilisation. When Patriotism and Hooliganism become synonymous terms, it is time that such demonstrations should cease."—*Daily Paper*.]

'ERE, boys, 'oo's bloomin' patriots? 'Oo's comin' aht ter see Them precious 'omin' 'eroes wot they corls the C. I. V. ?
'Ere, get yer Kroojer-ticklers an' jes' come along o' me!
The 'Ooligans is aht upon the war-path!

There's crahds in Pickerdilly, an' there's crahds along the Strand,
An' dahn at Ludgit Suckus they're as thick as they can stand;
The coppers is a-nussin' of the faintin' women, and
The 'Ooligans is aht upon the war-path!

The kids is 'owlin' 'orrible, an' there's a blessed brat
They're tikin' on the hambylance wot's got 'isself squashed flat;
But wot's a bloomin' biby? 'Oo would care a pin for that,
When the 'Ooligans is aht upon the war-path?

WHEN Lord ROSEBURY goes to Glasgow to give his Rectorial address—which rather sounds as if he were in the habit of giving his *wrong* address—he is to be the guest of Principal STORY. Aha! To which STORY family does this one belong? 'Tis a story with a Principal, evidently. A good story, an amusing story, an after-dinner story? Anyway, here is "another story"!

"PEACE WITH HUMOUR."—A daily newsman reporting Mr. FURNISS's new entertainment observes, that "the new Show ought to draw." Well, whatever this Show may do, there's no doubt about the fact that its Showman can draw. By the way, how the title of his entertainment suggests what every comedy ought always to be, *i.e.*, "Piece with Humour."

"OH, many have told of the monks of old, what a jovial race they were," as the ancient convivial song had it, and it seems that in a certain monastery abroad, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, "a secret still" was discovered by the police. Anyway this "Secret Still" is not Still Secret.

NOT SO FAR WRONG.—"What I like in a battle picture," quoth a lady of the true *Malaprop* type, "is plenty of 'go' and ammunition." [No one present liked to suggest that perhaps "animation" was the word she wanted to use.]

SUSPECT!—In the recent unseasonable weather the Barometer has been like a mischievous urchin in a quiet household. Every day your first inquiry is, "What's he up to now?"

CABINET COUNSEL OF PERFECTION FOR LORD SALISBURY.—"The old order changeth, giving 'place' to new."

QUERY BY THE NAVY LEAGUE.—Does Britannia rule the waves, or does she mean to waive her rule?



"WHOM STRIPES MAY MOVE, NOT KINDNESS."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prospero . . . JOHN BULL.

Caliban

HOOLIGANISM."

Prospero. "WE MUST PREPARE TO MEET WITH CALIBAN,
A DEVIL, A BORN DEVIL, ON WHOSE NATURE
NURTURE CAN NEVER STICK; ON WHOM MY PAINS,

HUMANELY TAKEN, ALL, ALL LOST QUITE LOST;
AND AS, WITH AGE, HIS BODY UGLIER GROWS,
SO HIS MIND CANKERS."—*The Tempest*, Act IV., Scene 1.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER IX.

THE DARK HORSE.

*Full many a steed with coat of silkiest shēen,
The dark unfathomed coal mines tarnish drab;
Full many a mare is born to blush unseen,
And waste her swiftness on a hansom cab.*

*Lines to order by a young English friend, who swears they
are original. But I regard them as an unconscious
plagiarism from Poet Young's "Eulogy of a Country
Cemetery." H. B. J.*

*It is a gain, a precious, let me gain! let me gain!
Oh, Potentate! Oh, Potentate!
The shower of thine secret shoe-dust
Oh, Potentate! Oh, Potentate!*

Dr. Ram Kinoo Dutt (of Chittagong.)

WE left Mr. BHOSH in full pursuit of the runaway horse and milk-chariot which he had so spiritedly purchased while still *en route*. After running a mile or two, he was unspeakably rejoiced to find that the equipage had automatically come to a standstill and was still in prime condition—with the exception of the lacteal fluid, which had made its escape from the pails.

BINDABUN, however, was not disposed to weep for long over spilt milk, and had the excessive magnanimity to restore the chariot and pails to the dairy merchant, who was beside himself with gratitude.

Then, Mr. BHOSH, with a joyful heart, having detached his purchase from the shafts, conducted it in triumph to his domicile. It turned out to be a mare, white as snow and of marvellous amiability; and, partly, because of her origin, and partly from her complexion, he christened her by the appellation of *Milky Way*.

Although perforce a complete ignoramus in the art of educating a horse to win any equine contest, Mr. BHOSH's nude commonsense told him that the first step was to fatten his rather too filamentous pupil with corn and similar seeds, and after a prolonged course of beanfeasts he had the gratification to behold his mare filling out as plump as a dumpling.

As he desired her to remain the dark horse as long as possible, he concealed her in a small toolshed at the end of the garden, ministering to her wants with his own hands, and conducting her for daily nocturnal constitutionals several times round the central grass-patch.

For some time he refrained from mounting—"fain would he climb but that he feared to fall," as Poet BUNYAN once scratched with a diamond on Queen ANNE's window; but at length, reflecting that if nothing ventures nothing is certain to win, he purchased a padded saddle with appendages, and surmounted *Milky Way*, who, far from regarding him as an interloper, appeared gratified by his arrival, and did her utmost to make him feel thoroughly at home.

The next step was, of course, to obtain permission from the pundits who rule the roast of the Jockey Club, that *Milky Way* might be allowed to compete in the approaching Derby.

Now this was a more delicately ticklish matter than might be supposed, owing to the circumstance that the said pundits are such warm men, and so well endowed with this world's riches that they are practically non-corruptible.

Fortunately, Mr. BHOSH, as a dabster in English composition, was a pastmaster in drawing a petition, and, sitting down, he constructed the following:—

TO THOSE MOST HONOURABLE BIGHEADS IN CONTROL OF JOCKEYS CLUB.

BENIGN PERSONAGES!

This Petition humbly sheweth:

- (1). That your Petitioner is a native Indian Cambridge B.A., a Barrister-at-Law, and a most loyal and devoted subject of Her Majesty the QUEEN-EMPRESS.
- (2). That it is of excessive importance to him, for private reasons, that he should win a Derby Race.
- (3). That such a famous victory would be eminently popular with all classes of Indian natives, and inordinately increase their affection for British rule.
- (4). That for some time past your Petitioner has been diligently training a quadruped which he fondly hopes may gain a victory.
- (5). That said quadruped is a member of the fair sex.
- (6). That she is a female horse of very docile disposition, but, being only recently extracted from shafts of dairy chariot, is a total neophyte in Derby racing.
- (7). That your lordships may direct that she is to be kindly permitted to try her luck in this world-famous competition.
- (8). That it would greatly encourage her to exhibit topmost speed if she could be allowed to start running a few minutes previously to older stagers.
- (9). That if this is unfortunately contrary to regulations, then the Judge should receive secret instructions to look with a favourable eye upon the said female horse (whose name is *Milky Way*) and award her first prize, even if by any chance she may not prove quite so fast a runner as more professional hacks:

And your Petitioner will ever pray on bended knees that so truly magnificent an institution as the Epsom Derby Course may never be suppressed on grounds of encouraging national vice of gambling and so forth. Signed, &c.

The wording of the above proved Mr. BHOSH's profound acquaintance with the human heart, for it instantaneously attained the desired end.

The Honble. Stewards returned a very kind answer, readily consenting to receive *Milky Way* as a candidate for Derby honours, but regretting that it was *ultra vires* to concede her a few minutes' start, and intimating that she must start with a scratch in company with all the other horses.

BINDABUN was not in the least degree cast down or depressed by this refusal of a start, since he had not entertained any sanguine hope that it would be granted, and had only inserted it to make insurance doubly sure, for he was every day more confident that *Milky Way* was to win, even though obliged to step off with the rank and file.

(To be continued.)

THE HARD BACK.

(BY H-NRY J-M-S.)

In the press of temporary circumstances, in which at this moment DOBYNS had his being, two points emerged with a startled prominence. One was the housemaid, kneeling in such an attitude of industry as the world has learnt to treat with a respect strictly proportioned to her embarrassed surroundings of hairpins and dusters; the other was the strange guest whose unheralded name, not otherwise material to his crushing environment, had failed to penetrate his ears. Yet he knew with one of those swift flashes of sub-conscious analysis that the meeting was predestined. The process defied probability—that much he grasped as a drowning man clutches an unfamiliar hen-coop—but, even while the broken fragments of his breakfast were vanishing on material trays in a haze of butlers and page-boys, he realised that but for the front-door—



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

bell and the knock-and-ring brass-plate he might not have shaken the stranger's hand so heartily. But, after all, it hardly mattered. Did anything matter? DOBYNS was not prepared to say, but the great point was to shake hands somehow and have done with it, and then to sink again into a void, untroubled by nameless intruders. Yet his disposition struggled against the stupid convention; it would be so easy not to touch or to handle, so much easier than actively touching or tentatively handling, and so on in a fatal succession that included question and answer and interchange of banalities. But even as he considered the matter, there came a break in the chain and their hands had met. The thing was not to notice it, to pass it over, to recur to it later on if necessary, but now at this crisis of fate to rise superior to the mere vulgar fact of a handshake. He had felt all this before—how and why?—but never quite so poignantly. Was this an afternoon? The recent breakfast seemed to utter a denial; but could he be sure it was not a lunch, or even a dinner, with his stale club-friends as witnesses and companions? It was marvellous, this uncertainty. DOBYNS was alive enough, but what of the newcomer, the brother thus strangely unravelled from the web of the world and woven into his own abysmal existence? No matter. Let him just be a second cousin.

"Why should I be anything else?"

No remark could have been apter to the occasion and to DOBYNS's unspoken question.

"Ah, now I see why you have come," he laughed; "we are mates in this huge untrodden desert. But it was curious, too, wasn't it?"

The second cousin hesitated:—"Well, not exactly curious; but, of course, I see what you mean."

"Exactly," said DOBYNS, "I knew you would." This man, he reflected, was evidently appointed for him.

"Not by appointment. I didn't say that. Appointments are too troublesome. Let us call it a casual meeting."

DOBYNS laughed happily: here was a man to appreciate him, to feel for his struggles in a vortex of unkept engagements:—"That's just it," he said; "and that's why it's so wonderful. Just you and I."

"Why forget the housemaid?"

"Oh, the housemaid," said DOBYNS. "Don't you see we're in a green garden—statues, fountains, gravel walks, flowers, and all that—" He broke off to pause. The new comer filled the intervals.

"Oh," he cried, "you're the man for my money, and we're not so far from Poughkeepsie after all, are we?"

"No," murmured DOBYNS dubiously, "not so far as we want to be. But isn't that mystery enough—not to be there at all, and never to want to go there?" The second cousin reflected impulsively. Was he a second cousin, DOBYNS's second cousin or anybody else's? It was all marvellous and delightful, they two and the housemaid, and everything as plain as a pikestaff and twice as easy. The second cousin understood it, and so did DOBYNS. Nobody else had to be consulted.

THE RHYME OF OOM PAUL, ON TOUR.

Pity the sorrows of a rich old man,
Whose sturdy limbs have brought him to your door,
Who begs of you to give him, if you can,
A little Intervention. Nothing more.

MEM. FOR MANAGERS.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, of the St. James's, is going to produce a play by Mrs. CRAIGIE, entitled, *The Wisdom of the Wise*. The title, to any theatrical manager, may suggest another, i.e., *The Foolishness of 'the Ex's.'*

"RE JOYCE!"—Mr. Justice JOYCE took his seat, after being a Counsel of considerable standing in Court, for the first time last Wednesday. *Gaudete!*



"HALF THIRD RETURN TO BRIXTON, PLEASE."

"HALF! WHAT'S YOUR AGE?"

"I'M THIRTEEN AT HOME; BUT I'M ONLY NINE AND A HALF ON RAILWAYS."

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

XI.—THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SECTION.

(Being a remnant left over from October.)

OCTOBER 19TH, 20TH.—The surest proof of the decline of the modern drama (not yet dead, thank Heaven!) is to be seen in a tendency to bathos or anticlimax in what should legitimately be the culminating Act, namely, the fourth. A very painful illustration of this is to be seen in the latest *chef d'œuvre* of my friend JONES—*Mrs. Dane's Defence*. A. W. P-N-RO.

21ST, 22ND.—I am convinced that it is in the weakness of the fourth Act that we must recognise the saddest falling-off of the modern representatives of Terpomene (or was it Melpisichore? I am writing at some distance from my Lemprière). I can cite no more glaring instance of this than my friend PINERO's recent masterpiece—*The Gay Lord Quex*. H-NRY ARTH-R J-N-S.

23RD TO 28TH.—MY DEAR YEATS,—You, who have taught me what Poetry means, in the original Fenian (I had already, at different epochs of my career, been introduced to Music and the Fine Arts, and pursued my investigation of these branches of culture without prejudice or pedantry, fascinated allways by the charm of novelty and the delight of breaking virgin soil),

you and I and *Indépendance Belge* will offer welcome and the homage of hearts to the noble victim of that Tyrant whose foot is on the neck of our distressful Erin. We will cross by the Ostend Packet. It will start from Dover, either from the east or the west side of the pier, according to the state of the wind and tide. We will have deck-chairs, made possibly of wicker, and at any rate of wood and canvas. I shall sit with my back to the engines, watching the gulls flying with white wings in our wake. When you throw a bun to them, they dip their bills in the foam to secure it. I have often observed this detail, and drawn the attention of careless people to it. Life is full of phenomena, all equally valuable, from a pimple to a sunset. And you will croon a Song of the Secret Pomegranate, and I will set it to music on the deck. Have you noticed how the planks of a ship's deck-timber run parallel to one another, like the lines of a musical score before you fill in the notes? And when we arrive we will embrace the Champion of Freedom, and you will talk to him in ancient Erse verse, and I will render it into trenchant modern prose, and *Indépendance Belge* will turn it into the Dutch hymnal vernacular; and the general idea will be as follows:—

Over the sea-drift, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,

Come where our hearts are preparing a place;

Come where your Dublin, my spalpeen, my spalpeen,

Loyally yearns for the loan of your face.

G-RGE M-RE.

29TH TO 31ST.—

By the lustrous waves of Liffey, by the ledge of Cuddy Reeks,

By the Lough of White-foot Deirdre, by the Blasted Hill of Shee,

By the Headland of the Daughters of the Snipe with Seven Beaks,

I have carolled in the Gaelic, I have whispered Erse to thee,
O'MOORE, the terror of Saxon Tyrants!

Where the levin split asunder DERMOTT's bog at dead of morn,
Where the ozier-wattled heifer left her tail in EOGAN's stall,
Where O'BRIEN shed his Breeches, we have met and we have sworn

We would crown the crest of KRUGER in the old Rotunda hall,
I and O'MOORE, the terror of Tyrants!

Since St. Patrick coursed for vermin on the Dun of Druid's Doom,

When the Sleuth Hound felled the banshee in the rift of Bleeding Gorge;

Since the High-King up in Tara heard the beetle's dying boom,
There has never, to my knowledge, been a genius like GEORGE
O'MOORE, the terror of Saxon Tyrants! W. B. Y-ES.

O. S.

THE PENALTY OF INHERITED GREATNESS.

(Lord L-nsd-wne laments.)

To move in office, and to miss success,
And when, like JOSEPH'S BENJAMIN, I pack,
Having survived a rather costly mess,
To find a royal gift *within my sack*!
Well may I echo ROSEBERRY's plaintive cry:—

"Oh why,

Why was I ever born to be a Peer?"

Had I been Common, by the chance of birth,
I might by now have won a pensioned rest,
A private seat among the Lords of Earth
And the oblivion that suits me best.
Fate is against me: I began too high!

Oh why,

Why was I ever born to be a Peer?

THE ARBITERS OF "PAX" BRITANNICA.—The M. F. H.'s.

EX PEDE HERCULEM.

["The mountain upon which Zeus rested from his labours had been brought from the region of myth into that of actuality."—*Mr. Asquith at the meeting of subscribers of the British School at Athens.*]

O ARDENT Archeologist

In quest of prehistoric grist,
Why drag into the garish day
What kindly time has stowed away?
In hopes, to mocking eyes once more
Archaic Hellas to restore.

Why dig anachronisms up?—

Stray fragments of Anacreon's cup,
Chips splintered from Pygmalion's
plinth,

Or tiles that paved the Labyrinth;
Or from some rubbish heap of Greece
Odd tatters of the Golden Fleece.

Ah! let us still in dreams behold
The demigods and heroes bold!
Lest from some bone you may reduce
The glories of the very Zeus,
Prove Hercules stood five feet ten—
And that the gods, alas! were men.

FILIA PULCHRA, MATER PULCHRIOR.

[A young lady writes to the *Onlooker* complaining that she is "cut out" by her mother who "is quite young, very handsome, smart-looking, and well turned out. She talks so well, too; knows everything, and is free to use her knowledge more amusingly than I."]

WHEN presented at Court I am fain to confess

I thought I should make a sensation;
I am pretty, well read, very smart in my dress,

And my eyes have their own fascination.
Not a girl that I know can do battle with me,

And my rivals I easily rout,
How then could the terrible fact I foresee
That Mamma would her daughter cut out?

She was married, I think, at the age of sixteen,

And no doubt made a social sensation;
She says when her curtsy she made to the QUEEN

Her Majesty smiled approbation.
And still she's a youthful and beautiful star

That shines as a jewel of night,
But why should she my little flickering star

And snuff out my spark with her light?
In the style of her mien she's a peerless Princess,

And her gowns always fit to perfection.
Bien chaussée, bien gantée, she's sure of success,

And of gems has a priceless collection.
In London or Paris, at Brighton or Rome,
At Homburg, or Dieppe, or Spa,
I vow that I might just as well stop at home,
For I always am done by Mamma.



CASUAL.

Owner of let-out Hunters (to Customer just returned from day's sport). ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT AIN'T MY 'ORSE?"
Sportsman. "NOT YOURS! THEN, BY JOVE, I DID COLLAR THE WRONG GEE DURING THAT SCRIMMAGE AT THE BROOK!"

So accomplished, moreover, with ripples of wit

On the stream of her brisk conversation,
And stories that—there make a palpable hit;
If I told them I'd get a jobation.
It's most hard for a girl to be snubbed in this way

At each turn to meet fribblesome flout
But oh! how I long and I pray for the day,
When her daughter my mother cuts out!

TO A COUNTRY COUSIN.

COME, climb with me the Monument,
With me inspect the Tower's treasures;
Your holiday may best be spent
In simple inexpensive pleasures.
We will explore the Tower Bridge
Or, sitting in the wheel gigantic,

Observe our fellow man, a midge,
Disport below in curious antic.
St. Paul's, the Abbey, and the Zoo,
The Stock Exchange, the other "Houses"
Good to your rustic mind will do,
Where ignorance of all but cows is.
We'll ride on 'buses, being cheap,
The penny steamer shall convey us
To Hampton Court upon the neap;
No difficulties shall dismay us.
I'll show you all that may be seen;
At least we'll have a guide—the case is
That I, in fact, have never been
Myself to any of these places.
The treasures of our crowded city,
The fairest jewels in her crown
Are lost to me, for, more's the pity,
I live perpetually in Town!



RATHER DIFFICULT.

"OH, I SAY, HERE COMES THAT DISMAL BORE, BULKLEY! LET'S PRETEND WE DON'T SEE HIM!"

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

In *Characters of Romance* (HEINEMANN), drawn by WILLIAM NICHOLSON, we have a gallery, or rather a contribution towards a collector's gallery, of sixteen figures familiar to most of us since our earliest acquaintance with romantic literature. Simply framed, they may well adorn a smoking-room and materially assist conversation. Who will not be ready, and willing, to discuss the merits of the authors who created *Old Weller*, *Sophia Western*, *Mulvany*, *Madge Wildfire*, *Jorrocks*, *Miss Havisham*, *Gargantua*, *Miss Fotheringay*, *Captain Costigan*, and their companions in this portfolio? The Baron sees himself in a dream at a symposium of these worthies,

who, revisiting earth in 1900, would among themselves freely discuss the men and women, the manners and the general topics, of the present day. Fancy *Old Weller* hob-nobbing with *Don Quixote*; and *Jorrocks* with *Madge Wildfire* as his partner in a country dance!

These are dashing sketches, and Mr. NICHOLSON never destroys but develops, and throws fresh lights and colours on our old ideals.

THE LAST ELECTION. — Might not the successful candidate for Orkney and Shetland in view of their distance from St. Stephens be aptly styled Mr. OUT-OF-THE-WA(Y)SON, M.P.

"TO MAKE A LONDON HOLIDAY."

(List of persons who will not take part in the Lord Mayor's Procession on the 9th of November, 1900.)

The Commander-in-chief, to clear the way.

The Lords of the Admiralty, twos and twos. Civil Lords last, politely making way for the Naval Lords.

The Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, and the Lord Justices of Appeal, the Lord Chancellor attended by his mace.

Deputation from the Briefless Brigade in pairs, attended by a representative clerk carrying a dummy fee-book.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, attended by a deputation of Privy Councillors of Cabinet rank.

Her Majesty's Body Guard, the Gentlemen-at-Arms, marshalled by Garter King-at-Arms.

The Yeoman of the Guard, headed by the Constable of the Tower.

Wearers of the Victoria Cross in fours.

The Presidents of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons.

The Vice-Chancellors of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Provost of Eton, the Dean of Westminster, and the Head-Master of Winchester, leading deputations of scholars from the "three royal foundations."

The Foreign Ambassadors accredited to the Court of St. James.

The next Lord Mayor—but five.

And the City Imperial Volunteers.

Rosebery and his Napoleon.

Now, say, has his lordship retired

From politics? No, cunning chap,

T'was only a rest he required,

In fact, time enough for a Nap.

A RED REPUBLICAN BOOK.

IN view of the rapid increase of the New York Aristocracy, we understand that an Enterprising Trans-Atlantic publisher is about to issue (in emulation of the well-known Annual brought forth by Herr JUSTUS PERTHES, of Gotha) an inclusive and exclusive volume to be called the *Almanack de Gotham*.

LA HAUTE GOMME.—In congratulating that eminent antiquarian and distinguished writer, MR. F. L. GOMME, on his appointment as Secretary of the London County Council, Mr. Punch takes leave to suggest that in view of the expansive nature of his office, he should in future be known as *Gomme Elastique*.

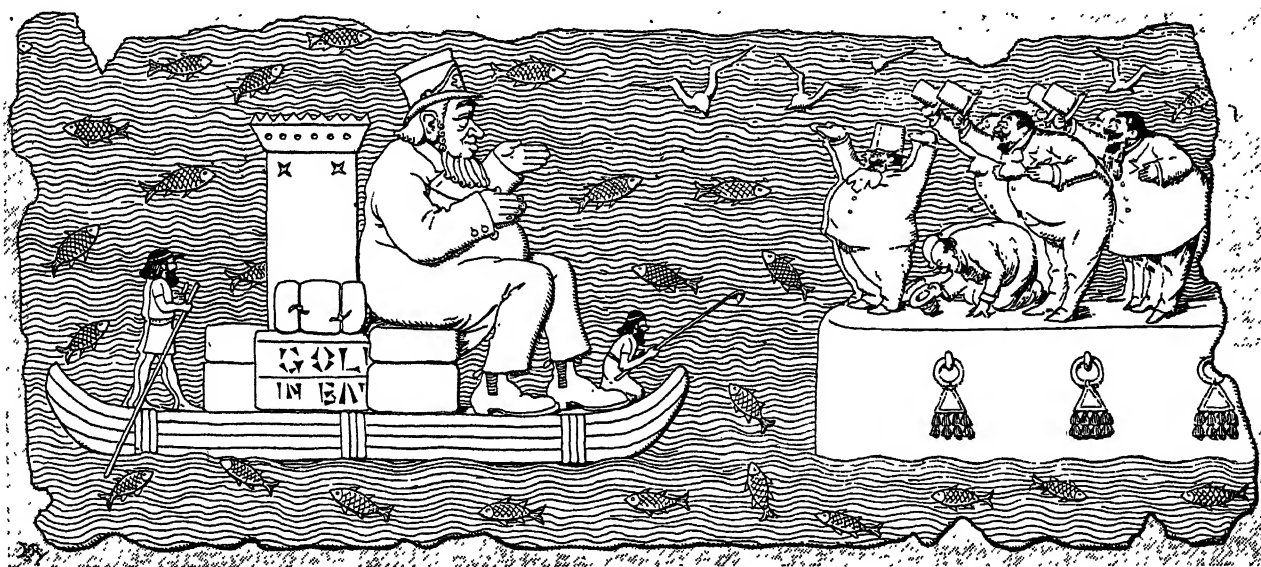
"ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS" IN THE CABINET. — Lord SALISBURY's health requires "change." Evidently.



PERQUISITES!

L-NSD-WNE (LORD SALISBURY'S "MAN"). "GOVERNOR SAYS HE'S NO FURTHER USE FOR THEM. WELL! I FLATTER MYSELF THEY'RE A VERY GOOD FIT!"

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



SEVENTH FRAGMENT.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Now after many days | 23. out of town | 47. of Ghārib-al-Dīgh and Napul-yannat-él-Bagh . . . |
| 2. did the war-ship of the nether lands that | 24. indisposed | 48. kissed him hard on each whisker . . . |
| 3. bore the great Oompāl, the mighty Ruler | 25. or only saw strangers on the fifth <i>phréideh</i> of every month and could make no | 49. . . . as they strewed all the roses in front of |
| 4. . . . with nothing to rule over | 26. exceptions. | 50. his <i>blākhaz</i> . |
| 5. in the land of the Pālivu-phránschs arrive; | 27. Then to his joy did the elderly pilgrim take | 51. Then did he raise his <i>rustit-éppat</i> |
| 6. at Mahr-sélēz, on the shores of the Midhāt-er-Rāneh | 28. leave of the <i>stuād</i> | 52. (to acknowledge their fervour) |
| 7. anchor did she cast. | 29. and gave him his portrait | 53. where the moths of the <i>Rād-zūhl</i> for years |
| 8. Then up the <i>gāngweh</i> to meet him came LÉHDZ, the | 30. (in place of the gold-bar so keenly expected) | 54. had found pasture, |
| 9. the slinger of hatchets, the drawer of long-bows | 31. straightway set foot on the land of the Bīn-Bhriks | 55. and he dropped inadvertently out of the lining, a bundle |
| 10. the spreader of <i>bākshish</i> | 32. midst the shrieking of sirens (on land and on water) | 56. of papers, . . . some letters from Bhīs-Māhrk, |
| 11. which brought forth such outbursts | 33. the bounding of bounders | 57. and also a packet— |
| 12. of national affection at so much | 34. of the Dhérul-ed-ôrdah, the frenzied delight of | 58. applications for pay from the foreign commandoes, |
| 13. a column, | 35. the Ombeht-él-Esānglehs, | 59. (returned disillusioned), |
| 14. the transmitter of war-wires so mendaciously poisonous | 36. the Rmemba-phashódas, the | 60. which oddly enough had never been settled. |
| 15. that they killed all the fish in the bed of the ocean, | 37. wearers of <i>pinznehs</i> , the Bhūl-var-Dyehs. | 61. Dhirmi-hau-ôrkwād. |
| 16. as they passed through the cables | 38. the Khônspu-él-Ôubehs, | 62. take him all round, in his raiment of |
| 17. in spite of the coating of <i>indī-yah-rābah</i> , | 39. the Khrém-el-Arkhrém of the Ôtaris-tokrassi | 63. broadcloth, with a shine at the elbows, |
| 18. and with him came others, the Būrd-el-egéshan | 40. with the pick of the Kanaī, | 64. his pockets all bulging with <i>dhli-en-ássetz</i> , |
| 19. the callers in <i>khortyáds</i> , whose trip came to nothing, | 41. Bhislíkads without number. | 65. —presidential <i>pikinz</i> , |
| 20. quite tired of describing to footmen and butlers | 42. the Abbālar-ep-Ublikhs, the Abbah-valdék-róussoz . . . | 66. he was not all their fancy |
| 21. the idea of their mission; who had had to put up | 43. Abbah-tul-Ermhonds. | 67. had previously painted and besides |
| 22. with all kinds of excuses | 44. their hero they greeted | 68. what a shocking example |
| | 45. They tried to see in him a sort of a mixture | 69. for Loubéh. |
| | 46. of Ghódvri - Dhābúyon and the Méhdav-ôrlíyanz, | 70. . . . still . . . in spite of distressing shortcomings . . . <i>sāh-irah</i> . E. T. R. |

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Isle of Unrest (SMITH, ELDER) is primarily a novel, as might be expected from the pen of Mr. H. S. MERRIMAN. Apart from that, it will serve as a picturesque guide to visitors to Corsica. Mr. MERRIMAN knows every hill and dale in that strange island, that world miles and centuries apart from the Continent on whose inland sea it stands, a little speck. Corsica, my Baronite concludes, would be a charming place to live in only for the people born in it. An interesting feature in the landscape, incidentally mentioned, is the recurrence of white crosses by the roadside. These mark the places where "accidents" have happened, or, as we other insulars would put it, where foul murder has been committed. A central weird figure in the story is that of a nobleman who for thirty years remained in hiding in his ancestral home, Corsica believing he had fled to Paris and there died. A neighbour, ANDREI PERRUCCA, made love to his wife. Count DE VASSELLOT, taking up his gun, went in search of his neighbour. He found him up among the peaks. The two men crept round each other about the rocks like two cats upon the roof. They lost sight of each other till ANDREI PERRUCCA raised his head over a big stone and looked right into the muzzle of DE VASSELLOT's gun. "The next minute there was no head on PERRUCCA's shoulders." It was straightway after this DE VASSELLOT, knowing ANDREI's brother was looking for him, went a-hiding in his castle and stayed there thirty years. Altogether a grim story in quite a novel setting.

"RITA's" *Vanity! The Confessions of a Court Modiste* (FISHER UNWIN) is a cleverly worked out, well-written story. In its development the gradual transition from scenes of fashionable frivolity to a most sensationally dramatic situation is masterly. The *dénouement* is natural and laudably unconventional. When nearing the *dénouement* the Baron trembled lest "RITA" should yield to conventionality. Greatly was he relieved therefore to find this clever novelist avoiding the pitfall of an easy, evident, and ordinary finish, and terminating the story in a manner that is in logical keeping with the character of the hero, while enlisting all our sympathies on the side of the heroine. In the course of this novel "RITA" gives some life-like, modern types of eccentric characters, such as Lord Ernie, the effeminate victim of morphia, and Mrs. Jackie, who is really amusing with all her rattling prattle, her telegraphic abbreviations, and her slang expressions as used in the most up-to-date and fastest section of High Life. The scenes in the rooms of the "Court Modiste" à la mode, who is assisted by the Great Man-Milliner, may at first weary the patience of the male reader, but it will not be long ere his curiosity is aroused, especially when he awakes to the fact that he is being admitted to the very centre of the innermost circle, where angels of an uncertain sort do not fear to tread.

The happy thought came to T. P., in his capacity of Editor of M. A. P. (How initials accumulate!), to call to his paternal knee some of the best known labourers in the several fields of literature, art, politics, music, and the stage, and set them to prattle about their early days. A selection from the contributions has been made and published by ARTHUR PEARSON, with the title "*In the Days of my Youth*." It frequently happens in biographies and autobiographies that the most interesting portion of the book is found in the earlier chapters. These narrate the struggles of youth making its way to the front. Prosperity is in the main common-place. Our interest in the narrative flags when the hero becomes rich and rides in chaises. The plan of this work necessarily limits confidences to the earlier stages of the finally victorious fight. The book is therefore interesting throughout. My Baronite misses Sir EDWARD CLARKE's auto-biographical notes, which opened the ball in M. A. P. And where are T. P.'s own? Having discovered the secret of perennial youth, he possibly thinks he is not yet qualified to join in the discourse. Two of Mr. Punch's hoary young men, PHIL MAY and TOBY, M. P., have proved less reticent.

A magnificently-clothed volume, being the fifth of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* (JOHN LANE), dressed as was *Dinah*, the beloved of *Master Villikins*, in "gorgeous array!" If the inside is only up to its exterior, why then it is bound to be first-rate! Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, now Mrs. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST, presents us with an attractive *menu* of literary fare, including *Three Seeresses* by ANDREW LANG, and a play of MAETERLINCK's in three acts, done into English by Mr. BERNARD MIAL. GARNET, C. B., writes on SHELLEY's views of Art, and GARNET (not C. B.) on TOLSTOY and TURGENIEFF: two GARNETS in this precious ring of names. Then comes MAX BEERBOHM on a painting by RUBENS in the Prado, and there are some others, but the above list is, for the Baron, enough in all conscience. The reproductions, *per* photography, of portraits are mostly excellent. *Prosit*.

When the moon is up, and the unsuspecting keepers of the Zoological Gardens are sleeping peacefully, that is the time for the secret meetings of the numerous and various birds, at least so we are informed by F. C. GOULD in his amusing and interesting book entitled *Tales Told in the Zoo* (T. FISHER UNWIN). As probably the author received some of his information from the Secretary Bird, who was unusually busy taking notes at these meetings, he is sure to be correct.

Pictures of funny little people with humorous and pathetic verses and short stories, are all to be found, so my Baronitess informs me, in EDITH FARMLOE's charming book, *Piccollili* (GRANT RICHARDS).

THE name of Sir ARTHUR COTTON is, my Baronite fancies, less widely known at home than that of some other of the makers of India. It nevertheless remains true, as Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN wrote when he was Governor of Madras, "it will be venerated by millions yet unborn, when many who now occupy a much larger place in the public view will be forgotten." Sir ARTHUR, in his capacity of Lieutenant and Captain, saw some hard fighting in Burmah and elsewhere. But his weapons were the pickaxe and the shovel rather than the sword and the spear. He was not the originator of the system of irrigation which makes possible existence in India. It dates back at least three hundred years before the Christian era. ARTHUR COTTON, recognising its importance, devoted himself to the work with irresistible energy. It is estimated, upon the basis of authorised figures, that the money value of his work to the Government of India amounts to twenty-four millions sterling, the direct advantage to the people of India being represented by the colossal figure of 176 millions. How this sublime task was devised and accomplished is told by Lady HOPE in the record of her father's life and work. (*General Sir Arthur Cotton*: HODDER & STOUGHTON.)

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"REVISITING THE GLIMPSES."

NOR the glimpses of the moon, but of Mars, whose messenger has been delighting audiences for over three hundred and fifty-five nights. The piece is as fresh as ever, no matter how frequently you may have seen it. Mr. TITHERADGE's solemn earnestness as the supernatural Martian commands respect; Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, as *The Tramp*, is an admirable sketch of character; Miss JESSIE BATEMAN natural, and therefore charming, as *Minnie Templer*; Miss BELLA PATEMAN, excellent as the youthful aunt; Miss SYLVIA LOVELL, most pathetic as a flower-girl; the starving boy-thief, Master WRIGHT, a clever "little sketch"; while Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, to whose consummately artistic rendering of the selfish hero the success is mainly due, is and will be, until the run is terminated, the life and soul of Mr. GANTHONY's play, which, for all its eccentricity, is pure comedy teaching a strong moral lesson.

SIPIDO, the *St. James's Gazette* informs us, earned his livelihood in Paris by walking-on at the Hippodrome. Probably the sooner he has no livelihood to earn, and has been "walked-off" for good and all, the better it will be for everybody.



"COTTON WOOL" was the nickname given to RAYMOND COTTON, for no better reason than

that it was the exact converse of his qualities.

There was nothing soft about him except his head, as some people concluded from the silly things he did, or, indeed, from the number of times he had fallen upon it when "chasing" or in the hunting field. He had had very bad luck in that way, and had broken pretty well nearly every bone in his body, the penalty, perhaps, of his mad passion for making hunters out of three-cornered brutes no one else could ride. Men liked this great, good-humoured, good-looking giant immensely, with his breezy ways and his trick of laughing on the smallest excuse and showing all his white, even teeth. He was a high favourite with his regiment, the famous "Prancers," from the moment he joined, and held his popularity to the last, through good and bad repute, through luck and adverse fortune. A man of iron nerve, of keen eye, of thews and sinews, with an extraordinarily active frame despite his height and weight, he did all things—out-of-door things—well. He had won fame mountaineering, he shot straight, rode like a bird, played cricket, tennis, golf, and polo, with the best. His skill fitted in with his tastes, which were all in the direction of wild adventure, and he was the hero of the dozen queer stories that quickly became the talk of the town. "COTTON WOOL'S last" was always some fresh madcap escapade that in a measure revived the memory of the old Mohocks, and sometimes got him into serious trouble with his Colonel, even with the police.

They were laughable too, some of these dare-devil exploits, and a few are worth recalling. How, having run the expiration of his leave so close that there was no train to get him back in time, from the far west of Ireland to Dublin, where the regiment lay, and how in this desperate fix he ran away with the engine of an express train, driving it himself, alone, the whole journey; how in leaving the Club one night he had climbed up a ladder left by the house-painters in a square, and being seen

was pursued from roof to roof by a zealous constable who, when he caught him, found it was only "The Captain," "Captain COTTON WOOL," whom the force knew only too well. How he had invited a hansom cabman to come down from his box and settle the question of a fare overcharged to a helpless female; how COTTON, being an expert bruiser, polished him handsomely and leaving him in the gutter took the man's badge and plied for hire about the streets. How he had ridden his polo pony round the mess-room for a bet; how, again, being a most expert whip, he emulated the great feat of the old Shrewsbury coachmen and brought his team up the hill at a smart pace, taking the sharp turn into the courtyard of the Raven Hotel with beautiful precision.

It was not to be supposed that he could last at this pace. He had done too much, lived too hard. If it had only been legitimate sport he might have kept his head above water, for he had started with an ample patrimony. He was his own "father" as the saying is, left an orphan early, and without kith or kin or any claims on him. But when it came to keeping a racing-stable, to breeding yearlings, to making champion plunges in bets he generally lost, trips to Monte Carlo, baccarat when he could find it; collapse was inevitable. Ruin was hastened by the desperate but always fatal appeal to Jews; HIRAM PATCH, the well-known money-lender, soon squeezed him dry and then, so to speak, threw him away. The crisis came, as everyone expected, but it was a more or less complete crash.

The waters had closed over him; he was a long time submerged, and out of sight. No one quite knew what became of him when he first left the "Prancers." They were willing enough to send round the hat for him in the regiment, although he would have scorned to take a penny from his old pals; one comrade, who was the son of a Cabinet minister, tried hard to get him a foreign consulate, but failed; the kindly but not too affluent Prince, who had learnt his drill in the same squadron, gave COTTON WOOL introductions and recommendations to all sorts of people, but they did not help him much in restoring his fortunes. We heard of him in far-off, out-of-the-way places at all kinds of trades; here a Protector of Coolie Immigrants; there a trooper—this once *beau sabreur* of that crack corps the "Prancers"—in the frontier cavalry of the U. S. Army; now he was seen as the teamster of a span of oxen in the transport train of a Colonial military expedition. He served in the

Turkish Dashi-Bazouks, with the Khedive ISMAIL'S army in the Soudan; he commanded a rabble of pigtailed in the Taeping rebellion; the Japanese Government engaged him for a space as a riding-master. Now and again he was on the fringe of a streak of good luck; he had owned a concession in Queensland which afterwards made a large fortune in copper for those who had jockeyed him out of it, and he found a rich pocket in the diamond fields which was rifled under his very nose by a gang of expert native thieves.

Yet he struck oil once. It was in West Australia, where he was working as an ordinary miner. He was the first on a gold-bearing reef, and sold a third share to a travelling syndicate for cash down, a substantial sum. COTTON started for England by the very first steamer in which he could secure a passage, meaning to have his fling, to do himself well at the Cynosure as of old, hunt with a string in the Shires, and look in, if it would run to it, at the Derby, Doncaster, and the rest.

These arrangements did not quite come off, for he met his fate upon the *S.S. Macquarie*. Among the passengers were the members of Plantagenet Pink's Travelling Company, who had been making a tour of the world. COTTON fell an easy prey to Miss CHRISTINE VANDELEUR, who did the soubrette parts, and was a cleverer actress off the stage than on it. A little minx, as designing as she was charming to look upon; small and dainty in figure, pertly pretty, with piquante features, a tip-tilted nose, dazzling complexion, and dark chestnut hair. Perhaps her greatest charms were her voice and eyes. The voice was soft and musical, and when she chose she could give it an inflexion of vibrating tenderness that would drive some men silly; the least impressionable were generally drawn by the dark, lustrous eyes, now demure and downcast, now glittering with provocation, according to her humour and the fish she was playing.

The little VANDELEUR was a most unconscionable flirt, ever bent upon conquest, and rejoicing in the sport. To look at her, so fresh and engaging, you wondered she had never filled her basket; but, although she had passed through many great emotions, she had spoilt her own game by seeming a little too large hearted. All was game that came her way, and every man she met. They said that the Governor's A.D.C., in the last Colony where they performed, was madly in love with her, but she missed her chance because His Excellency himself fell at her pretty feet. Now, on the voyage home, she would flirt with the quarter-masters or the ship's officers, or the man at the wheel, as she had done with her fellow professionals, until she was tired of them, and, for the matter of that, till they were of her.

They all chuckled when they saw her make a dead set at RAYMOND COTTON, and wondered how long he would take to find her out. But he had never been much of a lady's man, and, moreover, the long years spent in outer darkness had weakened his perception. He was as wax in her hands. When she told him with bewitching candour, as they sat *tête-à-tête* in a snug corner behind the deck house, that he was quite the first to win her, he believed her implicitly. She had baited her hook very cleverly.

"I've heard of you and your terrible doings, Captain COTTON WOOL—wasn't that your name? I'm half afraid to let you talk to me."

But she did, for hours and hours, while he poured forth at her artful questionings long histories of the past, making her die of laughing she vowed; or, again, her eyes filled with sympathetic tears as he told her of the hard fight he had fought with adverse fortune, till now he had "made a bit," and, as he hoped, the tide had turned.

There were no secrets between them, not on his side at least. She soon knew to a penny the sum he had cleared from the syndicate—£3,000; the exact amount of capital, oddly enough, that was required to start a theatre. This was in plain English

the pole to which she pointed, and with undeviating persistence, from the moment she had learnt what he was worth. He should marry her, and establish her in management; the latter certainly, the former if she had any luck and worked it properly.

Ce que femme veut Dieu le veut, runs the French proverb. There might have been a doubt whether the assistance CHRISTINE got came from above or below; but she succeeded in her dearest wish, and became both Mrs. RAYMOND COTTON and sole lessee of the Sheridan Theatre which came into the theatrical market shortly after their arrival in London. Beyond doubt she started on sensible lines, and with a large amount of experience. She was a shrewd business woman, too; knew a good deal about management, prices, salaries; had shrewd judgment both of manuscripts and of her comrades in the profession. Had she been content to direct affairs only, she might have made an easy fortune for herself and partner.

But she would act; the "leads," of course, and in ambitious plays attempting powerful dramatic rôles quite beyond her powers, which were strictly limited to impudent chambermaids in short skirts or burlesque character parts. Her dancing was always most delightful, but tights, although most becoming, as she was coquettishly aware, did not comport with the dignity of a manageress, and her small sweet voice she saved for French chansonettes at late suppers at the Savoy.

For a year or two the "Sheridan" was a success. An actress of attractive appearance, who is a good deal talked about, will continue to draw until the world wearies of her. CHRISTINE VANDELEUR was long the fashion; she was very much before the public, not only on the stage, but in society of the showy Bohemian sort; her dresses were often astonishing, and she did many surprising things. But the critics who had welcomed her back to the London boards, congratulating her on finding her true place at last, who had praised her unduly after first nights, plentifully drenched with dry champagne, were less civil when, as they said, she neglected her art—in other words, no longer paid them proper attention. It was her business that suffered most, however, when she was taken up by a sportive duchess much given to amateur acting; early rehearsals were impossible after dancing half the night, or when luncheon parties were given in her honour to meet great folk who laughed with her (and at her, behind her back), she left the theatre to her people, to the acting manager and stage manager, always at loggerheads after the manner of subordinates striving for superiority, who ran it like a country plunged in civil war. The receipts fell off, a succession of "frosts" got the theatre into bad repute, creditors looked askance, there were Saturdays when the company doubted if the "ghost would walk," if salaries would be paid, and a collapse was only staved off by the prompt intervention of friends—of CHRISTINE'S.

All this time the COTTONS—especially Mrs. COTTON—lived high; they entertained royally in their big flat in Cadogan Gardens, or at Brighton, or on the river, where they gave noisy racket parties to all London: on Sunday their lawn was crowded with rainbow hued blazers and the most *voyant* costumes; their steam launch could be heard a mile off, with its mandolines and banjos, and music-hall choruses; their houseboat at Henley was a gorgeous sight; from their coach at Goodwood they dispensed food and drink to all comers.

COTTON WOOL throughout played second fiddle; nay, he was not more than a mere super in the band. He did not always show; many of the guests (not at all his sort) ignored his existence, and where he was recognised, it was only as the VANDELEUR'S husband, not quite the rôle for one who had held his head so high and filled so large a place among men, the right men. He hardly talked, even to his best pals; he had lost all the old rollicking spirits that had once made him notorious, and he spent most of his time in his own home, in the society of the one child who had been born to them, a girl two or three years old, and the apple of his eye.

The blow when it fell was overwhelming. It happened at his Club. An unfortunate, most indiscreet discussion in the upper smoking-room, when no one suspected that he was near, opened his eyes to the horrible, humiliating, disgraceful truth. Some scandal-loving, loose-tongued members were idly gossiping together one Sunday afternoon, unconscious that COTTON WOOL was within earshot, hidden in a deep, roomy fauteuil in front of the fire.

"Devilish sorry for COTTON WOOL," said one. "Of course he has no idea."

"Do you believe that?" questioned another.

"Is it likely he'd allow it if he did?"

"He must have known the sort of woman he married. I remember her perfectly when she first came out. Pretty, bright little person. She was at the Variety, hopped about, and warbled, and all that—"

"And a great deal more. Well, anyhow, now she's having a high old time. VAN RENNAN, you know, that Yankee millionaire, he pays the piper. I know it for a fact. They go off together, and leave COTTON WOOL to nurse the baby. Good old COTTON WOOL, he suspects nothing. There'll be a jolly row some day—My God!"

COTTON WOOL had stood up to his full height and faced them; white with passion, speechless with rage.

"My dear fellow—we hadn't an idea——" they began to apologise.

"They're lies—black, damnable lies! I'll ram them down your throats! You shall come over to Blankenburg, or on to Calais sands, every man Jack of you. I'll have a shot at all of you fellows, anyway."

We did our best to pacify him, but he saw through our poor attempts to screen the woman; he now believed everything, and laughed us to scorn. When he broke away from us and hurried out of the Club, I followed him, desperately afraid of what he might do; lay hands on himself, perhaps, or wreak some terrible vengeance on the others.

He took a cab, and drove straight to Paddington. I followed him, and on by the next train to Maidenhead. We met on the platform, but he did not try to avoid me.

"Come along, MAC," he cried with a hoarse laugh, dragging me into the first fly. "You'll see some sport. Drive, Sir, drive like —, to Sheridan Cottage—you know, below Bridge, towards Bray."

I used all my eloquence as we went along, entreating him to do nothing rash; but he only tugged at his tawny moustachios, and laughed the same strident, mirthless laugh which made me almost shudder.

There was a party at the Cottage—and they had lunched copiously. I could hear laughter, loud voices, scraps of songs, the twanging of strings on the lawn. COTTON disdained to ring at the bell, but vaulted the hedge, and I dragged myself after him; so that we tumbled without warning right into the midst of the company.

"Banquo!" shouted someone, with an attempt at humour, as COTTON strode up, and making straight for VAN RENNAN seized him by the collar. The American, though tall and muscular, was a mere puppet in COTTON's hands; he struggled hard, but in vain, to shake himself free as he was dragged across the lawn to the camp sheeting that margined the river.

There COTTON gathered him up, and with one last and violent effort threw him far out into the stream.

The steam-launch lay off the bank, waiting for its load, and there were men enough to rescue VAN RENNAN from the water. I was glad to know that he had got off with a ducking, and thought no more of him, being most anxious to get COTTON away. But he had not yet finished. His wife he had spurned away when she threw herself on him, and we left her in hysterics, which were probably acted, for I could see she was watching us anxiously. I followed COTTON everywhere. He was making it his business to smash everything that was breakable in the house, glass, mirrors, china, furniture; he tore down the hangings, made hay of them all, and the pictures, the ornaments, and the draperies, and had not I got the better of him I believe he would have set fire to the house.

"COTTON WOOL's last" was quite up to the old form. But there was very little comedy in the adventure, and when the whole story came out—it was an unsavoury story, and need not be detailed—every one took his part. After the divorce, he was given the custody of the child by the Court, and we saw no more of him for years. The mother had made a desperate effort to get possession of the little MONICA, and the evening that the decree *nisi* was pronounced an agent of hers—she had ample means at her disposal from VAN RENNAN—got into the flat and had tried to steal the child. To prevent a repetition of this COTTON WOOL confided his treasure to some humble friends, the family of a Swiss guide he had known well once, in a far-off mountain valley, the Maderaner Thal.

COTTON disappeared from London, but I heard of him from time to time, often from the uttermost parts of the earth, where he was hunting fortune—for the little one, now—and still with small luck. He had re-entered the Egyptian service, but had been too honest or too late to share in the spoil in the breaking up of ISMAIL's reckless *régime*. Then he went ranching to South America; he dealt in horses and cattle for Army contracts, but he never made money, much money, no more than a bare subsistence I fancy, and when he once more turned up after a dozen years and odd we saw that he was in pretty low water.

He had kept up his membership of his club through it all, paying his subscriptions as a foreign member punctiliously, clinging to us as a last vestige of the old days and hoping, no doubt, to resume his old and proper place in the end. It was as a very changed man, however, that he came back; stooping, round-shouldered, out at the elbows, threadbare; he looked so seedy that some of our young bucks, who thought much of personal appearance and had never heard of "COTTON WOOL of the Prancers," called him a disgrace to the Club. He felt it himself rather, for he came into the house humbly, almost apologetically, as though his right to be there was hardly clear; he avoided the company even of his oldest friends, and hated to be recognised. He did not show up often, once a week at most, and on Sundays, invariably. We noticed that he never took bite or sup in the Club; he could not afford it, of course, yet none of us dared to offer him hospitality, here, in his own house, so to speak—not even a cup of tea or a weed.

Then an extraordinary rumour ran through the Club, a strange, some said a terrible, story, although it struck the right-thinking among us as far more pathetic than terrible. COTTON WOOL had been seen and identified on the top of a Mile End 'bus: not as a passenger, but actually driving it,

wearing the badge, unmistakably and undoubtedly an *employé* of the company.

They wanted to make a Committee matter of it, some of the snobs and youngsters to whom the idea was intolerable. What! A member of one of the best clubs in London driving a public conveyance, drawing his five or six shillings a day, living out somewhere in a shabby suburb and creeping up to the West End on his rare holidays to take his place among gentlemen? It was not to be endured.

I shut up very peremptorily the first man who went so far as this to me, and told him plainly that our notions of gentlemen differed; that 'bus driving was quite as honourable a profession as many others practised east of Temple Bar. But still the talk went on, and the feeling against COTTON rather gained ground. It was now said that the Club would be discredited, laughed at; the story would get into the papers, it would affect the "waiting list"; candidates of the right sort would not care to come forward and take up their membership in such a queer company as ours. No one wanted COTTON to take his name off the Club, after all these years of sticking to it so manfully; but he must give up the 'bus. Surely "something" might be done for COTTON—a secretaryship, a billet under Government, in the Customs, War Office, the County Council!

They came to me and asked me to speak to COTTON; to put it to him that he must choose some other less questionable—no, less noticeable—line of earning his livelihood, and I accepted the mission, as I had done others, hoping to be able, perhaps to tone down the cruelty of thus thrusting myself into his private affairs.

One evening, about the time allowed him for tea, I got off COTTON WOOL's 'bus at Mile End, just at the moment he did himself, and locking my arm in his walked away with him.

"What have you got to say to me? This is intolerable!" he began in a furious tone.

"COTTON, my dear old friend," I protested. "Forgive me. I had no thought, believe me, of playing the spy on you; no wish to pry and push myself into your confidence. But we should like to help you—some of us."

"I want none of your help. Keep it till I ask for it. I was an ass, an idiot; I should have been spared all this if I had stayed away from the Club. Go your own road, and leave me to go mine."

"May I not go with you, too, a little further, COTTON WOOL; until I have assured you that my motives were of the best?" I pleaded, and to some purpose.

"You shall come all the way," he said at length, rather huskily. "You shall see what I would show no other man. But you have been in all my secrets; you shall know the last, whatever you may think of it. Here we are."

Just round the corner, not a hundred yards from the terminus of his daily drive we came upon the shabby little house he called his home. He put his hand on my arm and checked me on the threshold. A fresh young voice, of amazing richness and purity, was singing a very difficult piece with perfect judgment and precision. When it ended there followed a little quaver of applause.

We entered and were greeted by a great tall girl, large limbed of fine physique, not beautiful, but with a fair, placid face, and straightforward, honest eyes; her father's daughter, as good and true-hearted as poor old COTTON WOOL.

"My daughter, MONICA," he said, introducing her; adding stiffly, in a quiet, unemotional voice, "my wife you already know."

She was there, propped up with pillows in a ragged horsehair-covered armchair; CHRISTINE VANDELEUR herself, with the white, pinched face of one ravaged with disease, the eager, straining eyes of the helpless invalid who never leaves her corner and who yet cannot surrender the outside world. I saw it all then. He had taken her back, the erring wife, rescued her, no doubt, when in dire distress, at the end of her tether, and given her the shelter of his poor shipwrecked home.

"You heard her," cried Mrs. COTTON, as she clutched my hand and held it, caring little who I was, but hanging on my answer. "She'll do. I'm sure she'll do. What do you think? Her voice is superb."

It was, in truth, one of the first order, a voice of great compass, true and most musical. One of those rare, uncommon voices that mean fame and fortune to their possessors, and a source of unending delectation for the whole world.

"Tell him you think so. Persuade him, argue with him, insist. He may listen to you," she went on as she pointed to COTTON WOOL, who was holding his daughter's hand and stroking her fair hair and looking lovingly into her dear faithful eyes. There was evidently a close bond of affection between them.

"Ask him now, while this gentleman is here," said her mother, seizing her advantage, and MONICA falteringly handed her father a letter, which he read with a discontented face.

"You know what I think of it; that I cannot approve," he said gruffly. It was an offer, a most liberal offer, positive affluence compared with their present sordid lot, made by a theatrical agent who had heard MONICA at the Guildhall School of Music, and who wanted to bring her out on the lyric stage. I quite understood my old friend's objections, that he hated to subject his MONICA, his pet and treasure, to the temptations, the possible risks of the public career in which his married happiness had been ruined.

Nor would he yield for a long time, although I went against him, for, as I saw, the conditions were quite different. MONICA COTTON was, happily, of a different temperament to her poor misguided mother, and although she had been brought up in the strictest discipline of a Swiss *pensionnat*, her father had never hidden from her the snares and pitfalls of life; she knew good from evil, and her pure white soul was certain to pass safe and unscathed through the fire. Moreover, as I was at great pains to explain to him, a different tone now happily prevailed in at least a section of professional life. A pure, good girl would be as safe on the stage at some theatres as in the most tenderly guarded home.

At last he gave in, and the rest is known to all the world. MONICA stepped straight into popularity; she was a favourite from the first note she sang, but great as was her success, it never out-shone her high and spotless reputation. COTTON WOOL, who once was despised and ridiculed as "the VANDELEUR's husband," had reason to be proud of his latest title of honour, "the father of Madame MONICA," one of the greatest singers of the century.

There was no more 'bus driving after her *début*, which we *fêted* in fine style at our Club.

AN ISOLATED CLAY-TABLET OF AIPHĒRĒS KĪDĪNŌS, THE CRETAN.

(From the Great Palace of Minos recently discovered at Gnosso.)



Our Translator, who is at present deeply engaged in deciphering the works of Azit-Tigleth-Miphansi, the Scribe, turning his attention, for the moment, to this new "great find," informs us that this tablet is undoubtedly of the best period, for it is *perfect* Greek to him. As he is confessedly "a bit of a—Cretan—himself!" we have confidently placed the work of translation in his hands. The Document would seem to refer, he writes, to certain morning and evening "papyri" of an archaic epoch,—journals, in fact, produced for daily

sale, and appealing to various tribes or parties in the state, strangely similar in some respects to the newspapers of the present day, except in so far, of course, as they expound the mature and authoritative views on current events of persons who might otherwise have wholly escaped notice or recognition. Frequent allusions to certain "Votive Caves" to which appeal had recently been made would seem to point to some rudimentary foreshadowing of our electoral system.

FIRST PORTION.

1. With the rising of the Sun came forth the "Thunderer"
2. in all its majesty
3. and its sale was world-wide, the seas
4. it traversed, and into the palaces of the great princes
5. and potentates of the earth was it brought
6. by liveried servants of haughty demeanour
7. on salvers of gold and
8. of silver, and on the spotless damask
9. with the bacon of the morning, and with the judiciously selected egg of the better-class hen
10. was it newly laid
11. . . . Its leading Articles were as
12. the sayings of the gods, and in the
13. Square of the Printing-House on the hill near
14. the Cercos
15. Great rumblings and thunder
16. did herald their production.
17. Then did the People all bow down
18. in reverence, and talk in a whisper
19. and buy something cheaper
20. for they couldn't afford it.
21. contained therein was much elegant and
22. highly cultured script, and all taint of sensation
23. was relentlessly slaughtered,

24. the writings and doings of well-approved
25. persons only they, and no others,
26. were ever admitted
27. even Cabinet Ministers had to be careful
28. and speak most succinctly
29. or risk crystallization
30. and it was cavière to the General
- [A colloquial expression, referring perhaps with a sly condemnation to the insufficient vote for *personnel* in the Cretan Army Estimates—hence, a luxury. —just as one might say, for instance, cock-pheasant to the caretaker, or Pommery to the dustman. You take the idea?]
31. Then all of a sudden, after violent rumblings
32. did it bring forth a special cheap line in
33. book-cases, of undeniable elegance
34. and warranted durable, the despair of our other less pushing upholsterers . . . polished off maple
35. on a system of payments intensely alluring
36. to the general public—even circum-spect Scotchmen
37. tumbled over each other—to get a bit longer

38. a week or a fortnight . . . to pay in
39. And prosperity was even as its Door-keeper.
40. It showered upon them;
41. till, one fateful morning, did they come
42. a sad cropper.
- [We have wired a remonstrance. Editorial protest against this familiar style of expression, "Confound that translator!"]
43. In a leaded-out article a startled community
44. read the words "Zeus, of course is a myth."
45. Just imagine!
46. Then midst the crash of his property thunderbolts, mid the
47. gleam of his pallid and portable lightnings
48. done up in a rug-strap
49. Did Zeus, the *Real* Thunderer, who lived in the District—in the Suburbs, I may say—the God of Olympus
50. Sweep into the office,
51. Tearing the telephone up by the roots,
52. and throwing sub-editors,
53. mildly protesting, all over the building,
54. did he

Case proceeding.

(Result will be given in later editions.)

E. T. R.

BALLAD OF A FIRST NIGHTER.

SWEETHEART! I'd have you understand,
Before you wed this simple swain,
How many are my failings, and
The chief is Drama on the brain.
Though not among the Upper Ten,
For many years I have been used
To patronise the theatre when
A West End novelty's produced.

Though I cannot afford, it's true,
To book me an expensive seat,
What matter waiting in a queue
Some time beforehand down the street?
The dreary vigil soon is o'er,
And then there comes the final squeeze,
When, through the barely open door,
They let the crowd in by degrees.

O happy hour! for there is no
Sensation to compare, I'm sure,
With what I always undergo
While waiting for the overture.
All trifling worries seem to fade
Amid the soft expectant hum
That, on a first night, will pervade
The crowded auditorium.

A host of well-known faces are
Within the opera glasses' range:
Celebrities of Bench and Bar,
The Peerage and the Stock Exchange.
The "gods" are keen to recognise
Each lucky mortal whom they love,
And cat-calls and unearthly cries
Will greet the victim from above.

But, after all, the play's the thing,
Whether a bustling farce it be,
Or melodrama, that may bring
Lumps in the throat incessantly.
And though the dialogue be smart,
And situations fairly strong;
I'll prophesy that at the start
It's pretty sure to play too long.

Perchance the programme, we may find,
Is comic opera, light but sweet,
Whose melodies imbue the mind
With a desire to stamp the feet.
(Fair is the fame a tune may win
If you can take it home and hum;
'Twill feed piano-organs in
The happy days that are to come.)

The piece to a conclusion draws;
Is it success or failure? Who
Can tell for certain if applause
Will drown the low discordant "Boo!"
At curtain fall what scenes occur,
When frenzied voices loudly shout
For actors, author, manager,
Until at last the lights go out?

Sweetheart! I've laid my weakness bare,
I cannot let the Drama slide;
Say, will you my enjoyment share,
And visit theatres by my side?
Fear not for me that dangers lie
Along the histrionic line;
Excepting on a first night, I
Am wholly, absolutely thine! P. G.

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

(Being extracts from the Diary of a Cavalry Subaltern.)

(See the "Times" for Nov. 6.)

April.—Got my commission in the — Hussars. Crack regiment! Pater awfully pleased. Thought they might refuse to pass me. I'm not what you'd call clever. But my crammer says examination of secondary importance in the cavalry. Main thing is to be good at polo and cricket and have a handsome allowance, especially the last. Said the Governor must guarantee me £600 a year. Old man looked rather blue, but stumped up. And here I am, a British cavalry officer with a career before me. Talk of reforming the army. Stuff and nonsense!

May.—Curious how cavalry life runs away with money. Had to buy two chargers, £250, which I am to feed at my own expense. Now must provide stabling for them. Officers' stabling, as provided by generous Government, not fit to put a jackass in. Rents for stabling strangely high, too, in the neighbourhood. Suppose they put 'em up 'because they know we must have 'em, whatever they charge. Seems curious no one has thought of altering that. Pity to throw money away, even in cavalry regiment. But no matter. It's a splendid life. Better not begin making changes. Nothing so dangerous as this talk about reform.

June.—Allowance running away at a deuce of a pace. Just been looking through my bills for uniforms. I can't possibly pay them out of my allowance; must send them in to the governor. What with full-dress and mess-dress, and gold lace and silver lace, and frogs and lappels, half-a-dozen different things to wear on my head and a dozen different things to wear on my back, the tailor seems to do very well out of it. Two pairs of regulation gold-striped pantaloons, price 14 guineas. Poor old governor! And the best of it is we never wear our uniforms when we can possibly avoid it. So that there are all my civilian clothes as well. One must dress well in the cavalry. I wonder whether they oughtn't to change all that? But no, Colonel says he won't have any talk about reform in his regiment. After all, there's nothing like the British Army.

July.—Had to write to the governor for money to-day. Furnishing one's quarters runs away with tin like anything. They were merely four bare walls when I entered them, and a fellow must have decent things about him. It doesn't look well to be stingy about these things. The other fellows don't like it. So I had a furnishing chap in, and he did them up in style. Rum thing. Should have thought the government would have done something in the way of furnishing for us. Lot of money wasted every time a chap gets transferred, or when the regiment moves.

But suppose it's all right. Colonel says so.

August.—All the fellows rather down in the mouth to-night at mess. Even the Colonel swore. He had just heard that our uniforms are to be altered. Gold braid on breeks to be one inch wide instead of two inches, and cloth of tunic to be blue drill instead of blue serge. Mess jacket changed too. Beastly shame, I call it. Will cost me a cool hundred merely to get new duds. The War Office is perfectly incompetent. Colonel says it ought to be cleared out altogether, and another lot put in instead. Wants reforming, that's what it wants, thorough reforming.

September.—Governor was down to-day to talk about my "prospects" as he calls them. It was his retrospects that took up most of the time. Wanted to know why my mess bills were so high, why champagne figured so often at dinner. Told him I couldn't help it. Never drink champagne myself. Don't like it. But it's a tradition of British cavalry. He said d—n tradition. Then he wanted to know about that subscription to the band. What do I want with a band? Why should I fork out £10 for it. Suggested 10s. would be a more reasonable figure. I explained that in cavalry regiments the officers always pay for the band. He said d—n cavalry regiments. Asked me if I had any chance of seeing active service and making a career. Had to tell him cavalry officers never had careers. Horses and men too heavy for active service nowadays. All the work done by mounted infantry. Governor says it's d—d nonsense. I begin to think it is.

October.—Fresh change in uniform ordered from Pall Mall. More expense to me. Regiment ordered to another station. That means furnishing new quarters. More expense. Best charger fell down in his stall and strained himself. Vet. says he must be shot. That means I must get another. And I'm pretty well dipped already. Our mess is going give a race lunch next week and a farewell ball the week after, and I must plank down subscriptions for each. Was there ever such a beastly service? And was there ever such an idiotic country that permits its army to be managed in this way?

November.—Sent in my papers. Out of the — Hussars, thank Heaven! Governor says he'll find a better use for £600 a year. Don't blame him either.

I'LL sing thee songs of Araby—
You'll ask me soon to stop.
I'll tell thee tales of SARA B.,
Whereof I have a crop.

THE LAST STRAW.—At the Savoy, Mr. D'OYLY CARTE again tries the *Patience* of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN.

SOPHISTICUFFS.

["The ideal leader is a cross between the pedant and the prize-fighter."—*Army and Navy Gazette.*]

Arma virumque cano—

The man is a bit of a prig,
But the arms make a beautiful show,
For the bulge of his biceps is big:
(His biceps is brutally big).

His nature has contrary parts,
Compounded of honey and gall,
He's advanced in the liberal arts,
And he's handy at punching the ball:

(The art of advancement is Bawl).

His learning is partly a feint,
Tho' at classical tags he is glib,
For his pattern and hero and saint
Is the doughty departed TOM CRIBB:
(The classics are best with a crib).

So give him an army behind,
And set him the foeman before,
For "mauleys," when mated with
mind,
Are just what are wanted in war:
(Some MORLEYS are wanting in war).

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S STORY.

(See any report of any Dog and Cat Home.)

I AM pleased to report a marked increase in the mortality of the dogs. This I attribute to the more regular use of the recreation ground and the growing popularity of athletics.

The cats have suffered severely from an outbreak of influenza, in consequence of which the expenses of the lethal chamber have been materially reduced. The consumptive cough, which affected a great many patients, shows signs of spreading to the dogs. The strictly hydropathic treatment which has been adopted seems powerless against the evil.

Among boarded cats the mortality was also high. Many were seized with epileptic fits, and died before medical aid could be procured. In a number of cases the *post-mortem* examinations showed that there was nothing inside the cats which accounted for their decease.

In French poodles a common cause of death was cerebral congestion.

In conclusion I would like to call attention to the value of the Home as a holiday resort for all sorts and conditions of dogs and cats, and would recommend that when the householder pays his annual visit to the hydropathic he should send his pet to us, where it will derive immense benefit, mental, moral, and physical, from the low diet and change of air and surroundings. Dogs of a corpulent habit derive incalculable good from our system, and rapidly lose all apoplectic symptoms. A cat given to over-indulgence and the evil habits of eating and sleeping is sent home a reformed character—a better, if a sadder, cat.



RACING UP-TO-DATE.

"The American Jockey Club have passed a law which warns off any person who can be proved to have affected the speed of a horse by the use of drugs, or who shall have used electrical or mechanical appliances other than whip or spur. This rule further forbids drugs, whether administered internally or hypodermically."—*The Field.*

Trainer. "NOW THIS HORSE IS AS FIT AS CHEMICALS CAN MAKE HIM. YOU'VE GOT A GALVANIC SADDLE, AN ELECTRIC WHIP, HYPODERMIC SPURS, AND IF YOU CAN ONLY SHIN A BIT FARTHER UP HIS NECK, YOU OUGHT JUST TO LICK ANYTHING WITH HAIR ON IT!"

NEGRO-MANCY WITH A VENGEANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am what is called supernaturalistic, and, therefore, a true believer in sound soothsaying. Within the last few days, my friend has been terribly upset by a fearsome paragraph which has been going the round of the Press. The dread augury reads as follows:

"A negro at St. Malo, France, prophesied the collapse of the British Empire, the revival of the Holy Roman Empire, with WILLIAM II. as the modern Charlemagne."

These are words of great portent, and they fill me with awe. As I know you, Sir, to be sapient above your fellows, I venture to ask—

1. Why did the sable seer choose St.

Malo, France, as the spot for revealing the downfall of the British Empire?

2. Why did he select the Emperor WILLIAM II. as the modern Charlemagne and the revivalist of the Holy Roman Empire?

Of course, if this Coloured Prophet be right in his forecast I must sell out my British Government Stock, and invest my capital in securities of the new Holy Roman Empire. But why St. Malo? Why WILLIAM II.? Why this black foreboding? Try and relieve the trembling suspense of your obedient Servant,

MARTHA MAGPIE.

Aspen Lodge, South Lambeth.

THE BOER GENERAL WE WANT TO HEAR OF NOW.—General Surrender.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER X.

TRUST HER NOT! SHE IS FOOLING THEE!

*As the Sunset flames most fiery when snuffed out by sudden night;
As the Swan reserves its twitter till about to hop the twig;
As the Cobra's head swells biggest just before he does his bite;
So a feminine smiles her sweetest ere she gives her nastiest dig.*

Satirical Stanza (unpublished) by H. B. J.

Now that our hero had obtained that the name of *Milky Way* was to be inscribed on the Golden Book of Derby candidates, his next proceeding was to hire a practical jockey to assume supreme command of her.

And this was no simple matter, since practical jockeys are usually hired many weeks beforehand, and demand handsome wages for taking their seats. But at last, after protracted advertisements, Mr. BHOSH had the good fortune to pitch upon a perfect treasure, whose name was CADWALLADER PERKIN, and who, for his riding in some race or other, had been awarded a whole year's holiday by the stewards who had observed the paramountcy of his horsemanship.

No sooner had PERKIN inspected *Milky Way* than he was quite in love with his stable companion, and assured his employer that, with more regular out-of-door exercise, she would be easily competent to win the Derby on her head, whereupon, Mr. BHOSH consented that she should be galloped after dark round the inner circle of Regent's Park, which is chiefly populated at such a time by male and female bicyclists.

But in order to pay PERKIN's charges, and also provide a silken jockey tunic and cap of his own racing colours (which were cream and sky-blue), Mr. BHOSH was compelled to borrow mere money from Mr. MCALPINE, who, as a Jewish Scotch, exacted the rather exorbitant percentage of sixty per centum.

It leaked out in some manner that *Milky Way* was a coming Derby favourite, and the property of a Native young Indian sportsman, whose entire fortunes depended on her success, and soon immense multitudes congregated in Regent's Park to witness her trials of speed, and cheered enthusiastically to behold the fiery sparks scintillating from the stones as she circumvented the inner circle in seven-leagued boots.

Mr. BHOSH of course asseverated that she was a very mediocre sort of mare, and that he did not at all expect that she would prove a winner, but connoisseurs nevertheless betted long odds upon her success, and BINDABUN himself, though not a speculative, did put on the pot himself upon the golden egg which he was so anxiously hatching.

One evening amongst those who were gathered to view the nocturnal exercises of *Milky Way* there appeared a feminine spectator of rather sinister aspect, in a thick veil and a victoria-carriage.

It was no other than Duchess DICKINSON, who had somehow learnt how courageously Mr. BHOSH was endeavouring to fulfil the Astrologer - Royal's prediction, and who had come to ascertain whether his mare was indeed such a paragon of celerity as had been represented.

The very first time that *Milky Way* cantered past with the gait of a streak of lightning, the Duchess realised with a sinking heart that Mr. BHOSH must indubitably succeed at the Derby—unless he was prevented.

But how to achieve this? Her womanly instinct told her that CADWALLADER PERKIN was far too inexperienced to resist for long such mature and ripened charms as hers—even though the latter were unfortunately discounted by the accidental nose-flattening.

So, lowering her veil till only her eyes were visible above, she waited till he passed once more, then flung him such a liquid and flashing glance from her starry and now no longer discoloured optics that the young jockey, who was of an excessively susceptible disposition, all but fell off the saddle with emotion, like a very juvenile bird under serpentine observation.

"He is mine!" said the unscrupulous Duchess internally, laughing up her sleeve at such a proof of her fascinations, "mine! mine!"

She had too much intelligence and mother-wit, however, to take any steps until Mr. BHOSH should be safely out of the way—and how to accomplish his removal?

As an acquaintance with the above-mentioned usurer, MCALPINE, she was aware that he had advanced large loans to Mr. BHOSH, and so she laid her plans and bided her time.

There soon remained only one day before that carnival of all sporting saturnals, the Epsom Derby day, and BINDABUN formed the prudent resolution to avoid any delays or crushings by putting *Milky Way* into a railway box, and despatching her to Epsom on the previous afternoon, under the chaperonage of CADWALLADER PERKIN, who was to engage suitable lodgings for her in the vicinity of the course.

But just as BINDABUN was approaching the booking hole of Victoria terminus to take a horse-ticket, lo and behold! he was rapped on the shoulder by a couple of policemen, who civilly inquired whether his name was not BHOSH.

He replied that it was, and that he was the lucky proprietor of a female horse who was infallibly destined to win the Derby, and that he was even now proceeding to purchase her travelling ticket. But the policemen insisted that he must first discharge the full amount of his debt and costs to Mr. MCALPINE, who had commenced a law-suit.

"It is highly inconvenient to pay now," replied our hero, "I will settle up after receiving my Derby Stakes."

"We are infernally sorry," said the constables, "but we have instructions to imprison you until the amount is stumped up, and anything you say now will be taken down and used against you at your trial."

Mr. BHOSH remained *sotto voce*; and as he was being led off with gyves upon his wrists, like ARAM the Usher, whom should he behold but the Duchess of DICKINSON!

Like all truly first-class heroes, he was of a generous, confiding nature, and his head was not for a moment entered by the suspicion that the Duchess could still cherish any illfeelings towards him. "I am sincerely sorry," he said with good-humoured gallantry, "to observe that your ladyship's nose-leather is still in such bad repair. I was riding a rather muscular steed that afternoon, and could not thoroughly control my movements."

She suavely responded that she was proud to have been the means of breaking his fall.

"Not only my fall—but your own nose!" retorted Mr. BHOSH sympathetically. "A sad pity! Fortunately, at your time of life such disfigurements are of no consequence. I, myself, am now in the pretty pickle."

And he explained how he had been arrested for debt, at the very moment when he had an appointment to meet his mare and jockey and see them safely off by the Epsom train.

"Do not trouble about that," said the Duchess. "Hand me your purse, and I myself will meet them and do the needful on your behalf. I have interest with this Mr. MCALPINE and will intercede that you are let out immediately."

Mr. BHOSH kissed her hand as he handed over his said purse. "This is, indeed, a noble return for my coldheartedness," he said, "and I am even more sorry than before that I should have involuntarily dilapidated so exquisite a nose."

"Pray do not mention it," replied the Duchess, with the baleful simper of a Sphinx, and Mr. BHOSH departed for his durance vile with a mind totally free from misgivings.

(To be continued.)



A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Mr. Kruger. "JUST MY LUCK! SO 'S THE TRANSVAAL."

Madame La France. "SO SORRY, MR. KRUGER, BUT OUR EXHIBITION IS CLOSED."

Very Vanities are - 3 - 2 - 1 -



CLAYTON FR. '00

Gent (in black). "DO YOU CONSIDER THAT A PRETTY FACE?"
His Friend. "NO. IT JUST MISSES IT BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING
 IN IT. GIVE ME A FACE WITH CHARACTER!"

L'EXPOSITION KRÜGER.

[Lines arranged to be delivered by an orator from a gilded car supporting the Exhibition Bust of Krüger on the quay at Marseilles, in the event of his appearance at that port; a contingency still doubtful at the time of going to press.]

"REDS of the Midi! Flower of Freedom's sons!
 Type of our nation's chivalrous canaille!
 Look here upon this bold and speaking Bust,
 Transported hitherward by *grande vitesse*
 Fresh from the Exhibition lately closed.
 Observe it, o'er a scroll of myriad names
 Subscribed by Europe's noblest (entrance free),
 Wreathed to the eyes with radiant *immortelles*,
 Salt with the tears of injured Liberty,
 And holy by the virgin kiss of France!
 Remark the counterfeit similitude
 Of one whose erudition in the Psalms
 Compels the love of our religious land;—
 Whose generous behaviour toward the blacks
 (Our brothers, is it not?) endears him to
 The Christian conquerors of Madagascar;—
 Whose burghers, rightly struggling to be free,
 Are, many of them, ours by ties of race,
 As sprung from that old blood of Huguenots
 Which fructified our freedom-loving soil
 Or else migrated to the Netherlands.
 Alas! that, by the irony of fate,
 Our honoured friend (the Bust's Original)
 Should happen to be somewhat out of touch
 With Albion, whom we love! It is the one
 Lone rift within our present lute!

But lo!

See yonder where the wingéd cruiser pounds,
 All bunting, into port! I mark the smoke
 Curl from the stolid pipe of one that stands
 Like to a god impassive on the poop,
 Deaf to the siren's petrifying snort.
 His cheek bewrays the hero who has borne
 The motions of the deep from down below.
 Never, since DREYFUS sought our sheltering shores,
 Has such a Martyr found a home with us.
 Unfortunately 'tis a fleeting guest!
 Elsewhere they wait his advent; bounteous Belgium,
 Whose human sympathy for Afric's woes
 Shines in the person of the pure LOTHAIRE,
 Opens her arms, where once SIPIDO lay,
 To fold the Flying Dutchman on her chest.
 Nor may he linger long in that embrace,
 Seeing his temporary furlough might
 At any moment rudely be curtailed
 By news of Albion's utter overthrow.
 Meanwhile we give a welcome worthy France
 To him that comes, most seasonably due,
 Upon the Exhibition's dying groan,
 To fill the vacuum our hearts abhor,
 And be an Exhibition in himself!

Let not this graceful welcome be defiled
 By ribald comments on our Cabinet,
 Cries that have come to be regarded as
 A national anthem, good for all occasions.
 If, in a sudden heat, as may occur,
 You wish to vent your spleen—to spit, in fact—
 At somebody's expense, no matter whose,
 Then, out of deference to our brave police,
 Employ discretion, keep your language vague,
 Hinting at perfidy in general terms!

What ho! the war-like vessel bumps the quay!
 Now wave your banners! Clear your brazen throats!
 Blow up the Marseillaise on several bands!
 And wheel the Bust athwart the gangway's end
 To make our hero feel himself at home;
 And let the delegates walk on by twos,
 And grip his neck in turn, and cry like this,
 Tears in the voice, "Vive Krüger! Vivent les Boers!"
 Then let the multitude repeat the same,
 Adding, if so they must, for mere delight,
 "A bas les traîtres!" not specifying any. O. S.

THE NEXT CABINET COUNCIL.

(A Forecast.)

SCENE—Downing Street. PERSONS—As usual.

Lord Salisbury (tapping on the table). Ahem!—I think we had better get to business. Now, about the War Office, for instance—

Mr. Chamberlain. Ah, yes, about the War Office. The subject is most interesting. Let me tell you a little experience of my own. I had a perfectly splendid time on the *Cæsar* with AUSTEN, perfectly splendid. Salutes everywhere, lots of ammunition blazing away every day, flags flying, you know, bands playing "*Rule Britannia*" all over the place, and everybody showing a most touching loyalty and devotion to my—I mean—ahem!—to her Majesty's person. But there's another point I want to talk about—I mentioned it to GEORGE WHITE at Gibraltar, but I'm afraid his sufferings in Ladysmith have worried him too much—at any rate, he didn't seem to pay sufficient attention to what I said—it's about the guns on the Rock. They ought to be completely changed. But, of course, both at Gibraltar and Malta—

Lord Salisbury (gently interrupting). The business before the Council is the reform of—



IF YOU SHOULD FIND A STRAY BULL IN POSSESSION OF THE LINKS, AND WHO IS FASCINATED BY YOUR LITTLE RED LANDMARKS, DON'T TRY AND PERSUADE POOR MR. LITTLEMAN TO DRIVE HIM AWAY. HE IS VERY PLUCKY—BUT IT ISN'T GOLF.

Mr. Chamberlain (*volubly continuing*). As I said, both at Gibraltar and Malta we had several banquets. Really, these people did their very best to prove that patriotism is still a living fire. Whenever I spoke, for instance, there was loud and long continued cheering from the whole company—

Mr. Brodrick (*aggressively*). Talking of Companies, have you noticed how the *Morning Leader*—

Mr. Chamberlain (*glaring, but impressive*). I was saying, that the whole company broke out into enthusiastic applause. What more do you want? Canada is with us, Australia keeps on cabling to me, Malta gives me banquets, Gibraltar salutes me, India offers rupees, even the West Indies send subscriptions, and during all this time I've been on the *Cæsar* with AUSTEN, and the Empire has been made absolutely safe all round. As an ordinary—

Lord Lansdowne (*aloud, to himself*). Shareholder—

Mr. Chamberlain (*again glaring, and still impressive*). I say, as an ordinary but none the less patriotic individual, I could not help feeling that the miserable calumny to which I have been exposed, sinks into nothingness. I am a Fishmonger; I have dined with GEORGE WHITE and GRENFELL; I have been a guest on the *Cæsar*. Isn't that a sufficient answer? But I wanted to tell you about the guns on the *Cæsar*. It's a most remarkable thing, but they hadn't a single yard of red cloth out for us on the gangways. Is that right? I appeal to the head of the Government. Am I the sort of man to—

Lord Salisbury (*stung beyond endurance*). Oh! Kynoch!!

[*Loud cheers, during which the luncheon hour strikes and the Council breaks up.*]

LONDON AND SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—The other day I read a complaint, made by some worthy, that we do not commemorate our greatest poet and dramatist by naming public places, streets, parks, etc., after the most notable characters in his plays. I see, however, that there is a place called "Cassiobury Park." Good. Is there anywhere an "Othellobury Avenue," or an "Iagobury Terrace"?

Yours, RODERIGO.

APATHY.

(*To the Editor of the —.*)

OUR great and glorious party has been sinking, Sir, of late, To a sad and most deplorable condition; The register's neglected, and the funds are in a state Of absolute and abject inanition.

So, lest its future still proceed from bad to worse, mayhap (In the present dearth of amateur advisers), I write these lines, whose end and object is to fit the cap On the right heads—of our party organisers.

Now take my case as typical, an ardent partisan, The backbone of our party, let me say, Sir, Well up in every topic, who can jaw with any man, And in policies can point you out the way, Sir; I've lived in this same neighbourhood, and in this same abode, For fifteen years (no doubt, the agent knew it), And I might have had the franchise if I'd walked across the road, Yet he never called and asked me, Sir, to do it.

I was shot for a subscription to the party years ago (The figure was a minimum, a shilling); If you ask me have I paid it, I'm compelled to answer, "No," But not, indeed, because I was unwilling. You can't be always thinking about trifling sums like that, So I waited for the "seventh application," Till the lazy beggars let it drop—and now they wonder at Their empty purse with imbecile vexation.

While others spend their strength upon the canvas—or do not, To look up faithful friends or win the doubting, I haven't time to waste upon such tedious, irksome rot, But I'm always with the first to do the shouting. Then when you see our party (with supporters, heart and soul, Like me), from sheer neglect must fall asunder, If by thundering majorities they're beaten at the poll With confidence I ask you, "Can you wonder?"

DARBY JONES AS A PROPHET INDEED.

HONOURED SIR,—It passed my poor Understanding, being one of those Wretched Beings surrounded by Providence with the Troubles brought about by Connubial Cricket on the Hearth, to draw your Esteemed Attention last week but one to the fact that so long ago as in the Issue of your Ennobling Journal dated December 10, 1898, I wrote referring to "The Harvest of the Turf" some very Pertinent (perhaps some would say Imper-tinent) remarks with regard to "Bottlers," and others. In my Post-Scriptum, I added these words:

"I humbly submit my remarks to the Great Gimcracker, Lord DURHAM, who appears to be a sort of Jockey Club General BOULANGER. There is a Minister for Agriculture, why not one for Turfculture? Lord DURHAM might take the office, and be Government Handicapper, Starter, Chucker-out, and Head Lad all rolled into one. His ancestor killed the Lambton Worm. His Lordship might slay the Hydraheaded Horrors, which are apparently bred on the Turf like rabbits. They would be sure to succumb to Durham mustard."

Could there have been any Better Forecast? Lord DURHAM, backed by that Genial Turfite Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, has perfectly fulfilled my prediction. And again I ask why should not the Men of the Book be licensed by the Jockey Club? This matter of *Bis* and the *Cito Dat* (to quote the Classics) is so easily arranged. The great Nonconformist (I speak without Reference to Creed) Objection is that such a Procedure on the part of the Lords of Newmarket would License Betting.

I beg with all *humility* to reply that Betting has never been declared Illegal by English Law, and that the Jockey Club Stewards practically license it themselves. It is no use, moreover, disguising the FACT (as the quaint author of *Tom and Jerry* would have had the word printed) that the Mainstay of Running Horses is the Desire of Owners and their Followers (great and Small), to follow their Fancy. Preach till you are black as a Chimney-Sweep, but you will NEVER get rid of this Truth. During this past week I have known many Patrons and Friends sacrifice their Little Alls, and their County Patrimonies to Speculation on the Result of the Occupancy of Washington's Chair. This was Legalised, and great have been the Ups of those who backed President MCKINLEY for the U. S. Sweepstakes.

For our Universal Sweepstakes I look to Lord DURHAM—though Heaven wots he has many Unprincipled Enemies!—to legalise Bookmaking. The absurdity of not doing so is best exemplified by the Conduct of the Paris Exhibition, recognised and supported by the Queen's Government yet organised on the principle of a Lottery which would not obtain at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Chester, York, Sandown,

Kempton, Liverpool, Manchester or even Wye. I should like that Prince of Advocates Mr. C. F. GILL to give the Why and Wherefore of my Argument. I am too poor a Sophist (I think that is the O. K. expression), but nevertheless I would like to back the Triple Event, DURHAM-ROTHSCHILD-GILL v. all the Jockeys belonging to the Jockey Club, or the Yankees, or the Not-to-be-Found. Apologising for this Fervour in the Field, and congratulating H.R.H. on his tact with regard to somebody else's loane. I am,

Your devoted Troubadour,

DARBY JONES.

WHITECHAPEL v. MAYFAIR.

THERE are who have made it their mission To clamour in accents of woe,
O'er the terribly crowded condition Of Whitechapel, Hoxton and Bow;
Be it mine to warn innocent strangers Of the West—be it mine to declare,
The numberless horrors and dangers Of our little flat in Mayfair.

Some people wax very emphatic,
And wroth at the slum-dwellers' plight.
Have they seen the diminutive attic In which we are cabined at night?
Have they seen the black cupboard ap-palling,
Where our general struggles for air?
Have they seen the grim coroner calling At our little flat in Mayfair?

Have they heard of the crowd that in-habits
Our warren—the young and the old,
And the infants like so many rabbits,
With their prams in battalions untold?
You may sigh o'er the sorrowful question Of Whitechapel: I say, "Beware!
There is more overcrowded congestion In our little flat in Mayfair."

POLITICAL TYPES.

(Being recently discovered fragments of the "Characters" of Theophrastus.)

THE RADICAL SNOB.

RADICAL Snobbery may be defined as pretension to convictions which one does not possess.

The Radical Snob is one who will tell you at a meeting that he, for one, would do away with all privileged classes and individuals, using eloquent words in a discourse on the brotherhood of man; and who, if a grandee come to visit the place where he resides, will rush off to the station to meet him, offering the hospitality of his humble home and to carry his portmanteau. When he entertains his fellow citizens, the many, he is a tee-totaler; the choicest vintage of his cellar is not good enough for his friends, the few.

THE SCHOLASTIC LIBERAL.

Scholastic Liberalism would seem to be

a theoretical presumption that all men are equal.

The Scholastic Liberal is the kind of person who, when addressing the electorate of East Slumborough, will discourse on the philosophic aspects of the situation; it is just like him, too, to elucidate his meaning by a reference to the *Republic* of one Plato (*Stephanus*, 513 B), adding that of course the passage is familiar to them all. If he is made aware that the bath is not a universal institution, he will express surprise. He is very apt to increase the Tory majority.

THE POLITICAL NOBODY.

Political Nonentity is, if one would wish to define it, the pursuit of exercises for which one is unfit.

The Political Nobody is the sort of man who never misses a division. He has not been known to catch the Speaker's eye. Great is he in his burgh, and, should he address his constituents, many are the preparations of his secretary. When the local press has reported his plagiarisms in full, he will send marked copies to all his friends. He will not fail to subscribe to all the local clubs and charities, and is sure to be returned with a large majority.

THE LIBERAL IMPERIALIST.

Liberal Imperialism would seem to be, in fact, excessive desire to paint the map red to the neglect of social problems.

The Liberal Imperialist is one who will support the Tory Government in all cases of aggression. If there is a question of conquering a free people, he will say he wishes to confer on others the privileges he himself enjoys, adding that it is no bad fate to become a British citizen. He is very apt to be called a Tory.

THE LITTLE ENGLANDER.

Little Englandism is unnecessary adherence to the inevitable deductions of Liberalism.

The Little Englander is one who, when he thinks of our slums at home, is rather apt to forget our interests abroad. If there is a question of a General's grant, it is quite like him to suggest that the money might be devoted to Primary Education. He knows a Jingo when he sees one.

THE NEW DIPLOMAT.

The New Diplomacy is the framing of provocative terms and despatches with intent to annoy.

The New Diplomat is the kind of person who, while professedly trying to secure a peaceful settlement, will publicly utter offensive remarks. He is apt to run his country into war. It is very much in his manner to use phrases of this sort: "the sands are running low," "a squeezed sponge," "they must mend their manners," "the hundred legs of a caterpillar." He is very likely to forget the difference between private letters and public documents.

FROM "THE WAR OFFICE—A
MEDLEY."

[A *Times* correspondent complains that the latest regulations issued from the War Office are like a tailor's list, and contain details of seventy-seven kinds of gold lace.]

HALF her warriors were dead,
She was scarcely seen to blink,
All the Empire, watching, said
"She must change, or we shall
sink."

Then they hinted at reform,
Named another likely Chief,
Prophesied a coming storm;
Yet she slumbered past belief.

Passed a Marshal into space,
Strode another to the chair,
Fell a Marquis up a place;
Yet she never turned a hair.

Rose a 'cute official, spread
Tailor's patterns on her knee—
A torrent of new rules she shed;
"Sweet gold lace, I live for thee."

ADDITIONAL STREET SUGGESTIONS.

(For the consideration of the L. C. C.)

THAT the water-carts be filled with the
best perfumes.

That dust, dust-bins, and refuse of all
kinds be strictly prohibited.

That the roads be taken up from below,
and the surface allowed to remain undisturbed for the traffic.

That omnibus conductors be invited to
announce the destination of their conveyances in a musical whisper.

That the names of occupants of houses,
their incomes, and expectations be clearly written up in the drawing-room windows of their respective residences.

That itinerant musicians be only allowed
to play from midnight to 6 A.M., except by special request of one quarter of the inhabitants.

That the railway companies be invited
to stop the whistles of their guards, and to cause the accidents arising out of the omission to be conducted with as little clamour as possible.

That the streets be only watered when
it rains, so that no inconvenience shall be caused to the proprietors of the water-carts.

That every ratepayer shall remove the
snow in front of his house, as combined action is impracticable.

That every ratepayer shall mend his
portion of the highway, as the authorities do not see their way to keeping the streets in good repair.

That every ratepayer shall do every-
thing, because the municipal authorities find they can do nothing.

That the L. C. C. be earnestly invited
to adopt the above suggestions to prove—amongst other things—that it is worthy of being, in point of fact, the L. C. C. :



RATHER DIFFICULT FOR HIM.

Jones. "I AM NEVER AT A LOSS IN CONVERSATION."

His Fair Hostess. "BUT SURELY, MR. JONES, THERE MUST BE SOME SUBJECTS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT DO YOU DO THEN?"

Jones. "OH, THEN—I SAY NOTHING, AND LOOK INTELLIGENT."

"IF!"

"Had the war not broken out, Lord LANSDOWNE would have easily ranked as the best War Minister of recent times."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

It's really very hard to know what one would wish to be!

I'd like to be a sailor if it weren't for the sea; [preach;

I'd like to be a parson if I hadn't got to I'd like to be a teacher, but I'd simply hate to teach.

I'd like to be a burglar if it weren't for the p'lice;

I'd like to be a soldier if we always were at peace; [were abolished; I'd like to be the Speaker if the Session I'd like to have the wool-sack were the House of Lord demolished.

But of all the great professions which I'd gladly claim as mine, There's one *par excellence* to which my longing thoughts incline; For nothing in the universe would suit my talents more

Than being made War Minister if there was never war.



Bernard Partridge sc.

"Walking Lady" (late for rehearsal). "OH, I'M SO SORRY TO BE LATE! I DO HOPE YOU HAVEN'T ALL BEEN WAITING FOR ME!"
Stage Manager (icily). "MY DEAR MISS CHALMERS, INCOMPETENCE IS THE GIFT OF HEAVEN; BUT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS MAY BE CULTIVATED!"

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CROWDS?

In view of Lord ROBERTS' return, Mr. Punch begs to submit the following suggestions to the Authorities:—

1. Recall entire South African force to line route.
2. Arrange with Commandant DE WET to land (peaceably) at Liverpool on the same day. (These two first suggestions might with advantage be combined.)
3. Apply universal conscription to Police Force.
4. Abolish Police Force.
5. Barricade side streets.
6. Barricade main streets.
7. Remove houses and various other obstructions on line of route.

8. Extend line of route to Basingstoke: (a long ride, but nothing to BOBS.)

9. Arrange procession for 5 a.m. (An early *reveill  *, but BOBS won't mind *that*.)

10. Provide suitable balloon accommodation for crowd.

11. Provide ditto, ditto, for Lord ROBERTS. Or

12. After all, who so admirably fitted to manage a difficult campaign as our Commander-in-Chief?—Ask BOBS!

MOST APPROPRIATE.—The outgoing Lord Mayor, Sir A. NEWTON, has been decorated by the Shah with the highest Persian Order, The Lion and the Sun, doubtless in recognition of Sir ALFRED'S British-leonine capability, and of—well, his son's prowess in Southwark during the election.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Markiss o' SARUM begs to inform his patrons and the public that the T. R. Westminster will be re-opened at the earliest date possible, under the same management, with new dresses, scenery, and appointments. Several old favourites will appear, and some very popular engagements have been made. Among other elements of popularity

THE SALISBURY QUINTETTE

will give their unrivalled entertainment, and the only successor of the great GRIMALDI, our quick-change artist

"JOE,"

will appear in his great Transvaalian Transformation and Colonial Variety Show.

N.B.—Further details, illustrated, will be given next week.

LAY OF THE HOOLIGAN.

["The Hooligans do not like the cold, damp, miserable month of November; they prefer prison."
—*Daily Mail*.]

WHEN summer reigns throughout the land,
In flaming June or fierce July,
When temperature is tropic, and
The scorching streets are nice and dry;
The Hooligan's delightful "phiz"
Wears an expression far from glum,
For bodily discomfort is
Reduced to quite a minimum.

His far from perfect boots have not
To face the damp he so much loathes;
No chilly breezes then have got
The chance to penetrate his clothes;
When daylight its departure takes,
And stars shine out above his head,
The pavement or the doorstep makes
A fairly comfortable bed.

But when the summer months have passed,
How different the state of things!
The slushy street, the biting blast,
The fog that dark November brings.
The Hooligan, depressed in mind,
His inactivity repents,
And quickly takes some steps to find
A refuge from the elements.

The pocket-knife he waves on high,
The dainty bludgeon he prepares,
Then lies in wait for passers-by
And pounces on them unawares.
The jovial punch beneath the rib,
The kindly bash upon the nob,
The gay garrotte, employed *ad lib.*,
Or any other little job.

And then, if fortune smiles upon
His perseverance, so to speak,
Ere many dreary days have gone
He will be hauled before the beak.
In lenient law he finds a friend,
And, if his efforts do not fail,
The happy Hooligan may spend
The winter in a cosy gaol.

P. G.



“NOT LOST—BUT LEFT BEHIND!”

UNCLE SAM. “GLAD TO SEE YOU SAFE, PRESIDENT! TAKE A SEAT RIGHT HERE. BUT SAY; WHERE’S THAT ‘IMPERIAL’ UMBRELLA OF YOURS?”

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY. “GUESS I HAD TO DROP IT IN THE CRUSH OUTSIDE!”

HEROD BEERBOHM TREE.

"*C'est magnifique!*" there's no doubt about that, "*Mais—il y a toujours un 'mais.'*" All that the most artistic setting can do for the piece has been done by Mr. HAWES CRAVEN; all that is picturesque in design and harmonious in colour, Mr. PERCY ANDERSON'S costumes achieve; the most that some fine acting, much good acting, and intelligent stage management can effect for *Herod*, the dramatic poem written by Mr. PHILLIPS, has been effected, and "still we are not happy." It may be a grand poem to read, for PHILLIPS is a "worthy peer," and an actor-manager, such as is Mr. TREE, must have perceived in it possibilities for the thrilling portrayal of human passion in many varied phases. Otherwise, this play would never have seen the footlights.

What are its characters? An Oriental barbaric king, earthly, devilish, sensual in his passion which he flatters himself is love; a selfish, cruel, crafty, unscrupulous tyrant. To preserve his throne from imaginary danger he commands the murder of the brother of his wife, of that wife for whom he exhibits such savage, passionate "love"; and, at the very moment of the youth's being done to death, this monster can embrace the victim's sister with fiendish sensuality, covering her with satyr-like caresses. Terrible to describe. "Horrible, most horrible!" And the more realistic the acting, the more revolting the effect. *Herod's* mother and sister are fiends in human shape, skilled poisoners, barefaced liars, combining against the life of the Queen for their own political ends; the King's chief minister has the subtlety and the venom of a serpent; his dependants are ready blindly to obey their tyrant's orders, and thus they murder first the brother of the Queen, and then the Queen herself. Except the brother, *Aristobulus*, who has a short life and a merry one, and is well represented by Mr. NORMAN THARP, and except *Queen Mariamne* (Miss MAUD JEFFRIES), there are among the principal *dramatis personæ* "none that doeth good, no not one." And the more force Mr. TREE throws into the part of *Herod*, the more tiger-like in his rage and satyr-like in his erotic passion he becomes, in fact, the more truthful he is to the actual character he represents, the worse is it for the play. On some persons such terribly realistic acting may exercise a horrible fascination; but these, I imagine, are the exception, not the rule; they are of those who will pay the extra sixpence to see the Chamber of Horrors.

Victim as is the unhappy Queen, yet even in her farewell she is hard; never touching our sympathies, compelling no tears. We are sorry for her, but somehow we feel, as the indifferent spectator at the theatre observed, excusing his remaining dry-eyed while all around were sobbing, that "he couldn't see it was any business of his." Perhaps the poet-dramatist might say there is something lacking in the performance of Miss MAUD JEFFRIES, who impersonates the Queen, with a wealth of coarse auburn hair, so rare as to be well-nigh impossible except as a perruquier's creation, though I fancy it takes its tone from the play, as *Herod* "*voit rouge*" and gloats over it. If *Herod*

is possessed of one good quality, the poet gives no key to it, and therefore Mr. TREE is unable to exhibit a sentiment that he cannot find in the character.

As to the representation of the other important parts, it seemed to me that *Gadiaz*, the plotting chief minister, should have been an austere, determined character, a Hebrew Machiavelli, instead of a sniggering dotard, continually "washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water," as he chuckles, like a doddering *Puck*, over the results of his iniquitous counsels. Miss BATEMAN (Mrs. CROWE in parenthesis) plays the melodramatically repulsive Mother of *Herod*

with a force that leaves little to be desired, except that she would, just occasionally, contrive to tone it down a bit. Is there any necessity for this horribly wicked woman to pronounce the word "torture" as "tarture," which is especially noticeable, as almost immediately after she has finished her speech, *King Herod* has to repeat the same word, and seems as if correcting his mother's pronunciation by uttering "torture" correctly.

Miss ELEANOR CALHOUN makes of *Salome* a striking figure. She delivers her lines with forcible emphasis, and were not her oriental attitudinising so overdone as to suggest that she is an amateur dancing-girl perpetually posturing for the mere love of the thing, or for the sake of playing up to her mother, her rendering of the part could not well be improved.

'Tis not in managers and actors to command success, but Mr. TREE has deserved it, and will no doubt achieve it. Among the ancients, poet and prophet were synonymous terms. Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is a poet, may he be Mr. TREE'S profit.

THE REASON WHY.

["Furs are no longer merely talked of—they are a necessity."—*Ladies' Column.*]

PHEW!

Don't the wind jes' whistle! Don't it mike yer pinched an' blue!

An' don't it git inter yer lungs an' down yer stumick too!

And don't it set yer orf

With a heverlastin' corf,

Wot 'acks yer,

An' racks yer,

An' cuts yer through an' through!

Wy don't I tike me sible bore, an' wrap it round me throat?
Wy don't I drop me cotton skirt, an' don me sealskin coat?
Cos wy, I found they wosn't in the hortumn fashion; but
I'm a 'avin' of 'em horltered to the litest Paris cut.

In corse it's most provokin' 'ow them long delays hoccurs,
For this 'ere is the season when yer wants yer winter furs;
But orl them Bond Street people is as busy as can be,
An' carn't hattend to customers—not even torfs like me.

When is a massage man in a Turkish bath like a bicycle?—
When he is rubber tired.



A PIECE-OFFERING.



R. J. RICHARDSON '90

Whip furiously (to shirking hound). "GER-R INTO COVERT WITH YER!"
 [Great alarm of Binnings (his first experience of hunting), who acts accordingly.]

THE PROFESSOR AND THE AUTUMN "CREEPER."

(With apologies to Mr. R. S. Hichens, *à propos* of his fascinating volume, "Tongues of Conscience.")

THE Professor was standing in the doorway as I passed along Berkeley Street. When my gaze alighted upon his parchment face and keen grey eyes, I rushed up and seized him by the hand.

"My dear fellow," I said, "delighted to see you!" He stared coldly.

"May I ask——" he began.

"What need of introduction?" I replied warmly. "Am I not on the look-out for a short story—creepy kind—and are you not the illustrious eternal Professor, absolutely indispensable for that kind of tale?" He looked mollified. "Now," said I, taking his arm and entering the hall, "I will dine with you. No objection, please; in short stories formalities must be dispensed with. By the way, you have no beautiful daughter, nor charming ward, nor victims for vivisection. No!"

I tapped a small door under the staircase enquiringly.

"A boot cupboard," said the Professor, drily.

"Good. Excellent. These realistic touches greatly help a modern creepy story. Ah! I see dinner is just ready. Thank you, I'll sit opposite."

We had dinner. Whilst toying with

the fruit the Professor said, "Excuse the absence of carnivorous food. Never touch meat—hate it." I felt strangely thoughtful, and left soon after.

The next day I reached the Professor's house after dinner. He was taking coffee, and I thought looked rather worried. This made me happy; the short story seemed promising.

"Don't tell me I'm uninvited," I said. "I knew it. Tell me, in the sacred name of Fiction, are you not haunted?"

He started uneasily—then drank more coffee. I waited. He came up to me.

"Yes, I'm haunted; not by a shape—I could dispose of that by a nerve tonic; but by a *smell*—do you hear that, man?—a *smell of hot joints!*"

"Simply grand!" I said. "So splendidly novel—such an improvement on the old-fashioned ghost."

He seized my arm. "Hush! What's that? Here, climb up on the table—something's going to happen!"

A cat padded along the floor; she mewed, sniffed uneasily, then gnawed sideways as if at a bone. I strained my eyes; the cat was gnawing *nothing*. We sprang off the table.

"You saw that?" he cried. "The cat sees this horrid thing. Oh, Jupiter! the smell of joints grows worse each moment. You smell nothing?"

I shook my head. "Only coffee," I said.

"How will it end?" he cried wildly. "This torture will kill me!"

I nodded encouragingly.

"Don't die till you get a really good climax; but, perhaps, then it might be more effective." Then I rushed off to a publisher.

AN ACTOR'S CONFESSION.

PUBLIC, for whose delight I play
 This part or that, day after day,
 My daily bread to gain;
 With pain I learn what passions ill
 In me those characters instill
 Whose semblance I sustain.

Othello when I simulate,
 Upon my wife a jealous hate
 (It seems) I'm taught to turn;
 As *Richard Crookback* if I strut,
 My soul to gentle thoughts is shut,
 And hideous passions burn.

So I, by evil influence swayed
 From every villain's part I played,
 Long since had been undone,
 Had I not, acting turn about
 More kindly characters, no doubt
 From them their virtues won.

Thus as my soul now virtue schools,
 Now vice with ruthless vigour rules
 Upon the mimic stage;
 I find myself much on a par
 With what my fellow-sinners are,
 Upon an average.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is difficult to read straight on through *The Great Boer War* (SMITH, ELDER) by reason of the tears that dim the eyes as the sorrowful story is told. CONAN DOYLE made his reputation as a novelist. Stranger far than fiction is the tale he has to tell of the campaign in South Africa. No romancist, with fear of the critics before his eyes, would venture to narrate in succession how METHUEN tried to cross the Modder, how were fought the battles of Magersfontein, of Colenso, and of Spion Kop. The terribleness of the tale is added to by the dispassionate manner in which Mr. DOYLE handles his facts, and the judicial style of his summing up of the evidence. The conclusion arrived at is put in a sentence. "The slogging valour of the private, the careless dash of the regimental officer, these were our military assets; seldom the care and foresight of our commanders." In brief, the victories slowly won, at immense cost, in face of apparently insuperable difficulties were due to Tommy's dogged valour. As Mr. DOYLE more than once modestly reminds the reader, he is only a civilian. He has, nevertheless, thoroughly mastered the plan and the details of the campaign, and presents them in a shape that can be understood of the people. His descriptions of the various engagements are masterpieces of graphic writing. He brings into clearer light than my Baronite has found it set out elsewhere how dire was the peril to the Empire through the first three months of the struggle. The Boers, patiently preparing for the campaign for more than two years before the Ultimatum was flashed forth, were, on the 9th of October, in last year, armed and ready at all points. They found the mighty British Empire represented by 12,000 men, to begin with hopelessly split into two detachments. We at home laughed at Oom PAUL's blatant demand that British troops in South Africa should leave the country, and those at sea, bound for the Cape, should be turned back. But these simple farmer folk knew what they were about. Had they passed Ladysmith by on the other side, marching straight to Durban and Capetown there was nothing to stand in their way. They let the chance slip through their hands, and the British soldier, splendidly helped by the Colonials, delivered the Empire from the pit dug for it by fatuous administration at home. As Mr. CONAN DOYLE truly says, "If we have something to deplore in this war, we have much, also, to be thankful for." At best, it is a melancholy story of dauntless courage and demented direction.

Mr. W. S. LILLY, hitherto favourably known in the literary world as a serious, philosophic, and withal satirical essayist, has thrown aside the academic robes of a professor lecturing on facts, to appear as a writer of fiction. The transformation of *Doctor Faustus* is the only parallel to this marvel that occurs at the moment to the Baron. His book, *A Year of Life* (JOHN LANE), the learned essayist's first essay in fiction, comes as an agreeable surprise to the Baron, and the greater portion of it compels his genuine admiration. The treatment of many of its scenes is masterly, the interest being, on the whole, well sustained, in spite of the story having been unduly spun out. Owing to this, the impressive effect of the final climax is seriously diminished, and is gradually obliterated by the subsequent prominence given to insignificant details. After the fate of the hero and heroine is decided, the future of the minor characters in the story is a matter of not the smallest interest to anyone. Not only is an "epilogue" needless, but it is resented as superfluous. Immediately after the heroine has placed her hand in that of the hero, and the latter has exclaimed, "LILIAN, my life, my wife!" the curtain should quickly descend. There is no more to be said; no more to be done. *Plaudite!* The very next line the novelist writes is, "They were silent for a time." Well would it have been for the success of the novel had Mr. LILLY followed this excellent example. Frequently, in the course of the narration, from beneath the

disguise of the novelist the robe of the academic essayist is visible. The characters, meeting in the house of the exceptionally wise and blameless *Duke of Shropshire*, are all talkers, widely-read persons, gifted, not only with marvellous memories, but also with rare powers of so forcing conversation as to offer frequent openings for their ready-to-hand quotations. These are personages in the highest society, cultured up to such a point that, if they could not find perpetual opportunities for relieving themselves of some of their brain-oppressing knowledge, they would inevitably be victims of spontaneous cerebral combustion. But when Mr. LILLY tears himself away from ducal delights, from the anecdotes told by a right reverend *raconteur*, from quotations by everybody, including himself, and from his own philosophic reflections, illustrated by more quotations involving foot-note translations, then he takes up his story with vigour, and is at his very best. On these occasions, which happily are not exceptional, the essayist disappears, and we have a novelist writing with real dramatic power. The first love-scene between *Philip* and *Lilian* is an instance in point, being in every respect excellent, and so also is the author's arrangement of the subsequent catastrophe. Yet so inveterate is this habit of quotation in Mr. LILLY, that at the supreme crisis in the lives of his two lovers, their fate is decided, *per sortes Virgilianas*, by a quotation from TENNYSON! When he is engaged on his next novel, let him adopt the plan practised with some success by Mr. *Dick*, who found as much difficulty in keeping CHARLES THE FIRST'S head out of his memorial as Mr. LILLY would presumably find in avoiding all temptation to bring in quotations; and then with head clear of reminiscences, and with hand free, he will come to his work, "his strength renewed as the eagle's" (quotation), and will give us his best entire, of which in *A Year of Life* we have already so many undeniable specimens.

Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN has just written and published a most interesting, instructive, and charmingly illustrated essay on the Portraits of GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

"When CHAUCER lived"—"the order of the Garter Was instituted." There was nothing arder.
Yes, one thing more! What, Mr. SPIELMANN, pray?
Aha! . . . "the vine was planted in Tokay."

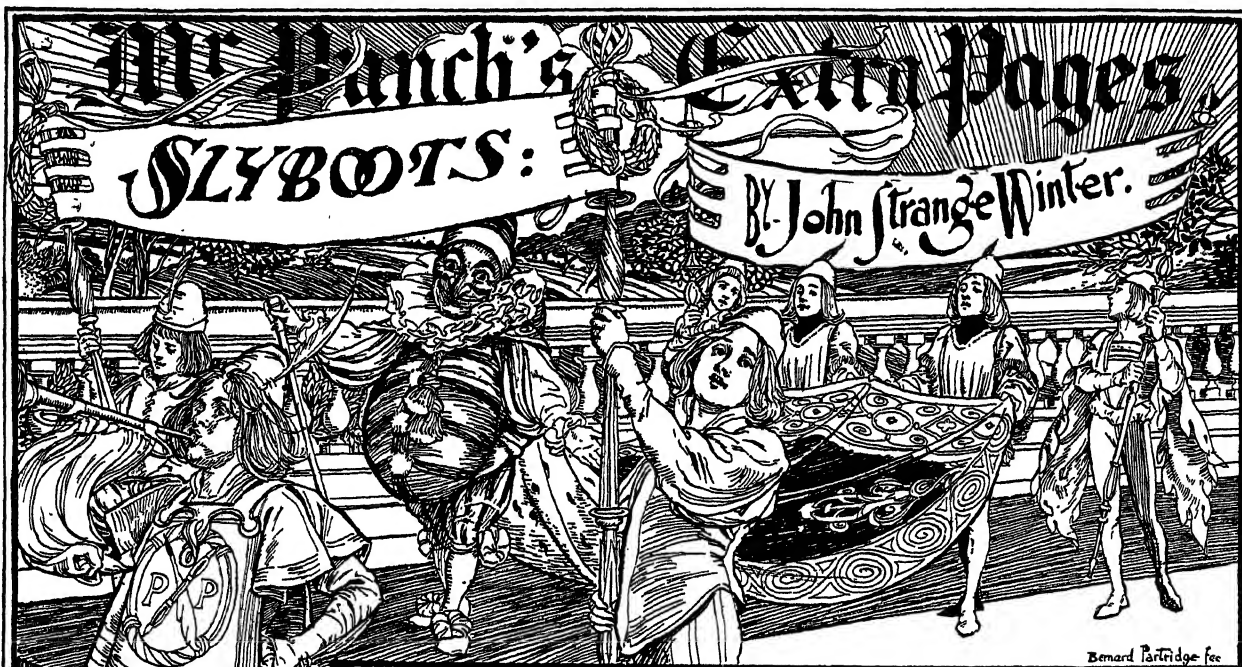
But that CHAUCER lived to avail himself of any chance of stocking his cellar, Mr. SPIELMANN deponeth not. In this book there are eleven excellent photographic reproductions of the Poet's portraits, of which only one is "a picture, mounted"; and this, which is perhaps the most interesting in the collection, may be taken to mean—though Mr. SPIELMANN does not suggest it—that the Poet is here seen on his ambling Pegasus. This essay is the work of a skilled and enthusiastic connoisseur, for whom the exact study of any personage, or period, in the history of literature or art, is indeed a labour of love. And here it is not "Love's Labour Lost."

Free Trade for Fairies by all means! Let 'em all come in from every foreign country under the Sun and Moon. They can have no better official introduction for the Court of King Oberon than Mr. ANDREW LANG, in his *Fairy Directory*, entitled *The Gray Fairy Book* (LONGMAN, GREEN & Co.), whose tales and legends are well illustrated by the magic pencil wand of H. J. FORD.

Grimm's Fairy Tales, edited and translated by BEATRICE MARSHALL, for children and the household (WARD, LOCK & Co.). Old friends Marshall'd together, most welcome to young readers, and familiar as "Household Words" to their elders. A lot of nice new friends, in the way of extra stories, are given to complete the company. The illustrations are excellent.

A collection of wonderfully truthless tales entitled *Imaginations*, by TUDOR JENKS (FISHER UNWIN), containing amusing but impossible situations which the reader may believe, if he can, but the advice of the considerate author himself is *Don't*, especially those that are guaranteed strictly untrue.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



HAT'S up, DICK?" said one.

"Everything," replied the other.

"Oh —

that's bad. But what in particular?"

"Oh, I'm too sick at heart to tell you anything about it."

"By Jove, you don't say so! You must be bad, old chap. Got any baccy here?"

"Oh, yes, heaps of baccy; heaps of everything."

"That's not the fellow who ought to be down in the mouth and miserable."

"Oh, everything material, I meant."

"You need not speak with such contempt of material things," said PARKER quietly. "After all, in this vale of tears, while material things are with us, spiritual things can go by the wall very comfortably. But what I want to know is, what particular spiritual trouble is on you now?"

The man called DICK got up impatiently and stretched himself, mixed another whiskey and soda and began to fill his pipe. PARKER looked at him with genuine bewilderment. For full five minutes neither of them spoke. They sat in their big chairs in that small, untidy barrack-room in absolute silence.

Then DICK VERNON gave an impatient sigh and rapped out an ugly little word, kicking out one of his long legs as if he were kicking an imaginary enemy.

"Better make a clean breast of it, old chap," said PARKER.

"It will relieve you, if it doesn't do anything else."

"Well, you know," began VERNON, rather ungraciously, as an Englishman always does when he is going to make a serious confidence, "I've been over at the Palace a good deal lately."

"Yes, I know you have. Isn't the fair MARGARET —?"

"Oh, the fair MARGARET is all right."

"Then, what's the trouble?"

"Oh, the trouble is His Holiness the Pope of IDLEMINSTER."

"The Pope? Doesn't he favour your suit?"

"Favour it? Not exactly! I suppose he wants his daughter

to marry some snivelling finger-post, and then he'll give him two or three fat livings."

"I believe it ain't the law now," put in PARKER. "A bishop who gave his son-in-law a good fat living would raise such a storm —"

"Oh, well, I don't know. I only know that I've — I've proposed to MARGARET, that I've been and interviewed His Holiness and that he has said 'No.' And the old beast's coming to dine here to-night!"

PARKER got up and strutted across the room, puffing himself out so as to fill as much space as he could, and softly rubbed his hands one against the other with a curious sympathetic movement of the head—I mean sympathetic to the imaginary washing of the hands.

"Oh, yes, I know," said VERNON; "it's beastly hard lines. There she is, crying her eyes out in this blooming old Palace; and here am I with every hope I had in the world dashed to the ground."

"My dear chap," said PARKER, "you are getting quite poetic."

"It's all very well for you; you were never in love in your life. Perhaps when you are as old as I am, you will be. What does a babe like you know about love?"

"I? I have been in love"—and here PARKER gave a great sigh—"I have been in love, my dear chap, times out of count."

"Yes, but you never stopped in it. You were never in love to matter."

"Not yet," said PARKER modestly, "not yet; time enough. I'm nineteen; you're twenty-five."

"She's nineteen, too," said VERNON.

"Is she as much as that? I thought she was less."

"Yes, she was nineteen the other day. She says she will stick to me, bless her! But it means two years wasted, if the old curmudgeon keeps his word and refuses his consent absolutely: and, even then, he may force her to marry somebody else. She says she won't; says if she waits ten years she won't. But a father can make it so jolly hot for a young girl, if he has a mind that way. You know they say that constant dropping will wear away a stone. I'm so afraid —"

"Oh, my dear chap, buck up, buck up; never say die! The axiom that holds good on one side will hold good on the other. Constant dropping will wear away a stone? Yes, and con-

stant bombardment may make the episcopal father-in-law raise the siege and surrender at discretion. He is coming to dine to-night, you say. Whose guest is he?"

"I suppose he's JOHN JENKINSON's guest."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. Then you had better keep as modestly in the background as you can, and let me worm myself forward and into the episcopal graces."

For a moment VERNON was silent, then all at once he burst out again. "I don't know what the old beggar wants. I'm a deuced sight better born than he is, I'm decently off, I'm a fair-looking chap—hang it all, anyway, I'm the man she fancies! What can he want more, unreasonable old beggar?"

"There's never any saying what a father wants," remarked PARKER; "still less is there any saying when that father happens to be a Bishop. Perhaps he wants his daughter to marry a duke, or a marquis at least. Of course, you are none of these grand things. You are plain Mr. VERNON, and beyond a military title I don't suppose you will ever have a handle to your name."

"I don't want a handle to my name," burst out VERNON irritably. "We have been VERNONS of Stretfield a sight longer than there have been any Bishops of Idleminster."

"Oh, yes, but you are not a howling swell like a Bishop. You don't go to the House of Lords and sit in a sort of black satin night-gown. No, no; you must take the rough with the smooth, old boy, and if His Holiness proves difficult, you must meet resistance with strategy. Isn't that good tactics, eh?"

"I dare say it is," said VERNON wearily, "I dare say it is. I have been thinking about it ever since yesterday afternoon. The more I thought, the more addled I got and the more impossible it seemed that I should ever do anything to bring him to see reason. If he had been angry, the old beast, I should have had hopes; but he wasn't angry. He wasn't anything, except cold-blooded and fish-like and prosy. Oh, I don't know how such a thing comes to be the father of MARGARET CHATFIELD."

"Perhaps she takes after her mother," suggested PARKER.

"Well, perhaps she does; anyway we don't know, since she hasn't a mother."

"Don't despair, old chap. Keep up your pecker; buck up, it will come all right. As old BOOTLES used to say, it will dry straight in the end. Don't jack up too soon."

"I'm not going to jack up. I say, PARKER, you've got a scheme in your head?"

PARKER's eyes instantly sought the ground. "I wouldn't quite say that. I think a way might be found with a little—a little tact. You say he is going to dine here to-night with JOHN JENKINSON. That's funny! JOHN JENKINSON's got the gout."

"Well, I know he has; but he couldn't very well write and say 'I can't have your Holiness because I've got the gout.' He is JOHN JENKINSON's guest, and we shall have to entertain him."

"That's a point in our favour," remarked PARKER, striking first one and then the other of his smooth pink cheeks. "I must—you must be out of this. The less you say the better. Be very civil, very polite, rather deferential and intensely quiet during the whole of the dinner. You won't sit very near him; you can take care of that. I shall take care that I do. Now, I must take CHUMMY into my confidence."

"But don't let all the fellows know exactly why."

"No, no, no; only CHUMMY. Leave it to CHUMMY and me. I think with a little judicious counterfeiting that the Right Reverend the Bishop of IDLEMINSTER may be brought to see reason."

CHAPTER II.

PARKER, otherwise the BABE, upheaved himself from the depths of his big chair, and pulled the chin-strap of his forage cap yet more tightly over his chin.

It was a very young face, smooth and small featured, with not even a suspicion of a moustache. His hair was fair and

inclined to be curly; his skin, pink and white; his eyes were very blue and well shaded by eyelashes a good deal darker than his hair.

As he went swaggering out of the room, with his sword clanking after him, DICK VERNON gave vent to a bitter little laugh. As if that stripling could help him in such a weighty matter against so potent a personage as the Lord Bishop of IDLEMINSTER! Oh, how he did wish that MARGARET CHATFIELD's father had been no more than a country rector, who would have welcomed RICHARD VERNON of Stretfield as his son-in-law.

His thoughts were very bitter as he sat there, tugging hard at his pipe. Would it ever come right? Would he ever attain the desire of his heart? Would MARGARET CHATFIELD ever be his?

He was, however, for the moment, under the influence of, and depending on the discretion of that very young officer, CHARLES PARKER, commonly known as "the Babe" among the officers of the distinguished regiment to which he belonged. Then a thought flashed into his mind, of something he had heard in church only a Sunday or two ago; something about a little child laying its hand on the cockatrice den; and, in spite of his misery, DICK VERNON burst out laughing at the thought of the episcopal wrath did the Lord Bishop of IDLEMINSTER ever discover—"drop down to it" were the exact words in which his reflections formed themselves—that this smooth-faced youngster was trying to make him alter his august mind!

In the meantime the youngster had gone in search of another comrade, of whom he had spoken as CHUMMY.

Now, CHUMMY wasn't a subaltern. On the contrary, he was very high up the list of captains; and, perhaps, no more popular man could have been found on the entire strength of the Black Horse, from the Colonel down to the youngest drummer boy.

As he expected, PARKER found him in his quarters, enjoying half-an-hour's rest before he went out on whatever occupation he fancied for the afternoon.

In reply to the BABE's thump, thump, at the door of his quarters, he shouted a cheery, "Come in!"

"Hullo, BABE, is that you?"

The BABE went in, carefully closing the door behind him.

"Are you alone, CHUMMY?" he asked.

"I am, BABE; I am," was the response. "What's amiss?"

"Well, nothing's amiss with me, thanks be to goodness," replied PARKER, settling himself comfortably in the easiest chair that he could find. "But poor DICK VERNON is in a devil of a mess."

"Is he though? What has happened? I have not heard anything of it."

"No, you wouldn't be likely to hear anything of it; but he is in a mess, poor old chap! He's sitting up in his quarters this minute like a bear with a sore head."

"What! What has happened?"

"Well, I can speak to you in confidence, of course. I have got VERNON's permission to confide in you."

"Poor old chap! What is it?"

"It's the Bishop's daughter."

"Oh!"

"Yes, unfortunately, that's what the Bishop said. He said 'Oh!' too."

"More important what the lady says on the subject, don't you think?"

"Well, in the ordinary way, yes; in the way of Bishops, I am afraid not. It seems that VERNON proposed to her the other night, and she accepted him. Yesterday afternoon he went to have an interview with His Holiness the Pope of IDLEMINSTER, and got sent about his business in double quick time."

"You don't say so! What for?"

"What for? I don't know. He don't know. She don't know. But by all accounts she's sitting crying her eyes out in the Episcopal Palace, and VERNON is cursing his luck here in his quarters."

"Bless my life and soul!" ejaculated WILSON KING. "Bless my life and soul! What, ain't VERNON good enough for the Bishop?"

"I don't know what's his reason, but he has said 'No,' and said it very decidedly. Now, I'd like to do poor old VERNON a good turn; yes, I would. He's a good chap, a good all-round chap, and the girl is fond of him, and there's no reason why His Holiness should have stepped in to make matters unpleasant. I have thought of a little plan which, with assistance from you, I think I can carry into effect with considerable benefit to the parted lovers."

"Yes? Well, what is it?"

"Well, the Bishop is coming to dine to-night. He's JOHN JENKINSON's guest. Major isn't dining, DRUMMOND is going to an evening party, and will want to leave the ante-room fairly early, and the honours of the evening will devolve upon you."

"Well?"

"Well, I think if you would suggest to His Holiness, who loves a game of cards, mind you, that perhaps he would not care to be seen playing in the ante-room—which he probably wouldn't—but that he could have a game of whist if he came up to your quarters—"

"Well?"

"Well, I may manage the rest. See?"

"No, I don't see. Can't you give me a little more?"

"Well, I don't want to spoil things; but how would this work?"

Then he bent forward and whispered a few words in his comrade's ear. The result of the few words was to send WILSON KING off into a paroxysm of uncontrollable laughter. "Ha, ha, ha!" he cried. "Ho, ho, ho! you'll never do it, BABE."

"Me not do it?" said the BABE, regardless of grammar. "Me not do it? Ha, ha! I have dodged people more important to me than the Bishop of IDLEMINSTER. If you don't give me away, CHUMMY, I'll back myself to do it."

A few hours later, the officers of the Black Horse were gathered together in the ante-room, and WILSON KING was just explaining to the Lord Bishop the cause of their Chief's absence.

"Got the gout?" said the Bishop, in his most episcopal tones. "Oh, poor fellow, I am sorry."

"So is he, Bishop," said WILSON KING, "so is he. But I went down and saw him this afternoon, and I told him I would look after you, and try to represent him to the best of my ability. Perhaps you know Father O'RAFFATY?" indicating a jolly-looking Catholic priest who had just entered the room.

The Bishop bowed. He was a very Episcopalian Bishop, with a strong tendency towards Low Church views—Evangelical he called them. He liked Roman Catholic priests as little as they liked him, which was saying a good deal; but when two men of diametrically opposite sentiments on any subject, religious or otherwise, are guests at the same table they cannot but preserve an outwardly civil demeanour, and the Bishop answered the priest's enquiries after his health with an unctuous politeness of manner which caused WILSON KING the most intense amusement.

One after another, the officers of the regiment came and greeted the great dignitary of the Church, among them VERNON, to whom the Bishop was civil to absolute effusion.

At dinner he sat beside WILSON KING, who was the most amusing man in the whole of the Black Horse. Never did a mess dinner go so smoothly or so merrily. The Bishop felt that he had never before really understood soldiers. He had never thought that they could be so appreciative of episcopal merit. He had not been very long Bishop of IDLEMINSTER, and he had cherished the idea, not uncommon among ecclesiastics, that the Army was, on the whole, opposed to the Church. Here was he, however, evidently the favourite guest of the evening. Every man at the table, excepting VERNON, seemed desirous of taking wine with him. The waiter plied his glass with champagne of a brand that was beyond dispute. Good stories and jokes followed one another in rapid succession, and, yet, not a single word was uttered which could in any way be regarded as a slight upon his episcopal dignity.

"You will smoke, Bishop?" said WILSON KING.

"Just a cigarette," he replied; "just a cigarette."

With the appearance of that cigarette, the wine drinking began again.

"Bishop," cried one, "you didn't take wine with me."

"I thought I did," said the Bishop in his blandest voice, a voice which, by this time, was becoming suspiciously mellow.

"No, Bishop, not with me, I assure you; I give you my word of honour. Just one glass more, to show that there is no ill-feeling."

"Ill-feeling?" The Bishop was feeling anything but ill; perhaps a shade topsy-turvy, but that was a matter which nobody knew anything about but himself.

"You like a game of whist, don't you, Bishop?" said WILSON KING at this juncture.

"Yes—on occasion," said the Bishop a little doubtfully.

"Seems to me that this is an excellent occasion for a game of whist, don't you think so?"

The Bishop turned towards WILSON KING who, out of the tail of his eye, saw that the mess waiter was again filling up the Bishop's champagne glass. "Well—not to-night; no. Not that I see any harm in it—oh dear, no; not the least in the world—but one has to be careful, you know. Eh? That good gentleman, my colleague—you understand—you understand."

"Well, I don't," said WILSON KING; "but that's neither here nor there. Perhaps you will enlighten me."

"Well, all things are lawful, but all things are not expedient. It's quite lawful for me to play a game of whist, but—I don't think it would be expedient to indulge myself in that way when I'm in company with a Catholic priest."

"Oh!" said WILSON KING, "is that all?"

"And you have some very young officers here who might think, if they saw a Bishop playing whist, that they were at liberty—well, to play a very different game of whist to what would content me. All things are lawful, but—all things are not expedient."

"I think you are perfectly right, Bishop," said WILSON KING, "perfectly right, quite right, and I honour and admire you very much indeed for it; but, all the same, if you are inclined for a game of whist, you could come up to my quarters and have a quiet rubber without anybody, excepting those who play with you, being any the wiser."

(Continued in our next.)



A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

CURIOUS OLD PRINT, FROM MR. P.'S COLLECTION, ORIGINALLY SUPPOSED TO BE A GENUINE GILLRAY, BUT FOUND TO BE SPURIOUS ON A QUESTION OF DATES.

MESSRS. SURFEIT AND FATTEN,
CRAMMERS,

Prepare young gentlemen for the Army.

By their new scientific process Messrs. SURFEIT and FATTEN are able to add from ten to twenty lbs. to the weight of their pupils in a single term.

At their establishment food of a sustaining character is served every two hours, and, if necessary, is forcibly administered. The intervals between meals

are devoted to sleep and a little dumb-bell exercise.

No mental work whatever is permitted among the pupils, as such employment has been found to be deficient in flesh-forming properties.

The results of the system speak for themselves. Of thirty pupils sent in last year twenty-two passed in weight, and the other eight would certainly have passed also if they had not unfortunately

died. This year the figures should be even better, as all the students are "shaping" nicely, and many have put on over a lb. a day.

Out of the immense number of testimonials which Messrs. SURFEIT and FATTEN have received, the following are selected. A grateful mother writes:—

GENTLEMEN,—I must convey to you my sincere thanks for the success which you have achieved with TOMMY. When he came to you he weighed only eight stone four, and though well up in Mathematics, Modern Languages, Natural Science, and *Kriegspiel*, appeared to have no chance of satisfying his examiners. A term with you worked marvels. TOMMY now scales ten stone, and his career in the Army is assured.

A Father writes:—

GENTLEMEN,—I gladly bear testimony to the admirable results of your system in the case of my son. He went to you a bright lad, slim and active, and barely over nine stone. He is now a heavy sleepy youth of ten stone eight, and is sure of his commission.

INCOGNITO.

["Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is travelling in strict incognito."—*Daily Mail*.]

THE shades of night were falling fast
When through the Bay of Naples passed
A vessel of the British fleet,
Which bore a stranger in complete
Incognito.

The eye-glass planted in his eye
Concealed his personality;
The orchid which his bosom tricked
Assisted to preserve his strict
Incognito.

Italian warships through the gloom
Their deferential guns bade boom
In honour of the famous wight
Who stood upon the *Cæsar*, quite
Incognito.

He stepped ashore; reporters flew
At lightning speed to interview
The stranger who was seen to stand
Upon the quay, so modest and
Incognito.

He told them how he liked the sea,
That "nasty motions" disagree—
And straightway eager Fleet Street flew
To print the last about the new
Incognito.

He banqueted his recent hosts,
Himself proposing sundry toasts;
And all the world at breakfast time
Perused the words of this sublime
Incognito.

And from the columns in the press
One reads each morning, one may guess
He still is travelling with his suite
A stranger in the most complete
Incognito.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER XI.

STONE WALLS DO NOT MAKE A CAGE.

*Oh, give me back my Arab steed, I cannot ride alone!
Or tell me where my Beautiful, my four-legged bird has flown
'Twas here she arched her glossy back, beside the fountain's brink,
And after that I know no more—but I got off, I think.*

*More so-called original lines by aforesaid young English friend.
But I have the shrewd suspicion of having read them before
somewhere.—H. B. J.*

AND now, O gentle and sympathetic reader, behold our unfortunate hero confined in the darkest bowels of the Old Bailey Dungeon, for the mere crime of being an impecunious!

Yes, misters, in spite of all your boasted love of liberty and fresh air, imprisonment for debt is still part of the law of the land! How long will you deafen your ears to the pitiable cry of the bankrupt as he pleads for the order of his discharge? Perhaps it has been reserved for a native Indian novelist to jog the elbow of so-called British jurisprudence, and call its attention to such a shocking scandal.

Mr. BHOSH found his prison most devilishly dull. Some prisoners have been known to beguile their captivity by making pets or playmates out of most unpromising materials. For instance, and *exempli gratia*, Mr. MONTY CHRISTO met an abbey in his dungeon, who gave him a tip-top education; Mr. PICCIOLA watered a flower; the Prisoner of Chillon made chums of his chains; while Honble BRUCE, as is well-known, succeeded in taming a spider to climb up a thread and fall down seven times in succession.

But Mr. BHOSH had no spider to amuse him, and the only flowers growing in his dungeon were toadstools, which do not require to be watered, nor did there happen to be any abbey confined in the Old Bailey at the time.

Nevertheless, he was preserved from despair by his indomitable native chirpiness. For was not *Milky Way* a dead set for the Derby, and when she came out at the top of the pole, would he not be the gainer of sufficient untold gold to pay all his debts, besides winning the hand of Princess VANOLIA?

He was waited upon by the head gaoler's daughter, a damsel of considerable pulchritude by the name of CAROLINE, who at first regarded him askance as a malefactor.

But, on learning from her parent that his sole offence was insuperable pennilessness, her tender heart was softened with pity to behold such a young gentlemanly Indian captive clanking in bilboes, and soon they became thick as thieves.

Like all the inhabitants of Great Britain, her thoughts were entirely engrossed with the approaching Derby Race, and she very innocently narrated how it was matter of common knowledge that a notorious grandame, to wit the fashionable Duchess of DICKINSON, had backed heavily that *Milky Way* was to fail like the flash of a pan.

Whereupon Mr. BHOSH, recollecting that he had actually entrusted his invaluable mare with her concomitant jockey to the mercy of this self-same Duchess, was harrowed with sudden misgivings.

By shrewd cross-questions he soon eliminated that Mr. MCALPINE was a pal of the Duchess, which she had herself admitted at the Victoria terminus, and thus by dint of penetrating instinct, Mr. BHOSH easily unravelled the tangled labyrinth of a hideous conspiracy, which caused him to beat his head vehemently against the walls of his cell at the thought of his impotentiality.

Like all feminines who were privileged to make his acquaintance, Miss CAROLINE was transfixed with passionate adoration for BINDABUN, whom she regarded as a gallant and illused innocent, and resolved to assist him to cut his lucky.

To this end she furnished him with a file and a silken ladder of her own knitting—but unfortunately Mr. BHOSH, having never before undergone incarceration, was a total neophyte in effecting his escape by such dangerous and antiquated procedures, which he firmly declined to employ, urging her to sneak the paternal keybunch and let him out at daybreak by some back entrance.

And, not to crack the wind of this poor story while rendering it as short as possible, she yielded to his entreaties and contrived to restore him to the priceless boon of liberty the next morning at about 5 a.m.

Oh, the unparalleled raptures of finding himself once more free as a bird!

It was the dawn of the Derby Day, and Mr. BHOSH precipitated himself to his dwelling, intending to array himself in all his best and go down to Epsom, where he was in hopes of encountering his horse. Heyday! What was his chagrin to see his jockey, CADWALLADER PERKIN, approach with streaming eyes, fling himself at his master's feet and implore him to be merciful!

"How comes it, CADWALLADER," sternly inquired Mr. BHOSH, "that you are not on the heath of Epsom instead of wallowing like this on my shoes?"

"I do not know," was the whimpered response.

"Then pray where is my Derby favourite, *Milky Way*?" demanded BINDABUN.

"I cannot tell," wailed out the lachrymose juvenile. Then, after prolonged pressure, he confessed that the Duchess had met him at the station portals, and, on the plea that there was abundance of spare time to book the mare, easily persuaded him to accompany her to the Buffet of Refreshment-room.

There she plied him with a stimulant which jockeys are proverbially unable to resist, viz., brandy-cherries, in such profusion that he promptly became catalytic in a corner.

When he returned to sobriety neither the Duchess nor the mare was perceptible to his naked eye, and he had been searching in vain for them ever since.

It was the time not for words, but deeds, and Mr. BHOSH did not indulge in futile irascibility, but sat down and composed a reply wire to the Clerk of Course, Epsom, couched in these simple words: "Have you seen my Derby mare?—BHOSH."

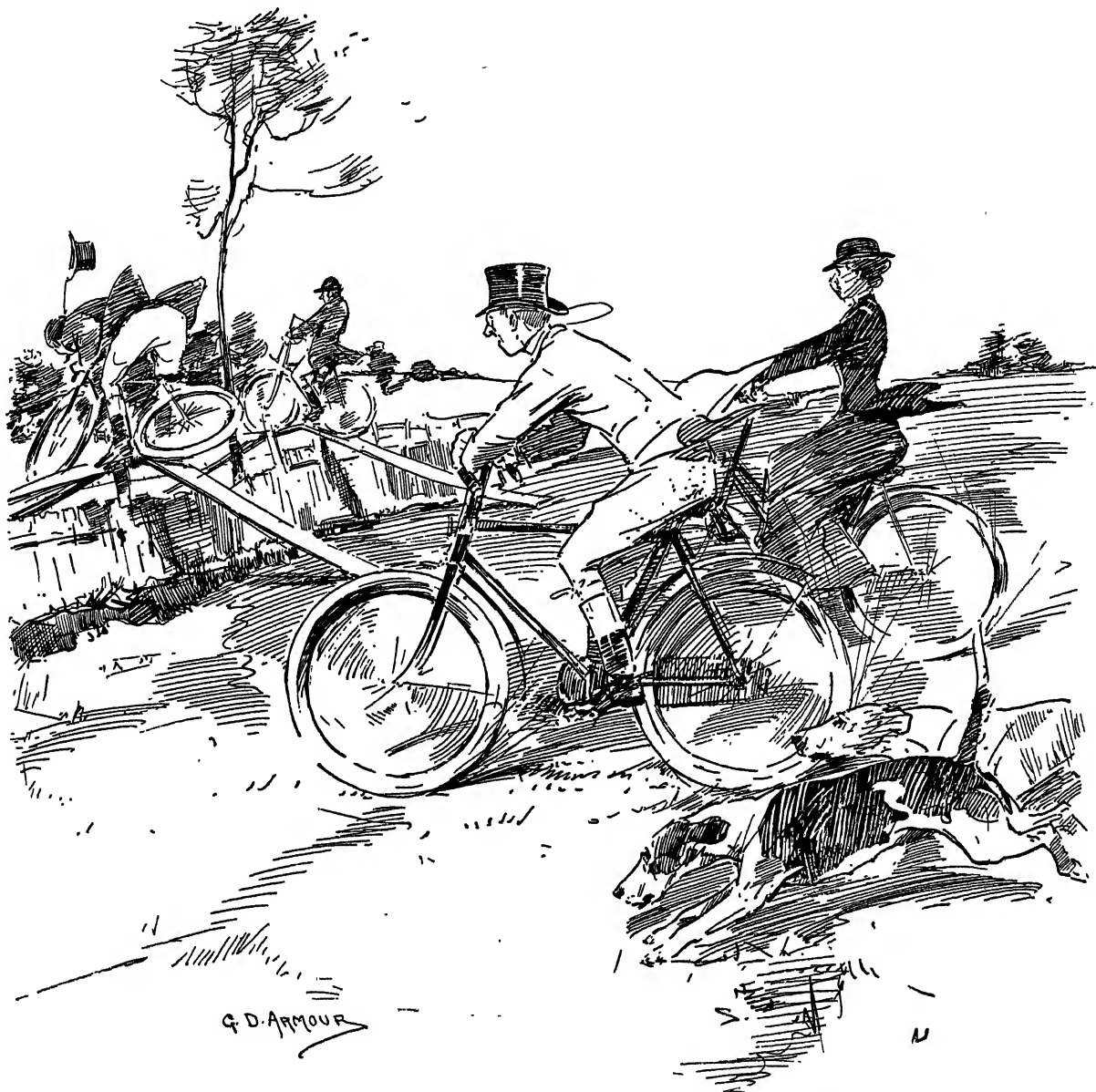
After the suspense of an hour the reply came in the discouraging form of an abrupt negative, upon which Mr. BHOSH thus addressed the abashed PERKIN: "Even should I recapture my mare in time, you have proved yourself unworthy of riding her. Strip off your racing coat and cap, and I will engage some more reliable equestrian."

The lad handed over the toggery, which BINDABUN stuffed, being of very fine silken tissue, into his coat pocket, after which he hurried off to Victoria in great agitation to make inquiries.

There the officials treated his modest requests in very off-handed style, and he was becoming all of a twitter with anxiety and humiliation, when, *mirabile dictu*! all of a sudden his ears were regaled by the well-known sound of a whinny, and he recognised the voice of *Milky Way*!

But whence did it proceed? He ran to and fro in uncontrollable excitement, endeavouring to locate the sound. There was no trace of a horse in any of the waiting-rooms, but at length he discovered that his mare had been locked up in the left-luggage department, and, summoning a porter, Mr. BHOSH had at last the indescribable felicity to embrace his kidnapped Derby favourite *Milky Way*!

(To be continued.)



A SUGGESTION FOR THE HUNTING SEASON.

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM WIRE, DAMAGE TO FENCES, ETC.

FAREWELL!

[“Parliament meets on Dec. 3.”—*Daily Paper.*]

SEA-snake of the roaring Atlantic,
Dive down to the depths of thy blue!
Great gooseberry, green and gigantic,
Adieu till next August, adieu!
Fare thee well, fare thee well, silly season!
Thy wonders thou tellest in vain;
We are all for pure wisdom and reason,
Now Parliament's here once again.

The torches of wit will be burning—
Ah! think of the sallies and quips,
The humour, the light, and the learning,
When members re-open their lips!
Ye that joy in Demosthenes' art, let
It gladden your famishing souls
That ye soon will be feasting on B-RTL-TT,
And the delicate fancies of B-WL-S.

Oh, glorious prospect! What wonder
Our hearts in expectancy glow
As they wait for the roar of the thunder
Of S-MMY SM-TH, C-LDW-LL and CO.
Farewell, silly season! Thy spectre
Grows dim, for thy day is now done—
Or would it be slightly correcter
To say it has only begun?

THE CHARMED LIFE.

[“Dowager-Empress again reported dead.”—*Daily Paper.*]

O LADY of the charmed life,
Again you quaff the poisoned chalice;
Again the suicidal knife
Makes desolation in the palace;
Again you rise on stepping-stones
Of your dead selves—which, one
surmises,

Ere this must top mere Helicons
And dwarf the Alps to Hornsey Rises.

A mortal snuffs his candle out,
And there's an end of some poor sinner:
You, lady, take your life about
As regularly as your dinner;
Like Phoenix, from your ashes you
Arise refreshed to new endeavour,
More daring schemes and bolder coups,
And, dying daily, live for ever.

NOTE BY AN OLD ETONIAN.—In view of
his letter on the subject of drink, it is
very evident that LORD ROBERTS belongs
to the “Dry-Bobs” not the “Wet-Bobs”
family, and could never have attempted
the “long glass” at “Tap.”

CHILDE JOSEPH'S PILGRIMAGE.

So on his pilgrimage forth fared the Childe
To represent Britannia's awful sway;
His vessel—not that ship from CÆSAR styled,
Which should embark him down Gibraltar way,
Yet big with CÆSAR'S fortune—ploughed the Bay
In the unnumbered wake of homing swallows;
Stoutly he lit a great cigar and lay
Contemptuous of Biseay's hoary hollows,
And with his naval son and heir conversed as follows:—

“AUSTEN, my boy! bright image of my self!
Now are we launched upon the lusty main;
Free from the gripe of politics and pelf
We may awhile repose the fevered brain
With scraps of some old nautical refrain;
With thoughts of NELSON, that ennobling theme,
Suggested by the adjacent map of Spain;
Till JESSE be forgotten as a dream,
And HOSKINS fade into an unpromoted scheme!”

Behold Gibraltar's bare and beetling rock,
Its adamant base with billows wet,
Chip of the Empire's earth-compelling block
On which the sun is impotent to set!
What passions in the hero's bosom fret
As, on the Governor's arm, he scales the height
Burrowed with bastions! How should he forget
KYNOCES and POWELL, faithful parasite,
Under a bushel doomed to douse his public light?

Soon with reluctant feet they quit the land,
Noting the pillars named of Hercules,
Europe and Africa on either hand,
And Britain throned on all the sundering seas.
Now Malta's cannon shake her martial quays,
Thrice favoured atom of that mighty whole
(As JOSEPH tells the Aborigines),
Which, thanks to Heaven and his (the Childe's) control,
Stretches in one harmonious mass from pole to pole!

At length, eluding Scylla's loathed wiles,
The urgent keel of *Cæsar* (H.M.S.)
Glides by the fiery Liparæan isles,
And on to Naples' azure bay, express.
And here the Childe in unofficial dress
Samples the cafés and the dim Duomo;
But no *incog.* can hide his courtliness,
Though some mistake him for milord SILOMO,
So fine a modesty adorns our *novus homo*!

“Napoli! Napoli!” (thus JOSEPH cried,
Scanning the plain with glassy eagle eye,
While from the crater in a steady tide
The sulphuretted lava floated by),
“City that ROSEBERRY saw and wished to die!
Thou art Italia's pride, our only love!
Such hatred we provoke—I wonder why;
Are some of us too near the powers above?
Or does the New Diplomacy too rudely shove?”

Anon he courses down the Sacred Way
In cabs by moonlight, calm and self-possessed;
It is a scene, though viewed in vulgar day,
That leaves the thoughtful tourist much impressed;
There to his listening son the Childe addressed
Remarks on Rome and ruin; how she lacked
What might have served to stay the Gothic pest—
A gift for federation; missed, in fact,
What he was born with—meaning pure Imperial tact!

Now he returns to fill his native niche,
Skirting the course of KRÜGER's pilgrim feet,
Free to admit that there were points on which
He proved his local knowledge incomplete;
Filled full with culture as an egg with meat,
And radiant with the art of antique Rome;
Yet, in respect of things like Downing Street,
Convinced that one may find, across the foam,
No place, however humble ours may be, like home! O. S.

HINTS ON MAKING ONESELF THOROUGHLY
OBJECTIONABLE.

“PRACTICE,” says the proverb, “makes perfect!” And the compiler of these hints wishes to impress this point on his readers, urging them not to be discouraged if their efforts do not meet with all the success they could wish for at the first attempt. Perseverance and assiduous attention to the object they have in view, namely, the exasperation of their fellow men, will surely triumph in the end.

I.—IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

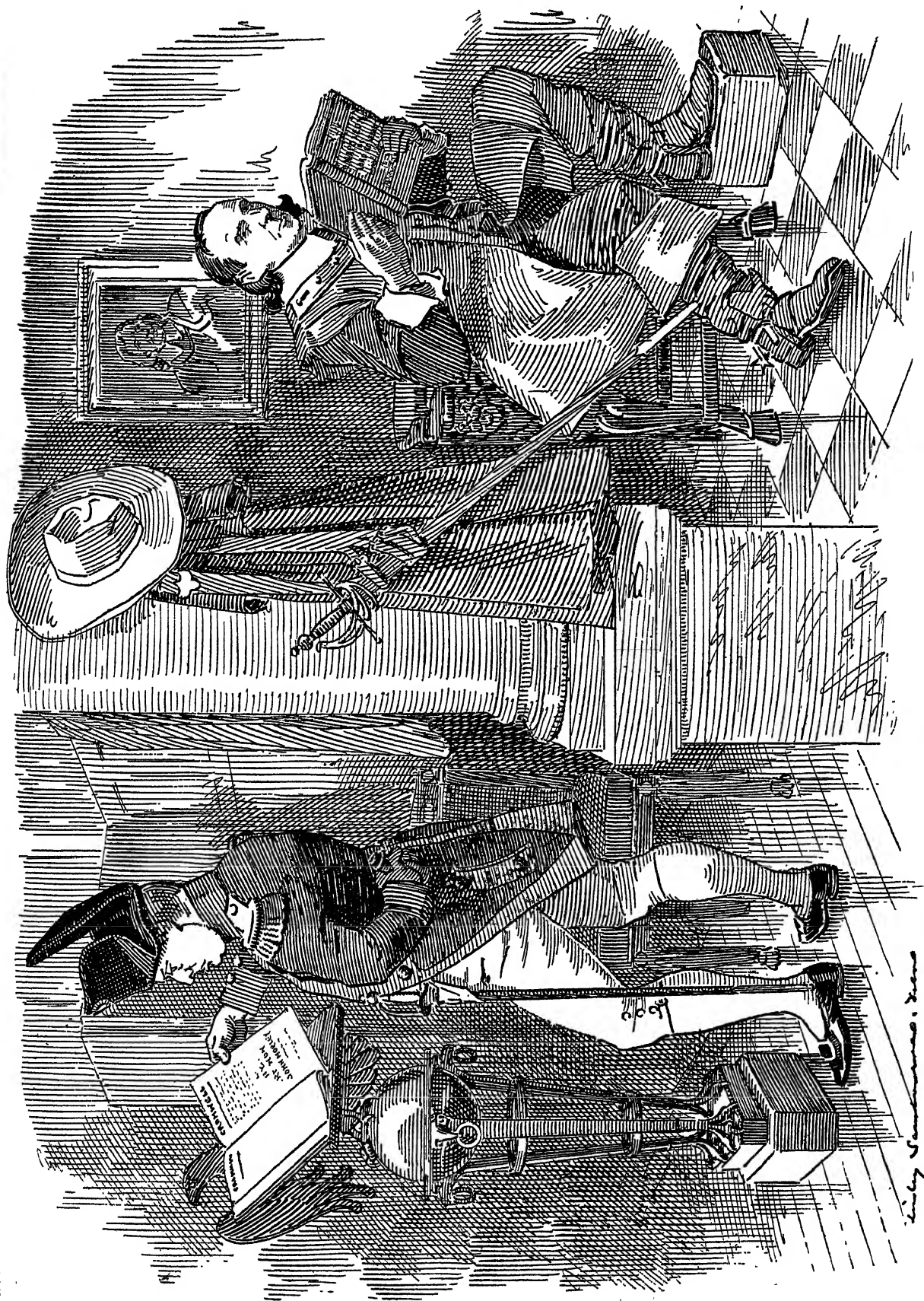
This is a very good place for the novice to experiment in. First of all, to avoid any possibility of your operations being, so to speak, nipped in the bud and brought to an untimely end, it is advisable to select a long-distance train, and one that does not stop for, at least, an hour after leaving the terminus. Be at the station some time beforehand, and try to find a compartment in which all four corner seats have been secured by means of rugs, umbrellas, or newspapers, placed in them. Having satisfied yourself that the legitimate occupier of one seat is engaged at the other end of the platform, looking after the luggage, you proceed to remove his belongings up into the hatrack. Then you occupy the seat yourself. To ensure complete success at this stage, you should be of the feminine gender and call yourself a lady; in which case the exasperated individual, whose place you have taken, cannot very well resort to brute force just as the train is starting.

The atmosphere of that compartment will thus, you see, be already nicely disturbed. I would mention in passing, that you should have supplied yourself with a number of large packages, “too fragile to go in the van,” with which you can fill up all the gaps between yourself and the other occupants of the carriage. I would particularly suggest that you place some on the floor, so as to cramp the nether limbs of your fellow passengers. All these little things help.

If it is summer time, a large posy of gaudy flowers, freshly gathered from your back garden, is to be strongly recommended as an addition to your other parcels. This will probably result in one or two earwigs being discovered, and will also attract any stray wasps that may be passing the windows.

The true artist should never overdo things. The impression you have created will last for some little time now, without further effort on your part. You may, however, derive some amusement from the carriage windows, particularly the one on your side. Study the taste of your fellow passengers as regards fresh air, and endeavour to do exactly the opposite to what they would wish, by lowering or raising the windows. P. G.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself “An Ecclesiastical and Parliamentary Student,” inquires—“What were ‘the Apostolic Constitutions?’ Had they all of them exceptionally fine constitutions, and, in a general way, at that period was a Hebrew or Greek or Roman constitution superior to the British constitution of to-day?” Of course we should be delighted to solve his difficulties; but as, in the first place, they are purely ecclesiastical, we beg to refer him to those excellent authorities on such matters *The Guardian*, *The Pilot*, *The Tablet*, and other Church papers, to whose department the answering of these queries primarily belongs.



TWO "APPRECIATIONS."

Napoleon Rosebery (to himself). "I WISH HE'D BROUGHT OUT HIS 'CROMWELL' A LITTLE LATER!"
Cromwell John Morley (to himself). "I WISH HE HAD BROUGHT OUT HIS 'NAPOLEON' MUCH EARLIER!"

NELL AND HER KING AT KENNINGTON.



"Gads fish! come and see
Nellie."

popular favour, and everywhere gaining substantial rewards of merit, so that when the King returns to his own again, his own or somebody else's theatre in London, they will appear bearing their golden sheaves with them. And how will Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY (Miss JULIA NEILSON) have accomplished this? The answer is, by having achieved a real success with *Nell of Old Drury* at the Haymarket Theatre, whence, being "evicted" and unable to find another house open to receive them, they set forth on their travels, taking *Nell of Old Drury* with them.

At Kennington they were received with enthusiasm. *Nell of Old Drury* could not have had a bigger houseful than on the night I had the pleasure of seeing her Grace of ST. ALBANS at Kennington, not even had she been on the stage of Drury Lane itself at Christmas time. Crammed from floor to ceiling. A very handsome house is that at Kennington, and, as I imagine, so well constructed, that everyone has a good view of the stage, except perhaps those who, arriving late, have to squeeze in somehow and play at Peeping Tom round the corners. Has every suburban theatre a population such as this to draw upon for an audience? If so, given the good actors with the piece that "catches on," then the theatre-going suburbanites can obtain all the advantages possible to Londoners at something like half the cost. A more appreciative audience than the Kenningtonian, the greatest stars in the theatrical firmament could not desire.

And the attraction? Well, *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, by PAUL KESTER, is a plain and quite unvarnished article in melodrama, with a fixed workable plot, which, by the simple process of altering the names of the characters and changing the epoch, can be readily and effectively adapted to any period, from that of Solomon to the present Victorian Era. Like a hardy annual, it will survive considerable transplanting, will stand any climate, and will thrive, blossom, and bloom, according to the soil.

The dialogue, which is pretty much on a dead level throughout, derives nearly all its value from the vitality put into it by the actors and actresses, with Mrs. FRED TERRY and her husband at their head. In indifferent hands the success of this piece might be doubtful, although its safe dramatic situations would secure it from total failure. Yet there are one or two scenes, in which *Nell* appears, so perilously near farce, that but for the interpretation given them by Miss NEILSON, they might easily have endangered the success.

Nell is the King's favourite, and she is the people's favourite; so lovable a character, so sprightly, so sensible, so clever, so ignorant, so easily moved, so lavishly generous, that while we acknowledge, we forgive, her trespasses, and remember only her natural good qualities. If honest wives, remembering there is a CATHERINE of Braganza somewhere about, are inclined to frown on CHARLES, and to be positively angry with his other mistresses, my Lady CASTLEMAINE and the Duchess of PORTSMOUTH, yet have they only a pathetically indulgent smile for "poor *Nellie*," who seems to be the spoilt child of the sex, and a quite irresponsible personage.

By the way, when, where, and how, between Act I. and Act II., did ignorant, unaccomplished *Nell* learn to play her own accompaniment (so perfectly too) on the spinet? Quite surprising!

THAT is where they were last week, in the course of their royal and triumphal progress throughout the length and breadth of England. They were there yesterday, they are gone to-morrow; gone on their way rejoicing, rings on their fingers, diamond snuff-boxes in their hands, and in those of the courtiers, with sweet belles of the court, not jangling out of tune, about them, winning

Mr. FRED TERRY as *Charles* is far better than the author could make him, and with significant look and gesture gives point to very ordinary matter-of-fact lines. The small part of a strolling player Mr. LIONEL BROUGH raises into importance, and Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH does his best for *Lord Lovelace*. Mr. CALVERT is a truculent judge JEFFREYS; he plays it to the life. But all do their best; the *Captain Claverling* of Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS is an instance in point, and so is the otherwise insignificant part of *Tiffin*, a waiting-maid, prettily and naturally played by Miss MARY MACKENZIE. A better play, from a literary point of view, it would be comparatively easy to find, but the acting of the principals in this *Nell of Old Drury* it would be rather difficult to beat. The happy pair, Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY, are only at the commencement of their success. Let them "reap the golden grain while the sun shines."

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT FUND.

(A Rough-and-Ready Appeal.)

A HAPPY thought there came to Messrs. AGNEW—"Ars est"—the line I, as an Eton fag, knew,—
"Celare artem," but the AGNEWS wary
"Celare" drop, and substitute "monstrare,"
To show us English Art in Nineteen Hundred.
A failure here indeed would many a one dread,
Unless that "one" were certain of his ground
And knew a grand collection could be found
Worthy the object. And that object? Why,
To benefit the good A. G. B. I.—
The Artists' General Benevolent. You've heard
Of that same "Institution"? If deferred
Till now your gift, then go to Messrs. A.,
And at the door you only have to pay—
Who wouldn't pay his way in such a cause?—
And greet the pictures with deserved applause.
Here, first, to shock a hermit like St. Simeon—
But you're not that—"Diana and Endymion,"
By our Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.
Having said that, there's nothing more to say.
"A Sailor" by a "SARGENT"! Bien! Well done!
Navy and Army thus rolled into one.
A Roman TADEMA you next will see,
And G. D. LESLIE's "Moat"—"So mote it be!"
HERKOMER's work your hearty praise secures.
Then DICKSEE's "Burning Heart" appeals to yours.
In-west in East, a landscape cool and graceful;
But Messrs. AGNEW, sure, have got the place full,
Or full enough, at least, for they are skilled
In showing any gallery well filled.
See how the public answer to the cry
"Walk up! Stump up!" Sure, gentles, by and by
You'll find no giver for his gift the worse;
And, as the gallery, so will be the purse,
That is, "Well filled." The object to achieve is
Relief to need. "Ars longa vita brevis."

NEW VERSION.

SEEING in a recent number a verse where SARAH B. was brought in by some light-hearted melodist who offered to "sing thee songs of Araby," I venture to proffer "another way" of treating the same materials; as thus:—

I'll sing thee songs of "ALLENBY"
If "Lewis" play the air,
I'd cheer thee had ye fallen, by
Sad chance, into despair.

I fancy that so happy an inspiration might procure me a permanent post such as Mr. *Slum* held under the distinguished management of Mrs. *Jarley* of Jarley's Wax Works.



Despondent Fair One. "DO YOU KNOW, DEAR, I'M AFRAID I MUST BE GETTING VERY OLD!"

Consoling Friend. "NONSENSE, DARLING! WHY DO YOU THINK SO?"

Despondent Fair One. "BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO TELL ME HOW VERY YOUNG I AM LOOKING!"

A HOLIDAY SPEECH AT NAPLES.

(Not previously reported.)

LADIES and—(AUSTEN, have you that dictionary? What is "Ladies and Gentlemen"? Thanks.)—Signore e signori, io ho molto piacere in—(What's "coming"?—in venendo a vostro bello città—(What's that you say? The conversation book puts "la di loro," or else "loro." Nonsense! How can that mean "your"? I'm not speaking of some other people's city. Don't interrupt. Well, "città" may be feminine, and have the accent on the last syllable. I never said it wasn't, or hadn't.)—a vostra bella città e vedere vostra bella mare e vostra cielo sempre—(AUSTEN, what's "blue"? I didn't say "azure," I said "blue." Well, if that's the first word in the dictionary, what's the second? Why, that one sounds as if it meant "turkish." It's no good fumbling with that dictionary any longer. Here goes!—e vostra cielo sempre turco, gran cielo, gran turco.—(Why do they call out "Evviva il Sultano!" I don't know.)—Io non voglio a parlare politico. Io sono incognito, un ordinario—(What's "tourist"? Good Heavens, what a word!)—un ordinario viaggiatore.

Io amo vostro bello lingua. Mio amico LANSDOWNE parla francese, ma non italiano.—(What's "everybody"?—Ognuno parla francese, senza divenire Segretario Forestiero. Io anche! Io ho studiato vostro bello lingua nel nome di guerra Cesare.—(What's that fellow say? CESARE was scratched in Latin, or something like that? I don't know what he means.)—Quite so, my dear Sir—er—er—I mean, tutto così, mio caro signor.—(I didn't say "cosy." Perhaps it is "così." You fidget so about the accents.)

Io amo molto belli fiori, sopra tutto orchidi. Io ho molti orchidi a Birmingham. Veramente, quando voi parlate italiano come io faccio—(I'm getting on swimmingly. Fine language Italian is. LANSDOWNE will be green with envy) il nome suona un poco—(What's "ugly"? I didn't say "brutal." I won't call Birmingham "brutal." Here, give me the dictionary. Why, that's the only word. What a beastly dictionary! I must put it some other way.)—Il nome suona un poco non bello. Bisogna—in fact, it wants a vowel at the end of each syllable, comprendete?—così, Bira-meno-ama. I leave out the g, it's so hard. Dolce, non è vero?—(What are you nudging me for? You say, as I never pronounce the r's enough in Italian, they'll think I'm trying to say something like "Beer without arms." Nonsense! How could it mean that? Are you sure? Dash it all! That comes of trying to make English names musical. Beastly language ours is. But it isn't so beastly as this Italian jargon, landing one in such confounded difficulties. What's that you say? There's no need to say "io" so many times? How else can you translate "I"? Italians usually leave out the pronouns? Rubbish! You're always stopping me and pestering me with something, like those beastly accents you make so much of. I must get out of this somehow.)—Dolce—dolce fa niente, veramente. Non voglio dire il nome così, ma sempre Birmingham, come in Inghilterra—(That's very polite of them to call out, "Evviva l'Inghilterra!")—Grazie! In Birmingham sono molti manufattori di piccoli armi. Grandi, ma sempre piccoli. Anche molti—(What's "teetotalers"? Not there? Beastly dictionary. Must do without.)—molti tetotaletori.

Adesso io bisogno andare. Vedo mio—(Stop, AUSTEN, don't go yet! What's "carriage"? I thought "legno" meant

"wood." Give me the book. So it does. Much good you are! I might as well call the carriage a "bosco" at once. Let me struggle on alone.)—Io vedo mio carrozza. Io amo andare in carrozza, non—(AUSTEN! There, he's gone, and taken that beastly dictionary with him! I don't know what "to walk" is.)—in carrozza, comprendete, senza fatica. Dolee fa niente. Il corpo solo. Il mente—(What's "works"? Must give it up.)—Il mente fa sempre.—(Hope I haven't forgotten that peroration. Why, it's in AUSTEN's pocket! Hang it all! I know it was something about AUGUSTUS, and BALBUS and MICHAEL ANGELO.)

Adesso, signore e signori, addio! Addio al bello patria ornato col nobili edifici di AUGUSTO, di BALBO, il celebre costruttore del muro, e di MICHELANGELO. Addio, bello cielo, addio, bello mare, addio, illustrissimi uditori, addio e—(There now, I've forgotten the last word! Must say it in French)—addio e au revoir!

HIGH SHERIFFS.

QUITE recently, indeed on November 12, unmarked by the great world that rolled outside, a batch of blameless country gentlemen were nominated for the ancient office of High Sheriff for the counties of England and Wales. The ceremony, over which the Chancellor of the Exchequer presided in his official robes, took place in a court of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Some of the proposed victims pleaded want of means, others handed in pitiful medical certificates, others again appealed to the compassion of the authorities on the ground of their great age; but for the most part tears and prayers were alike unavailing, and in the end three names were selected for each of the counties.

What says the omniscient *Whitaker*? "The three names, engrossed upon a parchment roll, are afterwards brought before Her Majesty, who then, with a golden bodkin, pricks through the parchment against one name for every county. The name thus pricked is usually the first on the list, and they come into office after Hilary Term." With a golden bodkin! Isn't it feudal and gorgeous and inexplicable? Centuries ago I suppose the reigning monarch, having to mark off his High Sheriffs, happened to find a gold bodkin lying close at hand, and so used it for the ceremony. Treasured by a courtier, the same bodkin was used again and again. Traditions encrusted themselves about it, a halo of legend shone round its eye wherever it was deposited—until now the High Sheriff who should chance to be pricked with anything less golden and legendary might justly feel that he had been robbed of one of his noblest privileges.

One of the gentlemen over whom the golden bodkin thus hangs by a hair has confided to me that he still has a faint hope of escaping: "There's just an off-chance, a sort of thousand to one offered, that she might make a bad shot, you know; or someone might jog her arm—I suppose such accidents do happen, even to Queens—just as she's going to make a neat little hole opposite my name, and so the second man on the list might find himself pricked before he knew where he was; or she might take a sudden dislike to the look of my name; I've never seen it on a parchment roll myself, but I've a notion it won't look a bit attractive—at least, I hope not—and then she'd say, pausing with the golden bodkin in the air, "ADOLPHUS TOMLINSON SANDYSIDE, of Buckwheat Court, Blankshire, Esquire. What a terrible name to meet a Judge with. I can't have a name like that for High Sheriff. I shall prick MORDAUNT AYLMER DE BARFLEUR, of Verulam Hall, Knight," and—ping—the bodkin would be into old DE BARFLEUR, and I should be able to say ta-ta to all the flummery that my wife has been looking forward to so eagerly.

"But, my dear SANDYSIDE," I observed, "if you disliked the whole business so much, why did you ever allow yourself to be

put on the roll, or nominated, or whatever they call the blessed thing? I suppose it wasn't done without your knowledge."

"Now that shows," he retorted hotly, "how jolly little you know about it. When I bought Buckwheat Court from the executors of the late Sir GILES HEAVITREE (he was chucked out of his dog-cart driving home from Quarter Sessions, and broke his neck), nobody told me that the owner of the place was liable to be High Sheriff. How I got on to the roll is a mystery. I haven't the faintest notion who the infernal scoundrel was that put me there. All I know is that one morning I began to receive circulars from tailors and coach-builders and heraldic offices. The tailors wanted to make my own uniform and the liveries for my servants, all as rich as possible, and at the smallest possible expense; the coach-builders offered for a consideration to supply me with coaches used by numerous previous High Sheriffs for the purpose of conveying Judges of Assize, and the heraldic offices declared they were ready to make banners, 'painted on best banner silk, with armorial bearings on both sides, fringed, ribboned, and complete with cords and tassels.' These banners, they pointed out, would 'after the Sheriffdom form handsome souvenirs, and historical adjuncts to the family history, as fire-screens.' Lastly, a clerical outfitter sent me a 'catalogue of clerical requisites suitable for presentation to chaplains.' That was how I heard I was to be a High Sheriff."

"But, anyhow," I urged, "it's a dignified and useful office."

"Useful?" he broke in. "Not a bit of it. It may have been some good once, but it's absolutely and entirely useless now. The expenses are anything from £500 to £1,000, and the business of the county would get along just as well without it. Don't you remember when we were at Cambridge we used to see an old buffer in a scarlet uniform and a cocked hat with plumes hobbling across the Trinity great court with a parson after him and the judge following, while a couple of ancient trumpeters blew a cracked salute at the gate? That's what I'm going to be; I'm that old buffer. And the worst of it is, Cambridge isn't my county, so I shan't even have the satisfaction of making the Master of Trinity uncomfortable when the Judges come to quarter themselves in his Lodge."

A RONDEAU OF RECONSIDERATION.

On second thoughts, fair ROSALIND,
You now regret that you declined
My ardent suit, and scorned my plea
With that unmerciful decree,
Who for your love in vain had pined.

Long obdurate, no longer me
You look on so disdainfully,
Some pity in your breast you find
On second thoughts.

Alas! had you but thus turned kind
Ere those wounds healed you left behind,
Ere from your toils I struggled free
When fairer MAUD I chanced to see;
But now—I, too, have changed my mind
On second thoughts.

LITERARY.—The individual who has written to complain that he bought a copy of *Punch* under the belief that it was the organ of the prize-ring, is probably own brother to the young lady who purchased *The Hub* deeming it to be a matrimonial agency organ. These people should be warned off all respectable bookstalls.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—A solicitor who is struck off the rolls has generally been eating someone else's bread.



Little Biffin (whose zeal is more striking than his marksmanship). "SEE THIS NOTICE I'VE JUST HAD PUT UP? AN IDEA OF MY OWN, A BIT SEVERE; BUT I'M DETERMINED TO TEACH 'EM A LESSON!"

NEXT MORNING!

THE DRAMA OF TO-MORROW.

To follow a recent precedent—that of submitting the third act for consideration before the rest of the play is completed—we would suggest to theatrical managers the advisability of securing the following play, which is bound to create a sensation by reason of its (we say it deliberately, and with honest pride) startling originality. The third act is not elaborated as yet, but the essential lines are sketched out.

MRS. SANE'S PRETENCE.

ACT III.—A well-furnished Interior.

Mrs. Sane (mournfully). I try to keep it up—but they distrust me. I flirt outrageously with married men, but everyone at Frittermere looks incredulous. I smoke—or try to, and the fast girls only jeer. I'm sure they know my life has been different from theirs.

Enter Lord SENTENTIOUS, a famous lawyer.

Lord Sententious. Cheer up, my dear. I will clear you of this odious imputation.

Mrs. S. (staring glassily at the gallery). Thank you so much. You know I'm really fast and not the quiet, homely, virtuous

woman they would make me out. Why, Mrs. RAVENTRY has actually declared she heard that I lived on the utmost good terms with my husband; she even—can I say it? (*hysterically*)—declares that I loved him. You don't believe it?

Lord Sen. Of course not. (*Pause.*) I must admit, to be quite frank, that when I first saw you smoke I *did* think you seemed a little new to it, and—forgive the suspicion—when you flicked Mr. RAVENTRY with your fan, the other night, it seemed to me you didn't care for that sort of thing.

Mrs. Sane (feverishly). But now you believe? You have my confession that I was divorced three times, not to mention—

Lord Sen. Yes; you seem everything the modern dramatic heroine should be. (*Looks through papers.*) Ah—um! There's just one point.

Mrs. Sane (aside). He guesses. (*Aloud*) Oh! I've such dreadful toothache—please excuse me. Earache is so painful.

Lord Sen. (sharply). Earache! You said toothache.

Mrs. Sane. Oh! You are so dreadfully

clever. Such a silly mistake of mine. I wouldn't dare deceive you.

Lord Sen. (complacently). It would be a useless proceeding in the third act of a play. Now, answer this. You speak of the Judge of the Divorce Court as Sir Henry Hawkins. Is this a joke or a blunder?

Mrs. Sane (faintly, clasping her head as if it were in danger of dropping off). A joke.

Lord Sen. (fiercely). Woman, you lie! You've never been in a divorce court. This rôle of a fast woman is all a pretence—a sham: Mrs. RAVENTRY is right. You cannot remain at Frittermere. Why have you done this?

Mrs. Sane (at bay). Because I saw no chance of making an interesting stage figure otherwise.

Lord Sen. (deliberately). You're wrong. Don't you see the very novelty—Why, it's just because the woman with a past—the "three-cornered problem"—had become so stale and conventional that we suspected you were different, and therefore likely to score. I may forgive you; Mr. and Mrs. RAVENTRY never will.

(*Curtain.*)



Old Maid. "IS THIS A SMOKING COMPARTMENT, YOUNG MAN?"
Obliging Passenger. "No, MUM. 'IGHER UP!"

WHISPERS FROM THE WALLS.

(SCENE—The Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters in the New Gallery. After midnight. Two portraits discovered in earnest conversation.)

A Lady. For my own part, I think it a very good show indeed.

A Gentleman. You are prejudiced because you are hung well.

A Lady. Not at all. Why, every frame is on the line.

A Gentleman. Oh, there's nothing to complain of in the frames—they are good enough; it's the pictures.

A Lady. But what's the matter with the pictures?

A Gentleman. Very feeble indeed.

A Lady. Rather sweeping.

A Gentleman. One paper suggested that one of the rooms should have been closed and the contents sent back to Exhibitors.

A Lady. But if we were not here where should we be?

A Gentleman. Well, we might fill the picture gallery at the Chamber of Horrors!

(Scene closes in upon the extremely appropriate suggestion.)

AN EXCELLENT PRECEDENT FOR AN EX-PRESIDENT.

[The Irish Nationalist address of condolence to Mr. KRUGER, to be given to him on landing at Marseilles, is worded in French, Dutch, and Erse—a screed which reminds one of the Jackdaw of Rheims.]

FOR a moribund cause our Irish cranks

In a moribund idiom curse;

With Hibernian bulls their welcome ranks,
 For who on the earth knows Erse?

And if Oom PAUL tried, till all was blue,

He couldn't in French converse;

You might as well ask him to parleyvoo
 As to read an address in Erse!

Then as to the Dutch—well, KRUGER'S
 speech

Is the taal of the Boer perverse,
 So he'll almost be equally fogged with
 each,

The French, Double-Dutch, and Erse.

A capital plan 'twould be, I'd vouch
 (We should none be a "d" the worse)
 If these Dublin firebrands had e'er to
 couch

Their abusive remarks in Erse!

Let them boycott our English evermore,
 And their own sweet tongue rehearse;
 While they painfully Britain's crimes
 deplore,

We'll be cheerfully deaf to Erse!

A. A. S.

"MANY INVENTIONS."

[Amongst many other inventions recently patented is an "Apparatus for effectively scattering confetti."]

THE world in these degenerate days

Evinces joy in squalid ways

And petty—

Into your face, for instance, whisks

Those nasty little paper discs,
 Confetti.

For sorrier sight in vain you'll search
 Than brides and bridegrooms leaving
 church

Thus pelted;

Such demonstrations I condemn,

Poor victims! Oft my heart for them
 Has melted.

Now this inventor-fiend, whom I

The object constitute of my

Invective,

Desires to make, the plaguery bore,

The beastly practice even more
 Effective!

What need of "pom-poms," when by hand
 People may be, I understand,

Well harried?—

I write with feeling, seeing I

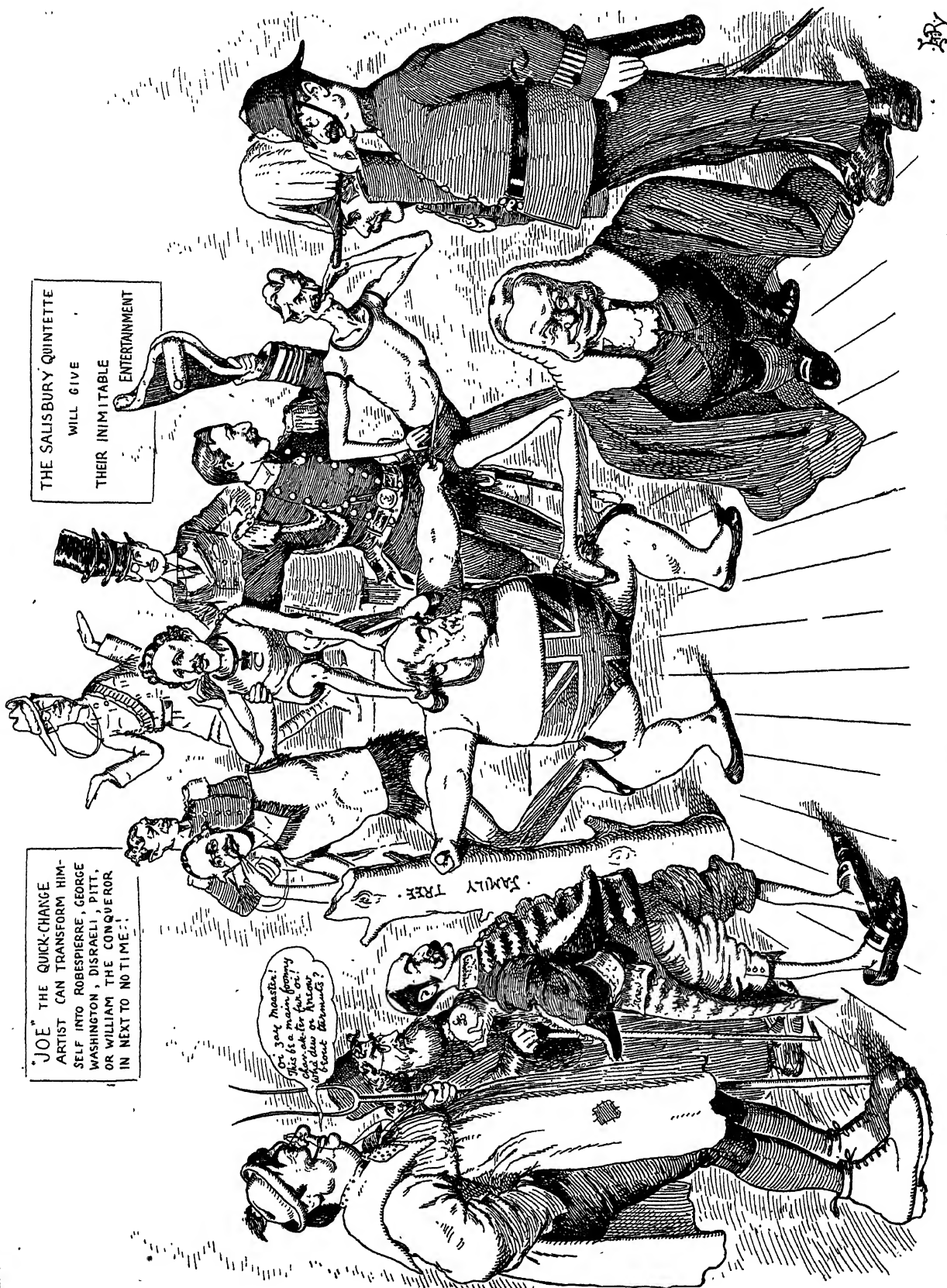
Myself have only recently
 Been married!

PROVERB.—Short answers turn away
 Interviewers.



READY TO OBLIGE.

CHINESE GOVERNMENT. "HOW CAN CHOPPEE OWN HEAD OFF? NO CAN DO. WELLY WELL—MORE BETTER ME CHOPPY SOMEBODY ELSE 'S!"



THE MARKISS AND HIS MEN!

COMING! COMING!! COMING!!!

THE THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER, WILL SHORTLY RE-OPEN WITH NEW SCENERY, DRESSES, AND APPOINTMENTS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MARK TWAIN'S stories and sketches, which CHATTO & WINDUS publish under the title *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, are good throughout, a rare quality in such collections. The tale that gives its name to the book is rich with the quaint humour that MARK TWAIN at his best. It is so cleverly constructed that my Baronite hesitates to point out a flaw. He will, therefore, merely ask MARK why, in the second paragraph of the story, he should give it and himself away by explaining in advance its secret? This comes in due course, fully and naturally, as the climax of the plot, and to leave it till then would have added to the enthralment of the reader. Does MARK forget—or has he never read—the wise words of SENECA: "Never begin a story with your climax." In relating the "Private History of the Jumping Frog Story," the author achieves the apparently impossible feat of making it funnier than ever. It is avowedly based upon an incident happening in California among the Forty-niners. A learned Pundit covered MARK with shame by assuring him that the fable is 2,000 years old, a part of Grecian Literature. He even referred him to the late Professor SIDGWICK'S *Greek Prose Composition*, where, at page 116, a translation is found. This is quoted, compared with the text of the Californian legend, and the identity mournfully admitted. After many days, discovery is made, and announced in a post-script, that the story in SIDGWICK'S book was not in Greek to be translated into English, but was English to be turned into Greek. A very different thing. Nevertheless, coincidences of the kind apprehended are not infrequent. There is nothing new under the sun, or in connection with it. Did MARK TWAIN ever come across the Hebraic legend which relates how, shortly after the Flood, SHEM camped out upon Mount Ararat to see the sun rise, and how his wrapt meditation of the scene was interrupted by JAPHET, who demonstrated that it was not five o'clock in the morning, as he perpended, but eight P.M.; and what he saw was not the rising but the setting sun? SHEM, worn out with the toil of unloading the Ark, *had slept the full round of the twenty-four hours*. Some day we shall have an American humourist decking out this story in modern dress and fobbing it off for new.

In *Male Attire* (HUTCHINSON & Co.) Mr. JOSEPH HATTON gives an Amazonian young lady, graceful, loving, bewitching, who can fence (what young lady can not fence, i.e., with words), ride, row, swim—in fact, do everything possible in athletics; can deftly press home the point of her dagger in a hand-to-hand argument, and pierce more hearts than one with her killing eyes. And she can box, too! Rather! A first-rate pugilistic young lady, hand and glove with any "brother pug" opponent who may give her the chance of letting him have it in the eye, on the nose, or, in fact, wherever he will. And all this without slang or vulgarity. Were not so much of the dialogue written in what one may call "low American," the book would be easier to read. From page 30 to 37, from the arrival of the heroine, *Zella Brunnen*, at Prudent's Gulch, until the finish of the great fight, capitally described, when she leaves for London, is quite the best part of a strongly melo-dramatic story.

The Oxford Book of English Verse, 1250—1900. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. Excellent selections. A most useful book for those who, being not "unaccustomed to public speaking" and loving to embellish their flow of language with quotations from poets whose works they have never read, and with whose names they have only a very slight acquaintance, if any, are only too grateful to any well-read collector placing so excellent a store as is this at their service. Between 1250 and 1900 is a wide range, and many an after-dinner and learned society speaker will bless the name of this "Q.C."

The Marble Face (SMITH, ELDER) is a good old gloomy story, calculated to make the flesh creep. Mr. COLMORE contributes to this end by framing his narrative in the form of extracts

from the diaries of the two principal personages, a device that supplies the monotony suitable to the situation. Also, he is very careful about his weather. The story opens on "a vile night, the trees looking more like phantoms than solid timbers. Phantoms up above, too, clouds that rushed by in all manner of distorted shapes, dense and swift and untiring, like remorse." My Baronite is always careful not to spoil the market by disclosing a plot. The secret of *The Marble Face* belongs to a woman, and suggests that woman is capable of infinite wickedness. The characters are rather of the puppet order, but probably few will be inclined to lay down the book before they have mastered the mystery hidden by *The Marble Face*.

The Baron has just received a delightful little pocket volume of TENNYSON'S early poems forming one of the series *The Oxford Miniature Poems* (HENRY FROWD), a descriptive title that rather belittles SHAKESPEARE, MILTON and TENNYSON, who can never be considered as "miniature poets," and certainly cannot be exclusively claimed by Oxford. The Baron recommends this as a miniature present for Xmas, the munificent donor promising, of course, "more where this comes from."

In the story of *An Ocean Adventurer*, by WALTER WRIGHT (BLACKIE & SON), excitement prevails from beginning to end. Full of extraordinary mysteries, appalling adventures, in fact, everything that could possibly satisfy such youthful readers as delight in thrilling tales. "And where is there the youthful reader who does not?" asks my Baronitess. And echo echo-tistically answers, "I don't know." There's a clever echo for you!

Up, up, up, went the kite, taking with it little TSU-FOO and another boy. Wonderful places they visited. Strange people they met. All their adventures they describe most vividly in G. E. FARROW'S exciting story, entitled, *The Mandarin's Kite* (SKEFFINGTON & SONS), with the WRIGHT illustrations in the right places.

Mother Goose Cooked, by JOHN H. MYRTLE and REGINALD RIGBY (JOHN LANE & Co.). Decidedly well done, too, as far as verses are concerned, although the strange and vivid coloured illustrations are somewhat suggestive of a bad attack of indigestion. Perhaps something wrong with the sauce for the gander.

Tiny readers may find some difficulty in choosing from the numerous brightly-coloured books, so specially designed for them; but in the excitement of the moment we hope they will not let *The Tremendous Twins*, by Mrs. ERNEST AMES and ERNEST AMES (GRANT RICHARDS), pass unnoticed, as each Ames at amusing, and succeeds. *Ten Little Boer Boys*, by NORMAN, with pictures by FORREST (DEAN AND SON), and *A Trip to Toyland*, by HENRY MAYER (GRANT RICHARDS), besides many, many others, all equally attractive, and entertaining for those who will give these books the chance of speaking for themselves.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"GREAT BRITAIN AND PORTUGAL."—"So," quoth Mr. DARBY, reading a paragraph in the *Daily News*, "Portugal, I see, 'has withdrawn the *exequatur*.'" "Good heavens, JOHN!" exclaimed his old wife JOAN. "What's become of it! I thought there was only one 'equator'! If there's an ex-equator it must be the one that has somehow got worn out!"

[DARBY, being always indulgent to his old wife JOAN, explained.]

BOSS LOCUTUS.—Stationery in view of Christmas keeps moving onward, which, for "stationery," remarks Mr. WAGSTAFF, "is odd." For this, and such jests as these, Police-Stationery should be the reward of Mr. W. Yet he eludes us. Perhaps we may find him among "The Photographic Wonders" of the "Table Bas-relief Xmas Cards," which are certainly very pretty, judging from a few specimens, especially the "Sculptograph," where the figures stand out photo-emboss-relievo. Certainly, there is clear evidence of Messrs. TABER having em-bossed this show.

SPEECH AND SONG.

At a meeting held at Swansea to congratulate Sir G. NEWNES on his return for the borough, it is reported that Sir GEORGE, after making an allusion to his silver wedding, burst into song, and favoured the company with a verse of CHEVALIER'S "My Old Dutch" in a pleasing tenor voice. It is also believed, though not expressly stated, that in answer to an enthusiastic encore he brought down the house with "A little (tit-)bit off the top." At any rate, he was afterwards awarded the bardic title of Eos Lynton, otherwise the Nightingale of Lynton.

This excellent example of garnishing speeches with snatches of song might be followed with advantage by many public speakers, whose audiences would sometimes welcome a little melodious (and possibly comic) "relief". In Parliament, perhaps, rules as to order might bear hardly on an exponent of the new oratorical method. Just the thing, though, for meetings outside Parliament. Plenty of occasions for interpolating a little song in the speeches. For patriotic speech, try "Let 'em all come" (compare SHAKESPEARE, "Come the four corners of the earth," &c.), for complimentary after-dinner speech, guest of the evening, "Yer can't 'elp liking him," and so on.

Splendid thing, too, for the Law Courts. Wake them up no end. What could be more pleasing than that a songster of renown like the Lord Chief Justice should occasionally temper justice with melody, and emphasize some weighty pronouncement of law with an old-fashioned stave such as "Up to Dick"? Even counsel would do well at times to vary the monotony of their remarks with an appropriate ditty. Sir E. Clarke, for example, after a sparring match with some learned brother, would find the chorus of "'E can't take a rise out of Oi," come in handy; whilst Mr. Inderwick, no doubt, would have an opportunity now and then for tuneful allusion to the pleasing qualities of that nice young man, "Our lodger."

After all, the idea not quite new. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.* Good old HORACE! Good old EOS LYNTON! Bravo, Sir GEORGE!

CABINET CONSTRUCTION.

["The Cabinet now includes two of Lord SALISBURY'S nephews and a son-in-law, while his son has been promoted to the Front Bench."—*Daily Paper.*]

STRANGE how my pet construction met
With such dissatisfaction!

You learnt at school the old, old rule
Of relative attraction?

And here again the rule is plain:

These relatives need clearly
No case, my friend, for they depend
On antecedents merely.



SCENE.—The Fens (far from a hunting district), where hounds have come to try for a reputed poultry ravager.

Yokel (who has never seen a pack before). "YOU'VE GOTTEN A SIGHT OF DOGS THERE, MISTER. WHAT A MESS OF FOXES IT MUST WANT TO FEED 'EM ALL!"

WHY NOT?

(Queries suggested by Sir F. Bramwell's scheme for establishing a double floor of shops.)

SURELY possible to put churches one on the top of the other. Those who preferred to be "low" might take the basement, and ritualists would, of course, go to the fifth étage.

Markets might be established on the same basis. Flowers on the ground, and onions and other strongly scented vegetables on the top.

Playgrounds, again, offer an opportunity. Football at the base and lawn tennis nearest the sky. Croquet in between.

School, of course, could be similarly treated. The younger children to be saved the flights of stairs intended for boys and girls of maturer years. Better avoid lifts, to prevent accidents.

Law Courts, police stations, and prisons, again, might be run on the flat system. Court above naturally higher than the beak's premises. Cells might be below the castle moat, or on a like level.

Dwelling-houses could follow the same rule. Dukes below, and retired tradesmen above. The latter would be only too pleased to boast the same address as "His Grace," or "the Duchess."

And the amount of space thus saved might be transformed into something.

Of course, what was not wanted for town, might be annexed to the country.

THEATRICAL.

Newspaper Reader. Well, WYNDHAM'S not a Cabinet Minister after all.

Auditor (resting). Well, I always said he 'd better stick to Mrs. Dane's Defence, and fall back on David Garrick if wanted.



CHAPTER III.

HEN WILSON

KING made the tempting suggestion that the Bishop

might enjoy a quiet rubber of whist in his own

quarters, that pillar of the Church hesitated for a moment. It was evident that the temptation was no small one. "You wouldn't be asking the priest?"

"Oh, no, Bishop, particularly under the circumstances; no, no, no. He's a dear good sort, is Father O'RAFFATY, a dear good sort; does a great deal of good work among the men—oh, a great deal, and we have a lot of Roman Catholics in the Black Horse."

"I have no doubt of it, no doubt of it whatever," rejoined the Bishop. "Did you say— Well—it doesn't do to give the enemy cause to blaspheme, and there's a certain amount of enmity between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. What did you say?"

"You haven't taken wine with me, Bishop," said a voice at the end of the table.

"I thought I had."

"The wine is good, and one glass more or less won't hurt you. I assure you, you left me out."

"Did I? Well——" Then he held up his glass, and bowed, beaming in the direction from whence the voice had come.

"Then you'll come up and have a quiet rubber in my quarters?" WILSON KING went on.

"I should be delighted, but I'm afraid my carriage——"

"Oh, we'll put the carriage up. That will be all right. NOLAN," leaning back and speaking to the mess waiter, who was still hovering around with a bottle of champagne, "when his Lordship's carriage comes, tell the coachman to put up the horses in my stable, and take him into the kitchen, or somewhere, and see that he is looked after, will you?"

"Certainly, Sir; I will that same," said NOLAN, and deftly filled up the Bishop's glass once more.

"Not any more," said the Bishop, lifting his hand with an imperative yet courtly wave.

They were not away from the table just then. No, the Black Horse had a way of sitting late when it was necessary to do so, and they stayed that night until nobody could find any further excuse for pretending that the Bishop had not drunk wine with him. Then, after a few minutes spent in the ante-room, a few minutes during which the youngsters hovered about the card tables, the sound of billiard balls came from the adjoining apartment, and Father O'RAFFATY bade good-night with a last cheery joke.

"Now, if I belonged to your faith, my Lord Bishop," he remarked, "it wouldn't be etiquette, would it, for me to take my leave until your Lordship had given the move? But as I am merely a humble praste of another persuasion altogether, I can jist take my courage in both hands and say good-night, your Lordship, good-night."

"Good-night to you," said the Bishop, his mellow voice ringing all over the large room. "Good-night to you, Father; good-night."

It was with a very sly wink to one of the youngsters that the priest betook himself away. Then a couple of other guests having followed suit, WILSON KING intimated to the Bishop that the time had arrived when they could shake the dust of the ceremonious ante-room off their feet. So the Bishop bade good-night to everybody, excepting a couple of young men whom WILSON KING had bidden join in the rubber of whist; and, guided by the senior captain, he left the ante-room, and passing into the large block of officers' quarters very soon found himself in the two spacious rooms which called WILSON KING master.

"Really," said the Bishop, as he looked blandly around; "you are very comfortable here."

"Yes, Bishop, we do pretty well. Some of the youngsters are not so well off, you know."

"Oh, really? Not—you mean—they can't afford——"

"Your income has nothing to do with your quarters; that goes by seniority. I'm senior captain; I'm next door to a field-officer, and, after my superiors, I get next choice. You see I have two rooms, but when I was a subaltern I had to content myself with one, and that a small one."

"I see, I see. Pretty pictures you have—very tasteful—very tasteful. It reminds me of my college days. Yes, I had things of this kind then. Of course, although I retained some of them until I was made a Bishop, I presented them to my son, as I thought—"

"Yes," said WILSON KING, "exactly. Very wise of you, very wise and far-seeing. It doesn't do to mix the clerical and the mundane too much. Now, I wonder where those other fellows are. Of course, they'll be here in a minute. Do sit down, Bishop. That's a comfortable chair. Eh? What?" he said, as there came a vigorous thump on the door.

At that moment an orderly put his head into the room. "Can I speak to you, Sir, a minute?"

"Certainly. Excuse me, Bishop, will you?"

The Bishop waved his hand. It was a favourite gesture of his—a sort of a circular turning of the wrist, something like the figure of eight, with the palm held upwards. It was very effective, and saved him a good many words in the course of the year. "The deuce!" he heard WILSON KING say. "All right, I'll come in a minute."

Then WILSON KING came back into the room. "I'm awfully sorry, Bishop," he said; "I shall have to leave you for a few minutes. I've been sent for to the Guard Room. I'll not be longer than I can help."

"Not at all," responded the Bishop, with another wave; "not at all. I am quite comfortable," which, indeed, was true. So comfortable was the Bishop that two minutes later he caught himself nodding. "I mustn't go—to sleep," he said to himself. "I have—really—exceeded—my limit to-night. I will sit—quite still, but—I mustn't go to—sleep, and, yet—I'm exceedingly—sleepy. I wish—I hadn't promised—to come up—for this rubber. I don't know—that—it was quite—judicious. Very sleepy. If I could get—a quarter-of-an-hour's—nap, I should be wide awake—I—" Then suddenly he sat up very wide awake indeed. "No, it's all right—I think," stretching himself out so as to sit further back in the depths of the luxurious chair. "I think—I will just compose myself—for quarter-of-an-hour's quiet nap. When I wake—my head—will be quite clear. If—it isn't, I'll have the horses—put in—and—I'll go home. Quite so, my dear Sir; quite so." And the Bishop slept.

It seemed to him as if he had been sleeping for hours—as a matter of fact, he had been asleep some ten minutes or so—when he was aroused, not by a noise, not by the re-entrance of his host, but by something light passing across his face, something like a bird or a big butterfly. "What's that?" said the Bishop. He was staring straight at the ceiling, and there was nothing there which could in any way assist him. "I must have dreamt it," he said to himself, and closed his eyes once more. But again there came the same curious sensation, like the touch of a velvet hand, and this time he sat up with a start, and looked fiercely round.

"I hope I didn't frighten you," said a voice.

The Bishop tried to struggle to his feet. "Oh, my dear Madam."

"Oh, no; don't call me 'my dear Madam,' and don't get up. I am sure you are very comfortable there. I never saw a Bishop asleep before. You looked rather nice asleep."

The Bishop gasped. "I—you—I don't understand," he said.

The young lady, who was standing by, not very far from his chair, smiled seraphically down upon him. "No, I suppose it is a little difficult. I touched you with the end of this."

"This" was a large feather boa, which she held in her hand. "I didn't expect to find you here, you know," she went on; "no, I didn't. A Bishop in cavalry quarters, that's too funny!"

"But what are you doing in cavalry quarters?" exclaimed the Bishop.

"I?" she smilingly answered. "Oh, I'm a will-o'-the-wisp. I come and go as I like."

"I don't think you ought to come and go as you like in such a place as this," said the Bishop severely.

"No, that's what my brother says. My brother is one of the officers here. He'll be furious when he sees me; but I was very unfortunate. I came into Idlemminster to do some shopping, and I lost my purse—fact! Well, when you've lost your purse, you can't go on any further, can you? So I went to an hotel and had something to eat, with a half-crown I found in one of my pockets—loose, you know—and I've come up to my brother's—well, to see what he can do for me."

"Really, that is a very unfortunate position. You—Do you live far from here?"

"A pretty long way. I never spoke to a Bishop before. Is it nice to be a Bishop?"

The Bishop bridled.

"It has its advantages."

"I should think so! I should like to be a Bishop. Are you married?"

"I—have been married," said the Bishop.

"Oh, you're a widower. Poor fellow! Got any children?"

"I have a daughter."

"H'm! Is she pretty?"

"She is considered so."

"Does she have a good time? Oh, she would, with you for a father, wouldn't she?"

"I trust—"

"Oh, don't say that. When a Bishop, or any man, begins to say 'I trust', it means that she doesn't. Poor girl! Is it comfortable to be a Bishop? Why don't you get married again?"

"Well, really, Madam—"

"Oh, don't call me 'Madam.' I'm not married. My name is TRIXIE ARMITAGE—I was christened BEATRICE, of course—TRIXIE ARMITAGE. Have you met my brother? He was dining to-night."

"Yes, my dear child," said the Bishop indulgently; "but I didn't grasp the names of all my hosts."

"Oh! I see. You didn't take any notice of poor old BOB. It was horrid of you. You would have, if you had known that he had such a nice sister, wouldn't you?"

"I—might," said the Bishop guardedly.

"You would, wouldn't you now?"

"Yes, yes; I think I should."

For the life of him he could not help casting a look of admiration on the ingenuous little face of the bright and pretty girl who was thus interrogating him. A wild thought entered his mind, contrasting the stately presence of his long-deceased wife with the winsome personality of BOB ARMITAGE's sister TRIXIE. How admirably she had been named!

"Do you know," he said, "I don't think you ought to be here at this late hour, even with your brother. Let me offer you a lodging at the Palace. My daughter—"

"Oh, I say, Sly-Boots!" said the girl. "Oh, well, you are—for a Bishop, too—Sly-Boots! Oh, here's Captain WILSON KING. Captain WILSON KING, oh, this Bishop of yours—he is a Sly-Boots! This is old Bishop Sly-Boots! I don't think he's safe to let out, I really don't."

"Go to, you hussy!" said WILSON KING. "Be off with you; out of this!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE effect of WILSON KING's exhortation to the distressed damsel who had lost her purse was neither more nor less than magical upon the Lord Bishop of IDLEMINSTER. As the unceremonious and highly uncomplimentary words left the soldier's mouth the Bishop's jaw fairly dropped. The young lady showed no signs of betaking herself away.

"Come, be off!" said WILSON KING impatiently, as if he were speaking to a tiresome child.

"I shall not be off," she declared, rather indignantly; "I shall certainly not be off. I don't know what you mean by

speaking to me in this way. I call it exceedingly rude of you. So different from the Bishop, even if he is a bit sly. Here am I stranded," in a voice with a suspicion of tears in it; "yes, stranded, and you know it: thrown among a lot of horrid men, who are not even civil to me. The Bishop is most kind; yes, very different from you. He offered—to drive me home to the Palace with him, and put me up."

"Oh, you needn't trespass on the Bishop that far," said WILSON KING. "You'll get yourself put up in the nearest police-station if you don't mind, young woman."

The girl shook with impotent rage. "How dare you speak to me like that?" she said. "How dare you, when I've got a Bishop, a real Bishop, to protect me? Oh, you call yourself a gentleman! Oh——! But, never mind, I'll shame you before the whole world—yes, I will. You see if I don't bring my brother——"

"Your brother! Ha, ha, ha! that's a good joke!"

"A good joke? You won't think it a good joke when my brother comes. I don't know where he is—gone out to a horrid dance or something. And, if you are the senior captain, my brother——"

"Oh, wait till your brother comes, my good girl; then we'll square things with him. In the meantime, you need not try to pile it on with the Bishop. He doesn't want to have anything to say to you."

"Doesn't he!" said this enigmatical girl, on whose pretty face the smiles began to show out through the suspicion of tears. "You found plenty to say to me, didn't you, Sly-Boots?"

"Oh, I say! Come—be off out of this!" said WILSON KING gruffly.

"Speak for yourself, Sly-Boots," said Miss TRIXIE ARMITAGE jeeringly.

"I—I—had no intention," stammered the Bishop.

"No intention! Of doing what?"

WILSON KING took the girl resolutely by the arm. "Here," he said, "you've been let to run in and out of these barracks until you've got a bit above yourself. Now, out you go! I won't have my guests annoyed any more. Go, and find that precious brother of yours—if you can!"

He marched her along towards the door, she shrilly protesting. "You may put me out because you're a great strong brute; but all the same I'll pay you out for this, you see if I don't. And, as for the Bishop, I can tell plenty about him if I like, can't I, Bishop?"

In another moment WILSON KING had deftly manœuvred her outside the door, and turned the key in the lock.

"My dear sir," said the Bishop, who was all of a twitter, "my dear sir, I assure you I—I was never so deceived in my life. She told me that she was sister to one of the officers, that she had lost her purse, and that she had come to him to beg a shelter. I—I thought it impossible for a young lady to be so very awkwardly placed, and——"

"Did you really offer to take her back to the Palace?" ejaculated WILSON KING in a tone of astonishment.

"Well—yes—out of kindness, you understand; out of kindness."

"Very much misplaced, Bishop," said WILSON KING drily. "You may be thankful that I came in when I did."

'For a moment there was dead silence. "Do you think," said the Bishop, "that—that—she will be discreet?"

"No, I don't," answered the other. "If she is, it will be for the first time in all her madcap existence."

"Dear, dear, dear! Most—Yes—I don't think that I will stay for that rubber of whist to-night. If you would—yes—if you would order my man to put the horses in—I think I'd rather go home."

"Oh, it's all right now," said WILSON KING. "You needn't be afraid."

"I'm not exactly afraid," said the Bishop.

"No; I dare say you feel a little uneasy. I should myself, under the circumstances. It was partly my fault, of course, for having left you; but you know, Bishop, we are not our own masters altogether, and the senior officer in barracks has to attend to duty before everything else."

"Of course, of course," said the Bishop; "naturally, quite so. But I think—you see we've wasted a good deal of time with your duty, and——"

"The little episode?" suggested WILSON KING.

"Yes—h'm—the little episode, and the hour is growing late. I don't think I could play whist to-night—not with any due observance of the rules."

"Ah, that's a pity," said WILSON KING. "The other fellows will be here in a minute. Bishop, that little mad-cap has upset you."

"Well—almost," said the Bishop. "You see, I—I'm afraid I went to sleep. It seemed as if I had been to sleep for a long time, but it couldn't have been more than a quarter of an hour."

"Yes, just about a quarter of an hour."

"Well, I woke up, and I was alone in the room with this young lady. She was—well, she was waking me with her feather boa."

"Oh, she's nerve enough for anything," cried WILSON KING, promptly. "But, all the same, you had better stay and have your rubber. I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

"I think not," said the Bishop; "not to-night—another time. If you will order my horses to be put to—— Thank you so much."

The Bishop sat in the big chair, the picture of abject misery. A thousand awful thoughts came crowding through his mind, first that he had been foolish enough to exceed, he knew not by how much, his fixed quantum of champagne. He tried piteously to count up how many men had wished to drink wine with him that evening, but it was a piece of mental arithmetic far beyond his powers of calculation. Then he thought out a whole train of events which might arise in the very near future; of the scandalous rumours which might be set afloat within the next few hours of how the Lord Bishop of IDLEMINSTER had gone to make merry in the Officers' Mess, and had got himself inveigled into an affair with a hussy! He could not deny it. He *had* invited her to spend the night at the Palace. There was no getting over it, or under it, or round it. The situation was awful! And the cold sweat stood out on the Bishop's brow until his ecclesiastically long hair became clammy bedewed with the drops of agony; and, what was worse, all through this wave of searching anguish which threatened to entirely overwhelm him there persistently ran a little golden thread that TRIXIE ARMITAGE, hussy or no hussy, was the most winsome bit of femininity that he had met with for many and many a day. What a curious state of mind that man was in! Both soul and body torn between conflicting passions and elements, his own undoubted respectability and high morality warred fiercely with the loose ways of a child of sin! The vision of his dead wife, moral to a fault, with a face like a horse and a nature like a cow, played a game of "Pull, devil; pull, baker," with a golden-haired, blue-eyed imp of mischief with a skin of lilies and roses. He was in abject terror of what might come on the morrow, and, yet, his pulses were beating with a sharp sensation of excitement. Poor Bishop! How long they were! It did not usually take JARVIS so long to put the horses in when his master was waiting. To-night every moment seemed like an hour. Oh, somebody was coming at last!

(Continued in our next.)



Lady. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Tramp. "LEDDY, BELIEVE ME, I'M NO ORDINARY BEGGAR. I WAS AT THE FRONT——"

Lady (with interest). "REALLY——"

Tramp. "YES, MA'AM; BUT I COULDN'T MAKE ANYBODY HEAR, SO I CAME ROUND TO THE BACK."

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA-CLASSES.

CONVERSATIONAL TEAS twice a week OFFERED by a Lady of high social position at her home to strangers, Americans, Colonials, and foreigners, for whom pleasant introductions are desirable; private interviews given to ladies who desire coaching on matters of high English etiquette and fashion.

Advertisement in morning paper, Nov. 21.

THIS seems to be a new variation. We all know the blameless A. B. C. tea patronised by country cousins after a hard day's work shopping or matineeing in town.

There is the institution known as a "high tea" (why high?) for those whose indigestion is robust enough to negotiate six o'clock beef and tannin from the pot.

A year or two ago we were deluged with "book teas" and "play teas," or "song teas," and other nursery devices for educating the middle-aged and teaching the old idea how to make wild shots at far-fetched rebuses.

For dipsomaniacs there is, we regret to say, the D. T.; and the strict Q. T. for persons of a secretive turn of mind.

And now a lady of high social position is in the market with bi-weekly "Conversational Teas." Is the accent on the Conversation or the Tea, we would ask. Are there any gratuities expected? Is anything given away with a pot of tea? Do you bring your own mug? Does the lady-autocrat at the tea-table give marks for

good behaviour? Does she "turn" you if you have failed to learn your small-talk correctly? Do you get a diploma (or a degree) at the end of the course if you pass the cake with honours? And is the "colonial" who comes out at the bottom of the tea-class rewarded with a Wooden Spoon? All these, and many other questions, present themselves to would-be students of "high English etiquette."

MANDARIN LO-FUN'S DIARY.

Monday.—Another demand from these troublesome allies. Want me to suppress rebels in my district. Must do something, I suppose. Will put up notice-board that if Boxers are found taking the field they will be had up for trespass.

Tuesday.—Foreign devils now demand punishment of high officials, simply because they ordered a few missionaries to be—removed. Most unreasonable. Plenty missionaries left. We never asked for missionaries. Surely, if tradesman sends you things you didn't order, you are entitled to either smash them or require him to take them away? Must consult CONFUCIUS's teachings on subject.

Wednesday.—Foreign devils still pressing for punishment of high officials. Sent for HANG-HI-CHOP, and told him to bring in heads of four or five brace of coolie prisoners. Will send to Powers.

Thursday.—Powers still worrying me. Send in heads of two more coolies, labelled Prince TUAN and Prince CHING. Hope this will satisfy them.

Friday.—More demands. Really cannot attend to them to-day.

Saturday.—Foreign devils not receiving reply from me yesterday blew up walls of city. So much the worse for coolies, who will have to rebuild them. Allies threaten to take me on to a warship. Must get in further supply of coolie prisoners, and write out some more labels.

"IS THIS THE HEND?"

(Page from a Military Diary.)

Monday. The War practically at an end. Only a few thousand Boers showing fight in various directions.

Tuesday. Fighting completely ceased. Only a town or two taken and held by the enemy.

Wednesday. Peace nearly concluded. Only a British convoy attacked and captured.

Thursday. The last spark extinguished. Only a few scores of opponents bidding a large army defiance.

Friday. Everyone coming home. Only a garrison been retained to hold every inch of territory against all comers.

Saturday. The last day—absolutely. Only the probability of having to continue the defensive movement for an indefinite period on Monday.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.,)

CHAPTER XII.

A RACE AGAINST TIME.

*There's a certain old Sprinter; you've got to be keen,
If you'd beat him—although he is bald,
And he carries a clock and a mowing-machine.
On the cinderpath "Tempus" he's called.*

*Stanza written to order by young English friend,
but (I fear) copied from Poet Tennyson.*

AH! with what perfervid affection did Mr. BHOSH caress the neck of his precious horse! How carefully he searched her to make sure that she had sustained no internal poisonings or other dilapidations!

Thank goodness! He was unable to detect any flaw within or without—the probability being that the crafty Duchess did not dare to commit such a breach of decorum as to poison a Derby favourite, and thought to accomplish her fell design by leaving the mare as lost luggage and destroying the ticket-receipt.

But old Time had already lifted the glass to his lips, and the contents were rapidly running down, so Mr. BHOSH, approaching a railway director, politely requested him to hook a horsebox on to the next Epsom train.

What was his surprise to hear that this could not be done until all Derby trains had first absented themselves! With passionate volubility he pleaded that, if such a law of Medes and Persians was to be insisted on, *Milky Way* would infallibly arrive at Epsom several hours too late to compete in the Derby race, in which she was already morally victorious—until at length the official relented, and agreed to do the job for valuable consideration in hard cash.

Lackadaisy! after excavating all his pockets, our unhappy hero could only fork out wherewithal enough for third-class single ticket for himself, and he accordingly petitioned that his mare might travel as baggage in the guard's van.

I am not to say whether the officials at this leading terminus were all in the pay of the Duchess, since I am naturally reluctant to advance so serious a charge against such industrious and talented parties, but it is *nem. con.* that Mr. BHOSH's very reasonable request was nilled in highly offensive cut-and-dried fashion, and he was curtly recommended to walk himself and horse off the platform.

Que faire? How was it humanly possible for any horse to win the Derby race without putting in an appearance? And how was *Milky Way* to put in her appearance if she was not allowed access to any Epsom train? A less wilful and persevering individual than Mr. BHOSH would have certainly succumbed under so much red-tapery, but it only served to arouse BINDABUN'S monkey.

"How far is the distance to Epsom?" he inquired.

"Fourteen miles," he was answered.

"And what o'clock the Derby race?"

"About one p.m."

"And it is now just the middle of the day!" exclaimed BINDABUN. "Very well, since it seems *Milky Way* is not to ride in the railway, she shall cover the distance on shank's mare, for I will ride her to Epsom in *propria persona*!"

So courageous a determination elicited loud cheers from the bystanders, who cordially advised him to put his best legs foremost as he mounted his mettlesome crack, and set off with broken-necked speed for Epsom.

I must request my indulgent readers to excuse this humble

pen from depicting the horrors of that wild and desperate ride. Suffice it to say that the road was chocked full, with every description of conveyance, and that Mr. BHOSH was haunted by two terrible apprehensions, viz., that he might meet with some shocking upset, and that he should arrive the day after the fair.

As he urged on his headlong career, he was constantly inquiring of the occupants of the various vehicles if he was still in time for the Derby, and they invariably hallooed to him that if he desired to witness the spectacle he was to buck himself up.

Mr. BHOSH bucked himself up to such good purpose that, long before the clock struck one, his eyes were gladdened by beholding the summit of Epsom grand stand on the distant hill-tops.

Leaning himself forward, he whispered in the shell-like ear of *Milky Way*: "Only one more effort, and we shall have preserved both our bacons!"

But, alas! he had the mortification to perceive that the legs of *Milky Way* were already becoming tremulous from incipient grogginess.

* * * * *

And now, beloved reader, let me respectfully beg you to imagine yourself on the Epsom Derby Course immediately prior to the grand event. What a marvellous human farrago! All classes hobnobbing together higgledy-piggledy; archbishops with acrobats; benchers with bumpkins; counts with candlestickmakers; dukes with druggists; and so on through the entire alphabet. Some spectators in carriages; others on *terra firma*; flags flying; bands blowing; innumerable refreshment tents rearing their heads proudly into the blue Empyrean; policemen gazing with smiling countenances on the happy multitudes when not engaged in running them in.

Now they are conducting the formality of weighing the horses, to see if they are qualified as competitors for the Derby Gold Cup, and each horse, as it steps out of the balancing scales and is declared eligible, commences to prance jubilantly upon the emerald green turf.

(N.B.—The writer of above realistic description has never been actually present at any Derby Race, but has done it all entirely from assiduous cramming of sporting fictions. This is surely deserving of recognition from a generous public!)

Now follows a period of dismay—for *Milky Way*, the favourite of high and low, is suddenly discovered to be still the dark horse! The only person who exhibits gratification is the Duchess DICKINSON, who makes her entrance into the most fashionable betting ring and, accosting a leading welsher, cries in exulting accents: "I will bet a million to nothing against *Milky Way*!"

Even the welsher himself is appalled by the enormity of such a stake and earnestly counsels the Duchess to substitute a more economical wager, but she scornfully rejects his well-meant advice, and with a trembling hand he inscribes the bet in his welching book.

No sooner has he done so than the saddling bell breaks forth into a joyous chime, and the crowd is convulsed by indescribable emotions. "Huzza! huzza!" they shout. "Welcome to the missing favourite, and three cheers for *Milky Way*!"

The Duchess has turned as pale as a witch, for, galloping along the course, she beholds Mr. BHOSH, bereft of his tall hat and covered with perspiration and dust, on the very steed which she fondly hoped had been mislaid among the left luggage!

(To be continued.)

• CHANGE OF NAME.—The Member for Sark suggests, in view of the family character of the reconstructed Cabinet, that No. 10, Downing Street, where it meets, should be henceforward known in the Postal Guide as the Hotel Cecil.



"NOW THEN, MATER, IF YOU 'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE IT, LET ME HAVE A TRY!"

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

VIII.—THE COW.

TAKE off your hat, my friend, and bow
To that most useful beast
The harmless necessary cow,
The honoured of the East.

Indeed, I think I've somewhere read
That cows are worshipped where
The Indian sun shines overhead
And only kine are fair.

So doff your cap, take off your hat;
Show due respect, and vow
You'll never sink to idle chat
When talking to a cow.

Politeness must not end in talk;
Your chosen cow to groom,
Invite the animal to walk
Within your drawing-room.

Don't say the creature is too big,
But take this friendly hint:
The Irish parlour holds the pig
(It's true he pays the "rint");

And you must treat the cow as one
That is your brother, too,
And let not things by it be done
You would not care to do.

How would you like to have to camp
On grass that nothing shields,

And, wet or fine, to lie in damp,
Uncomfortable fields?

Pray wash your guest with sweetest
soap,

Pour perfumes on its head,
Then you will not forget, I hope,
The creature must be fed.

Go, seek the plants both rich and rare
A greenhouse will supply,
And feed your tender pet with care,
Responsive to its cry.

So shall your kindness be a thing
Of real and choicest worth,
A theme to make the poet sing
Of paradise on earth.

A CHEERWOMAN.

["Mrs. J— desires engagements by the hour
to cheer the nervous and lonesome, to read to and
amuse invalids, elderly people, and children at
their homes."—*Advertisement in American paper
quoted in Westminster Gazette, November 22.*]

EXIT the char-woman; enter the cheer-
woman. Her business address should be
Cheering Cross (people). She will cheer
you while you wait, or during your ride
in a bath-cheer. You pay so much, and
you have exactly sixty minutes of three-
ply, all-wool professional cheering. But
we will be cheery with further remarks
on latest notion.



THE TRY!

ALL ALE, MACBETH.

Customer (after putting down a pint—to
landlord). I say, Guv'nor, I could tell yer
'ow to largely increase yer sales o' this
beer.

Landlord (re-filling pewter). Well, let's
have it!

Customer (after finishing the drink, and
making for the door). Just you put about
'alf as much froth on it.

[Escapes the missile and vanishes.]

IN MEMORIAM.

Sir Arthur Sullivan,

BORN 1842. DIED NOVEMBER 22, 1900.

In the immortal music rolled from earth
He was content to claim a lowly part,
Yet leaves us purer by the grace and mirth,
Human, that cling about the common heart.

Now on the bound of Music's native sphere,
Whereof he faintly caught some earthward strain,
At length he reads the "*Golden Legend*" clear,
At length the "*Lost Chord*" finds itself again:

TARASCON ET LE TRANSVAAL.

(Chapitre Inédit.)

ENFIN il arriva, le jour solennel, le grand jour. Dès l'aube, tout Tarascon était sur pied. Cette foule se pressait devant la porte de TARTARIN, ce bon M. TARTARIN, qui allait saluer à la gare, au nom de ses concitoyens, l'illustre exilé du Transvaal, le président KRÜGER.

Tout à coup il se fit un grand mouvement. C'était TARTARIN. Quand il parut sur le seuil, un cri de stupeur partit de la foule, "C'est un Boer !"

TARTARIN de Tarascon, en effet, portait un feutre mou à vastes bords, un complet "khaki," couleur de la Tour Eiffel, des bottines énormes, deux Mausers, trois revolvers et une cartouchière, et surtout, cachant sa barbe courte et noire, une barbe jaune, hirsute, gigantesque, à la mode des hommes du Nord, des Hollandais.

"Vive TARTARIN !" hurla le peuple. Calme et fier, le grand homme sourit, et prit gaillardement le chemin de la gare. Derrière lui marchaient le commandant BRAVIDA, le président LADREVEZE, tous les chasseurs de casquettes, et le peuple. TARTARIN seul était triste. Pour la première fois ce n'était pas lui que ses concitoyens allaient acclamer, mais un autre, un étranger, l'Oncle PAUL. Et autrement ! Lui, TARTARIN, au lieu d'aller se battre à côté des braves paysans du Transvaal, luttant contre l'ignoble rapacité de l'empire britannique, avait passé toute l'année à Tarascon, arrosant ses fleurs, lisant ses livres, chantant son duo. Même un Méridional ne pourrait se figurer que difficilement ses exploits devant Mafeking, s'il n'avait jamais quitté sa ville natale. A force de penser à Shang-Hai, TARTARIN arrivait à croire qu'il y était allé. Mais quant au Transvaal, il n'était pas arrivé à ce point-là.

A l'embarcadere, en attendant l'express Marseille-Paris, TARTARIN se promena au milieu de ses amis. Enfin la cloche sonna. Un roulement sourd. L'express arriva. Dans l'ouverture d'une portière on aperçut un homme, très bien mis, en redingote et en chapeau haut de forme, tout battant neufs. Il descendit. C'était le docteur LEYDS. Derrière lui un vieillard barbu, mal habillé, mais également en redingote et en chapeau de cérémonie très usé. C'était le président KRÜGER.

En saluant de ses fusils, tous les deux devant la figure, TARTARIN de Tarascon les attendit. Mais le docteur LEYDS le regarda, stupéfait. Enfin le chef de gare lui murmura tout bas, "Notre plus grand citoyen, TARTARIN de Tarascon, tueur de lions." "Ah, pardon," répondit le docteur, "je croyais—un carnaval—un cirque—mais—enchanté, monsieur !" TARTARIN s'inclina. Le docteur s'approcha du président en disant, "Je vous présente Monsieur DARDARIN." Mais le président fit signe de ne pas entendre, et murmura "*Koffie*." Ce fut le moment du discours.

"Monsieur le Président," commença TARTARIN, "au nom de Tarascon, de Beaucaire, du département, de tout le Midi, de la France, de l'Europe, du monde, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer, de vous tendre très respectueusement la main de l'amitié (seulement les deux fusils l'empêchaient) et de vous offrir un

lunch—" "Hé !" s'écria le président. "Pardon, monsieur," dit le docteur LEYDS, "pas un mot d'anglais, je vous en prie. Irlandais, si vous voulez, hollandais, français, mais ne parlez pas anglais."

"De vous offrir," continua TARTARIN, "un *punch* d'honneur—" "*Rooinek!*" hurla le président. "Monsieur BARBARIN," cria le docteur LEYDS, "ne dites pas des injures à un vieillard, en lui parlant du plus grand journal du pays tyrannique qui essaye depuis longtemps de le vaincre !"

"Té, vé !" répondit TARTARIN, "*ques aco?* Et autrement, si vous n'aimez ni un *lunch*, ni un *punch*, je vous offre un bon toast et un *fluvoklock*, au moins." Le président murmura quelques mots, peut-être des bénédictions tirées des psaumes, et monta en voiture. Sans mot dire, le docteur le suivit, et le train partit immédiatement.

TARTARIN, debout sur le quai, laissa tomber ses deux Mausers, et ramassa une petite boîte en étain. On aurait dit une machine infernale. Les Tarasconnais, inquiets, la regardèrent. TARTARIN les rassura. "C'est mon *plom-pouding*," dit-il.

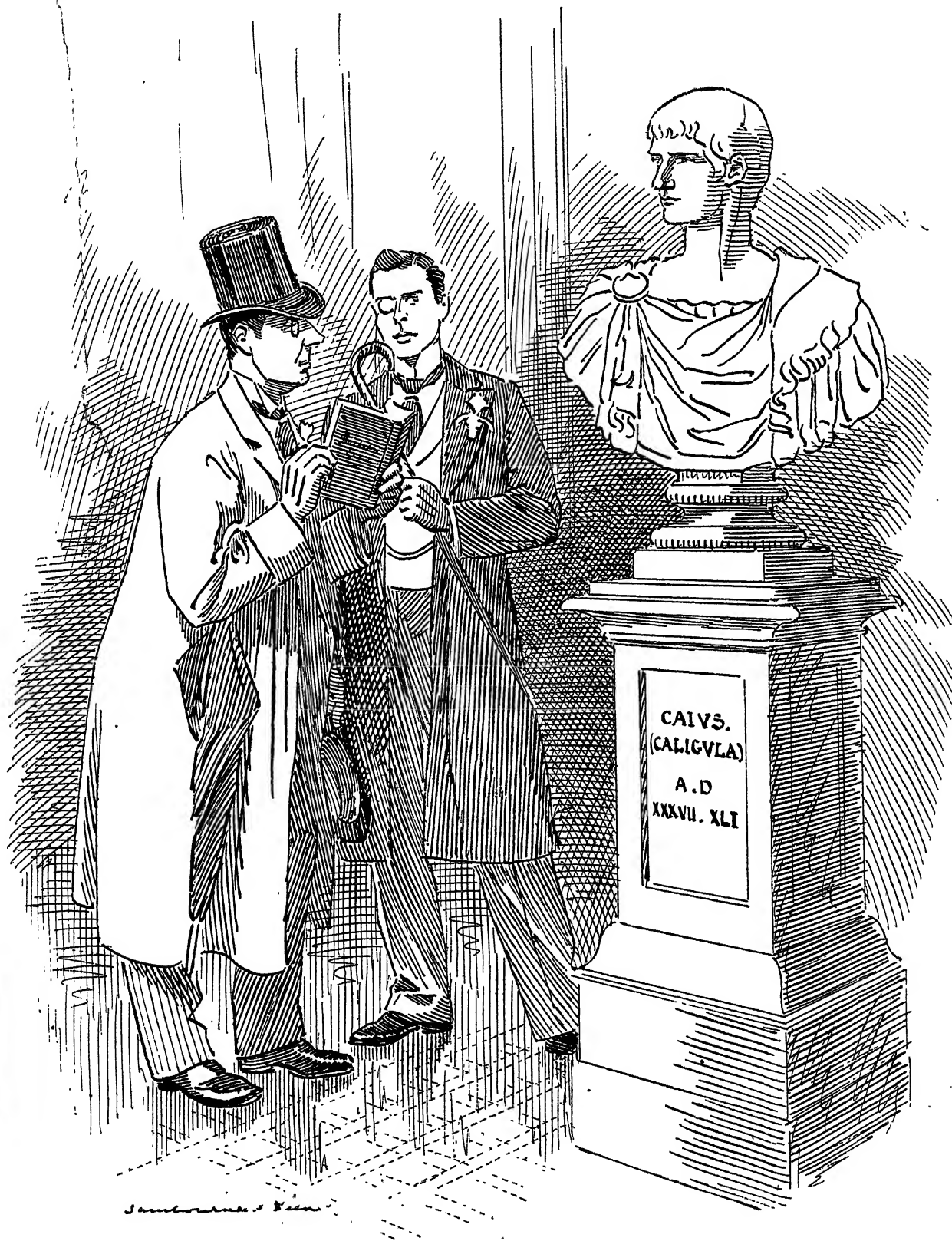
Et déjà, sous l'influence du soleil méridional, qui fait mentir ingénument, il ajouta, en caressant la boîte, "C'est un noble plat. Je l'ai pris à Kimberley, moi, tout seul contre un corps d'armée anglais."

Là-dessus, à côté du commandant BRAVIDA, et acclamé par tout le peuple, il se dirigea paisiblement vers sa maison, et, tout en marchant, il commençait le récit de ses grandes batailles, "Figurez-vous," disait-il, "qu'un certain soir, sous les murs de Mafeking"

"DAN" AMONG THE "LIONS COMIQUES" AT THE "PAV."

MOST extraordinary person, Mr. DAN LENO, or, rather, DAN LENO, *tout court*, without the Mister. The little man is simply immense. It matters not what he does or what he says, the audience is on the titter, on the giggle, in a roar, from the moment he walks on to the stage of the London Pavilion until, all too soon, he walks off again. What can be funnier than the tripe-dresser out hunting! Yes, the keeper at the Zoo, or "Dan among the Lions," is funnier than the tripe-dresser by a few hearty laughs. The way DAN LENO has of addressing an imaginary boy, and replying to that boy's imaginary questions is delightfully convincing. The invisible boy is there. You see the expression on his imaginary face reflected on DAN LENO's expressive countenance. It is a matter of regret to frequenters of the "Pav" and the "Tiv" that at Christmas time DAN LENO should give to the pantomime at Drury Lane what was meant for the music halls. Still the pantomime at Old Drury would lack something considerable if DAN LENO's name were not in the bill. We can only hope that he will be able to put as much drollery into his part in the Drury Lane Annual as he does into his two character songs at the Pavilion.

There's plenty of good entertainment for everybody here afforded by HARRY RANDALL, HARRY FORD, and the Japanese Jugglers, whose performance with the knives and balls is certainly the very best of its kind, graceful in action and marvellous in its precision. EUGENE STRATTON, of Coon fame, gives a scene with children, entitled the *Banshee*, that forcibly recalls "*Hush! Hush! the Bogie Man*," as sung by LONNEN, only it doesn't come within measurable distance of achieving the popularity of the latter song. *Where is dat Barty now?* The cleverly trained Arabian Horse *Lokj*, and his trainer, "*La femme chevalière*" (nothing whatever to do with "*CHEVALIER*"), have their admirers, whose enthusiasm would be greater were the tableaux more varied, and did they represent more generally popular subjects. The Pavilion, as reconstructed, is now spick and span, bright, light, and cheery. It just wants a genuine novelty in conjuring, ditto in ventriloquism, and a couple of such "drolls" as the "two MACS and the hundred whacks" used to be, for the entertainment to be perfect.



Rt. Hon. J-s-ph Ch-mb-ri-n (on his travels, after consulting Guide-book). "THE EMPEROR CALIGULA MADE HIS HORSE A CONSUL. LET ME SEE, AUSTEN, WHAT DID I DO FOR JESSE COLLINGS?"

DELIVERING THE CENTURY.

["But the 20th Century! What does it bear in its awful womb?"—*Lord Rosebery at Glasgow.*]

Extract from leading article in the "Daily News," Nov. 28, 1930.

"IN spite of his venerable age, which ought, by the way, to protect him against the malevolent attacks so often directed against him, and not by Tories only, Lord ROSEBERY never spoke better or with greater and more convincing fervour than he did yesterday when he unveiled the equestrian statue of the Duke of BIRMINGHAM. What could equal the majestic pathos of the opening sentences, in which Lord ROSEBERY referred to his ancient friendship for the late Duke, 'a friendship maintained unimpaired through fifty years, in spite of extreme divergences on questions of high public interest'? With a masterly hand, Lord ROSEBERY sketched the Duke's career, his humble origin, his sturdy efforts at self-education, his gradual rise in the world of politics, his commercial success, and his swift advance in the steps of the peerage. That he should have failed in the great object of his life, the subjugation of the Boer oligarchy, cannot, as Lord ROSEBERY well said, be counted to him as a discredit. Fame, which is eternal, does not concern itself with accidents so trivial. . . . But it was on the subject of the Empire that Lord ROSEBERY reached his highest flights: 'This vast Empire, measured by hundreds of millions of square miles, inhabited by hundreds of millions of subjects loyally devoted to its flag, how shall we in our infinite littleness appreciate the dread problems that it offers to our limited intelligence? I am filled with awe when I contemplate it, and endeavour to state its glories in terms that will commend themselves to my countrymen. It is too great, too awful, too sacred, too matchless in its terrible predominance to be allowed to degenerate into a matter of party rivalry, or to be dismissed in the light words of an occasional orator.' There spoke the true Imperialist and lover of his country. . . . The time, then, has come for Lord ROSEBERY to emerge from his retirement, to shake off a reserve which, under all the circumstances, was perhaps not unnatural, and to resume his place at the head of the united Liberal opposition. It is deplorable that such gifts as his should be wasted. The fruit is ripe to his hand; let Lord ROSEBERY call the courage of his race to his aid and pluck it."

Extract from leading article in the "Standard," Nov. 28, 1930.

"To-day we have again to chronicle one of those vexatious incidents which have been far too common in South Africa. A detachment of two hundred men was surrounded at Siegerkranz, a place we have failed to identify on the map, and after a gallant resistance was compelled to surrender to the Boers under the command of the aged but still ubiquitous DE WET. Of course, in wars waged under modern conditions against such an enemy as the Boers, such incidents may be looked for from time to time, but their frequency during the prolonged course of this contest is by no means reassuring. Far be it from us to say anything that may be construed as casting a doubt on the superb strategic and tactical ability of Field-Marshal Lord KITCHENER. His exploits in re-capturing Bloemfontein and Pretoria last year speak for themselves, and pronounce him to be one of the greatest generals of this or any age. We may be permitted, however, to express a doubt as to the policy that has inspired some of his recent proclamations. War is a stern business, whatever our arm-chair sentimentalists may say. Leniency may be all very well in its way, but it is absolutely wasted on a treacherous and crafty race like the Boers, who mistake magnanimity for weakness and see in pity only a sign of fatigue. Merciless severity judiciously applied is in the long run the truest mercy. The Boers are rebels, and any of them caught with arms in their hands should be shot at sight. It is idle to say that this method has been tried and has failed.

Such failure as occurred was due rather to the premature abandonment of the method than to any other cause. At any rate, the time has come when it should be tried again. We make light of the suggestion that the Boers might retaliate by shooting the prisoners they have taken. Whatever their faults may be, the Boers have fought according to the rules of civilised warfare, and it is a gratuitous insult to impute to them, as our Little Englanders do, a design to commit cold-blooded murder—for that is what it would come to—in revenge for justifiable punishment inflicted on rebels. In other parts of the theatre of war matters are progressing favourably. General HUNTER reports the capture of five prisoners and a hundred sheep, while General BADEN-POWELL has once more evaded General DELAREY. In both these performances the Imperial Yeomanry bore a distinguished part. It is a pity that these fine soldiers cannot as yet be spared to come home and resume avocations which have been interrupted for more than thirty years. Their welcome, when they do return, will be all the more enthusiastic.

Telegram from Peking to the "Times," same date.

The Powers will formulate their definite demands to-morrow. The decapitation of Prince TUAN will be insisted upon, but it is not thought likely that the Empress will agree to this. The Russian and American troops are to withdraw to-day.

NEW RÔLES FOR OLD STAGERS.

["Madame ANNA HELD has offered Mr. BRYAN £4,000 a year if he will join her comedy company. She thinks he 'may need some consolation in his defeat after his brave fight for the Presidency.'—*Westminster Gazette.*]

CHEER up! Cheer up! Ye statesmen all,
Should fortune frown upon you,
Should you meet with defeat
When you fight for your seat,
We'll heap fresh honours on you.
Whatever fate may you befall,
We'll find a berth for each and all.

Some men the Adelphi would suit to a T:
Our JOB 'd make an excellent villain,
While three comic Irishmen there might we see,
In R-DM-ND, T-M H-LY and D-LL-N.
Good C-LDW-LL we 'd cast for a light comic part
At the Gaiety, say, and invite him
To dance a few figures—they're after his heart,
And especially seem to delight him.
The role of a SANDOW would suit J-HNNY B-RNS;
His chest is alone in a million;
While SM-TH, our own S-MMY, should do a few turns,
At the Tivoli or the Pavilion.

Cheer up! Cheer up! Ye statesmen all,
Should fortune frown upon you,
Whatever fate may you befall,
We'll heap fresh honours on you.

TO VARIOUS PARTIES IN PARTIBUS.

To house parties, to juvenile parties, and especially for the relief of those who, having got together a lot of children of all ages and of all temperaments, find themselves at a loss for means, no more useful book could be recommended than the "entertaining" volume by E. V. and E. LUCAS, entitled *What shall we do now?* (GRANT RICHARDS), wherein will be found all sorts of games and puzzles, providing amusement for everyone. But besides this there is a part devoted to the confectioning of sweet-stuffs, and to the making of messes there is no end. Gardening is not neglected, nor are "pets" omitted. Books to read are recommended, though in most instances, rather above the heads of the boys and girls, unless the authors have allowed considerably for growth under instruction.



Traveller. "GET ON, MAN; GET ON! WAKE UP YOUR NAG."

Driver. "SHURE, SOR, I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO BATE HIM."

Traveller. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? IS HE SICK?"

Driver. "NO, SOR, HE'S NOT SICK, BUT IT'S UNLUCKY'E IS, SOR, UNLUCKY! YOU SEE, SOR, EVERY MORNING, AFORE I PUT 'IM IN THE CAR, I TOSSES 'IM WHETHER 'E'LL HAVE A FEED OF OATS, OR I'LL HAVE A DHRINK OF WHISKEY, AN' THE POOR BASTE HAS LOST FIVE MORNINGS RUNNING!"

THE JAM OF STRIFE.

(A long way after Signor Gabriel's "D'Annunzio," Author of "The Flame of Life," &c.)

"TOMIO, does not your heart yearn towards that cupboard in the pantry?" SELINA asked, touching the plump but slightly dust-tinted hand of the boy beside her. "You look as pale as the envelope upon my mother's writing-table after eating those over-mellow bananas. But yet, O TOMIO, this might be a night of triumph for you!"

She pointed to two great stars of light that smote the darkness of the road. "See," she whispered, stroking his face. "The carriage . . . mother and father are away for the evening . . . and I know where the store-room keys—"

He moved impatiently. "Do not touch my face," he murmured. "Your intentions are noble, but your hands—are sticky with those twisted lemon sticks. And, beside—" he spoke slowly, for a strange oppressive feeling had crept over him for the last half-hour. He felt horribly dizzy and unhappy, and could scarcely frame his words. "I wish to be quiet for a while . . . to think and meditate. . . . Ah! do you not understand?"

"You would let slip this opportunity," she murmured, with one despairing

thought of the apricot jam with its firm delicious saffron loveliness. She felt suffocated by the violence of her disappointment. Regret seized her by the throat, and two tears trickled in a salt and sable stream down her rosy cheeks. Despite the trickery, the infantile wiles, the jam-inspired machination that stirred the pinafore-covered heart, she did not know the wild, fierce strategy that had been played upon her.

TOMIO played with his peg-top nervously. Could he tell her? Could he state the terrible, naked fact that he himself had been to the cupboard, and that the jam was now only a memory—perchance somewhat of a bilious one? Could he tell this to his sister and comrade in mischief—SELINA!

Up the stairs the acute perfume of his parents' supper was wafted. The heavy, languorous scent of Irish stew smote his senses with a feeling akin to pain. He rose and shuddered. SELINA also rose: her eyes were fixed with burning inquiry upon a smear that glittered in the gas-light upon TOMIO's waistcoat. She took a step forward, and bent towards him. Her smooth rotund cheeks quivered with anger. A gust of stormy passion convulsed her. Her brown fists clenched, then unclenched. She had discovered a patch of apricot jam upon his waistcoat, and had guessed the secret of TOMIO.

MACTE VIRTUTE PUER.

(To the Hon. St. John Brodrick.)

Go on and prosper! Thine the happy task
To solve the riddles any dunce can ask;
To build a citadel without a flaw,
Making thy bricks, nor asking us for straw.
What though Pall Mall be misty? Onward
speed

Where'er our counsel's Jack-o'-lanterns
And as thy feet pursue the bidden track,
Think it no hindrance if we cry "Come
back!"

For war vouchsafe that men and guns
increase,

But let them not be burdensome in peace;
Each unit's cost may certainly be more,
Provided totals stay as heretofore.

In this be greatly daring; let thy acts
Prove thee superior to foolish facts.

For thine the blame, and not arithmetic's,
If five and one shall still add up to six.

When Britons fail at anything they try
The reasons must be superficial why.

And, since we are not difficult to please,
Our one demand is simple—alter these.

But for the details? Shall we dare intrude
On brooding fancy with suggestion crude?

Take merely certain editorial screeds,
Make of them sense, and turn them into
deeds:

So shalt thou merit of results the best—
The peace that will not put them to the
test.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

XII.—THE GEORGE MEREDITH SECTION.

NOVEMBER 1ST TO 3RD.—See him there, this R-S-B-RY, supine in phantasy of exile on bed of Neapolitan violets, preferred for emollience; Baiae-windows open on the infinite of blue dimming to lift of Sorrento, Ischia hull-down in the Occidental; emergent at call of interesting occasion, Rectorial or the like; triple bronze to resist allurements of Liberal matrons vocal for return of injured hero; a CORIOLANUS *de luxe*. See him, Lord Ormont of the civil, consoling the Misunderstood he counts himself to be with disquisitions on the Giant in Action, a "last phase"; reflective, not without pathos, of a personal penultimate, prematurely imminent, with Theban Sphinx for riddling exemplar.

4TH.—In the vestibule of Adolescence, the Boy stands at plastic pause, clay-soft to the imposed Idea. This is the Propagandist's hour; then, or never, the Vegetarian has his chance.

5TH.—(Guy Fawkes Day). A figure of foiled insurgence, gestatorially flaccid, posturing a stuffed impotence; explosive only in paradoxical incitement to pyrotechnics, smoke at end of all.

6TH.—Her versatile nature swung in a dazzling orbit of aptitudes. Intrepid horsewoman, with an edged wit for dialectics, she could also sit the downy of postprandial arm-chairs with a firmness to wonder at, smiling a focussed attention on bovine inanity.

7TH.—Present, you could swear to her for a glowingly constant; absent, she wrote "Will wire"; and telegraphed "Will write"—to the chilling of assurance.

8TH.—A next-weeker for procrastination, there was *Æacus* in his eye for the delays of others. Chatham-and-Dover with himself, he was 'Time-and-Tide' for the rest.

9TH (Lord Mayor's Day).—Should not some poet capturingly perpetuate for us this scene, repullulant—a hardy annual—from the impenetrable of sublimity? Londinensian, surely, this progress of MONTANUS and his choir, tardy with turtle-lined abdomen; these civic fathers alighting at the Courts of Law, tribute of Commerce to claims of Justice; symbolic nymphs painted to braver than life, conscious of limbs posed at relaxed tension on chariots arrested in preposterous mid-career; gaudy within limits of the inexpensive; GOG-MAGOG, with historic retinue varicoloured to admiration, conducting tavern interludes at a remove; the whole better conceivable in France.

10TH.—She never married, having the gift, rare in women, of being able to discuss abstractions.

11TH, 12TH.—Poetry and the affiliated indiscretions had always been viewed by the Family with profound distrust. To the Head, not incurious of the Burgeoning Period, this graft of Romance on a stem already shooting Rhythms had hinted at a deranged heredity. A botany specialist, hastily summoned from Leipzig, checked the development at nick of the vernal.

13TH TO 15TH.—Bachelor by habit and a graceful seat by force of application, he had the manner of riding straight after hounds or women; but tempered by an instinct for country and a taste for the durable. He would choose the open gate at the fallow's corner, in contempt of incredulous eye-lifts thrown over shrug of shoulders leaning back for the rise, rather than risk his stable's best blood over a low hedge, flushing young Spring, with heavy drop at fourteen stone on macadam flints, shrieking menace of a wrung fetlock for the ten miles home. In the other kind of chase he had cried off, on suspicion that the lady's mother had died fat.

16TH.—Some women carry about a ready-made halo, in quest of the man to fit it, naturally or by adaptation of skull; others catch their saint first, and order a halo to tape-measurement. A few dispense with halos, anticipative or other.

17TH.—It was a character precocious in dissemblance accomplished to the point of self-deception; the right hand ignorant of the left's designs, with authority of Scripture cited Belial-wise for vindication.

18TH.—A woman more nosingly fastidious of essentials, you might waste a season of Church Parades and never come up with. Yet she married her husband for his gift of digesting Welsh Rabbit.

O. S.

(To be continued.)

"THE BOOERS."

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT, in *The Free Lance* for November 24th, says, "If people don't like a play, they can groan and go out." Not so; permit a correction of this sequence in action, thus:—

When the public does *not* like a play
Let them leave it severely alone;
Should they wish to applaud, let 'em stay,
But if not, let 'em go out and groan.

You see? "Go out" first, and "groan" afterwards. That a dramatic author should appear before the curtain, to "boo and boo" like *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, and to be "boo'd and boo'd at" by his "friends (!) in front" is a custom wisely honoured by Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES "in the breach" and not "in the observance." He is right. That an authoress should be pilloried in this manner, as was the case with "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" (Mrs. CRAIGIE) at the St. James's Theatre last Thursday night, is a disgrace to any audience. Mr. ALEXANDER will do well in future to keep his author "in ambush," whether there be a success or not on the first performance, and not expose him, least of all *her*, to ill-mannered insults. If the first-night people do not like a piece, let them tell their friends outside, who will have plenty of opportunity of judging for themselves when they read the probably conflicting criticisms in the papers. If the piece is good it will, like truth, prevail, and if it is bad the manager will own his judgment to have been in fault, and very soon change the bill.

WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

VARIED and charming are the calendars provided by FAULKNER, for 1901, and also their Christmas cards; but specially attractive are their boxes of games, for instance, "The Egg and Spoon Race," which can only be played by those who have thoroughly acquired the virtue of patience, for perhaps then, with a few years' practice and much perseverance, they may hope to overcome the provoking difficulties of this seemingly simple pastime. The game offers rare opportunities to couples, engaged or disengaged, for "spooning," of which advantage may be taken at the merry mistletoe time. Chinese Bagatelle, Spottit Fox and Geese are all excellent, the last-named being quite novel and exciting.

QUERY.

Is it KRUGER or KRÜGER?
The point's truly knotty.
It may be the latter
When KRUGER is dotty.

MR. MANTALINI ON THE RESULTS OF RECENT COURTS MARTIAL AT DOVER.—"And they shall both be right and neither wrong, upon my life and soul—oh, demmit!" (*Vide, Nicholas Nickleby*, vol. ii, ch. 2.)

RATHER a difference between "Returning Officers" and "Officers Returning."

HINTS ON MAKING ONESELF THOROUGHLY OBJECTIONABLE.

II.—IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

TAKE care to allow yourself plenty of time before the train stops for your final effort. This depends largely upon eatables, and may be left to the student's discretion. Crumbly sandwiches will, of course, have a share in it. But fruit, such as greengages or apples, is invaluable. The stones or cores, as the case may be, should be hurled across the compartment at the opposite window. It is improbable that more than one in every half-dozen will go through, especially if the window is only open a little at the top. The rest will rebound, and more or less come in contact with the other passengers.

This amusement can be continued until the train begins to slacken speed, when you will doubtless observe everybody else in the carriage gathering their things together. When the station is reached, you will find yourself left alone. But this would be very tame, so you should lose no time in moving into another compartment, where, let us trust, your efforts will meet with the success they deserve during the remainder of the journey.

III.—AT THE THEATRE.

THE auditorium of a theatre affords so wide a scope to the earnest seeker after unpopularity, that I cannot do more in this paper than touch on a few of the more prominent methods to be employed.

The cheaper parts of the house, naturally, are the easiest to experiment with. Indeed, you may start operations while you are waiting outside the pit or gallery doors; for instance, by coming late, and taking up a position (if you can), in front of those who have been standing there for over an hour. But this sort of thing does not call for the exercise of much inventive faculty on your part, and is hardly worth your attention. On the other hand, the boxes and stalls do not afford fair play, as their well-bred occupants are not easily enough ruffled.

No, to get the happy average, I would recommend taking a seat of an intermediate price—say in the upper circle. Here the audience consists largely of people to whom the evening's entertainment is a bright star, shining out of the commonplace sky of suburban life. They rarely, if ever, get free admissions to the theatre; and when they pay their four or five shillings for a seat, expect to get their money's worth of enjoyment.

This, then, is the spot in which to establish yourself, like a wolf among the sheep, or an addled egg in a batch of new-laid ones. Take a friend with you, as it is essential that you should have someone with whom to carry on a conversation at intervals, in an audible voice.

I will resume this subject next week.



PRACTICAL.

"I SAY, OLD FELLAH, WEATHER SO INFERNALLY CHANGEABLE, DON'T KNOW WHAT TO PUT ON. THICK OR THIN GREAT-COAT?"

"WHY, OLD FELLAH—ADVISE YOU TO PUT 'EM BOTH ON AT THE SAME TIME. CAN'T GO WRONG THEN!"

A VINDICATION.

["For the last twelve months we have had to bear the burden of a great war. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that the work thus occasioned has, at times, been overwhelming. It has been done with a rare and unstinted devotion, and in too many cases, I fear, at a sacrifice, not only of rest and recreation, but of health."—Lord Lansdowne's letter of farewell to the War Office.]

DON'T fancy, kind public, that we,
Whom slander so often belittles,
Have found our lot always to be
At the War Office, all beer and skittles.

Ah, no! for, the usual run
Of tedious monotony breaking,
We've had actual work to be done—
A genuine war undertaking.

Then many a bold clerk was found
Who, labouring in his vocation,
Earned overtime pound after pound,
Forgetting his due recreation.

Nay; more than one instance I've met
(One case in point well I remember)
Who could not their holidays get
At all, till well into November.

And others (though cynics may scoff)
That progress might be the more
speedy,
Refused from their work to knock off,
Though feeling most horribly seedy.

Ah, yes! while our troops in the field
Fight bravely for V.C.'s and garters,
The War Office also can yield
Its quota of heroes and martyrs.



"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM."

Domesticated Wife. "OH, GEORGE, I WISH YOU'D JUST —"

Talented Husband (author of various successful Comic Songs for Music Halls, writer of Pantomimes and Variety-show Libretti). "OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, LUCY, DON'T BOTHER ME NOW!! YOU MIGHT SEE I'M TRYING TO WORK OUT SOME QUITE NEW LINES FOR THE FAIRY IN THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE OF THE PANTOMIME!"

TO PRESIDENT KRUGER.

(After reading of his triumphal progress through France.)

ILLUSTRIOUS man! acclaimed by every town
That you have passed,
I wonder where you'll really settle down
And live at last?

Will it be Paris, debonnaire and free,
Siren of cities?
To turn your back on Paris—that would be
A thousand pities!

Will it be Berlin, down whose stately
street
The Linden rustles?
Will it be Amsterdam, demure, *discreète*?
Or giddy Brussels?

Florence—a palace lofty and severe,
Near the Duomo?
Or some agreeable little villa near
The lake of Como?

Vienna, Moscow, Petersburg, or Rome,
All lie before you;

But though in each you try to find a
home,

I fear they'll bore you.
Until at last you'll realise what's done
Cannot be undone,
And one fine day, quite suddenly, you'll
run
Over to London.

Then, like a self-respecting millionaire,
You'll not disdain
To take a largish house in Grosvenor
Square
And entertain.

You'll live among us to a green old age
Caressed and petted,
And when your time has come to leave the
stage
You'll die regretted.

The Laureate will celebrate in verse
The last sad scene,
And a respectful crowd attend your hearse
To Kensal Green!

St. J. H.

"QUESTION TIME" FOR MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

WHY the Postmistress at Ellesdoo has not received promotion?

If it is the case that the Police still arrest
dogs who cannot give a good account of
themselves?

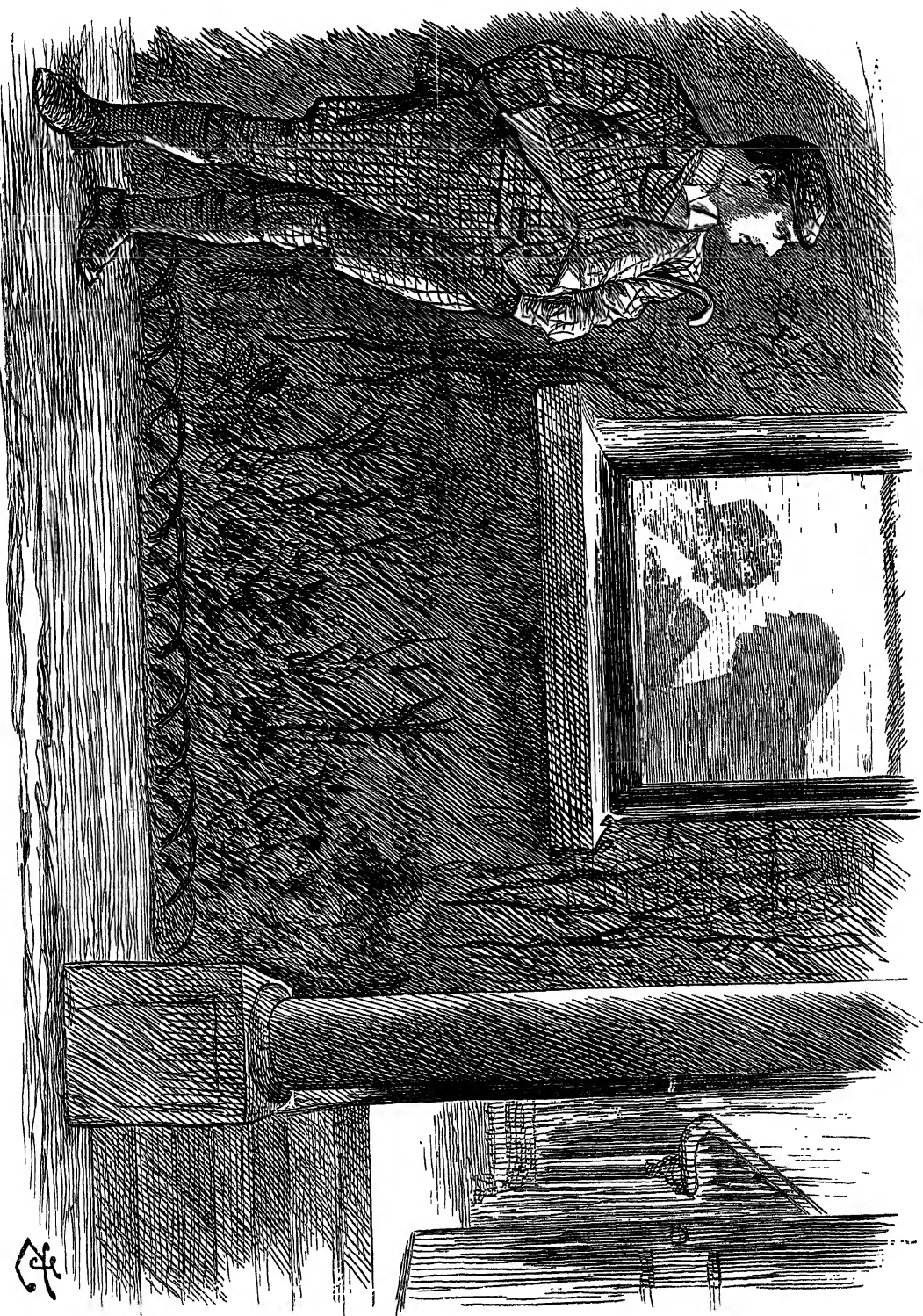
If there is any truth in the falsehood
about the latest act of foreign aggression?

If there is any objection to laying
on the table a list of persons who are
thought to have used an omnibus in the
Strand during the last week of August and
the first week in September?

If there is any objection to the ex-
penditure of thousands of pounds in ac-
cumulating useless information for the
benefit of no one in particular?

Is there any objection to the production
of documents relating to matters connected
with the commencement of the century,
and having no special significance?

And 12,745 queries of the same character
to the great advancement of the pros-
perity of the Empire and public business.



“THE OPEN DOOR.”

SCENE—*Exterior of the Old Liberal Home.*

LORD R-S-B-R-Y (“*without*”). “IT DOESN’T SEEM A VERY HAPPY PARTY. I FANCY I’M BETTER OUTSIDE.”
[“Our attitude and our policy towards Lord Rosebery is that policy which is familiar to us in the phrase of ‘the open door.’”—*Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman’s speech at Dundee, “Times,” November 16.*]

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



EIGHTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now Kāmm - el - banraman the leader,
 2. from his high place on the dividing-wall,
 3. midst the splinters of glass and the *tenpnih-néhlis*
 4. set upright therein, whereon they had placed his seat
 5. of government had made a most painful impression
 6. upon him, to which did cling securely
 7. his nether garments,
 8. at the coming of the Séshun did look around—
 9. on this side and on that, where gathered
 10. his tribesmen . . under various banners
 11. —hanging mostly in ribbons,
 12. the pullers of noses that used to be friendly,
 13. the Mōt-Síkhas, the Bhīm-Huntaz . . in the
 14. eyes of their colleagues.
 15. And in every direction the fur was still flying,
 16. the collecting of scalps from the neighbouring benches
 17. was their *méhnāv-škéshan*
 18. On the one hand did he see the Látad-eh-Kuékrs,
 19. the Térnaz-Uvchikz to the smack of the foeman,
 20. who would govern the more distant parts of
 21. the empire (I use a small e as I don't want to hurt them)
 22. from Ekhsset-erhál—as long as they lasted,
 23. who shrank with a shudder all over their persons
 24. from our terribly brutalised methods of warfare

25. (most freely acknowledged — by Frenchmen and Germans)
 26. blushed with shame at the burning of innocent homesteads
 27. which went off with a bang like a *bhislit-orphidoh*
 28. when it reached the best bedroom
 29. (mainly owing perhaps to a *lārgish-kalékshan*
 30. . . . of reserve ammunition, they'd forgotten to mention—
 31. intended, of course, for subsequent use on our
 32. (criminal) friends and our (erring) relations
 33. Not a word of their feelings.)
 34. Bit their lips and shed tears when
 35. the poor little mausers popped out in the gloaming
 36. from the family hay-loft
 37. they discovered a hero in every foeman, whatever his methods;
 38. . . it was really no wonder they felt such a
 39. brotherly feeling for like them
 40. he talked *little-English*!—
 41. bubbling over with sympathy exported wholesale
 42. most freely applied . . . but “externally only.”
 43. On the other hand gathered the opposite section
 44. who remembered a certain magnanimous action
 45. underneath Amajuba
 46. just like so much *paikh-rast*,
 47. and had not the smallest intention of trying
 48. the scriptural treatment again in that district,
 49. . . . declined to walk Yurup in a home-made and wholly gratuitous

50. *kóstyum* of *sákhlat*
 51. and *ashaz*.
 52. And Kamm-el-banraman the presence did notice
 53. of the usual festive collection of *misafils*
 54. —reserved for the genial head of their chieftain devoted
 55. —the time-honoured cat — fairly lately-lamented—
 56. the elderly egg of the struggling tradesman,
 57. *ārphabríkh*—these and other range-finding
 58. materials he noted, as he sat in the fire-zone.
 59. Then to himself did he say, “Now's the moment . . .
 60. . . . if I'm not much mistaken, to do something handsome
 61. . . . and share these attentions.
 62. I could spare the *arphbríkh* and he might get
 63. the *tábhi* projected by Labbi.”
 64. So he waved his *ambrhéla* with gesture expressive
 65. of cordial welcome to the Lord of Dhalméní
 66. indicating the ladder that led to the summit
 67. and started to sing *Phrizadj-óligud-phelar*
 68. But Harkat and Mhorli and several others
 69. the unalloyed Jordj and Sukót-avthagárdjan,
 70. and Labbi, Bhír-róbatz and other great statesmen
 71. said they'd wholly forgotten the words of the thing
 72. . . and besides were no singers . .
 73. . . . Not a rousing reception . . it will take
 74. some rehearsing.

E. T. R.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron confesses to having been somewhat puzzled as to whether RICHARD MARSH meant his novel *A Hero of Romance* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), to be a book for boys or for elders. The earlier part of it may recall to some readers the youthful adventures of little *Master David Copperfield*, of *Christopher Tadpole*, of *Stalky & Co.*, of *Little Nell*, and of the youthful *Oliver Twist*. Then, with just a flavour of *Jack* in it, chiefly because the scene changes to France, it becomes most decidedly a story for "grown-ups," written with considerable power. So, to classify it is somewhat difficult. The novel is always interesting, here and there amusing, occasionally sensational, yet, on the whole, somewhat unsatisfactory as leading to nothing in particular. Indeed, the Baron would not have been very much surprised had the young "hero" woke up, in his own bed at school, a better and a wiser boy in consequence of his experiences in the land of dreadful dreams. A book well worth reading.

A *Lifetime in South Africa* (SMITH, ELDER) is an opportune and valuable contribution to knowledge. Sir JOHN ROBINSON went out to the Cape in 1850, a boy of eleven. By sheer hard work and great capacity, guided by high purpose, he reached the proud position of First Premier of Natal. He served his apprenticeship to journalism, wherein he perfected an easy graphic style which makes it a pleasure to sit at his feet and learn how a British Colony grew from smallest beginning to the magnitude of Natal. A fighter all his life, Sir JOHN, in this retrospect of a long life, has not a spiteful thing to say of any with whom he has wrought or struggled. There are indications of conviction that Cape Colony is no better than it should be, but expression is carefully subdued. Coming to the war with the Transvaal, he puts the case in a couple of sentences. "Dutch Africanders forgot," he writes, "that the Republics owed every jot of their freedom to the generosity of Great Britain, and that in the Colonies they enjoyed perfect equality of right and privilege with their fellow citizens of British descent. They only remembered that in the Republics the Dutch were the dominant and ruling race, and that in the Colonies the Queen of England was the sovereign power." Sir JOHN shares with Mr. CONAN DOYLE that quality of the judicial mind that makes the latter's record of the war an important contribution to history. My Baronite notes from both impartial witnesses terrible indictment of whomsoever was responsible for British unpreparedness. On this point Sir JOHN ROBINSON writes:—"Had the ultimatum come a few weeks earlier, Natal would have been swept from the Drakenberg to Durban, and no one can say what the ultimate issue might have been."

Of Royal Blood (HUTCHINSON) is a finely-flavoured melodramatic tale. Mr. LE QUEUX has the privilege of admitting his readers into the very highest society, including not only kings, queens, and prime ministers, but queen's messengers in the diplomatic service. Also they learn how, at a particular epoch of recent date, Europe was on the verge of the greatest war of the century. This regrettable state of things was brought about by the frailty of a princess of the house of Hapsburg, who—not to put too fine a point upon it—pinched a despatch from Her Majesty's minister at Brussels to the Prime Minister in Downing Street. The general conduct of this lady consoles my Baronite in the reflection that his intimacy with princesses of royal blood is limited. She confesses her love for the English *attaché*, who tells the whole story. He would have married her, as *attachés* do. But when he comes to the point, he discovers that she is already married to a low-class scoundrel, who uses her as the instrument of his crimes. So like those Hapsburg!

If in doubt take both, is all that my Baronite can suggest to the bewildered boy who has to choose between two such good stories as HUME NISBET'S *Kings of the Sea* and *Hunting*

for Gold. The former, an exciting tale of the Spanish Main, always a first-rate place to go for excitement, and the latter deals with adventures in Klondike. Both equally fascinating, and as to sensational . . . Well! you'll see!

The reader must persevere to the end of CHRISTIAN LYS' book in order to unravel *The Mystery of Lady-Place*. However, this should prove no hardship, for the story is brightly written and the mystery has the good sense to remain a mystery almost to the end. "Almost" is a saving clause, as had the mystery been unsolved, the mystery would have been however the story came to be written.

Plenty of lively excitement in the *Dogs of War*, by EDGAR PICKERING, a well-told romantic story of the Great Civil War, with illustrations by LAUNCELOT SPEED.

Our boys will find no time for dull moments when following with breathless and absorbing interest the adventures of COLIN CASSELDEN in *A Chase Round the World*, ROBERT OVERTON. The above little lot from *Kings*, &c., to the last-mentioned, are published by WARNE & Co. "So now," as my juniorest Baronite wishes to say, "you're Warne'd."

Messrs. BLACK have issued a third edition of *Through Finland in Carts*, a fact that agreeably testifies to the attraction of the work. Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE has seized the opportunity of adding by way of appendix the CZAR'S Manifesto of February, last year, which suddenly, by a stroke of the pen, swept away the last vestiges of Finland's ancient independence. Mrs. TWEEDIE is a born traveller. She has health, strength, priceless capacity for making the best of things, a seeing eye and a lively pen. Favoured by exceptional opportunities, she saw the Finns not only in the streets and waterways but lived with them in their own houses, ate with them, drank with them and even tried their baths. She found the country primitive and picturesque, its inhabitants simple-hearted and hospitable. The quality of the picturesque she succeeds in importing to every page of her book, a valuable contribution to the history of what, to my Baronite, as doubtless to many others, was before hitherto a fabled land.

Now here is a genuine Christmas book, by our greatest Christmastide writer, CHARLES DICKENS, entitled *The Holly Tree* and *The Seven Poor Travellers*, with illustrations by C. E. BROCK (DENT & Co.). What genuine merriment in the writing! What true sentiment without much sentimentality! What a delightful story of the two baby elopers, and how admirably contrasted with it is the story of *Richard Doubledick*! To those who know it well, the Baron says, read it again and know it better; and to the younger generation who know nothing at all about it, the Baron says, get it and read it, or if you have on the premises an appreciative and capable reader, then make yourselves comfortable and cosy, gather round that person, and have this book read aloud to you from beginning to end.

Little readers must decide for themselves as to belief or disbelief in the real existence of MARIE OVERTON CORBIN and CHARLES BUXTON GOING'S *Urchins of the Sea* (LONGMAN, GREEN & Co.), but they cannot fail to enjoy their numerous adventures, which are most amusing, while the clever illustrations show what queer make-believe little creatures these *Urchins* were.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

FACTA NON "FLORA."—Ex-President KRUGER is in the position of *Calchas*, High Priest of Venus (a lovely part for him to play), in OFFENBACH'S *La Belle Hélène*, who, expecting substantial offerings at the shrine, and finding only bouquets, exclaims, "*Trop de fleurs! Trop de fleurs!*"

THOUGHT IN NOVEMBER.—"*Il y a toujours un Mais*"—a "*Mai*"—ah!—how we wish there were!

THE NEW SCHOOL.

["Professor BURNET has been elected examiner in the London School of Liberal Humaniores at Oxford."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.]

I HATED Euclid. When at John's
I disagreed with all the dons
About the *asinorum pons*—
Old crusted Tories,
Who could not see a single ray
Of proof in aught but Euclid's way,
O school of Liberal Huma-
-niores!

The Classics, too, were just as bad;
Greek proses all but drove me mad,
While HOMER shocked me with his sad
Improper stories.
And as for ARISTOPH—but stay!
The very name I blush to say,
O school of Liberal Huma-
-niores!

For history, no love had I;
Law seemed too dull and dry;
Nor did I ever dream of sci-
-entific glories.
For wider fields, for scenes more gay
My restless Pegasus did neigh,
O school of Liberal Huma-
-niores!

Ah! Had I heard of thee before
I feel—although I know no more
About the nature of thy lore
Than Japs or Maories—
I might have taken—who can say?—
A brilliant first—thy best B.A.,
O school of Liberal Huma-
-niores!

THE VERB TU BE.

(A Companion to the Verb "To Mote,"
conjugated by Mr. Punch, October 31st,
1896.)

PRESENT TENSE.

I tube.
Thou payest tuppence.
He Yerkes.
We get a hustle on.
Ye block the gangways.
They palm off 'bus-tickets.

IMPERFECT AND UNPROGRESSIVE TENSE.

I was tubbing.
Thou wast trying to shave.
He was cramming down his breakfast.
We were choking in the Underground,
Ye were imitating sardines.
They were using language.

FUTURE TENSE.

(So it is to be hoped.)

I shall tube.
Thou wilt breathe freely.
He will keep his cuffs clean.
We shall eschew 'busses.
Ye will live in Shepherd's Bush.
They will honeycomb London.

(NEARLY) PERFECT TENSE.

I have tubed.



THE RULING PASSION.

First Enthusiastic Golfer. "I SAY, WILL YOU PLAY ANOTHER ROUND WITH ME ON THURSDAY?"

Second Enthusiastic Golfer. "WELL, I'M BOOKED TO BE MARRIED ON THAT DAY—BUT IT CAN BE POSTPONED!"

Thou hast played the mole.
He has found his level.
We have sunk a shaft in the back-
garden.
Ye have made rabbit-holes.
They have turned sewer-rats.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

(Not yet arrived.)

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

(Nothing in London has ever been more
than perfect, except the telephone-muddle
and mess in the streets this month.)

SUBJUNCTIVE PRESENT.

I may tube.
Thou mayest go by boot, alias, walk.
He may whistle for a hansom.
We may get stuck.
Ye may spend the day underground.
They may never come up again.

SUBJUNCTIVE IMPERFECT.

I might tube.
Thou mightest float a company.
He might keep wild cats.
We might burrow *ad lib*.
Ye might borrow all round.
They might find themselves in Queer
Street.

IMPERATIVE.

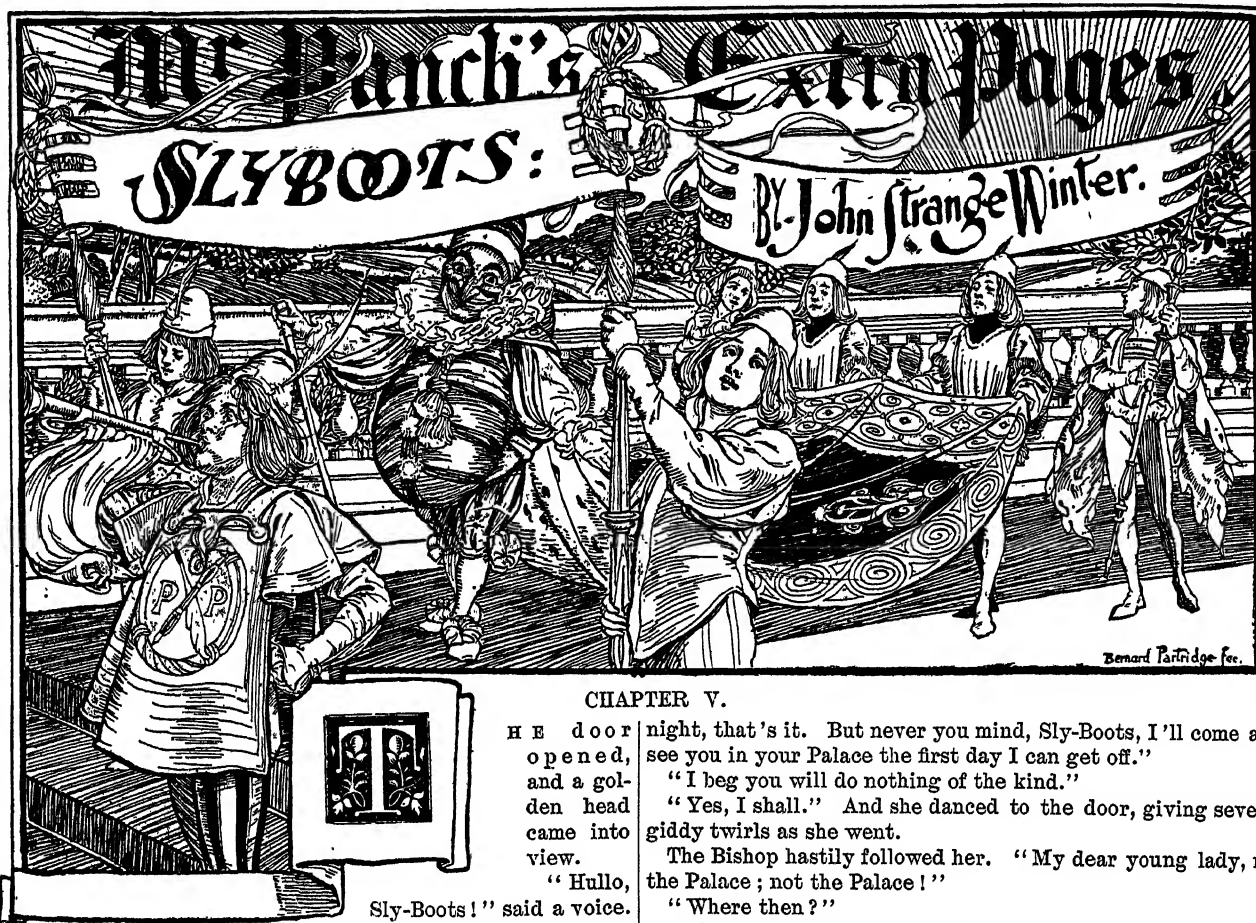
Tube thou.
Let him root (like a pig).
Let us grub, ere the Yankees come
along!
Bore away, ye cripples!
Let them tunnel, till they are black in
the face!

INFINITIVE.

Tu be.

PARTICIPLES.

Present: Tubing (miles of it).
Passive: (Home) tu bed.



CHAPTER V.

THE door opened, and a golden head came into view.

"Hullo,

Sly-Boots!" said a voice.

Here she was, back again!

The Bishop got up. He was a very tall and portly man, with a high aquiline nose, clean shaven, and a manner which implied benedictions. There was, however, no benediction about the Bishop that night.

Seeing that he was alone, **TRIXIE ARMITAGE** came into the room and shut the door behind her.

"Isn't **WILSON KING** horrid?" she said.

"Not at all."

"Oh! Don't you think so? So different from you! But he has turned you against me. Everybody is turned against me sooner or later, even you, Sly-Boots."

"You know," said the Bishop, with a tone of great dignity, "I don't think, young lady, that you ought to speak to me in that way. It isn't exactly pretty."

"Isn't it?" she said, smiling at him, and looking him straight in the eyes with her wonderful blue orbs. "I'm pretty though, aren't I? Now, don't you think, Bishop, that I'm the prettiest girl you ever saw?"

"I am no judge of these matters," said the Bishop.

"Aren't you? Oh! You do blow hot, blow cold, you do. Oh," giving him a quick dig in the ribs, "you are a Sly-Boots, you are! You know you are."

"This is really sad," said the Bishop, rubbing the palms of his hands together.

TRIXIE ARMITAGE was smiling straight at him. "It is, isn't it?" For the life of him the great churchman could not prevent the austerity of his dignified features from melting into a more kindly expression. "Now, you're beginning to laugh; you are, Sly-Boots! But I can't stop. I just came in for a minute—I saw **WILSON KING** go across the barrack yard—I just came in to tell you that I don't mind him. He's a horrid old thing, and jealous. That's why he spoiled our little game to-

night, that's it. But never you mind, Sly-Boots, I'll come and see you in your Palace the first day I can get off."

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind."

"Yes, I shall." And she danced to the door, giving several giddy twirls as she went.

The Bishop hastily followed her. "My dear young lady, not the Palace; not the Palace!"

"Where then?"

"Oh, well—I think not at all."

"You'd like to see me again, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you, Sly-Boots?"

"We may meet again."

"No, I shall come to the Palace—I shall come to the Palace. And, oh! it will be lovely. I've never been to the Bishop's Palace in my life. It will be an experience for me."

"My dear young lady, I entreat you, I implore you—"

"Well, if you don't meet me somewhere, I shall come to the Palace. Yes, I shall come, as sure as you are there; and, if they don't let me in—I see what's in your mind, you'll say you're out—but if they don't let me in when I come I shall tell the butler all about it. It will be a tit-bit of news for the butler, won't it?"

"I entreat you— Write to me. I will do anything rather than—"

"Rather than I should tell the butler. Oh, you are a Sly-Boots! I never met such a Sly-Boots. Are all Bishops like you?"

"By no means. This—"

"Eh? Don't they do this sort of thing? Are they all afraid of their butlers? Well, where shall we meet?"

"I will write to you."

"Oh, fix the place. **WILSON KING** will be back in a minute. Quick! Eh? Well, now, remember, if you don't come, I shall come straight to the Palace, and I shall tell the butler all I know—how you asked me to come back, and how you would put me up for the night, and all the rest of it. So, you had better come."

"Oh, I will come," said the Bishop in a tone of abject misery.

TRIXIE ARMITAGE came a step or two back from the door, and stood looking at him with her head on one side, like a

pretty bird. "I don't think, Bishop or no, Bishop, that it's exactly gallant to tell a young lady that you will come in that tone."

"I don't think," said the Bishop severely, "that it is at all like a young lady to threaten a Bishop with his butler."

"I didn't exactly threaten you," said TRIXIE ARMITAGE; "no, Sly-Boots, I didn't threaten. I only used a little persuasion to get my own way, and that, you know, is permissible to every woman." Then she edged a little nearer again. "I say, Bishop, you do like me, don't you, even if I have led you a bit of a dance?"

"I—I have had no opportunity——"

"How long does it take a Bishop to get to know people?" she asked. "Longer than other men? You're a fine, handsome man, but I never knew anyone (that didn't actually dislike me, you know) so awfully hard to get on with before. I suppose it's because you are a Bishop. There, I hear WILSON KING coming. No, no, no; I'll go out through his bedroom. It's all right. He won't see me."

She bolted into the bedroom and slammed the door just as WILSON KING entered the room from the corridor.

"So sorry to keep you waiting, Bishop. My fellow was not in the way just now, and I had to go round to the stables myself. The horses will be round in a minute or two. You'll have a whiskey-and-soda before you go?"

"Not a drop," said the Bishop, "not a drop." He felt that he had taken too much already. One glass of whiskey on the top of that excellent champagne would have undone him.

Five minutes later the Bishop was seated in his carriage and being driven across the barrack square.

In WILSON KING'S quarters, half-a-dozen excited officers were to be seen in paroxysms of laughter, and the middle one of the group was a young lady, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion.

"Gad, PARKER," said WILSON KING, "I never thought you would do it."

"Not do it!" cried the Babe, pulling his golden wig up on one side, with a very unfeminine gesture. "My dear chap, I used to play all the girls' parts both at Harrow and Sandhurst. There are advantages in having a voice like a woman and a skin like a rose-leaf, and poor old VERNON," stretching out his hand to his friend, "will as surely reap the benefit of them as we are all alive and kicking." And, then, he gave a kick of his fashionable skirts, disclosing some very masculine garments underneath.

CHAPTER VI.

It is almost impossible to describe the various phases of mental anguish which the Bishop went through during the next few days. He had never at any time had any great faith in the discretion of women, excepting, indeed, women of the type of his deceased spouse, who had been entirely of the domesticated order of the species.

A Bishop, you know, is not an idle man, and the Bishop of IDLEMINSTER had at that time a great many engagements in various parts of his diocese. The day following the memorable incident which had taken place in WILSON KING'S quarters, he had to go to a journey of some twenty miles, to re-open a newly restored church. On his return to his Palace he found a letter awaiting him from TRIXIE ARMITAGE. It was written on extremely thick paper, with a great gilt "B." in one corner, was delicately perfumed, and began:—

"DEAR SLY-BOOTS,—I want you to come and meet me the day after to-morrow, eleven o'clock in the morning, at the cathedral. Nobody will see you if you slip in behind the screen and into the aisle where the memorial to the Black Horse is. You said you liked me, didn't you? Be sure you come.

"Ever yours, "TRIXIE."

The Bishop's very blood ran cold. "Dear Sly-Boots"! To think that anything feminine and young and giddy and wicked should dare to address him, the Bishop of IDLEMINSTER, by any such name! To think that anything feminine should ask him to meet her in his own cathedral church, where he would have to slip round the screen and into the side aisle! The girl must be mad! He must put the letter into the fire immediately. But he didn't. On the contrary, he held it in his hand, and every now and again he passed it under his episcopal nose, to which its fragrant aroma ascended—well, like a savour which the Bishop had better have been without.

He was still sitting, cogitating, when MARGARET, his daughter, came suddenly in. "Oh, are you there, Father?"

The Bishop dropped the hand which held the letter, over the side of his armchair until it almost touched the floor.

"Yes, I came back a short time ago, my dear," he said, in his most pompous tones.

"What a nice smell there is," said MARGARET. "What is it? Are you scented, Father? Dear me, that's something new for you."

"No, my dear, no. These letters—some of them are perfumed. It's a dreadful habit," and he waved his hand as if to dismiss the subject. "Do you want anything, MARGARET?"

"Oh, yes, Father, a great many things," was her prompt reply. "I came here—to beg a little paper. That's all. I've run out of it. I'll take some of this. Yes, thank you so much."

She sighed as she went out, but she shut the door very gently and her voice had been free from anything like temper.

"A good girl, a very good girl," said the Bishop.

The question was, how was he to communicate with this young woman? He didn't like to write a letter which would in any way be a match for hers, and, yet, if he didn't write some kind of a letter, without doubt she would soon be at the door of the Palace, making revelations to the butler! So, still holding the perfumed missive in his left hand, he sat down at his writing-table and drew some notepaper towards him.

"The Bishop of IDLEMINSTER," he wrote, "much regrets that he is not able to conform with the arrangement made by Miss ARMITAGE, as he will be ten miles from Idleminster at the time indicated."

This missive he put into an envelope and addressed to "Miss BEATRICE ARMITAGE," then added the address given in her letter.

By return of post he received another communication.

"DEAR SLY-BOOTS," it said, "I think it was rather rude of you to answer a first-person letter in the third, particularly when the writer was a young lady. Don't Bishops have any manners? I am sorry you can't come. I suppose you have got a good many engagements of sorts. Meet me on Thursday in the Long Walk at six o'clock. I will be on the second seat by the river. You must keep this appointment. It is most urgent.

"Yours, "TRIXIE."

"This is dreadful," said the Bishop, "dreadful!"

Even the perfumed fragrance of the letter failed to please his senses as the first one had done. Meet her in the Long Walk, the favourite promenade of half Idleminster when they wished to get the air of the river under the shade of the over-spreading trees! Preposterous! And to call him rude! It wasn't rude. It was a legitimate and perfectly well-bred snub for the way in which she had addressed him. He determined, however, that she should not call him rude a second time, so once more he took up his pen and began to write.

"DEAR MISS ARMITAGE (he said)—I regret that you should have thought me rude in writing to you in the third person. It is my custom, unless to those with whom I am on terms of great intimacy. I really cannot meet you in the Long Walk to-morrow at six o'clock in the evening. Such a proceeding would be absolutely subversive of all decorum. If you had asked me to

your house, it would have been more possible to keep the appointment; but the Long Walk is out of the question.

"Yours faithfully, "W. IDLEMINSTER."

Now, when this missive reached its destination, I must say that those in the plot against the unfortunate Bishop laughed until their sides ached, and in the midst of the laughter down plumped the Babe at his writing-desk, and indited another scented missive to the Bishop.

"DEAR SLY-BOOTS (he wrote)—It's no good. I will not be put off. If you don't come to the Long Walk to-morrow, I shall go straight to the Palace, and I will split everything to the butler."

"You mustn't say 'split,'" said WILSON KING.

"Oh, no; neither must I. I'll write it again. I'll say, 'disclose' everything. Nice ladylike word 'disclose.' Now, I should say that when his Right Reverence gets that little *billet-doux* he'll be amenable to reason; so, VERNON, you must now do your part."

"What am I to do?" said VERNON.

"Have you seen Miss CHATFIELD?"

"I saw her this morning for a few minutes."

"Did you see her yesterday?"

"I did."

"Did she tell you anything about her father?"

"Well, she said he was very much worried about something—quite unlike himself, and she could not tell what was troubling him."

"You didn't tell her?"

"I? No, not a word."

"Well, now, look here," said the Babe, smoothing down his golden hair and stroking the place where there had never yet been a sign of a moustache, "when he gets this letter he'll be taken worse, and you must put Miss CHATFIELD up to this. Tell her to ask the Bishop what's troubling him, to confide in her; and you can just tell her enough about the escapade of the other night to put her on the scent. Don't give me away—don't say that TRIXIE ARMITAGE was masquerading. But, give her a hint that there was a girl here, and that her father is in a fix. Tell her that *you* are perfectly able to cook the young woman's goose at any moment. Give her to understand that you are the *only* one of the whole regiment who has that power and—See?"

"Well, I don't exactly," said VERNON.

"No? Well, if you have the power to make and keep TRIXIE ARMITAGE mum, you'll be a very valuable person for the Bishop, the most valuable son-in-law that he could possibly find anywhere. If you only tell her the story on the outside surface, she will fall into the trap and so will he, and in the end you will get your bride."

The upshot of all this plotting was that within a week the Bishop was a changed man. TRIXIE ARMITAGE had not yet appeared at the door of the Palace, and the butler was still unaware of his master's little slip in discretion. Many letters had passed between them, but the Bishop had not yet kept any appointment with the golden-haired little lady whom he had seen in WILSON KING's quarters. The affair, however, was beginning to tell on his nerves: his high episcopal nose was getting to look very gaunt, there were black shadows under his eyes, and there was a tremulousness about his whole person which was really very pathetic.

"Dear Father," said MARGARET, one evening when the Bishop had looked round with a start and a shiver at some slight sound in the corridor without the dining-room, "what is the matter? I don't understand you these last few days. You have seemed so distressed, and so unlike yourself. What is it, Father?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing."

"You know, Father," she went on, "they are saying very queer things about you?"

"Who are?" His face was a confession of guilt. "Who are saying queer things about me, and what sort of queer things?"

"Well, dear—would you rather I didn't tell you?"

"I would rather that you did."

"Something about the night you dined at the Barracks—a girl. I wouldn't ask, of course; but I was at Mrs. DE SAUMAREZ's to-day, and I heard some people talking about it in one of the conservatories. One of them said you were a sly dog. It seemed impossible to me that they could be talking of you; but they were, for I heard your name distinctly."

"MARGARET," said the Bishop, "there is a certain modicum of truth in the story. That night I did a most foolish thing. I have suffered the tortures of Hades ever since. This woman threatens me with all sorts of things. I will not repeat them to you. She has got me in a cleft stick, MARGARET, and if it goes on I shall have to give up my See."

"Give up your See? I never heard of such a thing! Why, Father, surely your character, your— Oh, it's absurd!"

"Perhaps it is absurd; but it is preying on my mind—it is breaking my heart. I feel like an outcast. I never had anything of this kind come into my life before. I feel like a pariah—like a leper. I'm a broken man, MARGARET."

The girl got up with an expression of infinite pity, and went round beside her father's chair. "Were the scented letters from her?" she asked.

"I believe so. Well, yes; they were."

"Ah! she must be a common sort of person. Ladies don't use that kind of note paper." She put her hand upon his shoulder, with a protecting touch. "Dear old dad," she said, "would you do anything to be free from her?"

"Anything, anything!"

"I met Mr. VERNON at Mrs. DE SAUMAREZ's to-day, and he, too, heard something of what was said. He told me that he would, if you wished it, get an undertaking from this person not to trouble you any more. She seems to be a mischievous creature, very ill-regulated but not really wicked, from all I hear. Mr. VERNON is the only one of all the officers who could get her to undertake never to approach you again."

"Do you think he could?"

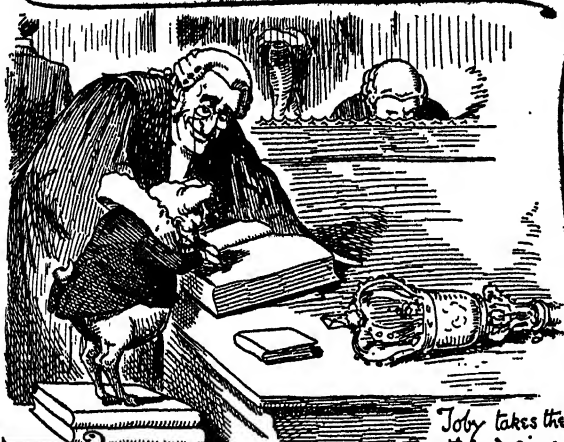
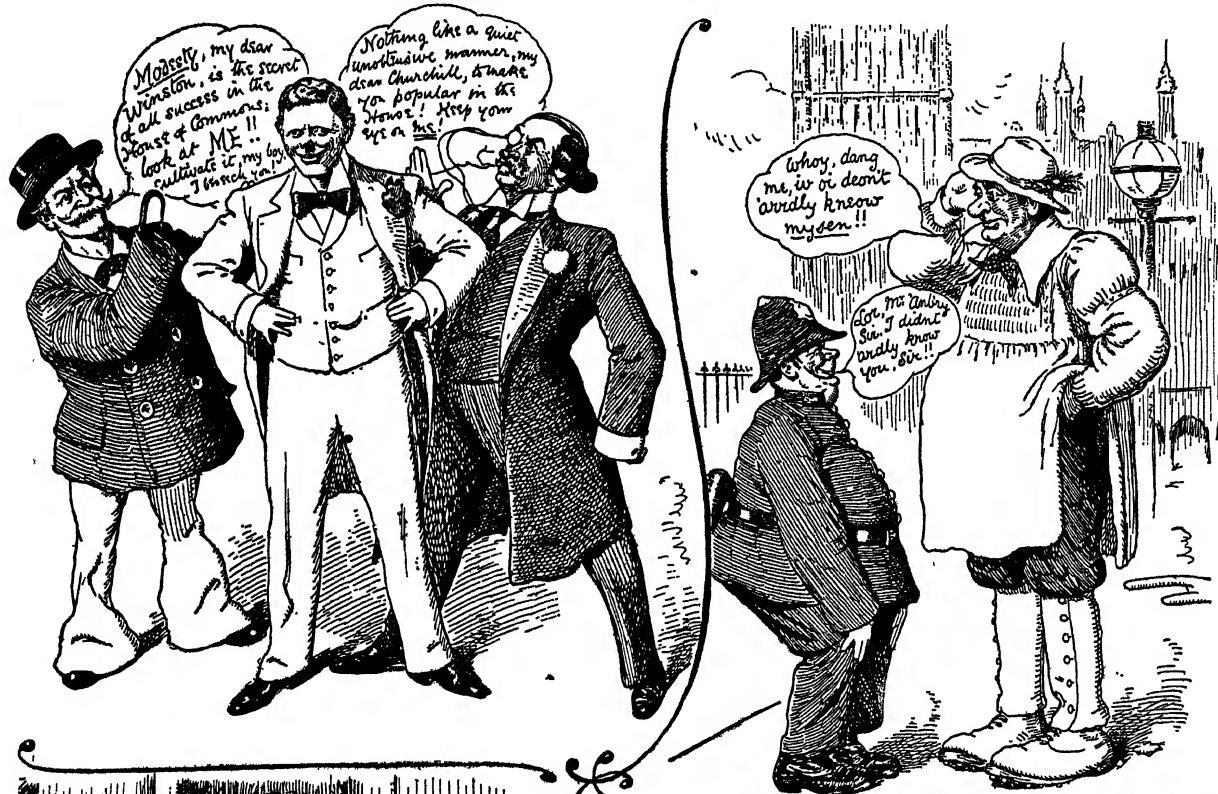
"I am sure of it; but I don't see how you could ask him to do you such a great favour when you were—so very hard."

The Bishop choked. "Were you fond of him, MEG?"

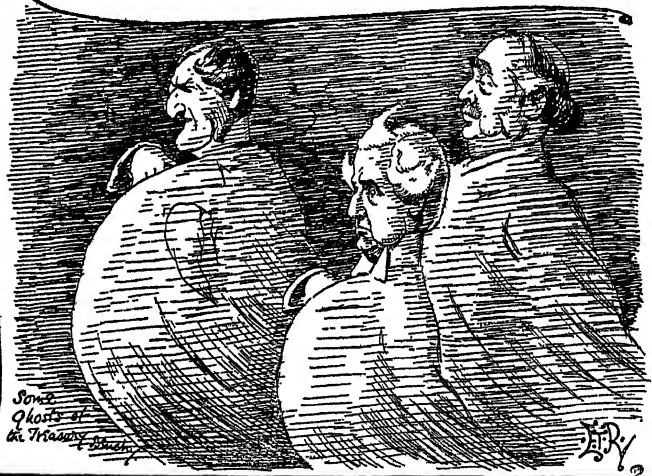
"Yes, Daddy, I was."

"Then, for Heaven's sake," said the Bishop, "go and ask him to do his best for me."

John George Wither.



Toby takes the oath and signs the Roll.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 3.—"The more it changes, the more it's the same thing," said PRINCE ARTHUR, looking round bustling scene on this, the opening day of Fifteenth Parliament of the QUEEN.

True in regard of general aspect. The same high spirits, the same boisterous greeting of old friends safe after shipwreck of General Election, the same ceremonial. But looking round, one notices many gaps and changes. Front Opposition Bench pretty much as it was. WILLIAM WOODALL, whose cheery presence

familiar there through many Sessions, comes again no more. He was a man who had friends on both sides. For the rest, Front Bench stands where it did, aglow with mutual love and responsive admiration.

Below gangway on same side, many changes, chiefly in Irish camp. WILLIAM O'BRIEN comes back, bringing his sheaves with him. On the way he has trampled down TIM HEALY'S friends. TIM himself, happily still to the front, may be counted upon to hold his own against whatever odds. Probability of some interesting incidents in that quarter of House as Session proceeds.

Most changes on Ministerial side. Shipping interest notably stricken.

DON CURRIE has put up his helm, and steamed away to his Highland home. P. & O. SUTHERLAND has paired with Castle-Union EVANS. A distinct loss this to character of House. P. & O. didn't often deliver set speech. When he did, always had something to say. Even when he was silent, his presence suffused benches below gangway with priceless air of responsibility and wisdom.

Corner seat, whence through the ages COURTNEY has been accustomed to rise and instruct mankind, to-day occupied by another.

"I wish," SAUNDERSON once said in Debate, "the Right Hon. Member for Bodmin were seated on the opposite side of the House. Then I might expect, when

Division bell rang, to find him voting in the same lobby with myself."

Most of all, Treasury Bench has suffered sea change. We shall not any more hear JOKIM luminously explaining Admiralty Estimates, or any other. He was one of the old school of Members, whose numbers thin as the years glide. Soon there will be none who sat in the epoch-making Parliament elected in 1868. Eloquent testimony to JOKIM's high character and honest purpose is borne by fact that, though like others he has migrated from one political camp to the other, he has never been the object of bitter personal attack.

Two of the most portly presences which in the last Parliament lent weight to Treasury Bench have been withdrawn. MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY has had enough of the Home Office, and HARRY CHAPLIN, yearning for personal freedom, has taken a back seat. Sark says T. W. RUSSELL has his eye upon him. T. W. (according to this authority) believes he can break up the Government within the space of three years. With HARRY CHAPLIN in alliance it might be done in two.

With characteristic modesty, HORACE PLUNKETT usually sat at remote end of Treasury Bench under shadow of Speaker's chair. He will therefore be missed from observation less prominently than others. But the manner of his cutting off will ever remain a slur upon the party of Law and Order in Ireland. A stock reproach they have levelled at their countrymen in Nationalist camp is that they were always ready to sacrifice national interests or party advantage to personal considerations. HORACE PLUNKETT is, by common consent, a man who has done more for the material advancement of Ireland than any other of his generation. Personally popular, esteemed in increased proportion as intimacy grew closer, he seemed of all men the most certain of retaining his seat. But he was *lié* with GERALD BALFOUR, and favoured his chivalrous scheme of killing Home Rule with kindness. Above all, with many highly connected but needy Unionists available, he inducted into comfortable salaried post a man simply on the ground that in the public interest he was the most suitable. So a Unionist seat was delivered over to the enemy, and a Member who personally had no enemy was stabbed in the back.

JESSE COLLINGS, bereft of the companionship of POWELL WILLIAMS, sits forlornly on Treasury Bench thinking of these things, and trying to remember how long after the Heavenly Twins were separated one lingered on the scene.

Business done.—New Parliament foregatherers.

"I'LL TALK TO YOU LIKE A DUTCH UNCLE."
—Oom PAUL at Marseilles.

THE SCIENTIFIC SERMON.

["The Monsterphone was used last Sunday in the church of St. Mary-at-Hill to represent a sermon delivered by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY."—*Daily Paper.*]

HAIL, Science, who with eager mind
Ever on the alert to find

Fresh fields for your researches,
Now deign our many faults to mend,
To hasten to our aid, and lend
Your presence to our churches.

Should organist his aid refuse,
The barrel-organ we can use
That any engine can turn;
And lesson from the mart or street
You show us, on a snow-white sheet
Cast by the magic lantern.

No longer need a curate crude
His thrice-repeated platitude
Sunday by Sunday dish up,
Since henceforth we from Monsterphones
May hear the wisdom—nay the tones
Of even an Archbishop.

So since for preaching, by your aid,
The cream of sermons is purveyed,
Of first-rate orthodoxy,
But one thing's left for you to do—
Invent some scheme by which I, too,
Can go to church by proxy.

MORT AUX TYRANS!

KRUGER VENGE! EXPÉDITION CONTRE LES
ANGLAIS. SOUSCRIPTION COLOSSALE.

LES misérables mercenaires de l'abominable Syndicat anglo-juif, qui n'ont pas encore vaincu les héroïques Boers, seront bientôt chassés du Transvaal. Tremblez, ignoble CHAMBERLAIN, infâme LOUBET, méprisable WALDECK! Enfin, Joë, dictateur de la perfide Albion, vous serez écrasé! Votre Syndicat de Trahison, votre rapacité, votre infamie, n'auront d'autre résultat que d'agrandir le pouvoir, déjà si vaste, de la presse nationaliste française, et de moi-même, HENRI TROPFORT.

Nous allons organiser une expédition de volontaires venant de tous les pays de l'Europe. Nous—c'est à dire la presse nationaliste française—nous ne quitterons pas la France. Nous recevrons chez nous les souscriptions de ceux qui aiment, comme nous les aimons, les vaillants Boers, et qui désirent témoigner leur sympathie en nous envoyant de l'argent pour les volontaires. C'est à nous de parler; c'est à ces derniers de se battre.

Cette expédition, organisée par nous et par nos confrères de la presse nationaliste universelle, ne doit pas échouer faute d'argent. Ce serait trop honteux. Pour payer les volontaires et les organisateurs, pour l'armement de navires, pour la nourriture, pour le transport, pour les munitions de guerre, il nous faut au moins un milliard. Quelques optimistes parmi nos amis ne demandent que 990

millions de francs. Ce n'est pas la peine de discuter l'utilité de ces dix millions, dont nous n'aurons pas besoin peut-être. C'est si peu de chose. En tous cas, nous pourrions offrir des épées d'honneur à tous les généraux, et un beau cadeau de noces, en diamants—et cela coûtera au moins un million—à la jeune reine de Hollande, adorée pour le moment par tous les anciens communards. Car c'est elle qui s'est montrée si bienveillante envers le vénérable KRUGER, le républicain huguenot adoré pour le moment par tous les royalistes et par tous les impérialistes de la France. PAUL et WILHELMINE, *Paul et Virginie*, quelle touchante ressemblance! Et quel parfum de poésie romanesque au milieu du tohu-bohu de la vie, comme l'odeur d'un bouquet de violettes dans une imprimerie!

Il nous faut donc un milliard. Voici la première liste de cette souscription colossale.

	Fr. c.
M. HENRI TROPFORT	10 0
Anonyme	15 0
M. ADOLPHE DURAND	3 0
Un lecteur assidu	0 50
Mme. DUPONT	2 50
M. van den VEELGLASSCHIEDAM de Hertogenbosch	2 0
Un ouvrier	0 30
Un jeune Français, âgé de quatre ans, ennemi acharné des tyrans britanniques	0 20
M. JULES DUBOIS	1 50
Un médecin-major en retraite	3 0
Un garçon de café (une <i>lira</i> , pièce italienne, valeur actuelle)	0 5
Cinquante étudiants, amis dévoués de l'héroïque président et de ses compatriotes invincibles, luttant contre les barbares d'Outre Manche. Vive KRUGER! Conspuez CHAMBERLAIN!	1 0

Total 39 5

HENRI TROPFORT.

A BIG POLL-TAX.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — I see that an American millionaire states he will give one million dollars to get the American flag planted at the North Pole. This sum—which I take to be the *parva figura poli*, mentioned ironically by OVID—would seem large enough to spur the flagging zeal of even the least patriotic of explorers. It sounds bombastic, but to the talker on this subject a degree of latitude may suitably be allowed—and in the upshot an allowance of several may be necessary. Polar exploration has always partaken of the nature of a nervous disease, and this phase of it is doubtless the arctic-dollareux. Yours Nansensically,

MARCO POLO.

A DIET DIARY.

Monday.—Most annoying; find that bread is so adulterated with poison that it is impossible to take it. Even toast is hurtful, and I can't eat biscuit. Cut them off.

Tuesday.—Article in the paper showing that sugar and butter are both hurtful to health. Well, sweets and flesh formers do not add to the elegance of one's figure! So cut them off.

Wednesday.—Never suspected meat before. Still, paper insists upon the harm of it. Better give it up. At any rate, it will lessen the burden of the butcher's book. Cut it off.

Thursday.—According to the papers, must not take milk or wine. Butter very bad for the system. So is wine. Well, cut them off.

Friday.—The paper again on diet. Seems fish is very injurious. Must not eat it if one is to keep well. Cut it off.

Saturday.—Papers again on the food war-path. Vegetarianism a great mistake. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink. Apparently all owing to the climate. May eat and drink safely in other climes. So cut myself off!

STEYN'S RESOLVE.

["To sell the Transvaal to the highest bidder."]

ADMIRABLE idea this. Only a few insignificant objections that we can see to the scheme, some of which we detail below:—

1. That the Transvaal is not Mr. STEYN's to sell.

2. How would the purchaser propose to take possession? Would he take the Transvaal away with him, or how?

3. Would the British troops, now occupying the Transvaal, be also included in the purchase, *i.e.* going with the territory, as one job lot?

And if all these petty objections were satisfactorily arranged for, would the faithful burghers be confiding enough to stand by, and sing little hymns, whilst Mr. STEYN put the purchase price in his pockets?

We merely throw out these ideas as possible impediments; but, after all, doubtless the sale could be effected—if only the purchaser could be found.

STUDIES IN SMALL ZOOLOGY.

THE BLACK BEETLE.

THIS Swarthy Insect is the Terror of the kitchen range. *Rien n'est sacré pour un escarbot!* as our volatile neighbours have it. He has no particular fancy in provender. Intoxicating liquor is as readily consumed by this truculent toper as is the lacteal product of the cow. Sugar and spice to him are nice, and he will stay his Gargantuan appetite as readily with fried bacon as with gooseberry tart. When in-



AT A LAWN MEET.

Son of the House. "Oh, MR. HUNTSMAN, OUR KEEPER HAS GOT SUCH A LOVELY FOX FOR YOU!"

Huntsman. "GLAD TO HEAR IT, SIR. WHERE SHALL WE FIND HIM?"

Son of the House. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS NOW; BUT I SAW HIM IN A BOX LAST NIGHT!"

ebriated, he is a painful object, and throws himself on his back with the readiness of a Hooligan resisting the persuasion of a police constable. When gorged with purloined viands, he selects the most comfortable corner of the fireplace and obliges his distant cousins, the crickets, to entertain him with minstrelsy.

He laughs at the means employed for extermination, knowing well that if a cat be foolish enough to devour him she herself will pay the penalty, while the traps invented by humanity to compass his death are looked upon as wholesome methods for thinning superfluous cousins. There is a fallacious idea that the

Hedgehog is partial to a diet of Black-beetles, but so little heed does the Pest pay to the Destroyer that he has been seen to ease his itching by rubbing himself on the spines of prickly porker.

The savage intractability of his temperament is shown by the fact that *nobody* has ever tamed a Black Beetle. Mice have comforted the solitary prisoner, spiders by their zeal have inspired heroes to great deeds, ants have stimulated the industry of mankind, and lizards and snakes have been enthralled by harmony, but the Black Beetle is absolutely void of utility. If pounded in a mortar he would not, despite his nigrous hue, make a decent substitute for boot-polish.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

XII.—THE GEORGE MEREDITH SECTION.

(Continued from November.)

19TH, 20TH.—“No Veuve like the Old Veuve,” he cried across the opal iridescence, bubbles winkingly discursive at brim; and was resiliently instant to retrieve the solecism, like the connoisseur he was of BACCHUS and the feminine. Was not this indeed the fair widow's first excursus into Epicuria since her husband's lapse to the underworld?

“Onions is off,” the waiter interposed, with sharp recall by Phateon—descent from ether to earth. She blushed a tempered rubicund. Should he retrospect for its meaning to the Veuve-solecism? Or did “onions” stand with her for an artificial excitative of the lachrymal, proper in tolerated widowhood tending to consolable? Opposing arguments paced out their duello distance divisive of his dear mind; “New widows are the best” confronted by “The time of tears and convention is over.” After all, was there so great difference? Let them embrace brotherly over boxed pistols to satisfaction of honour.

21ST TO 24TH.—

[Lines on the recent publication of *Bismarck's Love Letters*; after *The Nuptials of Attila*.]

This is he of the iron throat,
Bold at beer of Lager blend,
Stout to swallow, and never wince,
Twenty quarts or so on end;

My BISMARCK, O my BISMARCK.
He whose voice, a thunder peal,
Rang across the squadrons' thud,
Chirrup of stirrup, clank of steel,
Sabre on sabre, shock of lance,
Uhlan's lance on cuirass-plate;
Voice of the trumpet-blast of Fate
Smiting the flanks of Seine in flood,
Flood of the blood of the flower of France.

My BISMARCK, O my BISMARCK.

Strange to think he lived at home
In a human sort of way;
Never, with his lips afoam,
Felled the harmless patient cat;
Never actually sat
In a fit of brutal play
On his heir-apparent's head;
Never even pulled his ear;

My BISMARCK, O my BISMARCK.
Never brained the servant who
Made for him his daily bed;
Dealt in no domestic crime
Such as bigamy; merely wed
One wife only at a time!
Can it be we judged amiss
Of the Great in peace and war
As regards his private sphere?
Erred, in fact, in looking for
Stronger hero's stuff than this,

My BISMARCK, O my BISMARCK?

25TH, 26TH.—At midway of Eiffel Tower he alights, suspicious of elevators ascendant descendant; gazes a rapt disillusionment on Paris at her unpavilioning dispensive of borrowed vanities into pantechnica restive for the centrifugal.

Lately transilient of ocean, and now swathed in air something short of rarefied, he too craves surcease of vanities, content to secure a bullioned sanctuary on the firm of earth beyond torrid zone of artifice-acclaim, with leisure through veiling

smoke, not of the cannon's belching, to inform himself of uncaged guerillas rampant in remnancy on uppermost of kopjes; distracted to the minimum by apprehension of insults offered to well-fed derelict, cordoned, like the arch-enemy's wife she is, with luxury, and hebdomodally eloquent of incredible barbarisms.

27TH.—It is the same France, implacably woman to the eyes of her, dowered for farce-play with the eternal mutable. Yesterday conspuitive to the nauseous at mention of DREYFUS *redivive*; swooping in guise of massed Amazons of the line, javelins low at thigh-rest, on solitary appealing for only Truth and Justice with what of voice remained from Devil-Isle torture. To-day uproarious in fantastic serenade of Liberty under balcony of discredited tyrant heavy with spoil of the unenfranchised, mildly ruminant on Ignorance butchered, he away, to make his Dutchman's holiday.

28TH, 29TH.—Bronze-ardent with meridian suns,
Scent of Italia's flowers about his boots,
Behold the Ineluctable leap to land!
Still salt by briny converse with the fleet,
A tar in being. Dover's silent guns
A little irk him, hardened to salutes.
Behold him stand,
Brummagem-factured, monocoloed, aloof,
Unspoiled of admiration, envy-proof,
Intolerably self-complete:
Janus of war to ope or shut at will;
An orb of circumvolvent satellites,
Portentous past belief; of good and ill
Bodeful to measureless of mortal ken;
Now off the swung machine a bounding god,
And now the ditchward guide of blinded men.

So sees him Europe planted, she, at gaze;
Sees him that Britain Greater by his nod,
Addressed to undreamed acrobatic flights,
Bent to negotiate
The sundering bar of centuries both in blaze;
A salamander in asbestos-tights
Armoured against the igneous of Fate.

30TH.—A strange irruption of brute atavism, this gallery clamour of the Hooligan loud to extinguish the favourable of stalled Intelligence; percipient Judgment merged in the hoo of Premeditation. Not without reason was it recorded in the Pilgrim's Scrip: “*The last thing to be civilised by man is the gods.*”

O. S.

“AUTHOR! AUTHOR!”

THE old plan was to reserve publication of the Author's name until after the first performance of the piece. Up to that moment it was supposed to be a secret; at all events, if it was “a secret of PUNCHINELLO,” it was one that Signor PUNCHINELLO did not divulge. If a failure, no name was given. Failure, and oblivion. If a success, the manager stepped forward and “named” the author, who could then, if he so pleased, “bow his acknowledgments from his private box.”

Better return to the ancient plan, omit all official mention of the author until the play is over; then announce it. Let it appear on the next issue of programmes. No more booing; no more bowing.

NOT QUITE THE CORRECT WAY OF PUTTING IT.

“HULLO, old chap, been putting your room to rights, eh?”

“Yes—and now I'm just off to see old THINGUMMY—you know.” (*Puts on overcoat—then suddenly, as he regards his hands, which are none the cleaner for his having been engaged in dusting book-shelves and arranging library.*) “Bother! Well, I can't stop now—I must wash my hands on the road.”

“Hum! that operation won't make them much cleaner, eh?”



OOM PAUL'S DAY DREAM.

HOW HE SAW HIMSELF "ON THE SPREE!" "L'HOMME PROPOSE," BUT IT WASN'T TO BE. ["It is uncertain when Mr. Kruger will go to Berlin, or even whether he will go there at all."—Berlin Correspondent of "Times," December 1.]

Sandars. Dec 5 1900

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking career of Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.
Calcutta University.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SENSATIONAL DERBY STRUGGLE.

*Is it for sordid pelf that horses race?
Or can it be the glory that they go for?
Neither; they know the steed that shows best pace
Will get his flogging all the sooner over!*

Reflection at a Racecourse.—H. B. J.

THE Duchess, seeing that her plot was foiled by the unexpected arrival of Mr. BHOSH, made the frantic endeavour to hedge herself behind another bet of a million sterling to nothing that *Milky Way* was to come off conqueror—but in vain, since none of the welshers would concede such very long odds.

So, wrapping her features in the veil of feminine duplicity, she advanced swimmingly to meet Mr. BHOSH. "How lucky that you have arrived on the neck of time!" she said. "And you have ridden all the way from town? Tell me now, would not you and your dear horse like some refreshment after so tedious a journey?"

"Madam," said Mr. BHOSH, bowing to his saddle-bow, while his optics remained fixed upon the Duchess with a withering glare. "We are not taking any—from your hands!"

This crushing sarcasm totally abashed the Duchess, who perceived that he had penetrated her schemes and crept away in discomfiture.

After this incident *Milky Way* was subjected to the ordeal of trying her weight, which she passed with honours. For—very fortunately as it turned out—the twenty-four hours' starvation which she had endured as left luggage had reduced her to the prescribed number of *maunds*, which she would otherwise have infallibly exceeded, since Mr. BHOSH, being as yet a tyro in training Derby cracks, had allowed her to acquire a superfluous obesity.

Thus once more the machinations of the Duchess had only benefited the very individual they were intended to injure!

But it remained necessary to hire a practical jockey, since CADWALLADER PERKIN was still lamenting in dust and ashes at home, so Mr. BHOSH ran about from pillow to post endeavouring to borrow a rider for *Milky Way*.

Owing, probably, to the Duchess's artifices, he encountered nothing but refusals and pleas of previous engagement—until, at the end of the tether of his patience, he said: "Since my mare cannot compete in a riderless condition, I myself will assume command and steer her to victory!"

Upon which gallant speech the entire air became darkened by clouds of upthrown hats and shouts of "Bravo, BINDABUN!"

But upon this the pertinacious Duchess lodged the objection that he was not in correct toggery, and that, even if he still retained his tall hat, it would be contrary to etiquette to ride the Derby in a frock coat.

"Where are his racing colours?" she demanded.

"Here!" cried Mr. BHOSH, pulling forth the cream and sky-blue silken jacket and cap from his pockets, and, discarding his frock coat, he assumed the garb of a jockey in the twink of a jiffy.

"I protest," then cried the undaunted Duchess, "against such cruelty to animals as racing an overblown mare so soon after she has galloped from London!"

"Your stricture is just, O humane and distinguished lady," responded the judge, who had conceived a violent attachment to *Milky Way* and her owner, "and I will willingly postpone the

race for an hour or two until the horse has recovered her breeze."

"Quite unnecessary!" said BINDABUN. "My mare is not such a weakling as you imagine, and will be as fit as a flea after she has imbibed one or two champagne bottles."

And his prediction was literally fulfilled, for the champagne soon rendered *Milky Way* playful as a kitten. Mr. BHOSH ascended into his saddle; the other horses were drawn up in single rank; the starter brandished his flag—and the curtain rose on such a race as has, perhaps, never been equalled in the annals of the Derby.

The rival cracks were named as follows:—*Topsy Turvy*, *Poojah*, *Brandy Pawnee*, *Tiffin Bell*, *Tripod*, *Cui Bono*, *British Jurisprudence*, and *Rosy Smell*. The betting was even on the field.

Poojah was a large tall horse with a nude tail, but excessively nimble; *Tripod*, on the contrary, was a small cob of sluggish habits and needing to be constantly pricked; *Tiffin Bell* was a piebald of goodly proportions; and *Rosy Smell* was of same sex as *Milky Way*, though more vixenish in character.

Not long after the start Mr. BHOSH was chagrined to discover that he was all behindhand, and he almost despaired of overtaking any of his fore-runners. Moreover, he was already oppressed by painful soreness, due to so constantly coming in contact with the saddle during his ride from London—but "in for a penny, in for a pound of flesh," and he plodded on, and soon had the good luck to recapture some of his lost ground.

It was the old fabulous anecdote of the Hare and the Tortoise. First of all, *Topsy Turvy* was tripped up by a rabbit's hole; then *Rosy Smell* leaped the barrier and joined the spectators, while *Tripod* sprained his offside ankle. Gradually Mr. BHOSH passed *Brandy Pawnee*, *Cui Bono*, and *British Jurisprudence*, until, on arriving at Tottenham Court Corner, only *Tiffin Bell* and *Poojah* remained in the running.

Tiffin Bell became so discouraged by the near approach of *Milky Way* that he dwindled his pace to a paltry trot, so Mr. BHOSH was easily enabled to defeat him, after which by Cyclopean efforts he urged his mare until she and *Poojah* were cheek by jowl.

For some time it was the dingdong race between a hammer and tongs!

Still, as the quadrupeds ploughed their way on, *Poojah* churlishly refused to give place *aux dames*, and *Milky Way* began to drop to the rear. Seeing that she was utterly incompetent to accelerate her speed and therefore in imminent danger of being defeated, CHUNDER BINDABUN had the happy inspiration to make an appeal to the best feelings of the rival jockey, whose name was JUGGINS.

"JUGGINS!" he wheezed in an agonised whisper, "I am a poor native Indian, totally unpractised in Derby riding. Show me some magnanimous action, and allow *Milky Way* to take first prize, JUGGINS!"

But Mr. JUGGINS responded that he earnestly desired that *Poojah* should obtain said prize, and applied a rather severe whipsmack to his willing horse.

"My mare is the favourite, JUGGINS!" pleaded Mr. BHOSH. "By defeating her you will land yourself in the bad odour of the *oi polloi*. Have you considered that, JUGGINS?"

JUGGINS's only reply was to administer more whipsmacks, but CHUNDER BINDABUN persevered. "Consider my hard case, JUGGINS! If I am beaten, I lose both a *placens uxoris* and the pot of money. If, on the other hand, I come in first at the head of the winning pole I promise to share my entire fortune with you!"

Upon this, the kindhearted and venial equestrian relented, warmly protesting that he would rather be a *proxime accessit* and second fiddle than deprive another human being of all his earthly felicity, and accordingly he reined in his impetuous courser with such consummate skill that *Milky Way* forged ahead by the length of a nose.

Thus they galloped past the Grand Stand, and, as Mr. BHOSH gazed upwards and descried the elegant form of the Princess



District Visitor. "WELL, MRS. HODGES, GOING TO HAVE A CUP OF TEA?"
Mrs. Hodges. "OH NO, MISS; WE'RE JUST GOIN' TO 'AVE A WASH!"

VANOLIA standing upon the topmost roof, he was so exalted with jubilation that he elevated himself in his stirrups, and, waving his cap in a chivalrous salute, cried out: "Hip-hip-hip! I am ramping in!"

"Then," I hear the reader exclaim, "it is all over, and *Milky Way* is victorious."

Please, my honble friend, do not be so premature! I have not said that the race was over. There are still some yards to the judge's bench, and it is always on the racing cards that Poojah may prove the winner after all.

Such inquisitive curiosity shall be duly satisfied in the next chapter, which is also the last.

(To be concluded.)

WHAT WE MAY COME TO!

(A tubular tale for the times.)

I HAD come to the conclusion—as I usually do after a good dinner—that it was the best of all possible worlds, when the door opened and MOPPLES appeared. I gazed at him with sleepy irritation. "Yes?" "Post, Sir." "Put them down." MOPPLES did so, then softly vanished. I looked at the white pile lazily. Invitations,—bills—company prospectuses. Prospectuses nearly all the same—"Elec-

tric Tube." Deuce take the tube! I looked at the glowing fire. The prospectuses suffered a sudden illumination. Then I leant back in my chair and weighed the *pro's* and *con's* of smoking another cigar.

* * * * *

"Here we are, at London Bridge."

I started, and looked round. My old friend SMITH was staring out of the carriage window. As the train slowed down, I looked out also, and, to my surprise, saw fields and meadows on either side, and just a few picturesque looking chalets dotted about.

"Wouldn't think they were stations, would you?" said SMITH, following my gaze. "And, my dear chap, it's such a blessing going everywhere by electric tube—not to mention the peacefulness."

"But—the houses! Where do people live?" I inquired in stupefaction.

He regarded me pityingly.

"You've been so long abroad that you don't seem to realise the changes we've made. Why, everyone lives underground—except the extreme poor. You don't appreciate all that means. No fogs—splendid light, and pure air conveyed down shafts. No noise worth mentioning—the tremor and rumble you soon get used to. No dirt—think of that, at this

time of the year. No extremes of temperature. Why, it's simply grand!"

We got out of the train. We walked over a field, and then crossed a rustic bridge spanning the Thames. I looked at the ducks and waterlilies below.

"Yes," said SMITH, "there's some pleasure going on the Thames now that all navigation, except pleasure boats, is taken through the Thames Underground Canal."

We entered a Swiss chalet.

"Now," observed SMITH, "it's ten minutes from here to South Kensington by tube; three minutes by another tube to Fulham, then fifteen seconds in a lift to my house. Grand situation, 100 feet below the surface."

"Is every town in England like this?" I gasped.

"Well, Liverpool is old-fashioned still."

I fled, murmuring "Liverpool" in accents of feverish desperation.

"Are you going out to-night, Sir?"

"Liverpool," I muttered, struggling to a sitting posture.

"Beg pardon, Sir,"

"Eh—eh! Why, yes. Call a hansom. I'll take a drive—somewhere—anywhere!"

"Thank goodness!" I murmured, as I settled myself comfortably in the cab.

DRINKING SONG.

It is proposed to devote the profits of the *buvette* in the Paris Chamber of Deputies to relieve the necessities of ex-Deputies. Happy thought! Why not extend the principle to the House of Commons? Mr. Punch pictures M.P.'s carousing in the bar to the strains of their new drinking song:—

Come, boys, let us be merry,
For providence is vain,
Fill high your glass with sherry,
Fill high with dry champagne!
Broach bottle after bottle
Till not another spot 'll
Descend your swimming throttle,
Then, hey! begin again!

If any should reprove you
And dare to reprimand,
Let this reflection move you
To scout the preaching band:
The more you drink, the more, boys,
Will you be making store, boys,
For days when youth is o'er, boys,
And crabbed age at hand.

One used to hear of pensions
To bless the old and grey,
But no one ever mentions
These "simple schemes" to-day.
They will not help us, therefore
The matter we must care for
Alone, unaided: wherefore,
O waiter, more Tokay!

DEAN AND CHAPTER & CO.

"Anyone who wishes to sketch in the Cathedral will, besides furnishing a satisfactory reference, pay 2s. 6d. to the Fabric Fund for each day's leave. Photographers will usually be charged 5s. for each day.

"Each person desiring permission to go through the Cathedral without attendance will, besides furnishing a satisfactory reference, pay 2s. for such an order."—*Canterbury Cathedral Orders.*

SCENE—*Canterbury Cathedral.*

APPELLES. A VERGER.

Verger. 'Ere, Sir! Wot are you a-doin' of? Shut up that there sketch-book!

Apelles. What am I doing? I paint the temple, which in very truth is a stately pile; nor have I seen any nobler, not even in Athens.

Verger. But where's your horder?

Ap. What sayest thou? I do not understand.

Verger. Why, you can't come 'ere a-sketchin' without you gets a horder. Hartises we charges arf-a-crown a day.

Ap. Fellow, thou amazest me. I have not heard the like, no, not in all Hellas, nor amongst the barbarians whom I have visited. But I will go to the High Priest, and say to him, Father, I have journeyed many leagues that I might see thy temple—

Verger. 'Tain't no use, Sir. You can't get a horder not without you pays for it.



A MOUNTAINEERING INCIDENT.

Voice from above. "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE BE MORE CAREFUL, SMITH. REMEMBER, YOU'VE GOT THE WHISKEY!"

Ap. Then this is done with the consent of the High Priest?

Verger. By his horder, Sir.

Ap. And these long-haired youths whom I see busy in various parts of the temple—

Verger. They've all paid, Sir. There ain't no gettin' out of it.

Ap. Surely, in a strange manner your priests receive their guests! Tell me, fellow, dost thou not think that when strangers come wishing to honour their temple they should fling wide its doors and rejoice seeing them?

Verger. Between ourselves, Sir, they ain't sorry to 'ave the 'arf-crowns.

Ap. Then they rejoice, not reflecting on the honour that is done their temple, but because each painter pays them so many obols?

Verger. But you ain't paid me yet, Sir. We makes a small reduction if you comes by the week, or if you're a photographer—

Ap. The gods forbid! And if I may not draw a few lines unless I pay the obols, I will put up my tablets. Prithee, depart, fellow, that I may at least meditate undisturbed by thy mercenary prattle.

Verger. If you wants to meditate, you must fust find a satisfactory reference, and then pay two bob a day.

Ap. No, by Zeus, not an obol will I pay thee, for it is neither right nor seemly that the priests should take money from the stranger, who comes to worship in the temple of the gods, but rather with open arms they should receive him, saying: Friend, we rejoice that thou art come to the fair shrine in which we delight to serve, and we will gladly share with thee the many and wonderful glories which the gods have entrusted to our care. But thee especially, an artist, do we welcome, for thou of all men hast a seeing eye for beauty. Moreover, an artist created these stately columns, and these graceful arches Religion owes to Art; surely, then, we should ill-repay the debt if, with a churlish and niggard hand we thrust thee from the Sanctuary. Enter, my friend! Go whithersoever thou listest! Study at leisure this masterpiece of thy craft, that having meditated its beauties thou mayest haply repeat its triumphs, to the honour of thy noble calling, and the glory of the blessed gods.

REPLIES FOUND IN A TRAVELLING DESPATCH-BOX.

Post-mark, Paris.—So pleased you enjoyed your visit. Sorry you were not in time for the Exhibition. Quite desolated you had to leave so soon. Distressed I can do nothing in the matter of which you speak. Our army is magnificent, but is required elsewhere. So, let us cry, my dear friend, "Long live our Republics." Mine and yours—if you have one.

Post-mark, Berlin.—You are labouring under a mistake. The telegram of which you speak was sent years ago—under a misapprehension. No, not a single grenadier. Impossible.

Post-mark, Constantinople.—Deep sympathy. Yes, certainly; take the army, but you will have to find back pay. Their last instalment on account was ten years ago. Can you advance a million? Would take a fifteenth part. Might make a call. Could put you up comfortably with your bar gold to any amount.

Post-mark, London.—Of course; always ready for a popular turn. Afraid you would scarcely draw. Might be introduced with some knockabout people. But that would be hardly respectful, and might put you to personal inconvenience. Afraid, if you wouldn't suit us you would have even less chance with the Empire or the Alhambra.

Post-mark, Transvaal.—Yes, it is 'all very well for you with your treasure-chest to talk about patriotism, but when are you going to pay us what you owe us? You are a nice President!



"NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED."

THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFITTEST.

(See advertisement in any paper.)

I MEET him every morning, with unfailing regularity,
His smug detested features with my morning paper come,
His hopelessly plebeian nose—the essence of vulgarity—
His fatuously smiling mouth which happily is dumb.

I sit at breakfast hating him, and straightway comes a litany,
Of commination rising to my lips in wildest flood;
The toast is turned to leather; rancid grows the finest
Brittany;
The bacon's gutta-percha, and the fragrant coffee mud.

At evening—at that mystic hour when good digestion banishes,
All cares, all doubts, all trouble, from one's unperturbed
brain,

I take my evening paper, and, behold! all comfort vanishes,
For with his irritating smile my *bête noir's* there again.

I gaze upon his portrait with a paralysed repulsion, and
I read the horried symptoms of his pulmonary woe,
And how his precious life was saved by So-and-So's emulsion,
and
Anathemas I heap upon the head of So-and-So.

O So-and-So! I mutter. What mistaken ingenuity,
To manufacture drugs to keep such specimens alive!
This weed was never meant to grow—a sorry superfluity,
Whom all the laws of Nature had forbidden to survive.

"DEAR, dear," said a stout old lady, as she waddled along
to catch the train, "what a true saying it is—more waist, less
speed."

ALL ALIVE O!

HERE'S an advertisement from the *New York Herald*,
November 27th.

WANTED.—A LIVE MAN, an American
preferred, for permanent position.

Not much life in him if he is to be fixed up in a "permanent position" (of course, an upright man is what is wanted) for any length of time. He'll become a standing joke to his friends and acquaintances. Wouldn't a "dead-head" do as well? That depends upon what is expected of this live American in a permanent position. Perhaps "American" is preferred because accustomed to "fixins?"

"WALKER LONDON," as Mr. TOOLE used to say in *The Houseboat*. The name of WALKER, apart from its having long been used as an expression of incredulity, though now seldom heard in this connection, used to be inevitably associated with a useful dictionary, but now-a-days, especially at the approach of Christmastide, WALKER spells "Diary." Diaries of various sizes to suit various pockets, as well as to size as to expense, some specially ornamental, all useful. The only fault that, without being captious, one can find with the majority of these diaries issuing from The Walkeries of Warwick Lane is that the space allowed for making notes each day is too circumscribed. What will be entered on all these pages, now blank, by the end of the first year in the Twentieth Century? As the page, not in the Diary but in the Opera, sings, "*Qui vivra verra.*"

(IL)LEGAL MAXIM FOR THE LONDON EGG MARKET.—"Once a new-laid egg, always a new-laid egg."



Mrs. Smith. "THIS IS A VERY UNPLEASANT PIECE, DON'T YOU THINK? THERE'S CERTAINLY A GREAT DEAL TO BE DONE YET IN THE WAY OF ELEVATING THE STAGE."

Mr. Jones (who hasn't been able to get a glimpse of the Stage all the afternoon). "WELL—ER—IT WOULD COME TO MUCH THE SAME THING IF YOU LADIES WERE TO LOWER YOUR HATS!"

HINTS ON MAKING ONESELF THOROUGHLY OBJECTIONABLE.

III.—AT THE THEATRE.

THE plan of action to be followed by you will, necessarily, have to be adopted to the character of the entertainment. If it is a popular musical piece, you will, of course, loudly hum every melody that you know, beating time to it with one or both feet. In the case of a play with a strong dramatic interest, you should get your friend to assume, for the nonce, a very low standard of intelligence, which will prevent him from understanding the meaning of anything that is passing on the stage. He should ask you frequent questions about the motives of each character, and you will explain everything, with a wealth of detail. Something of this sort should be the result.

"Who is that last person who came on? Why, don't you see, she's the mother of the man on the box ottoman. No, he's not supposed to know it really. In the next act there's a scene, and it all comes out. What are they doing? He's trying

to get that young fellow, who's a cousin by marriage, to sign a paper. Why? Ah! that's part of the scheme the company promoter worked out in the first act. Don't you remember?" &c., &c.

Another plan, which may be tried when you are witnessing the performance of some really clever and brilliantly written piece, is to laugh persistently at the wrong places and to allow every smart line in the dialogue to pass unnoticed. Unfortunately, except on first nights, your behaviour will be identical with that of the greater part of the audience.

The above are a few of the more artistic methods of going to work; there are, however, others of a less subtle nature, which may suggest themselves to the student. Among these may be included the placing of your feet on the seat in front of you and gently wiping them on the occupant; the audible sucking of voice lozenges; and, lastly, a tendency, if you are some distance from the gangway, to leave your place after every act, and return when the curtain has risen on the next one.

The *matinée* hat is such an ancient and much discussed cause of annoyance, that I will not venture to touch upon it here.

P. G.

? J. L. WANKLYN ?

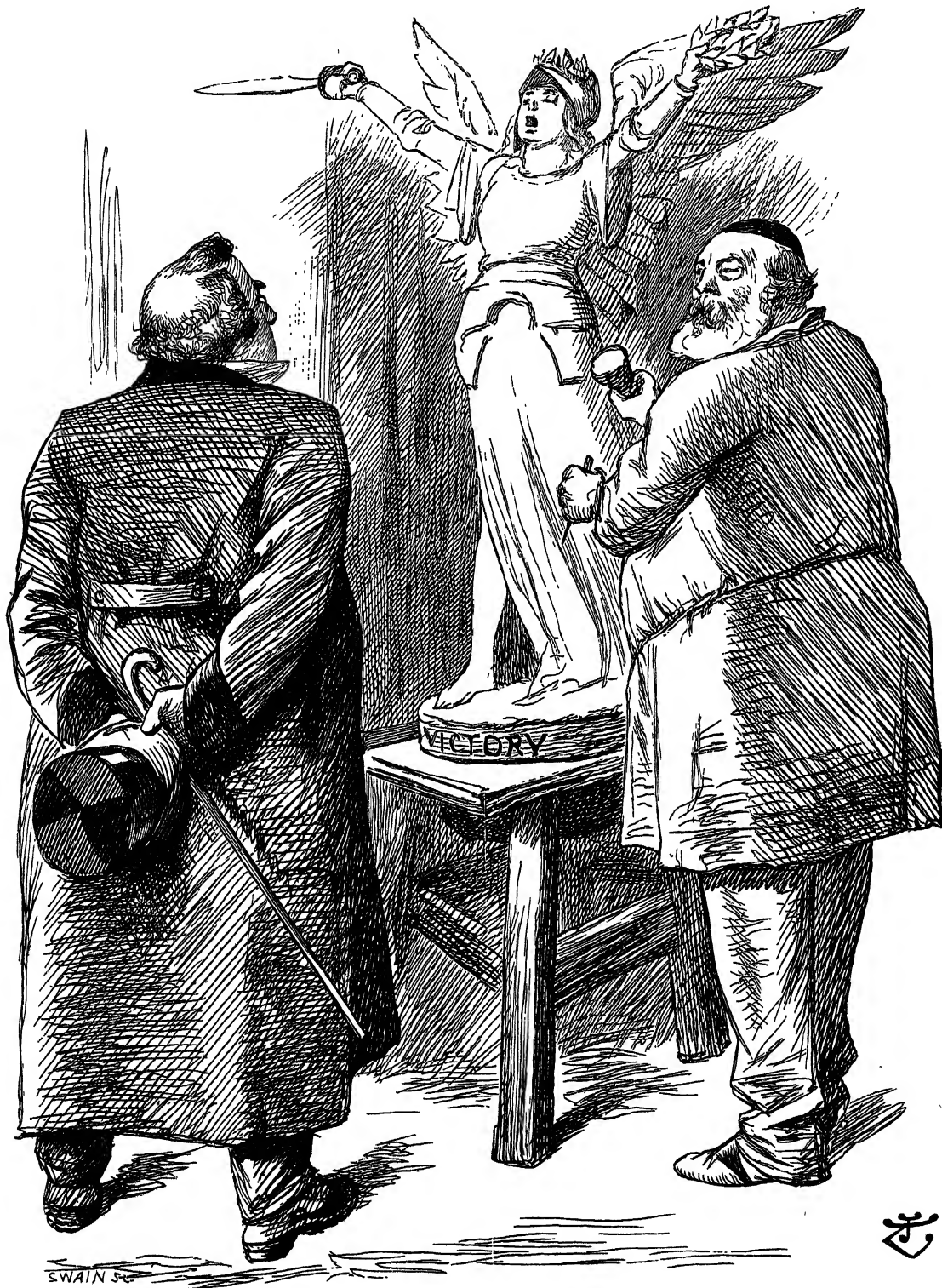
Don't tax a man with ignorance—the imputation rankles—Because he asks who WANKLYN is and why on earth he wankles.*

From Mr. Punch's Dictionary.

* WANKLE. *Transitive verb* : to patronize in a pushing and conceited manner; to wish to be noticed by someone, e.g. "I wankled Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who thanked me for my advice and protection." "We tried to wankle the Prince of WALES, but he simply wouldn't look at us."

Intransitive : to write pompous, unmeaning platitudes, e.g. "Nobody ever wankled as much as this windy fellow, who writes you a letter a mile long, with no more of meaning in it than there is of Sarsaparilla in a duck's egg."

To be fond of seeing one's name in the newspapers, e.g. "He was all his life one who wankled, and journals that placed his name in print were nor wanting."



MONEY NO OBJECT.

SCULPTOR S-L-SB-RY (at work on a statue of Victory). "I'M AFRAID, MR. BULL, I MUST TROUBLE YOU FOR SOMETHING ON ACCOUNT—THERE'S A LOT MORE WORK IN IT THAN I EXPECTED."



Jocular Chimney Sweep (to astounded Porter). "I SAY, PORTAH, PUT MY GOLF CLUBS IN THE GUARD'S VAN!"

SOLDIERS THREE.

THE Regular, the Militiaman, and the C. I. V. distinguished themselves equally. Perhaps the Regular was rather more at the immediate front than the other two, but the three equally distinguished themselves. Then, when the war was apparently about one half, or possibly three-quarters or even seven-eighths over, the C. I. V. was ordered home. Next came the Regular. The Militiaman stayed behind, not because he was much better than his two colleagues, but because he was accustomed to be treated as the Cinderella, or perhaps Cinderella's brother, of the service. So, when the Regular and the C. I. V. began to compare notes after their return home, the Militiaman was not in it.

"Well, comrade," said the Regular, "here's luck. We have both seen a pretty deal of fighting."

"There you are right," returned the C. I. V.; "but, I must say, the bulk of the fighting was done by you."

"Not at all," said the Regular. "We shared the campaign together."

"But I will tell you where we *did* have the pull of you," continued the C. I. V. "When you came back there was scarcely a crowd to speak of to see you."

"Well, there were not very many," admitted the Regular. "We got on easily enough."

"Quite so," exclaimed the C. I. V. in triumph. "But when we came home, there were such thousands and thousands of people to greet us, that we had to fight every inch of the way."

IN PRAISE OF A FASHIONABLE VIRTUE.

"It is not mine"—to use a phrase
Not quite my own (with me a rarity)—
To sing, as one who wears the bays,
High themes like Faith and Hope and
Charity:

To poach on Laureate fields of rhyme—
Not thus, my ALFRED, would I hurt you!
Has not the SHAKSPEARE of our time
First claim to sing each higher virtue?

Yet may the lesser virtues win
A verse from some poor lesser poet,
And fools have licence to chip in
Where modern SHAKSPEARES scorn to
"go it."

I, therefore, raise a feeble strain,
And sing as one who has a passion
To cultivate with might and main
A virtue which is "all the fashion."

'Tis one to exercise all day,
All night (or thereabouts) to dream on,
By such a course, I'm glad to say,
I daily overthrow the Demon! *

If, friends, I've roused to some small
pitch

Your curiosity—the fact is
That "*Patience* is a virtue," which
I recommend you all to practise!

* "The Demon" is one of the most popular and
difficult games of *Patience*.

PAGE FROM A FINANCIAL ROMANCE.

LOCKSHY entered the Usurers Company's office (Registered) and begged for a loan.

"Certainly," replied the official in answer to the application.

"And, of course, you know the law?"

"Perfectly," was the response, with a suggestion of a Venetian accent. "You must not charge more than a reasonable percentage, and you must be careful to avoid fraud."

"Well, how much do you want?"

"Why not a thousand pounds?"

"With pleasure; and we would propose to charge 3 per cent."

"Is not that perilously high?" suggested LOCKSHY. "But, there, if there is a subsequent quarrel the judge will put things to rights."

The money was handed over and the borrower signed the receipt.

"SHYLOCK!" exclaimed the official.

"Why, surely you called yourself LOCKSHY?"

"Merely the force of habit," exclaimed the borrower.

"And what will you do with the money?"

LOCKSHY smiled. Then he answered.

"I shall lend it out at interest abroad—at sixty per cent!"

And then both came to the conclusion there was no place like home—for money-lending.

TO LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

[“A Mr. WILLIAMS has been offering respectful apologies to Satan, for mentioning him in the same breath as Lord KITCHENER.”—*Daily Mail*.]

MY lord, throughout your promising career,
Full of events, both novel and exciting;
To casual observers it's been clear
That you have some ability for fighting.
Since first your youthful talents you applied,
You've risen up by regular gradations;
Which, I imagine, must have satisfied
The most exacting of your fond relations.
You are the proud possessor of a brain
(In your profession few can boast one wiser);
While the result of the Soudan campaign
Proved you the pattern of an organiser.
A man of iron, as your friends confess,
Your schemes are sound, your actions never slurred are;
You filled with indisputable success,
The hard position of Egyptian Sirdar.
Who that was present will forget the fuss
When, fresh from scenes a trifle grim and gory, a
“Special” conveyed you to the terminus,
And you were nearly mobbed outside Victoria.
“No nonsense,” is your motto, it would seem,
Even throughout this false and insincere age;
And since in war you showed yourself supreme,
In peace you had the offer of a Peerage.
But, stay! Although you've reached a giddy height,
Pray do not let these mere successes blind you;
Your claim to popularity is slight,
As Mr. WILLIAMS wishes to remind you.
He—in some passing madness, shall we say
(Perhaps a *lapsus lingue* would be more fair)?—
While he was arguing, the other day,
About your handling of guerilla warfare,
Knowing that you were one of those, no doubt,
Accustomed quite to moving *in excelsis*;
He, I repeat once more, while on the spout,
Coupled your lordly name with someone else's.
But, when the words were spoken, came remorse,
Soon he retracted his appreciation;
Fearing lest you should be puffed up, of course,
And get ideas too far above your station.
So, though with Boer slimness, it is true,
You have presumed to play “the very devil”;
You must not think that gentleman and you
Are both upon the same distinguished level.

P. G.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE *Cornhill* is always among the brightest of the magazines, dealing with an unflinching variety of interesting matter. Just now, its value is enhanced by the contributions of the head of the far-famed publishing house, SMITH, ELDER. Last month, Mr. GEORGE SMITH indulged the public with some reminiscences of the start of his firm in what was at the time the bye-path of book publishing. In the current issue he recalls the history of his dealings with CHARLOTTE BRONTË, resulting in dowering the world with *Jane Eyre*. The first offering from the remote Howorth parsonage was *The Professor*, which reached *Cornhill* bearing the scored-out addresses of three or four other publishers. It was not accepted; but, as CHARLOTTE BRONTË has herself told, it was declined, “so courteously, so considerably, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so

enlightened, that refusal cheered the author better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done.” The result of the correspondence was the production of *Jane Eyre*, which took the world by storm. Mr. SMITH adds many interesting particulars to common knowledge of this striking and attractive personality. These chapters of autobiography, of which my Baronite hopes there may be many, are written with a charm of style and a delicate reticence that suggest Mr. SMITH has, through half a century, mistaken his vocation. He has been publishing books instead of writing them.

Mr. CRANE has cleverly, in many respects, illustrated *Don Quixote*, as “retold by Judge PARRY” (BLACKIE & SON), but except where the colouring is sallow rarely has he given us the living presentment of the *Knight of La Mancha*. A florid Don won't do, a yellow-jaundiced Don isn't the man at all; a Don with anything like joviality expressed on his countenance is not the true Quixote. It is so adapted by Judge PARRY as to be intelligible as, perhaps, interesting to youthful readers; but this is a very big “perhaps,” as to the majority the Don is as one who “has left but the name.”

It is pleasant to learn, being creditable to the taste of the British public, that *Penelope's Experiences in Scotland*, published in 1898, is in its ninth edition. Messrs. GAY AND BRD celebrate the event by issuing it profusely illustrated with charming sketches by CHARLES E. BROCK. These are, in respect of originality of design, humour and drawing, far above the average of book illustrations. Mr. BROCK also illustrates, in the same delightful fashion, a companion volume, being *Penelope's English Experiences*. If anything could add to the value of KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S work (it's no business of my Baronite's, but he always wants to spare himself the Wiggin—KATE DOUGLAS is enough for him) it is the collaboration of Mr. BROCK.

There is great personal charm, says my Nautical Retainer, in *The Puppet Show* of MARIAN BOWER (CONSTABLE). It treats, in the main issue, of the theme of hereditary madness, the sacrifice entailed by an apprehension of this taint, and the apparently arbitrary conduct which comes of a resolve to hold the secret fast. If the hero is himself a little nebulous, there are characters, more than one, drawn with admirable observation; in particular, that of the man-hunting military adventuress. The author's types are varied and always nicely distinguished without recourse to the obviously abnormal. She handles her matter with a woman's fine intuition for delicacy of motive; but, at need, she has a man's strength in reserve. The book holds the fancy; and the conclusion, satisfactory in itself, still leaves us with speculation at play. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE CLEVERNESS OF THE CLEVER.

WHETHER in producing *The Wisdom of the Wise*, by “JOHN OLIVER HOBBS,” a comedy in three acts, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has proved himself one of those children of Wisdom of whom the Mother is justified, is a problem that the duration of the “run” alone can solve. So, though in one sense it is a “problem play,” yet is it after all but a simple comedy of character, not of action: and whatever interest there may be in the plot is aroused more by what the people say than by what they do. Probably it is a work that would read far better than it acts; probably, too, it might have been more effective in action had the excisionary power been in less lenient hands, and, at the same time, had the stage management been more stage-business-like. The first act, quiet as that of an ordinary French comedy, is pleasantly interesting; the second, the best written of the three, promises well throughout, has two telling situations in the vein of true comedy, and finishes amid plaudits. For the third act—well, as in the old “ARNOLD'S Latin Exercises” it was “*actum est de exercitu*,” so here is it with the play. “The essence of wit is surprise”; here the only surprise is that so sparkling a writer should have given

us so flat a finish. JOHN OLIVER's witty countryman, Mr. PHELPS, said, "Who never makes a mistake never makes anything," which epigram will encourage the author, and, if necessary, console the manager.

Miss M. TALBOT as Mrs. Lupton Miles, one of the Duchess's aunts, is very good, and Mr. VINCENT, as Bradgers, M.P., is capital in one of the best comedy scenes of the piece, sharing its honours with Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER and Mr. H. B. IRVING, who, by the way, except in the last act when the cynic he represents may be supposed to be in real earnest, is throughout excellent. It is difficult to decide what sort of character Miss JULIA OP is intended to portray. To the ingenuousness of Miss FAY DAVIS (she is the young Duchess) frequenters of the St. James's have become accustomed. Perhaps in the next piece, whatever it may be, Miss FAY will be allowed to "cut the *Juliets* and to come to the *Beatrices*." Miss GRANVILLE as the mischief-maker is so good that it is to be wished she had to make more mischief than is allotted to her by the *Wisdom of the Wise*. What is the *raison d'être* of the title? Where "the wisdom"? Who are "the wise"? Neither were in evidence on the first night, when, like Ajax defying the lightning, Mr. ALEXANDER flouted the unmannerly Boobers. Better leave these Boobers to take their "booze" outside. As you, Mr. Manager, silently smile up at them, you may adapt the lines of Lady WINCHILSEA to Pope, and remember that:

"Disarmed with so genteel an air,
The contest they'll give o'er!
So, ALEXANDER, have a care,
And shock the Gods no more!"

Good luck be with you, Mr. Manager and Actor, with your playhouse, and with JOHN OLIVER's play.

DOPING DECLINED.

I dope	We backed it
Thou triest doping	Ye laid against it
It was injected.	They got left.

DECEMBER.

(A Fragment.)

DECEMBER once again! and, oh, how soon the Century will have seen its final moon! Swiftly succeeding in an endless chase, the Nineteenth goes, the Twentieth takes its place. I might go on for ever striking attitudes, tickling the groundlings with such hoary platitudes, but being merciful I stop with this much: December's not a month that I should miss much. It is a month that brings, with much beside, the joys and noise and toys of Christmastide; its bills, its bells, its usual decorations, its waits, and all its other perturbations; but worse than bills and bells, than toys and noise, worse than its waits, it brings us home our boys. Behold them swarming from their various schools, released from books, from benches, and from rules. Bursting with health and mischievous as gnomes, they take by storm their fond ancestral homes, harry their sisters, whose long locks they knot up, and play all pranks that boyhood ever got up, until at length, the mirrors being shattered and all the furniture defaced and battered, the cook a ruin mid her broken crockery, the butler turned to nothing but a mockery—until at length a plethora of eating, more efficacious than the soundest beating, drives them in peaceful biliousness to bed, and rids awhile the household of its dread.

Now in the clubs the careful waiters show a new-born spirit, darting to and fro. Mostly as active as their dress can make them, and so impassive that no joke can shake them, see how, with more than usual agility, they now display a wonderful civility. From the New Year and on through dull November they do their willing duty by a member, bring him his daily meat, and beer, and cheese, and execute his orders at their ease. But now they smile, they buzz about his seat, rush for his beer and scurry for his meat, divine his words before he has



"WHAT ARE YOU READING, DORIE?"
"PAPA'S POEMS."
"BEEN NAUGHTY?"

addressed them, and know his wants before he has expressed them, nor fail to grieve (since waiters are but men) if, when he goes with dull, neglectful pen he leaves unmarked list—placed in full view it is—that shows the total of the Club's gratuities.

A VEGETARIAN CRUSADE.

The reign of vegetables is at hand; but we need a crusade to bring it in. Let noble verse be set to noble music for that end. In the following lines we glorify rice. That rice is superior to flesh meat is easily proved. Who would throw mutton chops at a newly-married couple? No, we all acknowledge that innocent rice is superior to mutton chops.

RICE.

Majestuoso.

A Mighty Theme is mine—'tis Rice.

How nice

Is rice!

How gentle and how very free from vice
Are those whose nourishment is mainly rice.
Far to the land of ayah and of syce,
Where peaceful peasants earn their humble pice,
There would I fly if I might have my "chice,"
And revel in the luxury of rice.

Allegretto.

Rice, rice,

Succulent rice!

Really it doesn't want thinking of twice.
The gambler would quickly abandon his dice,
The criminal classes be quiet as mice,
If carefully fed upon nothing but rice;

Yes, rice!

Beautiful rice,

What the heathen Chinees would call "velly fine lice."
All the wrong in the world would be right in a trice
If everyone fed upon nothing but rice.

Rice!



CHAPTER I.

N the Eastern border of Herne Bay, standing some way back from the sea,

there is—or was at the period of this story—a

small red-brick detached house, with the name St. Andrew's painted on the gate. Here Miss BIRD, formerly a governess, but preferring to reign over three sets of furnished apartments rather than to serve in splendour, and be snubbed by the butler, did very well for herself. She never took in families where there were babies; she kept two servants in the winter, and added a boy for boots and knives during the season; she objected to vulgarity, and she charged high. Her lodgers saw her but once a day, in the morning, when she appeared, rather well modelled on a lady housekeeper that she had known in her last situation, received the programme for the day, and never said "Sir" or "Ma'am." The rest of the day she worked in dim, remote regions; there she looked a little like a cook, and—which was more important—cooked like one. The house was plainly and very comfortably furnished, and free from the vice of over-decoration so common in the worse sea-side lodging-houses and the better London drawing-rooms. Not in one of the sitting-rooms did "The Soul's Awakening," or "An English Merry-making in the Olden Time," exercise its familiar influence; not in one of the bed-rooms did a minatory text shout at you from above the wash-stand. It was a decent house, where the silver and the glass were bright, and the linen was good and clean. It had an excellent bath-room, and no sea-view at all.

As a rule, in the winter Miss BIRD came up to the surface and breathed. She would live a life of cultured leisure, occupying the ground-floor set herself, reading the best of the novels from TUPPER'S Library, occasionally strolling on "the front," if the weather permitted. She loved to sit in the chief seats at any entertainment that might be given at the Town Hall. She even had a few discreet friendships, though she drew the line, very properly, at anyone who kept lodgings. But she never touched the cottage piano in her drawing-room set; in

her governess days she had taught the piano. When spring came, and brought visitors with it, like a black satin mermaid who had seen enough of the upper world she sank gracefully into the basement again.

This year, for reasons which will shortly appear, Miss BIRD subsided early in February. At ten in the morning a young man in blue serge stood in the ground-floor sitting-room, with his back to the fire, watching the tall and severe maid remove the breakfast things while he rolled his cigarette. The critics said he had a beautiful soul; he also had a misfit face, good in parts, and dark hair, and his name was JULIUS POYNT. At the moment, he seemed a little out of temper.

"I heard the footstep above of course," he was saying, "but I never dreamed that the drawing-room floor could be let. I supposed the rooms were being cleaned, or aired, or something of that kind. At Herne Bay, in February, I did think I could have the place to myself. What else did I come for? Is it an old lady?"

"No, Sir. Very young; she has her maid with her."

"Sings of course."

"Sometimes, Sir."

"Well, there's no help for it. The set at the top is not comfortable, but I must change. I must ask Miss BIRD—"

The austere maid nearly smiled. "I fear, Sir," she said, "that the other set is also let—has been let since Christmas. Miss BIRD has never known such a thing in her experience before."

"Another lady?"

"No, Sir; a gentleman has them, a Mr. HERWOOD."

"Well," said JULIUS POYNT in despair, "I must speak to Miss BIRD about it."

Miss BIRD, usually a woman of resource, could only say she was sorry. If Mr. POYNT had told her, when he wired to engage the rooms, that he did not want them if the rest of the house was occupied she would have informed him. It was very unusual for any visitors to be at Herne Bay at that time of the year. Probably all the other lodgings in the place were vacant, if Mr. POYNT would like— But Mr. POYNT did not like; he supposed he must make the best of it. He only hoped he would see nothing of the other lodgers.

He acquiesced so readily, from an appreciation of the hopelessness of trying to make his desire for complete withdrawal

from his kind in any way intelligible to an ex-governess mind, which is for the ordinary purposes of life the most commonplace mind in the world after that of a minor poet. Besides, he had some regard for his own comfort, and if he left Miss BIRD he knew that he might search long before he found a landlady to suit him so well.

On the afternoon before, on his arrival, he had made a survey of Herne Bay and had found it just what he wanted. He had gone out towards the Reculvers, along the cliffs. A succession of heavy rains, snow, hard frost, thaw, and frost again, had made the scene almost romantic in its desolation. Down the brown crumbling cliffs were frozen cascades, rigid and greenish-yellow. Amid the bushes at the base were ice-bound pools; and yet never had one boy with one brick come to profane the solitude and test the skating prospects. The whole scene vividly recalled the Swiss Alps to one who, like JULIUS POYNT, had never been there. Behind him a deserted bungalow complained from many frantic notice-boards to deaf and bitter winds. JULIUS turned and walked back along the sea-front, and still he found everywhere the same note. The white bathing-machines huddled together as if for warmth. Here the shutterless restaurant of Signor CHIANTINO made no secret that it was closed until the season. JULIUS put up his single eye-glass (every JULIUS wears a single eye-glass), and looked through into the interior. There were the glass jars for sweetmeats, empty now; in the middle of the shop, where once the festive holiday-maker took his lemon-water ice, the ebonized, cane-seated chairs were piled together symmetrically. CHIANTINO had gone to the sunny south; he would return with the swallows maybe; in a restaurant-keeper that would not be inappropriate. One or two of the better hotels made a brave show of spread tables near the ground-floor windows, but no one sat there. The mitre-folded napkins and ruby wine-glasses seemed almost pathetic to JULIUS in their useless declaration of what it was impossible to believe; it was like some poor devil shamming a competence to avoid charity. A sportsman on the beach, lonely and local, was missing the sea-birds, and then sending an annoyed and perplexed retriever into the water to fetch them out. The new pier was open, and there was no one on it. Further west, the old and ruined pier was being slowly eaten by the icy sea, under a grey snow-laden sky.

The whole scene had been just what JULIUS POYNT wanted; he had congratulated himself on having chosen this place for his escape. This atmosphere of death-in-life was peculiarly suited to his needs. He was flying from something that has been the ruin of many even of the greatest, something of which he was afraid. He wished to cut himself off from the sight and hearing of all old friends, or even acquaintances, for a while; he was afraid to talk to any of them. He had been placed in a position where he no longer trusted himself; he was going through an ordeal that for many men that he knew had proved too hard. The atmosphere of Herne Bay helped him. You will understand that, as soon as you know what the ordeal was. And if he did fail in some small respect, there would be no witnesses of it. People in Herne Bay either did not read that part of their daily paper, or would consider the name a coincidence. POYNT was not an outrageously uncommon name, and he had suppressed the JULIUS; Miss BIRD only had the initial.

And now there were people staying in the house who might be thrown in his way. He could dodge the girl all right, but there was nothing to stop that fool of a man from thinking it a friendly act to scrape acquaintance with him. POYNT could almost imagine him saying that it seemed absurd that they should both sit in solitude every night, seeing that they lived in the same house. Then, sooner or later, would come the question: "I wonder, by the way, if you are related to the JULIUS POYNT who——" It would be hateful.

Many persons of a nervous temperament find, when annoyed, a great difficulty in keeping still in one place. POYNT had a nervous temperament. He put on his hat and went out. Once

more he walked towards the Reculvers, but this time he went along the beach. The tide was far out. I wish now that I had not said that, because you may expect that tide to come in and cut him off; and it did not do that.

It was necessary for him to get control over his own thoughts. There was one subject that haunted him; and that subject he was not to think about. Laboriously he turned his mind to some work that he had planned for the future, meditating and recasting. At that moment a Tam o' Shanter hit him in the face.

CHAPTER II.

Looking upward, he saw on the edge of the cliff a young lady without a hat. The Tam o' Shanter had a feather in it; there was a strong wind blowing. He made deductions, and the young girl proved them to be correct by calling to him.

"I'm so sorry. That's mine; the wind blew it off. Would you mind keeping it a moment while I climb down?"

"Don't come down," he called. "I'll bring it up to you."

The cliff was low, and presented no difficulties. In a minute he was standing by her side, and wishing that he dared put up his eye-glass in order to see her better. She did not seem to be more than twenty; she had an air of vitality and great self-confidence; she was pretty, and the cold wind had obliged her with a most charming colour.

"Thank you so much. I am sorry to have given you the trouble. And—indeed, that is not the only apology I owe you."

"It was no trouble at all. I'm afraid I don't understand the second apology."

"Only that I'm sorry that my rooms are over yours, Mr. POYNT, since that annoys you so much. But it's not all my fault; I came first."

"How on earth——" he began.

She smiled wistfully. "It's quite simple. You talked to ANNA, Miss BIRD's servant; ANNA talked to my maid, WATERS; WATERS talked to me. And—— But I need not say that now."

"I'm distressed that what I said was repeated to you. Give me at least a chance to explain. May I walk a few steps with you? It is too cold for standing still. All that I said reflected not on you, but me. I do not wish to bore you with more of my private affairs than I can help, but at present I am—well—distrusting my own weakness in the circumstances in which I am placed. Frankly, I wanted to hide myself until I felt I had recovered my nerve and my sense of proportion. Other men have gone through what I am going through, and made no fuss at all. I despise my weakness, but at least I recognise it. I don't know if you understand."

"Not in the least. It would be less interesting if I did. But of course you were bound to be interesting."

"You don't know who I am?" he asked with sudden terror.

"No; I only know your name, and that you have come to Herne Bay in the depth of winter. It is for the latter reason that I know you must be interesting—if not in yourself, by virtue of your circumstances. It could not possibly happen otherwise; it is impossible to come here in the winter, when the town is dead and the sea is cold, for a commonplace reason."

"Then you——" He paused.

"Certainly; it was no commonplace reason that brought and keeps me here. Nor is it so with Mr. HEREWOOD, the man whose rooms you wanted so as not to hear me singing overhead. But I must not keep you; you want to go and hide."

"I shall not believe you understand and forgive, Miss—ah, I don't know your name."

"You may read it; it's not pretty enough to say." She gave him her card. It bore the name Miss JANE SMITH. He put up his eye-glass to read the card, and did not drop it again. Yes, she was most abominably beautiful, and he felt more than ever anxious to be forgiven.

"I shall not believe you understand," he resumed, and she interrupted him.

"But I don't understand, and have said so. It does not

matter, because you may explain, perhaps, later. At least Mr. HEREWOOD did, and I don't suppose that your motives for secrecy can be as strong as his. You may come a little further, if that's what you were going to ask. Shall I tell you about Mr. HEREWOOD?"

"Do, please," said JULIUS, who so far had taken no interest in the second-floor man, and now was beginning to dislike him.

"He is very tall, and has a very broad chest, and looks like a Viking. You ought to see him; but we shan't this morning, because I have shut him up in his rooms."

"Shut him up?"

"Yes, that's what it comes to. I left my little terrier Vixen asleep on the mat outside my door, and he dare not come past her. Much less dare he ring and ask to have her moved for him. So we shan't see him. The reason which brings him here is magnificent, and I wish I could tell you it. Can you keep a secret?"

"Certainly."

"Are you a man with many prejudices?"

"Singularly few."

"Then I will tell you. Mr. HEREWOOD's a criminal—steeped in crime. You can have no conception of the things he's done. If the police knew he was here, they would be down on him in a moment; and he says it would be a lifer. Isn't it nice?"

"Nice? It's perfectly appalling! Really, Miss SMITH, ought you to—"

"Oh, it's all right. He's not here on business now. He's resting. Besides, he's a very educated man; he says that they have to be in his profession now-a-days. His conversation is perfectly enthralling; he has so many stories to tell of darkdeeds in which he has been the leader. He likes burglary best, and says that the revolver is the burglar's best friend. But he can make counterfeit coin as well."

"I'll remember that," said POYNT, "in case he looks in and asks me to oblige him with change."

"You would be quite safe," said Miss SMITH. "When he's resting he never does anything professional. The other day we went into Canterbury by omnibus, and he pointed out to me a big old house, where he knows there is any amount of silver plate. He said it was only a one-man job, and that he could clear it all out any night; but that he did not dream of touching it while he was resting."

"It's queer," said JULIUS, "that a desperado like that should be nervous with dogs."

"With cows too; he gets over a gate until they are past, when he meets them in the road. Oh, yes! And he wouldn't climb up the cliff, as you did; I had to go down to him. I thought—"

She broke off abruptly, walked a little quicker, and looked annoyed with herself. At the same time, there was a flicker of checked humour in her eye. There was a moment's silence, and then JULIUS asked drily:

"And when was it that Mr. HEREWOOD wouldn't climb the cliff?"

"Never mind. Well, it was the other time that my Tam o' Shanter blew off."

"Oh!"

Again a short silence, and then Miss SMITH spoke with some impetuosity. "I know what you think, of course. You think two things, one right and one wrong. You are right in believing that I took the only way to make his acquaintance and yours intentionally. But you are wrong as to my motive. I can only tell you—and it is perfectly true—that I should have been just as eager to make the acquaintance if you had both been women. I wish you had, for then I should not have had to throw myself open to a misconception that would never have occurred to the mind of a woman if she had been a man. It is not for nothing that one takes lodgings in Herne Bay in February; it means romance somewhere. I have been wearied with commonplace all my days, but when I tell you that I thirst for romance,

I do not want you to think that I am hunting a vulgar flirtation like a shop-girl on her Sunday out. I loathe any conventional unconventionality."

JULIUS POYNT assured her that he had not thought any of the things that, as a matter of fact, he had thought. He could hardly have done less.

"I may add," she said, "that I was glad to gather from your rather enigmatic explanations, that you are here seeking refuge from some affair of the heart, and that, therefore, you will be as little disposed as I am to—stupidity. I like to talk to people who are even a little out of the groove; that's the whole explanation. As for your story, I don't want to be curious. Whether you tell it to me or not will depend entirely—" She broke off suddenly.

"Entirely on myself," said JULIUS, finishing the sentence for her.

"Not at all. It will entirely depend on me. I thought I ought to warn you of that. Thanks for saving my Tam o' Shanter; I am not rich, and could not have afforded to lose it. Good-bye."

She turned away, and went skimming down the slope of the cliff. JULIUS wondered whether he, or she, or HEREWOOD, or all of them, were mad. He was particularly perplexed by her astonishing and needless allusion to her poverty in her last sentence. And he did not believe in the poverty either.

CHAPTER III.

ON the following morning, after breakfast, Miss BIRD entered the sitting-room occupied by Miss JANE SMITH, and discussed the question of luncheon and dinner with her, Miss BIRD providing the knowledge and Miss SMITH the enthusiasm. When that was arranged, Miss SMITH said:

"I should be glad if you would sit down for a moment, Miss BIRD. I want to ask your advice."

Miss BIRD seemed surprised, and sat down.

"I want to ask you," Miss SMITH continued, "if there would be any impropriety in my asking Mr. HEREWOOD and Mr. POYNT to take tea with me here this afternoon."

Miss BIRD did not hesitate. "To my mind there would be the appearance of it. You perhaps think me too strict?"

"Not in the least. I only ask you, since I believe you to be a lady of great tact. If you will, help me to devise some means by which I can have this little tea-party without that appearance. There must be conditions which, if they were strictly observed, would put things all right."

If you wish to please a man, let him believe that you think him unusually courageous; if you wish to please a woman, say that she has tact; if you want to flatter a school-master, tell him he is very sarcastic, which will probably be untrue.

It pleased Miss BIRD to be accused of tact. She at once took an interest in the projected festivity. After thought, she produced the following conditions:

1. That the tea shall begin at five and conclude at six precisely.

2. That at no time shall Miss SMITH be in the room alone with either of the two gentlemen, WATERS being instructed so to regulate her presence in the sitting-room as to avoid this.

3. That no round games of any kind shall be played. (Miss BIRD was particularly strong on this condition, and apparently had reminiscences; she seemed rather surprised that no opposition was offered.)

4. That Miss BIRD's maid, ANNA, shall be instructed to enter the room three times during the hour without knocking, and at irregular intervals; and that, to prevent the appearance of espionage, she shall, on the first occasion, ask if anything more is required, and on the second make up the fire, and on the third bring in a letter.

Under those conditions Miss BIRD held that the tea could be given with her entire approval, and without the least risk of compromise.

(Continued in our next.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 3.

—High Comedy at T. R. Westminster.

Mr. GULLY running up to town for a few days thought he would go out for a stroll after early lunch. Crossing Palace Yard observed signs of unwonted bustle in approaches to House of Commons. Place shut up more than four months ago.

Difficulty about dress. Through two Parliaments Mr. GULLY been accustomed to make his entrance in state, clad in wig and gown, the mace going before, the train bearer following after; Mr. Inspector HORSLEY, his hand fiercely feeling for a lethal weapon, crying aloud, "Hats off, strangers!" The whole thing being accidental, unforeseen, dress must be excused. The late SPEAKER, disguised in morning dress, quietly entered; found

FERGUSON down; MILMAN up again mutely dabbling with forefinger in direction of FARQUHARSON. Spell works again; the good Doctor on his feet. He, at least, seems to have had some inkling of what was forward. Brings his prescription out of his pocket. Can't read it. Fears he's forgotten his *pince-nez*. No; there they are under his left armpit. Extracts them by surgical operation; fits them feverishly on his nose. They fall off. Wetting his thumb, the Doctor turns over a new leaf of his prescription. Made another assault on *pince-nez*; action resisted by their tumbling off again. More thumb wetting; fresh leaf turned; mixture as before. House heartily cheered; Doctor not waiting for other fee sat down.

Irrepressible Clerk up again. More dabbling with forefinger, which, to perturbed eye of new Members, seemed to swell visibly and grow more rigid by exercise. Mr. GULLY blushing, finding himself Speaker-Elect, entered into spirit of thing; acknowledged honour done him in thrice electing him to Chair. FERGUSON, crossing House, led him thither. FARQUHARSON brought up rear, tugging at his shirt-cuffs and showing signs of disposition to entertain Speaker-Elect with friendly conversation on the march. PRINCE ARTHUR voiced sentiments of House in welcoming Mr. GULLY back to his high estate. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN gave last exquisite touch to the comedy.

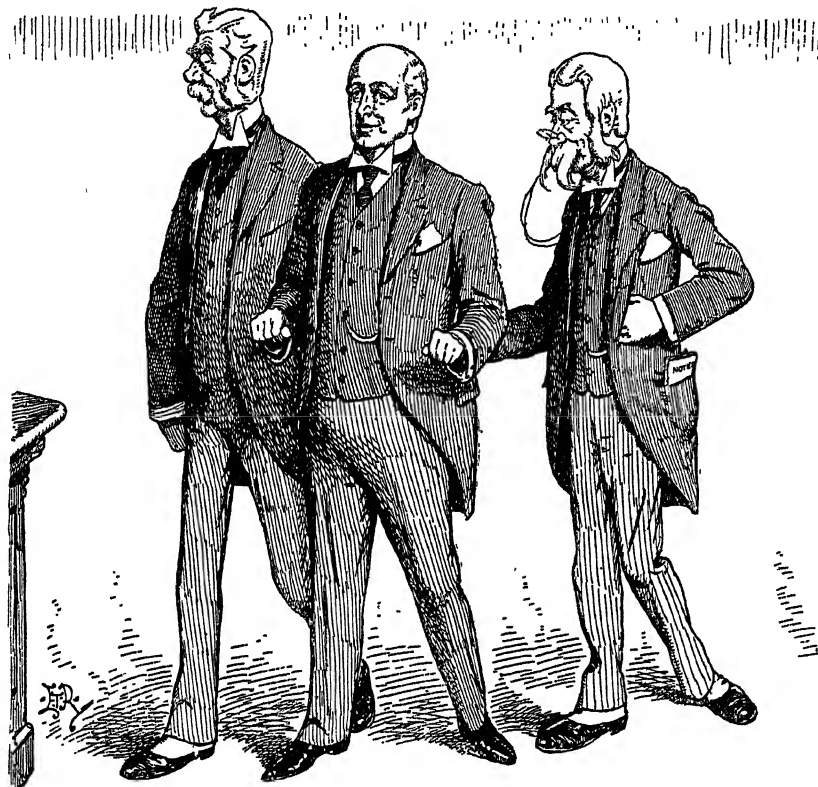
"I should wish," he said, looking up and down Front Opposition Bench with twinkling eye that took in JOHN MORLEY, seated at end, SQUIRE of MALWOOD unconsciously, by force of habit, dropped into the Leader's seat, EDWARD GREY and HENRY FOWLER, "to express on behalf of those for whom I am specially entitled to speak—"

Thus did Mr. GULLY, going out for a morning stroll, bring himself up in the SPEAKER's chair. The sustained charm of the thing was its unexpectedness.

Business done.—Mr. WHITTINGTON COURT GULLY, thrice SPEAKER of the House of Commons.

Tuesday.—Our army may have sworn terribly in Flanders. Nothing to what our House of Commons did to-day. Began shortly after two, finished at four; one protracted swear. Brief interval whilst Speaker-Elect went over to House of Lords, humbly submitting himself for Her Majesty's gracious approval. Nothing could exceed affability of LORD CHANCELLOR. Separated by full length of almost empty House, he could not pat SPEAKER on shoulder or shake him by the hand. Nodded in friendliest way as he assured him that Her Majesty thought so well of him that "she does most readily approve and confirm you as SPEAKER."

An old saying, give a man an inch and



THE RT. HON. WILLIAM CAUGHT GULLY!

Sir James Fergusson and Dr. Fergusson "inducing" Mr. Speaker.

Prorogation gazetted. No one, least of all PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ, then thinking of anything beyond ordinary procedure of meeting again in February. Something evidently up now. In no hurry; Mr. GULLY might as well see what it was. Found door open. Remembered Mr. WEMMICK's proceeding on his wedding day. Happening to take walk with Miss SKIFFINS on his arm, Mr. JAGGERS' confidential clerk chanced to pass a church.

"Hallo!" said he to Miss SKIFFINS, "here's a church. Let's go in and get married."

Went in accordingly. By rare luck found a parson waiting ready to read marriage service. Another stroke of luck; Mr. WEMMICK had a ring in his pocket! Finally, there were witnesses ready to sign the register. That was Mr. WEMMICK's pleasant way of doing things.

"Hallo!" said Mr. GULLY to himself, "here's the House of Commons open. Let's go in and look round."

House filled with bustling throng; his chair empty, though clerks wigged and gowned sat in usual place at table.

Keeping up joke, Mr. GULLY dropped into corner seat of third bench above gangway on Opposition side. New Members coming back from House of Lords hustled him on their way to take their seats, wondering who he was for whom nothing less than a corner seat would serve.

Presently became aware of something the matter with the Clerk at the Table. On his feet, with outstretched hand and stiffened forefinger making cabalistic signs in direction of Sir JAMES FERGUSON. Mr. MILMAN, everyone was sorry to know, been ill lately. Could this be temporary return of delirium? Obedient to spell, FERGUSON slowly rose: began a speech. Mr. GULLY never so surprised in his life. Speech all about him, proposing his re-election as SPEAKER. If he'd only known he would have put on his best clothes.

he'll take an ell. The SPEAKER, feeling himself on safe ground, proceeded to claim what he called "the ancient and undoubted rights and privileges of the Commons." That momentarily made bad impression; noting this SPEAKER added, "As to myself, I humbly pray, that if in the discharge of my duty, I should inadvertently fall into any error the blame may be imputed to me alone and not to Her Majesty's most faithful Commons."

Murmur of applause from crowd at back of SPEAKER. Some of the new Members moved to tears by this magnanimity.

"Just like him," one said to another.

As for LORD CHANCELLOR, his suddenly roused resentment subsided. With reference to the claim of alleged rights and privileges he, on behalf of Her Majesty, cautiously admitted "all which have ever been granted to or conferred upon the Commons by any of her Royal predecessors."

Having in this non-committal fashion disposed of what might have proved a troublesome point, LORD CHANCELLOR'S ascetic visage positively beamed with benevolence as he assured the SPEAKER that "Her Majesty will ever place the most favourable construction upon your words and actions."

The SPEAKER, not trusting himself to make reply, hereupon withdrew. Everyone agreed that nothing could have gone more nicely than the whole thing.

Business done.—Members swearin' like anything.

Thursday.—Everyone delighted with C.-B. on Address; a strong debating speech glowing with humour. Should have permanent effect of desirable kind, if it induces C.-B. habitually to let himself go. In an ordinary way he is much too good for House of Commons daily food. As SARK says, the House likes a spice of devilry in a man, especially in a leader. CAV-
MELL is too good-natured, BANNERMAN too genial, for his place. Encourages smaller fry to swarm.

He holds high position, to which he was called by unanimous vote of the Party. Nothing to gain, everything in the way of personal sacrifice to suffer, by acceptance of Leadership. Has been abominably treated by sections of his own Party. Have traded on his imperturbable good temper, his love of peace at almost any price.

If he would only turn and rend somebody it would be the making of him. No need actually to steep his hands in human gore. His speech to-night shewed—not for first time, but with supreme force—with what bland delicacy he can insert the point of a rapier under the fifth rib of an adversary. OLD MORALITY once plaintively admitted that there was foundation for the charge brought against him from his own side, that he "had no go." That there's plenty of go in C.-B.



Ll-yd G-rge and the Dragon!

appears from this fine fighting speech. Hope he'll "go" on.

Business done.—Address moved.

Friday.—DON JOSÉ explained scheme for the pacification of South Africa. To begin with, fell like oil on troubled waters. But you never know what turn House may take next.

Business done.—Still on Address.

GENERAL MERCIER AND THE LLAAMS.

It is rumoured that a deputation of the League of Liberals Against Aggression and Militarism called upon General MERCIER in Paris the other day, and that the following conversation took place, the Llaams finding some difficulty at first in obtaining admission.

The General. Ce sont des reporters anglais, qui désirent m'interviewer? Jamais de la vie!

His Secretary. Non, mon Général. Ce sont des Nationalistes anglais, amis des Boers?

Gen. Des Anglais amis des Boers? Quelle idée! Tiens, je veux voir ces animaux-là. Faites entrer.

Leading Llaam. Bong jour, General.

Gen. Ah, vous parlez français. Mon secrétaire parle anglais. Comme ça nous allons nous entendre à merveille.

L. L. Nous avong vou dong les journals que vous, General MERCIER, avez ounne plan à invader—

Gen. Évader?

L. L. To invader.

Sec. Envahir.

L. L. Ongvahir noter pai—

Gen. Paix?

L. L. Our country.

Sec. Notre pays.

L. L. Noter payee. Vous n'avez pas dit quoi voter plan est, mais nous sommes sûrs que vous avez étouidié le question de le invasion—

Gen. Parfaitement. C'est tout ce qu'il y a de plus simple. Je ne connais pas l'Angleterre, mais j'ai vu sur les cartes une ville qui s'appelle—comment ça?

Sec. Brie-je-tonne.

Gen. C'est ça. Eh bien, nous débarquons à Briejetonne, où se trouvent deux grandes jetées très commodés, et pas un seul canon. Nos espions ont vu tout ça. De ces jetées, des bateaux font tous les jours des excursions en mer. Il y en a qui font la traversée jusqu'à Boulogne. Voilà notre affaire. Un certain jour des bateaux, remplis de simples voyageurs Cook—soldats français en bourgeois—arriveront aux jetées de Briejetonne. Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait. Les jetées sont prises, la ville, sans canons ni soldats, est prise, plusieurs corps d'armée débarquent, et l'Angleterre est vaincue. Je n'y serai pas. Je ne supporte pas le mal de mer. Je dirigerai les opérations de l'Ély—je veux dire, du Ministère de la Guerre. Ce jour-là, messieurs, vos amis les Boers seront vengés.

L. L. (to other Llaams). He spoke so fast I could hardly catch what he said. But he meant they were getting together cannon and soldiers at Boulogne and another French town I never heard of, called something like Breechertonn. (To General.) Nous sommes très beaucoup obligés pour voter explanation. Seulement nous avong venou ici à dire à vous que le aggression et le militarism ne sont pas droits. Nous somme le League—

Gen. Précisément, messieurs, vous êtes membres d'une Ligue patriotique, comme nous en avons en France, pour renverser le gouvernement actuel.

L. L. Le League contre le Aggression—

Gen. L'agression de qui? De l'armée anglaise? Vous aimez les Boers, n'est-ce pas? En France nous les aimons pas, à vrai dire, mais ça sert à embêter ce gouvernement de pékins.

L. L. Nous n'aimong pas le gouvern-mong de Pekin, parceque il est militaire—

Gen. Hein?

L. L. Field-Marshal WALDERSEE—

Gen. Ah, bah! Le Prussien. Diable!

L. L. Mais cela n'est pas noter business pour le momong.

Sec. "Tack care off—ah, non!—minds your on business," comme disent les Anglais. En français, "Les affaires."

L. L. Le affaire—

Gen. L'Affaire! Sapristi! Vous êtes dreyfusards anglais? Ah, sacré, sacré—

Sec. Pardon, mon Général. Ce monsieur parle de ses affaires en Angleterre.

Gen. Ah, vous en avez, des Affaires, chez vous! Des Syndicats, hein?

Sec. Pardon, mon Général, de la raison d'être de cette ligne.

L. L. Oui, oui. Le League de Libéraux contre le Aggression et le Militarism. Et nous voulong, vous voulong—Oh I can't say all this in French. (Very loudly and distinctly.) What we came to say is this. We always love the enemy, but, if you try to land in our country, we won't stand it. We will even resist. We will all take our umbrellas, and, like the Private Secretary, we have heard people

speak of in some sort of drama, we will
"give you a good knock."

Sec. Ils ont dit ça. "Secrétaire intime"
et "frapper."

Gen. Assassins! (*Draws his sword*).

[*Exeunt Llaams hastily*].

H. D. B.

PEOPLE TO BE AVOIDED.

LADIES walking arm-in-arm three abreast
down Regent Street on a fine afternoon.

The blind men armed with clubs in the
same locality.

Short persons with umbrellas which
they try to pass over the heads of pedestrians six feet in height.

Horny-handed sons of toil who bring
huge baskets of tools and bushels of honest filth into 'buses, tram-cars, and railway carriages.

The actor-manager who is going to try
"the most startling drama ever written"
at a suburban theatre.

The leading lady in "the most startling
drama ever written."

The politician who ought to have got
office "in the rottenest Ministry for half
a century."

The government clerk who requests
you to make your enquiry about a lost,
perhaps dead, relative in writing.

The lady at the post office who is giving
the description of a "sweet costume" to
sister *employée*.

The enthusiast who wants to bet on a
football match.

The composer who has just written a
violin piece (Op. XXXIX., Vol. 103) in
the style of VAGNEROVSKI.

The barrister who always knows the
last "good thing" uttered by Mr. Justice JAWKER.

The card-player who has invented a
new game of Patience requiring four
packs and six hours to explain.

The hostess who wants a complete
company of amateurs (all finding their
own dresses) to perform *Patience*, at
Squash-Tail Manor, in a fortnight's
time.

The man who will talk bad French to
German waiters at an Italian restaurant.

The cyclist who has pedalled from
Paris to St. Petersburg in the fastest
time on record.

The barmaid who gives change for a
florin when you have presented half-a-
crown, and then asks you "to examine
the till."

The personage who calls himself a
baronet despite the fact that his title
is unrecorded by BURKE, DEBRETT or
WALFORD.

The jockey who has devised a certain
scheme for "besting the Yankees."

The Little Englander who is so drunk
that he wants to fight everybody.



CORRECTED.

Lady Tourist (doing the cathedrals of Scotland). "THIS IS *GOthic*, ISN'T IT, JOHN?"
Juvenile Vendor of "Guides" (severely). "No, MEM; THIS IS *PRESBYTERIAN*."

THE NEW EXERCISE.

[*The Daily Mail* describes a system of physical
development which consists of lying on the back,
and taking deep breaths according to certain
specified directions.]

LET those who will their bodies tire,
And run, and bike, and row;
Let others' reeking frames perspire—
A better way we know.

Leave fools their worthless necks to risk
At football wild and fierce,
Or at lawn tennis jump and frisk,
Or fence with carte and tierce.

Ah! who would join a "leather hunt"
While centenarians bash,

Or, gloved and padded, bear the brunt
When KORTWRIGHT's lightnings flash;

When he of our new exercise
The glorious bays who'd wear
Need only on the carpet lie
And breathe his hardest there?

Oh, glorious sport! that needs no ground—
No heavy "sub" to pay—
A pastime I at last have found
That even I could play.

Yes, football I henceforth abjure,
And I resolve instead
To stay at home and there procure
My exercise in bed.

VIVE L'ARBITRAGE!

MR. KRUGER ON THE CORSICAN QUESTION.

["Following upon the sympathy so widely shown in France for Mr. KRUGER in his endeavour to obtain independence from Great Britain, there come reports to-day from Ajaccio of a growing movement on the part of Corsica for separation from France."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

RADIANT gem of the Midland Sea
(The same that was recently crossed by me),
Isle that is noted for wax and honey
And washed by billows that teem with tunny,
Where the tax-bound native is free of soul,
And walks with an independent roll;—

Fair land where Roman and Hun and Moor
At various periods left their spoor;
Where the late NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE
Condescended to make a start;
Where the locals enjoy, to my deep regret, a
Bloody delight in the bold vendetta;—

Had I but heard some weeks ago
Of the movement afoot in Ajaccio;
I cannot say but I might have tried,
With a sneeze at the name, to turn aside,
Bidding my gallant Dutchman snort
Into your sympathetic port.

Yet had I come and addressed your folk:—
"Gentlemen, off with the tyrant's yoke!"
Liberty's language, painted red,
Might have been misinterpreted,
Rudely embarrassing my advance
On to the heaving breast of France

Now she has seen me and all is well,
Such is the force of my personal spell;
Now I have learned from a nearer view
The wealth of a heart that is strange but true;
How there is nothing she would not spend
(Short of her blood) to oblige a friend!

Have I not driven in state and sat
Wearily waving my old-world hat?
Have I not borne sublime orations
Tendered by tedious deputations,
Lyrics that smacked of the lute of Orpheus
Till I collapsed in the arms of Morpheus?

The undergraduates, to a man,
Approved of my arbitration-plan;
The Press, that can never be paid with thanks,
Already has raised a hundred francs;
The very soil, as it seemed to me,
Was simply reeking of Liberty!

But I scorned to employ my private charms,
In a somewhat immoral appeal to arms;
Though noble MERCIER made a speech
Proposing to burst on Dover beach,
I could never advise direct invasion
Till after a course of moral suasion.

And now, my Corsican Brothers, you
Have heard what your rulers are ready to do;
So up with your posters and print above
"Vive l'Arbitrage!"—'tis a phrase they love;
And when you forward your righteous claim
You're perfectly free to use my name. O. S.

TO THE POINT.

[The wedding presents of Queen WILHELMINA will include a thimble from Oom PAUL. The following lines are suggested as appropriate to accompany the gift.]

YOUR Majesty! I am, as you're aware,
A person of economy and thrift;
So all unkindly comment please to spare
Upon this chaste but inexpensive gift.
In forwarding my little wedding present
I mean to wish you ev'rything that's pleasant.

The thread of my remarks I will unwind—
Perhaps therein some good advice may lurk;
I'm sure that even Queens must sometimes find
An opportunity for needlework.
Domestic virtues loudly I extol, and
May this promote the industry of Holland.

My gift is emblematic, is it not?
(To me the past it keeps on bringing back).
A stitch in time will often save a lot,
If you can keep upon the proper "tack."
The nuisance is, there's never any knowing
When you may have to reap as you've been "sewing."

Though some folks at my efforts may have scoffed,
Experience has pointed out to me,
That simple and straightforward facts are oft
The better for some rich embroidery.
So, when you're at a loss for occupation,
Just try to work on the imagination.

Whether your work be fanciful or plain,
Unless your skin's unusually thick,
Without this gift of mine, you might sustain
Many a sharp and rather painful prick.
(Some, in whose minds a foolish weakness lingers,
Can get their conscience pricked just like their fingers).

And, as a gallant husband, let me say
A word of warning from my subtle mind
(Thinking of dear, devoted Mrs. K.,
Who was, unfortunately, left behind):
Avoid all vulgar matrimonial rows,
And never "get the needle" with your spouse.

If you are *in extremis*, more or less,
It's well—for I have put it to the proof—
To cultivate one quality, *finesse*,
Which the uneducated will call "spooof."
In fact, as one's anxieties grow bigger,
One has to be a sort of thimble-rigger!

P. G.



LETTING LOOSE THE DOGS OF WAR!—Under the Union Jack is the title of the Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. With it Mr. JOHN LATEY gives the public "a presentation picture in colours" of a very John Bullian character, showing how John Bulldog stands on a map of South Africa, keeping guard over a bone (South Africa would have been sufficient without the bone) while hungry dogs without are snarling and awaiting their opportunity. There's not much meat on that bone apparently: but if t'other dogs think there is, why, let them; and, says the Bulldog, "Let 'em all come! I'm ready." It's an effective number, from the military point of view, Field-Marshal LATEY having ordered Colonel NEWNHAM DAVIS to the front, in command of several columns. The *Pas de Charge* is sounded! Advance Copies! On to Victory! Price Sixpence!

A VERY CHEAP PERRUQUE.—"A 'bob' wig." [N.B. The Speaker wore one at the opening of Parliament.]



"PATIENCE!"

Dramatis Personae.

Sophie . . . FRANCE.

The Major sings:

"IN THIS CASE UNPRECEDENTED
SINGLE I SHALL LIVE AND DIE,"

All, dancing:

"HE WILL HAVE TO BE CONTENTED
WITH OUR HEARTFELT SYMPATHY!"

The Colonel . . . GERMANY.

Angela . . . HOLLAND.

The Major . . . MR. KRUGER.

The Duke . . . RUSSIA.

Sidney Sams

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER XIV.

A GRAND FINISH.

Happy Aurora is a happy Aurora!

Hip, Hip, Hip, Hip, Hurrah! Hurrah!

Dr. Ram Kinoo Dutt (of Chittagong).

On the summit of the Grand Stand might have been observed groups of spectators eagerly awaiting the finish. Conspicuous amongst them were Princess VANOLIA (most sumptuously attired) and her parent, Merchant-prince JONES; and close by Duke and Duchess DICKINSON, following the classic contest through binocular glasses.

"Poojah will prove to be the winner! . . . No, it is *Milky Way*! . . . They are neek or nothing! It will be a deceased heat!" exclaimed the excited populace.

And the beauteous VANOLIA was as if seated upon the spike of suspense, since Mr. BHOSH'S success was a *sine qua non* to their union. Suddenly came the glad shout: "The Favourite takes the cake with a canter!" and Duchess DICKINSON became pallid with anguish, for, rich as she was, she could ill-afford to become the loser of a cool million.

The shout was strictly veracious, for Mr. BHOSH was ruling the roast by half-a-head, and Poojah was correspondingly behind. "*Macte virtute!*" cried Princess VANOLIA, in the silvery tones of a highly-bred bell, while she violently agitated her sun-umbrella: "O my beloved BINDABUN, do not fall behind at eleven o'clock!"

And, as though in answer to this appeal (which he did not overhear), she beheld her triumphant suitor saluting the empress of his soul with uplifted jockey-cap.

Alack! it was the fatal piece of politeness; since, to avoid falling off, he was compelled to moderate the speed of his courser while performing it, and JUGGINS, either repenting his goodnature, or unable any longer to restrain the impetuosity of Poojah, was carried first past the winning-pole, Mr. BHOSH following on *Milky Way* as the bad second!

At this the Princess VANOLIA emitted a doleful scream; like Freedom, which, as some poet informs us, "squeaked when KOCKUSKO (a Japanese gentleman) fell," and suspended her animation for several minutes, while the Duchess "grinned a horrible ghastly smile," as described by Poet MILTON in *Paradise Lost*, at Mr. BHOSH'S shocking defeat and her own gain of a million, though all true sportsmen present deeply sympathised with our hero that he should be thus wrecked in sight of port on account of an ordinary act of courtesy to a female!

But Mr. BHOSH preserved his withers as unwrung as though he possessed the hide of a rhinoceros. "Honble Sir," said he, addressing the Judge, "I humbly beg permission to claim this Derby race and lodge an objection against my antagonist."

"On what grounds?" was the naturally astonished rejoinder.

"On the grounds," deliberately replied CHUNDER BINDABUN, "that he surreptitiously did pull his horse's head."

JUGGINS was too dumbfounded to reply to the accusation, and several spectators came forward to testify that they had personally witnessed him curbing his steed, and—it being contrary to the *lex non scripta* of turf etiquette to pull at a horse's head when he is winning—JUGGINS was very ignominiously plucked by the Jockey's Club.

The Duchess made the desperate attempt to argue that, if JUGGINS was a pot, Mr. BHOSH was a kettle of equally dark complexion, since he also had reined up before attaining the goal—but CHUNDER BINDABUN was able easily to show that he had done so, not with any intention to forfeit his stakes, but merely to salute his betrothed, whereas JUGGINS had pulled to prevent his horse from achieving the conquest.

So, to Mr. BHOSH'S inexpressible delight, the Derby Cup, full as an egg with golden sovereigns, was awarded to him, and the notorious blue ribbon was pinned by the judge upon his proud and heaving bosom.

But, as he was reverting, highly elated, to the side of his beloved amidst the acclamations of the multitude, the disreputable JUGGINS had the audacity to pluck his elbow and demand the promised *quid pro quo*.

"For what service?" inquired CHUNDER BINDABUN in amazement.

"Why, did you not promise me the moiety of your fortune, honble Sir," was the reply, "if I allowed you to be the winner?"

Mr. BHOSH was of an exceptionally mild, just disposition, but such a piece of cheeky chicanery as this aroused his fiercest indignation and rendered him cross as two sticks. "O contemptible trickster!" he said, in terrific tones, "my promise (as thou knowest well) was on condition that I was first past the winning-pole. Whereas—owing to thy perfidy—I was only the bad second. Do not attempt to hunt with the hare and run with hounds. Depart to lower regions!"

And JUGGINS slinked into obscurity with fallen chops.

Benevolent and forbearing readers, this unassuming tale is near its *fnis*. Owing to his brilliant success at the Derby, Mr. BHOSH was now rolling on cash, and, as the prediction of the Astrologer-Royal was fulfilled, there was no longer any objection to his union with the Princess JONES, with whom he accordingly contracted holy matrimony, and now lives in great splendour at Shepherd's Bush, since all his friends earnestly besought him that he was not to return to India. He therefore naturalised himself as a full-blooded British, and further adopted a coat-of-arms from the family herald, with a splendidly lofty crest, and the motto "*Sans Peur et Sans Reproche*" ("Not being funky myself, I do not reproach others with said failing"—free translation).

But what of the wicked Duchess? I have to record that, being unable to pay the welsher her bet of a million pounds, she was solemnly pronounced a bankruptess and incarcerated (by a striking instance of the tit-for-tat of Fate) in the identical Old Bailey cell to which she had consigned CHUNDER BINDABUN!

And in her case the gaoler's fair daughter, Miss CAROLINE, did not exhibit the same softheartedness. Mr. BHOSH and his Princess-bride, being both of highly magnanimous idiosyncrasies, for some time visited their relentless foe in her captivity, carrying her fruit and flowers and sweets of inexpensive qualities, but were received in such a cold, standoffish style that they soon discontinued such thankless civilities.

As for *Milky Way*, she is still hale and flourishing, though she has never since displayed the phenomenal speed of her first (and probably her last) Derby race. She may often be seen in the vicinity of Shepherd's Bush, harnessed to a small basket-chaise, in which are Mr. and Mrs. BHOSH and some of their blooming progenies.

Here, with the Public's kind permission, we will leave them, and although this trivial and unpretentious romance can claim no merit except its undeviating fidelity to nature, I still venture to think that, for sheer excitement and brilliancy of composition &c., it will be found, by all candid judges, to compare rather favourably with more showy and meretricious fictions by over-rated English novelists.

FINALE.

THE CURSE.

(A Seasonable Melodrama for Journalists.)

FOR many weeks past he had buried himself in his study for hours at a time. When he emerged it was with face blanched, with cheeks hollow, and with weary, dark-rimmed eyes. His quick yet furtive steps, his nervous horror when someone came to the front door, bespoke the attitude of a man haunted by some dread secret. Sometimes he hurried along the streets—rare though these excursions were—his lips would frame words, though no sound came forth. Literary men of his acquaintance, nodded sympathetically, and he was referred to as "POOR PENMAN."

But his anxious young wife—ah! there lay the tragedy—knew nothing of the why and wherefore of PENMAN'S altered looks. "Would he keep his nasty bother from his little wifey," she said, with a touching simplicity of diction that cynics would have termed imbecile. "Tush, child!" he would say, stroking her glossy hair. "Let me bear it by myself. Why should I streak your sunshine with shadow?" This was prettily put, but then it might be expected from a man who had edited a volume of *Bacon*! She drew herself proudly up to her full stature (5 feet 4 inches), for she knew intuitively that when a man gets to the "Tush!" stage something tragic is about to happen. "LIONEL," she said, "I have a right to know. What are you doing which has changed you from a bright, happy-hearted literary man, to a melancholy, dazed, lifeless creature?" "Cynthia," he said, "you shall know. I am—have been—for the last few weeks a reviewer of *Christmas books*!" She stood dumbfounded, her narrow butterfly intelligence could not grasp the awful import of that confession.

"LIONEL," she said, with sudden determination, "I must share this burden with you. I, your wife, your partner, must and will take a part, and" (she hesitated) "if they are readable, dear, a large part."

He seized her by the wrist. "Child—woman!" he hissed, "never use that word 'readable' to my face. In the sacred name of MUDIE, don't torture me with the adjectival poverty of the English language. The words 'readable,' 'seasonable,' are not to be breathed in this house; and if you dare to say that a book is 'eminently calculated to please both old and young,' I will lock you up for a month in a room with a pile of books 'suitable for prizes.' So, take care—beware!"

There was a ring at the front door. The man turned with an agonizing look of apprehension. A servant entered.

"A package of books for you, Sir."

Throwing up his hands with a wild scream, LIONEL fled from the house.



Miss Sharp. "SO YOU DON'T THINK THAT WOMEN ARE EQUAL TO MEN?"

Mr. Noodle. "DEAR ME, NO! WHY, WOMAN WAS AN AFTERTHOUGHT."

Miss Sharp. "EXACTLY. AND ARE NOT SECOND THOUGHTS BEST?"

A VEGETARIAN HYMN.

OATS.

THE noble horse enjoys his oats,
The donkey, though plebeian, gloats
On such a food divine, and votes
It food for all the gods.

Ignoble man enjoys them not
Unless he be a canny Scot
(As Dr. JOHNSON says), and what,
You'll ask me, is the odds?

Why this, that man is last and least,
Below the level of the beast;
The horse or ass would scorn to feast
On mutton-chops or steak.

But if we at his follies laugh,
And rank him lower than a calf,
Perhaps he'll learn to live on chaff,
And flesh and blood forsake. F. E.

INCIDENTAL LINES.

[MR. KRUGER was received with acclamation by the crowd, but there was no incident.—*Daily Paper*.]

WHAT? Not an incident? Wondrous to tell!

No one did anything, nothing befell?
Naught to adorn with an eloquence fine?
Nothing to marry the pence to the line?

Guileless reporter! tho' heaven should fall,

This is a miracle greater than all:
'Mid incidents cooked and incidents raw,
A journalist patriot holding his jaw!

WHAT is the great similarity between a horse and a miser? A horse dotes on oats and a miser dotes on notes.

LORD ROSEBERRY'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

["En fait, il est facile, à quatre-vingt-cinq ans de distance, d'afficher les sentiments généreux dont fait montre Lord ROSEBERRY. L'orage est loin. Mais jamais il ne nous fera croire que, chef du gouvernement de son pays en 1815, il aurait agi autrement que Castlereagh."—*Le Matin*.]

The Shade of Sir Hudson Lowe speaks:—

"HERE in the green Elysian fields, by the babble of Lethe's brook,
With many a slope that fronts the sun and many a shaded nook,
I stretch my length on the asphodel and read Lord ROSEBERRY's book.

Over my head in the oak tree boughs that the sunshine filters through
The green leaves dance in the summer breeze and laugh in the cloudless blue;
They dance as I read Lord ROSEBERRY's book; they laugh—and I laugh too!

For I read of the island compassed round by the far Atlantic main,
Where BONAPARTE was my prisoner, the island of St. Hélène,

Where the Corsican Ogre paced his cage and beat on its bars in vain!

Once they had shut him in Elba's Isle, in the azure inland sea,
But 'twas easy to break his prison there; he fled to France and was free;

So at last they gave him to me to guard, and he could not escape from me!

He claimed to rank as an emperor yet; I brushed the claim aside;

I bent the tyrant's neck to the yoke, I humbled the upstart's pride,

And he fretted against my steadfast will till his courage failed and he died!

Here in the green Elysian fields, by the babble of Lethe's brook,

I read the comments Lord ROSEBERRY makes in his recently published book

On the claims of General BONAPARTE and the attitude I took.

It seems he's shocked at the things I did, and he sheds a pitying tear

At the Corsican's terrible times with me—and, indeed, his whole career.

Well, England must judge between HUDSON LOWE and this dilettante peer!

But if this is the stuff of which England makes Prime Ministers to-day,

When a new Napoleon rises up there'll be the deuce to pay;
And before it's over I rather think she'll sigh for Castlereagh!

St. J. H.

SHALL WE SLAY OUR BROTHER HOOLIGAN?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In these days of insensate violence, when we see our once dear England mad with the lurid lust of gold-mines, her policy dictated—through a venal Ministry—by a sordid syndicate of foreign millionaires, her brain reeling with the fumes of a spurious Imperialism, it is, I fear, of little use to plead the cause of any down-trodden community, however near they may dwell to our own doors! We have seen with a scorching sense of shame our brutal and barbarous soldiery, led by a general whom once we esteemed—the abandoned ROBERTS, who so notoriously combines the virtues of a Bonaparte, with the amenities of an Alva, committing the wildest, most shameless and unbridled acts of gallantry and self-defence month after month, and carrying fire and crime and ambulance into the peaceful country of a noble and

inoffensive nation—a nation whose only desire is to take their own lives, and other peoples, in their own way, devoting themselves in solitude to the perfection of a natural aptitude for military operations, and to the innocent pastime of collecting and wearing British uniforms and accoutrements, gathered tearfully on the rocky slopes of their own dear mountains! (Oh! how one yearns to help them in their distress!)

We have seen these poor peasants gathered up ignominiously on the field of battle, lifted with an almost insolent tenderness that fairly makes the blood boil of those of us who are not blinded by the mad Jingo spirit of the time, haled off with heart-breaking promptitude to a *British* hospital. There, possibly, no word of their own language will be heard, and where every order given in the hated English tongue must be an unspeakable pain to them. They have to submit—it may be for weeks—to the unrelenting and almost maddening kindness and courtesy of the British doctors and nurses, who insult them with anæsthetics and curative medicines, day and night, until they reluctantly recover. And this, Mr. *Punch*, at the close of the "so-called nineteenth century"! It makes one shudder at the sight of the Union Jack—that searing symbol of brutal aggression and despotic tyranny! Let Canada and Australia tell their gruesome tale of grinding oppression, of massacre and of strangled nationality! At the sound of "God save the Queen" one can only sit down and shriek!

But to my subject. (It is so hard, so very hard to control one's feelings in face of this degradation of one's country in the eyes of a liberty-loving and a generous Europe!) Those I would plead for here are the young and vigorous dwellers in certain of our poorer metropolitan districts, who have been labelled by a prejudiced and venal press "*The Hooligans*." The wickedly suggestive and degrading nature of this title will leap to the eyes of those who, unlike myself, understand its meaning! I would make appeal, Sir, before it is perhaps too late for a fair and generous settlement of this "*Hooligan*" question, which is distracting the quiet neighbourhoods in which, from no choice of their own be it remembered, these high-spirited and energetic fellow-countrymen of ours are compelled to eke out a difficult existence. The one all-important consideration to be borne in mind is that "*We have got to live with them!*" The knowledge of this fact must plead in trumpet-tones for conciliation and restraint in the treatment of the question. They speak our own language it is true (after a fashion); but, oh! let me beg of those in whose hands the settlement will lie not to let this painful fact work to their detriment in the minds of any! At worst it is surely but the outcome of a geographical accident of a depraved natural instinct, or it has been picked up, it may be, in those impressionable years when they were driven like sheep by ruthless "*inspectors*" to such poor Board Schools as we could afford to provide for them! This we can truthfully say, that they have since done their very best to *modify* the language there forced upon them, and have adapted it to their peculiar needs in a way which affords fresh proof of their ingenuity and resourcefulness. Their methods may be rough and unconventional even to the verge of impoliteness, but we must always remember that they have lived under the torturing rule of a stolid and intrusive police; dragged for the lightest offence against either sex, however unprovoked, before a callous and unemotional magistrate whom tears do not affect, and who is constitutionally incapable of a hysterical and kindly act. For the most trivial outrages, or for manslaughter of a type so frequent and common as to be almost negligible, they have been doomed to the blinding agony of a white-washed cell, separated often from their comrades by a cruel partition, and handed over, I am credibly informed, on several occasions, to disfigurement and ignominy at the hands of a *hairdresser*!

Surely I need not appeal at greater length for a just, a generous, and a far-seeing settlement of this distracting question. It is, as I have stated, no fault of theirs that they live in



Purchaser (welter weight). "YES, SHE'S ALL RIGHT. DOESN'T CARRY MUCH FLESH THOUGH."
Dealer. "OH, BUT SHE WILL, WHEN YOU MOUNT HER, SIR."

these poor and over-crowded districts; they are quite willing, I am assured by dear friends who have spent their lives among them, to move at short notice (and on receipt of compensation given with no niggard hand) to Grosvenor Square, Upper Brook Street, Park Lane, or any such locality which it may be thought desirable on grounds of health and policy to place at their disposal.

As the friend of all, you, Mr. Punch will, I feel sure, be the first to desire that this hardy and reliant race, living from choice a healthy open-air life, shall not be strangled out of existence at the call of a dastardly and misguided civilisation!

Yours under great emotion, PREHISTORICUS.

P.S.—I have unfortunately run out of smelling salts, or I would have referred to the hideous advocacy of the use of the "cat"! My poor England!

AN EXCURSION.

In sapphics.

GROUPED on the platform, full of expectation,
 Armed with the guide-book, ready for the journey,
 How you recall an older generation
 Eager for tourney!

Tourist apparel shines in every button,
 No living man, I swear it, could mistake you,
 Sturdily British—many "cuts of mutton"
 Shape you and make you.

Here then you stand, the cynosure of gazes
 (Maybe of cooks), you happier crusaders
 Than others who beat Saladin to blazes,
 Holy invaders.

Social contempt may cut you like a razor,
 Envy and malice have you for their target,
 Whether you're bound for Paris, or the Nase, or
 Merely for Margate.

What of all this? Shall criticising turn you
 From your inception? Perish such a notion!
 Though the boat, as but boats are able, churn you,
 Feeling its motion.

Statues and pictures, palaces and beauty
 Make delay, therefore, shun them in aversion,
 Multum in parvo clearly is your duty
 On your excursion.

Yours to come back, all travel stained and weary,
 Knowing each place through which you have been
 rushing
 (Or so supposing) when you meet the dreary
 Steamer at Flushing,

Go—not for me to criticise your action,
 Rather compelling awe and admiration—
 Dread word Excursion! what an odd attraction
 Hast for our nation!

WHAT is Christmas without crackers? And what are crackers without Christmas? ask Messrs. SPARAGNAPANE. Beautifully brilliant designs! Then the contents—well, the real "contents" will be those who receive some of these as Christmas Gifts.

OPERATIC SONG FROM "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR" (arranged to suit the voice of ex-President Kruger).—"All is lost now!"



"WELL, EVA, AND SO YOU'RE EIGHT YEARS OLD TO-DAY. NOW, I WONDER IF YOU KNOW HOW OLD I AM?"
 "LET ME SEE, AUNTIE. I NEVER CAN REMEMBER WHETHER YOU ARE TWENTY-EIGHT OR EIGHTY-TWO!"

WANTED—A WORD.

[The *Daily Telegraph* of Dec. 6, asks:—"What is the proper designation for ladies who work their own motor-cars?" and continues—"A lady motorist will not do, because we apply it to women who use these cars as means of conveyance. An engineeriste is cumbersome and not sufficiently dignified. A motress might do as feminine for a mechanic."]

WHAT may we call you, venturous maid,
 Who your own motor ply,
 And, scorning Man's superfluous aid,
 Down Piccadilly fly?

Shall we adopt the slang of France,
 And name you *belle chauffeuse*?
 Or would you like, by any chance,
 The title *teuf-teufuse*?

Gazeuse of "siphon" has the force,
 And would not suit you well;
 Nor *pétroleuse*, for that of course
 Suggests LOUISE MICHEL.

And "scorcherness" with "sorceress"
 Would doubtless be confused;
Motiste looks like *modiste* (of dress)
 By Fashion-papers used.

The "carwoman" I thought to pen
 With "charwoman" would rank;
 There's only *automotrienne*
 Left to fill up the blank!

WHAT IS THE CAPITAL OF WALES?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I venture to address you on a subject which probably may be of some interest to very many of your readers. Let me at once state that I am an ardent Home Ruler with respect to all divisions of the United Kingdom. Dear to my heart would be the establishment of separate parliaments at Dublin and Edinburgh, and the conservancy of St. Stephen's, Westminster, for purely English legislators. Naturally, my scheme includes Wales, the Isle of Wight, and the Scilly Isles; the Islands of the Channel and of Man are already provided for. As to the Hebrides, Shetlands, Orkneys, Skye and other outlying districts of North Britain, I am assured that they are quite capable of taking care not only of themselves, but also of their representatives in any law-giving assembly. My present difficulty affects Cambria alone.

Speaking at a political meeting yesterday with some confidence on the virtues of Home Rule as applied to the integral portions of the Empire, and chancing to mention "gallant little Wales" as a fitting recipient of the blessings of a local parliament, I was met with the unseemly

interruption, "What is the capital of Wales?" The question appeared to tickle the curiosity of my auditors, for, on explaining that my historic-geographical knowledge did not extend to such minute research, they at once passed a resolution (amid considerable uproar) that until I had satisfied them on this point I should no longer be heard. Since then, Sir, I have consulted every published book of reference without success. The abiding place of the future parliament-house of Wales may be Carnarvon, Bangor, Cardiff, or Llandudno, but at present the right of supremacy seems wrapped in mists equalled only by those which circle around Snowdon. Will any competent authority supply the information?

Your obedient servant,

AN ENGLISH DRUID.

"THE NATIONAL TELEPHONE CO. v. GULLIVER."—Attractive name the defendant's. *Pendente lite* we mustn't say anything, which is all the easier seeing that our knowledge of the case is *nil*. But what a splendid invention would the telephone have been for Lemuel Gulliver or Baron Munchausen! And we've become quite accustomed to it!

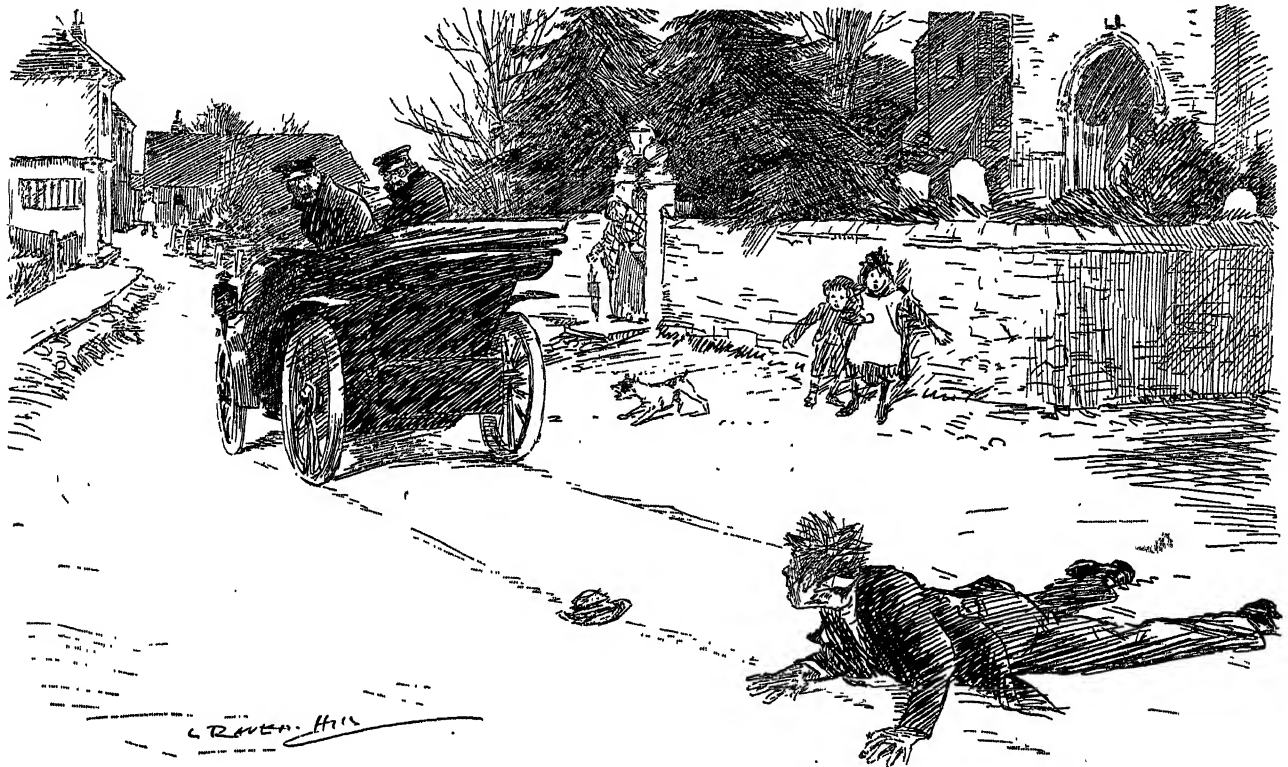


ONE TO THE GOOD.

JOHN BULL. "BACK FROM AFRICA?"

COLONEL SIR JAMES WILLCOCKS, "YES, SIR—ASHANTI."

JOHN BULL. "AH, TO BE SURE! THE WAR THAT REALLY IS OVER! BRAVO!"



Motor Fiend. "WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY?"
Victim. "WHAT! ARE YOU COMING BACK?"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM that he who formerly in these pages wrote of shooters and their conversation, describing artlessly their talk, instructing them how to shine, not so much in sport as in language, and warning them against the pitfalls that nature and circumstance have set in their way. It has been noticed how greatly the art of conversation has been chastened and improved amongst those who handle a gun and attempt the life of the grouse, the partridge and the pheasant (not to mention the hare and the rabbit) since those hints first saw the light. Men who before chattered unceasingly of their record bags, their leather gaiters, their cartridges, their cartridge-bags, their boots, their lunches or their guns now preserve an immaculate moderation in talk that makes them the admiration of the country-side. On the other hand diffident youths, hitherto dumb and listless, have sparkled into a sustained brilliancy: they have known what they ought to speak of and how each subject ought to be treated, their remarks have been pat to the moment, never jerkily cut short and never unduly protracted, and the consequence has been that their friends and relations, ignorant of the source from which they drew their inspiration, have admired their tact and marvelled at their wisdom. The youths themselves, of course, have known, and being in the main generous fellows, unspoiled by a prolonged indulgence in shooting fictions and uncontaminated by the wicked influence of confirmed sporting liars—a hardy and prolific race—they have given the credit of their own improvement where it was justly due—namely, to the author of a handbook which, in the language of a not too flattering review, was "destined to become the *vade mecum* of every intelligent lover of the gun.

Many have been the tributes received by the exultant author from young and old. Some of these are, if the word may be permitted, of too sacred a character to be exposed to the gaze

of an inquisitive and irreverent world. One, however, may be published, it being understood that the recipient of the letter has not asked for or obtained the permission of the writer for its publication. Such a course, while savouring of self-advertisement, might also act as a check on the free expression of those feelings of admiration and esteem which, generously set forth by his readers, are to an author his highest privilege and reward.

"I have a father," writes one who signs himself 'a twenty-four-year-old,' "whose custom it was, ever since I could remember, to entertain a shooting-party to lunch with the story of how he once shot a rabbit, a hare, a woodcock, and a weasel with one shot. As a child I was brought up to reverence this tale; in early boyhood it formed a subject for contemplation and envy. As I grew to manhood, however, it seemed in some unaccountable fashion to lose its charm and its convincing quality. First, I caught myself suspecting the rabbit or the hare. At the next shooting-party the woodcock came to be under a cloud. On a third occasion the weasel presented itself as a stumbling-block. I felt that this could not go on much longer. My father, to be sure, was still telling the story, and his friends were still credulously applauding it. But the trusting faith which once had compelled me to receive a parent's lightest word as gospel was being shattered in my heart. My father seemed to feel that this was the case, for I well remember how he once stopped short in the middle of his story and appealed to me with a gesture of infinite pathos to confirm some trifling detail as to the relative positions in which he had discovered the mangled remains of his victims. I backed him up, of course, with more than ordinary heartiness, but I think we both realised from that moment that something would have to be done if we were to maintain those relations of friendly confidence which had hitherto marked our intercourse. It was shortly after this time that your book fell into my hands at a country house. I am not ashamed to say that I read it at a

sitting, concealed it in my dressing-bag and took it home with me when I left. That evening I left it on my father's writing-table. On the following morning we were both due at a neighbouring shoot. My father's manner, I remember, was even more affectionate than usual, but through it all there seemed to run an undercurrent of resolution which I hardly dared to explain to myself. The sport was good; one of the party did actually kill two driven birds at once. At lunch he mentioned his feat. I saw my father struggling with his emotion; he gave me a look full of meaning, gulped down a sigh and remained silent. From that day to this he has never told his story, and he and I are once more able to face the world together. I have no hesitation in attributing this result to your book, and I desire now to offer you my heartfelt thanks."

This, as I have said, is only one example out of many. Such, and so great, having been the effect of a former treatise upon men who shoot, it is now proposed to confer a similar and equally inestimable benefit upon men who ride. Let them be prepared for the treatise of which next week will see the beginning.



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Ameer of Afghanistan is also among the autobiographers. Mr. JOHN MURRAY had the rare good fortune to secure the right of publishing the *Life of Abdur Rahman*. It is presented in two handsome volumes, with portrait, maps, and illustrations. Not since the *Arabian Nights* were first given to the world (what were the name and address of the Bagdad publisher?) has there been anything so uncommon in the book way as this latest comer to the circulating libraries... The first eleven chapters are written by the Ameer himself, and my Baronite finds them far the most interesting. There is a delightful straightforwardness and simplicity about the narrative. The Ameer prattles along, revealing glimpses of himself in the varied circumstances of a strange life. This great soldier-sovereign, an object of sedulous court by two of the great European powers, has known the pangs of a prisoner in fetters. He has worked as a cook, as an engineer, as a blacksmith, and as a gardener. He has longed for a piece of bread, and has lived to have at his command the wealth of storied Afghanistan. The Ameer's unadorned style may be briefly illustrated by a single sentence, relating to Mr. GEORGE CURZON'S interview with him when the present Viceroy of India rode through the Khyber Pass and entered amazed Cabul. "In a humorous conversation," he writes, "Mr. CURZON began his remarks by a joke, and ended them with a most important political question as to who would be my successor." Thus did that shrewd young man jest his way into the recesses of the Ameer's mind.

Messrs. CASSELL have brought out Mr. HALES' War Letters to the *Daily News* under the title *Campaign Pictures of the War in South Africa*. Amid a mass of correspondence of varied merit, these letters from the seat of war immediately made their mark, vindicating the old renown of the *Daily News* war correspondence. This was chiefly established by ARCHIBALD FORBES, to whose vivid style, conveying the scent and sound of the battlefield, my Baronite finds strong resemblance in this new comer. Mr. HALES dedicates his book to Sir JOHN ROBINSON, that STANLEY of newspaper managers, who is always going out into the Central Africa of journalism, and discovering new LIVINGSTONES.

"We are concerned with *Jim*," Mr. CONRAD writes, turning aside with obvious effort from temptation to expand on what he calls "the interesting subject of the marital relations of seamen." This is evidently due to a twinge of conscience upon observing that he has already got to page 186 of his 6s. novel, and is hardly "any forrarder" with the story of *Lord Jim* (BLACKWOOD). My Baronite has not for a long time met with a writer who suffers so lamentably from embarrassment of riches. There are sufficient characters in this book, strikingly conceived, vividly described, to form a lifetime stock-in-trade for an ordinary novelist. When Mr. CONRAD is getting along pretty well with his account of *Lord Jim*, some stray character crosses the pathway of his mind and absorbs his attention. Occasionally this has embarrassing consequences. There is, for example, a *Captain Brierley*, who sits on the Court appointed to inquire into the circumstances attending the abandonment of the pilgrim-laded ship *Patna*, of which *Jim* was mate. As soon as the Court is instituted, and the artless reader is expecting to hear the evidence, Mr. CONRAD sheers off into an account, nearly a chapter long, of how *Captain Brierley* committed suicide. It is supplemented by excellent studies of his chief mate and his successor in the Captainship. In the next chapter we have *Captain Brierley*, who we thought was food for fishes, seated in Court as if nothing had happened. These excesses of exuberant genius, whilst bewildering, do not detract from the fascination of the book. Its pictures of the sea in times of storm are magnificent. The record of rough life in far Eastern seaports breaks new ground. The episodic interludes, standing apart, are gems of graphic writing. Only, if Mr. CONRAD had put them in one book, and told the story of *Jim* in another, it would have been a more convenient arrangement.

Tennyson, his Art and Relation with Modern Life, by STOPFORD BROOKE, in two volumes. This is a delightful re-issue by ISBISTER & Co., in their daintily-bound and legitimately pocketable series. A set of these, or (the generous can substitute "and" for "or") of *The Temple Classics* would be a perfect present for anyone at Christmastide.

And while on the subject of "presents," let not the Baron omit from his catalogue a splendid book of hand-coloured illustrations by Mr. A. CHANTREY CORBOULD, brought out by BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., humorously representing a hunting alphabet. There is genuine "go" about these pictures: but the peculiar charm of their arrangement is, that, between every two coloured pictures, there is placed a quiet uncoloured and reposeful sketch which gives a rest to the eye and adds special artistic distinction to this spirited collection. No equipment of drawing-room table complete at Christmas time without this book.

Proverbs Improved. We know that there are some good people never weary of "improving the occasion," but how to improve a proverb? Stay—there are dress improvers, why not Proverb improvers? At all events, Mr. FREDERICK CHAPMAN ("Chapman"—appropriate for such a work) has improved proverbs in verse, assisted with pictures by GRACE MAY.

The Little Boy Book, by HELEN HAY, with pictures by FRANK VERBEEK, speaks for itself as to who should own it. But the little girl will be equally amused by the funny pictures and verses, that is, if the little boy will kindly let her see them. Both these books are to be found in stores of JOHN LANE of the Bodley Head.

Anyone needing a stimulant, in the shape of a novel of crime and detection, might do a great deal worse than read *the Brand of the Broad Arrow*, by Major GRIFFITHS (PEARSON). Money-lenders, convicts, police, gambling, virtuous lover, lovely lady in distressing predicament, jealous husband, revolvers and robberies, here they are, all-a-blowing, all-a-going strong as they make 'em! Never was such a criminal for escaping detection as is the Major's first scoundrel. Enough to say so much, and leave the rest to the reader. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE CONSTANT LOVER.

O MARY, I remember yet
The blissful moment when we met,
Each trundled in a bassinette,
By nursemaids each attended;
You came, you saw, you conquered. I
Your slave remained till, passing by,
The laughing MADGE I chanced to spy,
And then your reign was ended.

The laughing MADGE I did adore
For full six months, then fell before
The eyes of sad ANITA.

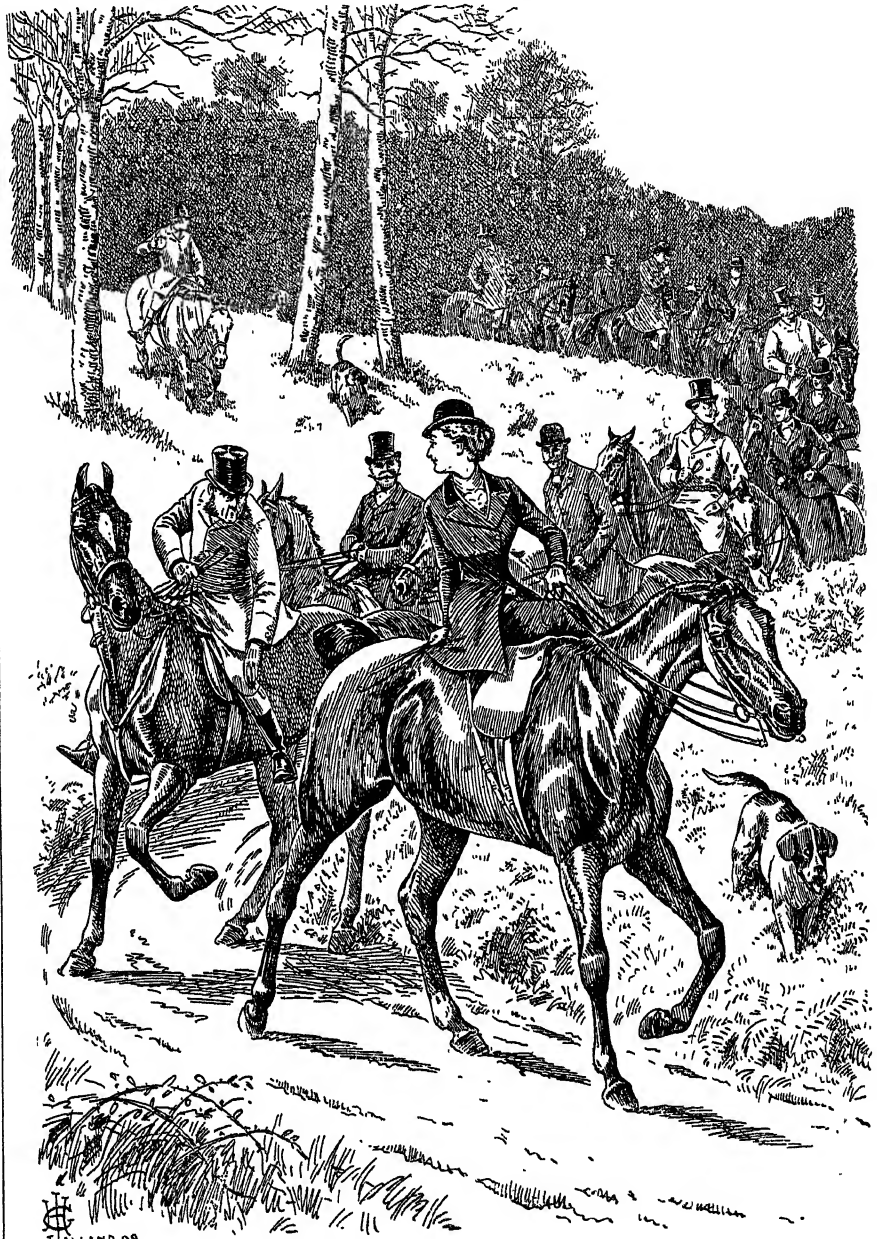
She was my senior by a score
Of maiden years, or haply more,
But what of that? So sweet a
Divinity ne'er blessed the ways
Of mortal men. I loved to gaze
Upon her eyes and sing her praise,
Until I chanced to meet a
Still fairer star,
More radiant far,
mean my MAR-
GUERITA.

The golden ringlets that she shook
Seemed meant for soft caresses:
I worshipped them, until I took
A turn for ebon tresses.
Then raven KATE was my delight,
Who walks in beauty like the night:
She ruled me till I caught a sight
Of auburn ANGELINA,
For whom my passion still increased—
I loved her for a month at least,
In short, until
I met with WIL-
HELMINA.



Most rare, most inexpressive She,
Of endless fascinations!
I worshipped that Divinity
From Smalls to Moderations
I worshipped her with ardour true
Till hazel-eyed SUSANAH
Deposed her from my bosom, who
Succumbed to MARY number two,
Who yielded place to HANNAH;
And ere I left the ancient U-
niversity, my flames inclu-
ded MARY (three) and JANE and JU-
LIANA.

Thus JUANITA, O my Queen!
You will from this discover
That I from infancy have been
An ever constant lover. [through
Search where you will the wide world
You'll very rarely meet a
More loving swain. Then hear me! Do!
I swear by yonder heaven blue,
That whatsoever storms may brew,
My darling, I will still be true
To you,
My JU-
ANITA!



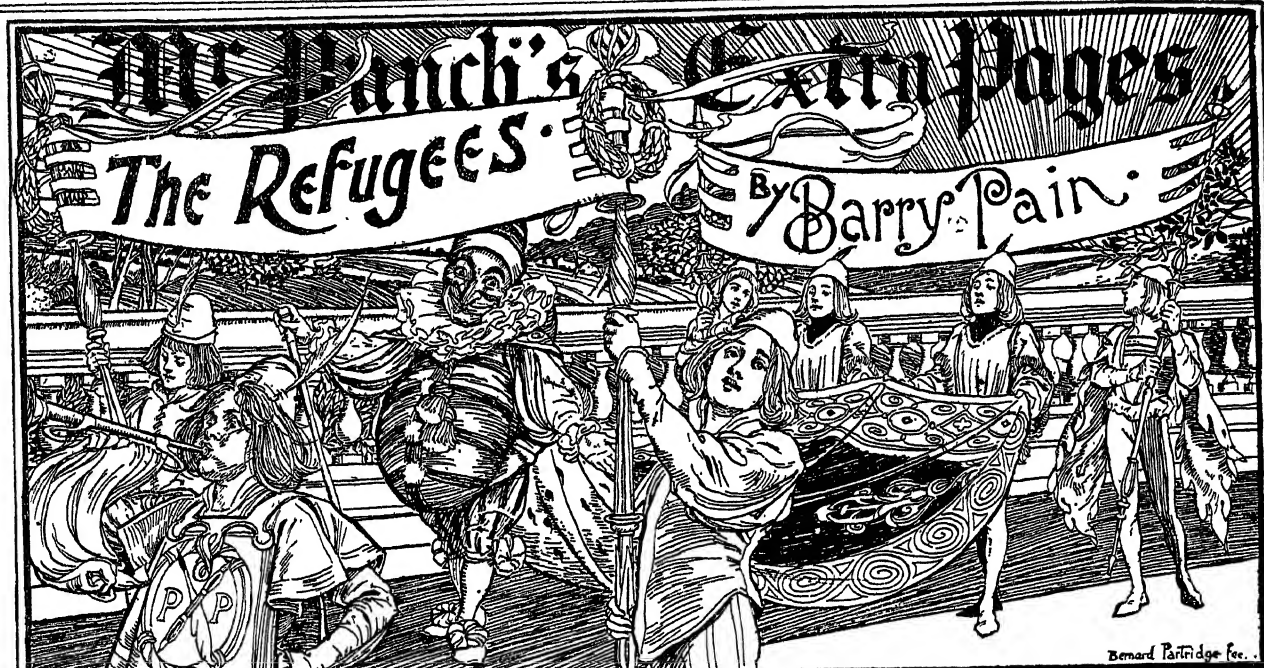
SO CONSOLING.

Lady (whose mare has just kicked a member of the hunt, who was following too closely). "OH, I'M SO SORRY! I DO HOPE IT DIDN'T HURT YOU! SHE'S SUCH A GENTLE THING, AND COULD ONLY HAVE DONE IT IN THE MEREST PLAY, YOU KNOW."

THE RIVALS.

TIME was my Juliet was kind;
Time was she would discover
Fresh charms in Romeo, still blind
To all beside her lover.
For me would beat that bosom sweet,
For me the sunny flashes
Of radiant light would kindle bright
Beneath her silky lashes.
But since thy coming, she no more
Hath any thought of me, Sir,
She lavishes instead her store
Of fickle love on thee, Sir,

To thee her breast is fondly pressed,
'Tis thou she kisses only,
Whilst I apart devour my heart,
Neglected, silent, lonely.
Well mayst thou laugh, triumphant foe,
For on the throne thou'rt seated
Where I once sat. Well mayst thou crow,
Thy rival is defeated.
Before my eyes her arts she plies—
Was ever shame so arrant?—
Deserting me to fondle thee,
My son and heir apparent.



OWNSTAIRS
JULIUS sat
back in his
easy chair,
with the
morning
paper un-
read upon

his knee, smoking a
cigarette, and deep in

thought. He was thinking about Miss SMITH. He had been thinking a good deal about Miss SMITH; so much so that he noted with pleasure that his thoughts no longer ran on the subject which he had come to Herne Bay to escape. Even the out-of-season air of depression had not done as much to bring his mind to the state in which he would have it as his meeting with this pretty girl, who had such strange ways. And that she should ever touch in conversation on what he wished to forget was impossible; for she had said plainly that she did not know who he was. Her guess that it was some disappointment in love which had brought him there was utterly wrong. He was unpleasantly conscious that he had not shown to advantage in talking to her; she had taken him by surprise, and he had been awkward enough to take her up in the wrong light and let her think that he had a bad opinion of her. He meant to redeem himself, if he had a chance.

At that moment WATERS knocked and entered. She handed him a note. "From Miss SMITH," she said. "I was to wait for an answer."

The note ran as follows:

"DEAR MR. POYNT,—I am anxious that you and Mr. HEREWOOD should meet. I am asking you both to take tea with me to-day at five o'clock. It would be kind of you if you can spare an hour. Very truly yours, JANE SMITH."

JULIUS POYNT accepted. He would have much preferred not to meet HEREWOOD, but he did wish to meet JANE SMITH again, and see her from a new point of view in her own rooms.

At five o'clock punctually, he entered Miss SMITH's sitting-room. WATERS was arranging cups on a little table at the side; a terrier barked at him tentatively, but gave it up on finding that POYNT liked dogs. Miss SMITH rose from her chair by the fire, and welcomed him. She looked very young to be a hostess, and she seemed grave. The room was full of flowers; POYNT

had noticed the boxes of the Mentone florist in the hall that morning. He also noticed that the cottage piano, by the maker whose name is seen only in lodging-houses, had given place to a short grand by a maker who does not require my advertisement. He recalled that Miss SMITH had told him that the loss of a Tam o' Shanter, price eighteenpence in the shops, would be a serious matter to her.

"I hope Mr. HEREWOOD won't come down for half an hour," he was saying. "I want all that time for apologies. I have never more wanted to behave nicely, and I have been rude. I should have been delighted to appear sympathetic and quick to understand, and I have been stupid. No, stupidity is not half as bad as the mean acuteness that I was vulgar enough to show the other afternoon. To think that I stood there with my mouth shut and let you justify yourself, which was as much as to say that you required justification! I don't deserve any tea, nor cake, nor anything."

"Not justification," she said meditatively. "Call it explanation if you like."

"But neither did you need explanation. You are you. That is enough—gloriously enough."

Considering that this was only the second time that he had met Miss SMITH, and that WATERS was arranging cups in the room at the time, I consider that he spoke extravagantly. I hope Miss SMITH thought so too; I am sure WATERS did.

"You must forget all that I said about singing," he went on.

"Why should I?"

"Because you have turned out Miss BIRD's box of jingle and have got that. Because I swear you are a musician. Because you sing folk-songs, and I adore them."

Miss SMITH laughed. "I had not meant to give up singing altogether, but only to arrange so as not to disturb you. What folk-songs? How did you know? I do, of course. That is a volume of them on the piano desk now. Tell me."

"The charm of all folk-songs is alike, whatever their nationality. Scratch the civilised, and you find the barbarian in his primitiveness. We are all barbarian at heart, though we are wise enough to keep the rules and regulations of the civilised. In the folk-song we sing what we would love to do or feel, if we had not learned the indiscretion of it. Sometimes it is a girl who sings that her brown boy has stolen a horse; and she does not go on to whimper about the shame he has brought on his family, or the terrors of the police-court. Or

it is a man who has lost money and love and everything; what does it matter, for his country has suffered a shameful defeat? Or the girl, again, has stolen out to meet her lover while her mother sleeps; you can smell the pine-woods and see the full moon rise: the gipsy will master her. Why, I cannot hear a folk-song in London without wanting to dash my silk hat on the ground and trample on it."

"Well," said Miss SMITH gravely, "so long as it is your own hat, you know."

"Hats," he said with meaning, "are expensive."

"I think," said Miss SMITH, "that I hear Mr. HEREWOOD on the stairs. You can take the dog out, WATERS."

The step on the stairs was a heavy one, and when Mr. HEREWOOD entered POYNT could see that this was a big man. He was six feet three, broad and erect. His hair was longer than it should have been, and he wore a fair beard. He had a scarlet tie and the pattern of his tweed suit was aggressive. His voice was a rich deep bass. But his eye was timid, and he had come with a biscuit in one hand to propitiate the dog. He looked like a Viking, but a Viking with a conscience. He looked like a nervous lion.

When he had greeted Miss SMITH and had been introduced to POYNT, he settled himself massively in a comfortable chair and turned to POYNT again.

"I understand," said the deep voice, "from Miss SMITH, that she has told you what career I follow, and why I am at present in retirement. That, I am sure, is equivalent to saying that I can rely on your discretion absolutely."

POYNT gave the assurance.

"I am greatly obliged to you," said HEREWOOD. "My profession has been one into which I have been driven by the absolute colourlessness of modern life, rather than by necessity. Probably I give away more than I gain by it. But that makes no difference in the eyes of the law. If you take a purse from the pocket of some wealthy lady and give the contents to some poor woman who is in need of bread, you are still guilty in the eyes of the law."

"That is so, I believe," said POYNT drily.

"At this moment I am wanted for what is considered a serious offence by prejudiced people. If I am captured, that is the end. I shall never be allowed to regain my liberty again. But if by remaining quietly here I can tire out the patience of the police, it is my intention to give up burglary altogether, and seek a commission in the Spanish Army. You speak Spanish perhaps."

"No," said POYNT shortly.

"Nor I," added Miss SMITH.

"It is a beautiful language," said HEREWOOD thoughtfully.

"I have not wanted to make any weak apology for my way of life; but there are so many sorts of burglar, and misunderstandings so easily arise."

"I am sure," said Miss SMITH, "if I may speak for Mr. POYNT as well as myself, that we quite see that in your burglaries there is something of the old chivalry. It is the easier for us to understand, because we have both felt that colourlessness to which you allude. Only just now Mr. POYNT was saying something of the same kind. And now, Mr. HEREWOOD, it would be kind of you if you would give us some account of the exploit which has brought you here in hiding."

"With pleasure," said HEREWOOD, putting down his cup.

CHAPTER IV.

THE door had just opened softly, but HEREWOOD did not notice it. He began in his fruity bass:

"In the whole course of a life spent in crime——"

Here he stopped short because ANNA, who had just entered, interrupted him by asking Miss SMITH if she required anything further, as per contract with Miss BIRD. He then began again:

"In the whole course of life spent in crime, I can remember nothing to compare with this last incident in my career. The

marvel is that I am here to tell the story. It was a burglary at Fulham, and as the swag promised to be rich, and the whole operation was one of extreme delicacy, I undertook it single-handed. Had it been a simpler matter, I should have probably sent a couple of my men with instructions, and not troubled to do the rough work myself."

"When you send men like that, what do they get?" asked Miss SMITH.

"Ten per cent. on the net takings is the usual thing. They are content with that. The house in this instance was an old-fashioned house, standing in the very middle of about a third of an acre of garden, at a corner where two streets crossed. The garden was square, and surrounded by high walls. The two walls which formed the angle bordered by the two streets were patrolled perpetually from dusk till dawn by a policeman in the employ of MANSFORD, the owner, who lived there. The other two walls could not be approached without going through a vast number of other gardens and back yards. MANSFORD was a curious old fellow; he had been a great traveller, and had made a speciality of pearls. In fact, he had spent the greater part of a considerable fortune on pearls, and was said to have the finest black pearl in Europe. It was also said that his precautions against burglary were something extraordinary. I tried to get further information; I particularly wanted to know where the pearls were kept at night. I sent two of my cleverest men down for that purpose. One of them tried to work the servants; but they were all dead honest, and wouldn't talk at all. The other went about among the tradespeople in the district, and the only piece of information that he could bring me back nearly made me give up the whole thing; he had heard that MANSFORD kept some kind of a wild beast. Nobody seemed to know what it was exactly, but one man had complained of the noise it made at night when the moon was bright, and had said that he would have made a row about it but that MANSFORD was such a good customer. However, nothing venture nothing have. I made out my plan of campaign."

"I determined to make my approach from the street. If I had tried from the other side I should have had to go through, or over, a dozen different private premises; that would have meant a dozen different chances of being caught. As it was, I had only to fear the policeman guarding the walls next to the street; and I soon found a way by which I could easily get over the walls, without a chance of the policeman discovering me. There was a row of elms in the garden against the walls. They had been pollarded, but not very closely, and had sprouted again well; they overhung the pavement. I had also noticed that two evenings in the week loaded hay-carts came in from the country, and passed down one of those streets. I had only to put on my equipment, and wait for the cart on one of those nights."

"What was your equipment?" asked Miss SMITH.

"I had a machine for safes—my own invention—in my breast-pocket, with a pair of wire nippers, a box of silent matches, and a piece of curved wire with which I could give an account of most locks that were ever made. In another pocket I had a small bottle of treacle and a sheet of brown paper. Finally, in my hip-pocket I had a loaded revolver, the burglar's best friend."

"No extra cartridges?" asked POYNT.

"No use," said HEREWOOD, with an indulgent smile. "When it reaches the point that revolvers become necessary, the burglar never gets a chance to re-load."

"I see," said POYNT humbly.

"Isn't it horrible and nice!" said Miss SMITH.

Just then ANNA entered, made up the fire, and withdrew again. HEREWOOD resumed:

"Well, one night about nine I swung myself up on to the tail of the hay-cart unseen, climbed up the trusses, and waited till we approached the house. Then I got into one of the trees,

which I could now easily reach. The policeman was immediately underneath me, but he noticed nothing. People will look in front of them, or down, or left, or right, without any special motive. But ninety-nine people in a hundred never look up, unless for some particular purpose. You may have remarked that. As soon as the policeman had turned the corner, I let myself down from the tree into the garden. I had no intention of beginning until the house was quiet for the night, but I thought I had better look round to see if I could get any useful information. I got a good deal; the whole place was a mass of traps, alarms, and spring-guns. As no one was about I moved round, snipping wires and taking care to keep on the grass, for a step on gravel makes as decided a sound as a gun. By the time all the lights in the house had been out half-an-hour I was ready to start. I found a likely window, spread the treacle over the brown paper, put that on one pane, and then smashed it with my fist. Of course, as the broken glass stuck to the paper there was no sound. That enabled me to get my arm through and cut the alarm wires; there were no less than three of these. I had expected it, as the window was not shuttered or barred. I soon slipped in through the window, went to the dining-room, and started work on the safe. It was a poor safe, and I had it open inside five minutes; it contained a few pounds in gold, and nothing else. I was sorry for this, because it meant that the old man took the pearls up to bed with him at night; and that meant that there would be trouble before I should be able to get away. I knew he would not let them go without making a fight for it; and I felt pretty sure he would have some dodge up there by which he could communicate with the police outside. However, I had started and I had to go on. I struck a match that would burn for two minutes, and crossed the hall to the front staircase. I didn't like the look of the first step; I bent down, and tried it gently with one finger. It was so arranged that if I had trodden on it, it would have swung round and struck a gong concealed beneath it. It was a nice little trick, and I was glad to see it because it showed me that I was on the right track for the pearls. I found the fifth and sixth stairs provided with a similar dodge; the rest were solid. After that I went very carefully. At the top of the stairs I entered a long and narrow passage; as I was going along this, I suddenly saw that the floor was up just in front of my foot. A deep pit yawned before me. I sprang back just in time, but in doing so I made a good deal of noise; I heard MANSFORD moving in his room, and I thought I was done for. In a moment he was out in the passage, in his dressing-gown and slippers, with a skull cap on, grinning like a monkey. He held his candle high. I had my revolver in my hand now, but I never shoot until I must. 'Say your prayers,' the old ruffian said, 'for you will be dead in a minute. Here, LENA!'

"Out from another room slunk a full-grown tigress. The old man just pointed at me, and the brute began to slink towards me, rubbing against one wall of the passage. There was I with this pit before me, of no great breadth but terribly deep, and beyond that a tigress coming nearer and nearer, getting ready to spring, urged on by its master. The time had come; I was too near the pearls to go back. I fired at the brute—and missed. It slunk back growling, then came on again, and twice more I missed; the old man was waving his candle about to spoil my aim. But the fourth time I wounded her, and

immediately she sprang for me. As she sprang, I fired once more and she dropped like a stone down the pit. MANSFORD rushed back to his room, as I guessed, to get his revolver. I jumped across the pit, and went after him; I could hear servants moving, and I knew the police might be expected any moment now, but I meant to have my pearls. I found an electric-light switch just inside the door, and switched the light on. Now I could see better what I was doing.

"The old man had got his revolver pointed at me; but before he could do any damage I shot him in the hand, and he dropped it. He then rushed towards the head of the bed; that gave me my clue. He kept the pearls under his pillow, then. It was all I could do to keep him away from that bed without actually killing him. However, with a couple of shots I managed to hold him off while I thrust one hand under the pillow and drew out a canvas bag. By that time the stairs and passage were full of servants and police, and I knew it was hopeless to try to get back that way. I flung up the window, let myself down by one hand, and then took my chance and dropped. I dropped right into the arms of a policeman standing in the street under the window."

Here ANNA entered with a letter for Miss SMITH as per contract. Miss SMITH seemed impatient at the interruption. "Pray, go on," she said. "This letter is nothing of importance."

"There was a short struggle," HEREWOOD went on, "and then I managed to free myself. I had thrown him to the ground; but he was up in a minute, blew his whistle, and came after me. There are as plucky men in that division as you will find anywhere in the force. I fired twice over his head; I did not want to touch him, but only to keep him back. But he still came on, and now he had two more coming up behind him. I had no choice; I had to drop him, and I did. I only trust that the wound was not serious, for he was a brave man. The rest of the story is soon told. I hid between two piles of wood blocks where the road was up, until the pursuit had gone by. And then, worn out, I went home to sleep. On the following morning I took the first train to Herne Bay."

"Thank you so much," said Miss SMITH, with ecstatic eyes. "How wonderful it all is! And how insipid ordinary life must seem to you after that adventure! Tell me, what did you do with the pearls?"

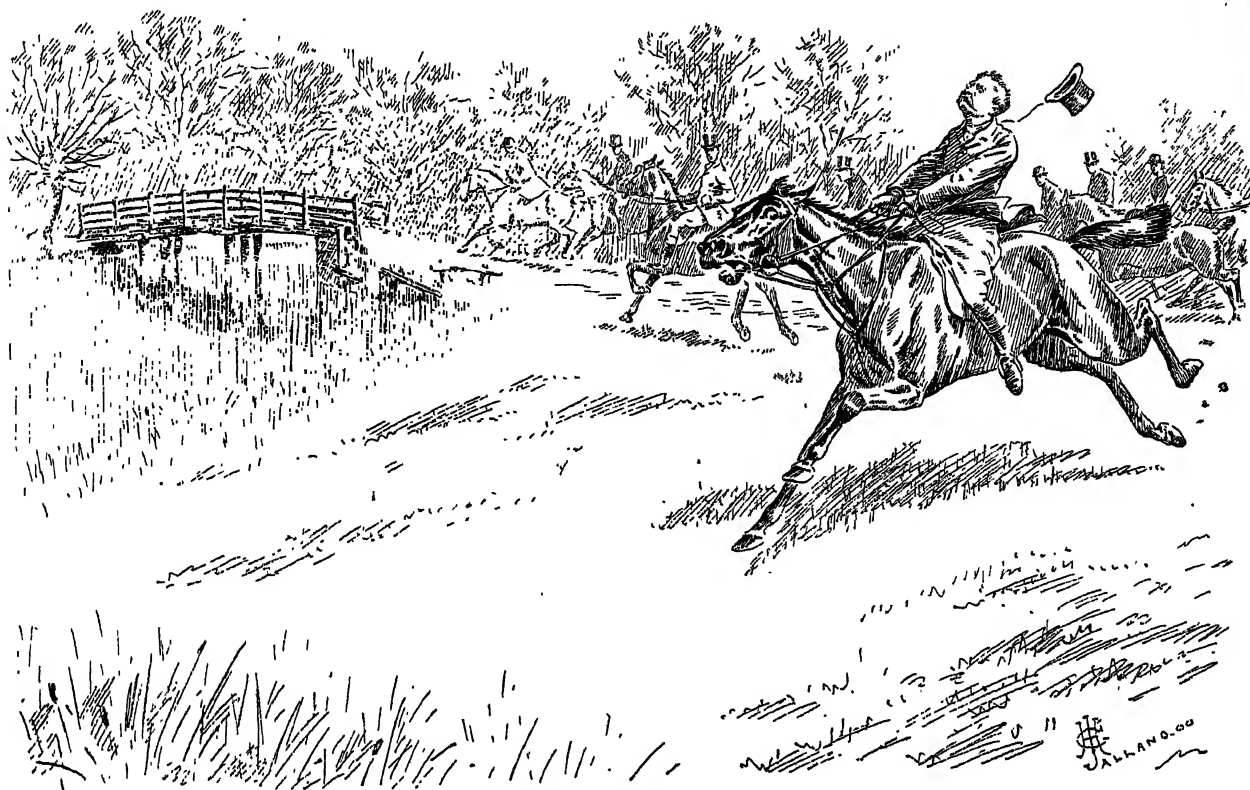
"The less important specimens will be sold gradually. I have an agent who does that sort of thing. The best specimens will go, after my death, to the British Museum."

The little clock on the mantelpiece here gave the preliminary grunt which signified that in another minute it would strike the hour. Miss SMITH rose from her chair.

On the last stroke of six the two men found themselves outside her door. POYNT touched HEREWOOD on the shoulder, and HEREWOOD jumped; he was certainly a nervous man. "Come and have a smoke down stairs, won't you?" said POYNT genially.

HEREWOOD thanked him, and assented. POYNT put up his eyeglass, and there was a flash of triumph in it. He had his excitement well under control. "Here we are," he said, opening the door of his sitting-room.

(Continued in our next.)



COMFORTING, VERY!

Sportsman (who has mounted friend on bolting mare) shouts. "YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP! SHE'S NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO REFUSE WATER, AND SWIMS LIKE A FISH!"

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER I.

Old Days in the Stables—The Fate of Small Boys—The Coachman's Conversion.

Was anything more delightful in the old days, when we were all young, than to run across to the stables and spend an hour or so in talk with the coachman and the horses and ponies? There is nothing, at any rate, to which I look back with greater pleasure than these chats with MATHEW and his charges. MATHEW was a busy man, very smart on horseback or on the box, but of the usual looseness of shirt and slackness of trouser which mark the workmanlike coachman when he is on cleaning duty in his stables. As I think of him the air seems to fill with hissings, and the heavy clop-clop of his great water-boots is in my ears. Inside the stable there is a rattle of rack-chains as the big, patient, kindly horses and the keen little ponies turn their heads to take stock of their young friend, not without hope of sugar or a slice of apple or even a carrot, as a preliminary to friendly intercourse. Then the conversation began.

Mathew. Now, Master 'ARRY, you're ten minutes afore your time. 'Ow ever you gets away from your lessons I dunno. Seems to me they ain't drivin' you 'ard enough; ah, and I'll tell your Pa so if you comes into my stable again when I'm out and lets the corn-slide run. I never knew a boy yet as could keep his 'ands orf o' the corn-slide. Ah! would you, you young radical!

Harry. Oh, but, MATHEW, I only just touched it, you know. I won't pull it out, I swear I won't—at least, not till you tell me to.

Mathew. Well, you'll 'ave to wait a long time fust, then.

Did you ever 'ear the story of the little boy that crep' into the stable and filled 'is pockets up with oats, and the near side 'orse of the pair I used to drive—a bay 'orse, 'e was, with a white blaze on his forehead and a very wicked eye, much the same sort of 'orse as our old Gadfly there—well, the boy 'e went into 'is stall and that there 'orse ate him up, ah! swollered 'im boots and all, and 'is father and mother only knew of it through 'earin' 'is little silver watch tickin' away in the 'orse's inside when I come round with the pair two hours arterwards. That boy—name of WILLIE ROBERTS, 'e was—stood much the same as you, Master 'ARRY, maybe a 'alf-inch taller, and 'e'd been away from his readin' lesson that mornin'.

Harry. Oh, but, MATHEW, last time you said his name was TOMMY WILLIAMS, and he'd come to the stable because he'd broken all the tea-cups.

Mathew. Ah, did I? Well, that was another boy o' the same sort. They all come to a bad end. Now you run along and give the 'orses their sugar, and then you can go into the 'ayloft and 'elp JACK; 'e'll be pleased to see you, and I shan't be sorry to get rid o' you.

But there was one story of MATHEW's which was the show piece of his *répertoire*, and which he only related on grand occasions, as it were, when he was smoking his pipe on Sundays after his tea. It was the story of his conversion to teetotal principles, and, so far as I can remember, this was how it went:—

"When I was a young chap, a matter of more than twenty years ago, I was a bit wild, same as other young chaps, and when I got a month's money I wasn't too careful 'ow I spent it. Those days is all past and gone, and they won't come back again—no, and I don't want 'em to; so I don't mind tellin' you now, Master 'ARRY, that some of us made too free with the

bottle—which, if ever I see you a-doin', I'll put you in Peacock's crib, and I'll let 'im chaw your weskit buttons orf slow and gradual. I wasn't one of the worst of 'em, but I don't mind sayin' now I didn't keep my curb-chain tight enough, and consequence was, I went too fast. I was groom then to Mr. FARNABY, near Devizes, in Wiltshire, a gentleman as 'ad as nice a lot of 'orses as ever you want to see, and one evening in winter, the third year o' my bein' there, I was drivin' the dog-cart 'ome over the Downs. A very cold night it was, and I'd taken somethin' to keep me warm before I come away from Devizes. I was drivin' the old brown 'orse, *Carastacus*, or some such outlandish name, and we got on well enough for a bit, though I do remember there was a kind o' singin' goin' on in my 'ead all the time, and every now and then a voice come up and said, 'MATHEW ALLGOOD, take care'; but I didn't pay much attention, for I wanted to get 'ome quick. Well, suddenly, when we come to the 'ighest part 'o the road, the old 'orse 'e stopped dead, and I couldn't make 'im budge, not anyhow. I talked to 'im, I give 'im the whip, but never an inch 'e moved; so, at last, I got out and went to 'is 'ead to see what was up. When I got there you might havé bowled me over with a wisp of 'ay. Instead o' the old 'orse's face, 'e'd got a man's face on 'im with a long white beard and whiskers, the same for all the world like my old father's, who was dead seven years. And there was a lot of other 'orses, black 'orses, and grey 'orses, and roan 'orses, all on 'em with men's faces, standin' round and lookin' at me; and up above there was the prettiest, softest neighin' you ever 'eard from a dozen o' little Shetland ponies flyin' about in the air like swallows. Then old *Carastacus* opened 'is mouth and began to speak. I wasn't surprised then; I'd got beyond that, and it seemed quite natural 'e should speak, 'avin' my father's face on 'im: "MATTHEW, my boy," 'e says, "I ain't agoin' to 'ave you drinkin' yourself out of a good place and ruinin' yourself—you 'vegot to swear off liquor, or I'll know the reason why. D'ye see them ponies? Well, I've only got to say the word, and they'll peck you to bits, peck every ounce o' flesh orf o' your bones, and fly away with the rest of you. Now," 'e says, "you swear off, and we'll get along 'ome." I didn't know what to say, the old man takin' me so sudden like, and before I knew what 'e was up to, 'e'd called one o' them Shetlands, and it came swooping down and gave me a rare peck o' the elbow. That settled me. "I'll swear, father," I said, and then, somehow, I found myself driving into the avenue, and so to the stables. I've got the mark on my arm now, and 'ere it is to prove that what I've told you's true, and that's why I 'aven't touched a drop of anything barrin' water and ginger-beer from that day to this."

A FELT WANT.

["A school for mistresses is to be started at Brighton."—*Daily Paper*.]

I'm very glad to 'ear it witch I thinks a fust-class plan,
I'm a-goin' to send the Missus for 'er lessons, MARY ANN,
For it drives me mad to see
Wot a idle thing she be—
An' all for want o' trinin' witch it's wot is wrong with she.

There ain't a thing I knows on as the Missus she can do;
If I forgets to black her boots, she wears 'em dirty—ugh!
And I really 'ardly like
For to let her clean my bike,
You never see such mud as she's bin leavin' on the brike.

I 'opes 'er faults is hignorance—she's at an awkard ige,
With care and eddication she'd be willin' to oblige;
And if she ain't a fool,
She will learn at this new school
The wy to keep 'er proper plice an' blessed temper cool.

TARTARIN A LONDRES.

UN VOYAGE PÉRILLEUX.

PAR une triste matinée de décembre plusieurs hommes, guêtrés, le pic en main, le sac sur le dos, sortirent d'un hôtel près de Scharing Crosse. A cause de l'obscurité on les voyait à peine. C'étaient les délégués du Club Alpin de Tarascon, résolus d'essayer l'effroyable ascension jusqu'à Mansionouse, en traversant les crevasses, les abîmes, les gouffres, les gorges, les cols, et les montagnes de Londres. Silencieux, debouts sur le pavé mouillé, ils attendaient le moment du départ. Ils ne parlaient pas. Même les Tarasconnais les plus héroïques, les plus bavards, reculaient devant les dangers de cette terrible ascension, et restaient graves et mornes comme des hommes du Nord.

Il était huit heures du matin, l'heure officielle du lever du soleil, mais à Londres, surtout en hiver, le soleil ne se lève pas. Il pleuvait. Il pleut toujours en Angleterre.

Soudain un gros homme sortit de l'hôtel, un homme barbu, en bottines énormes, guêtré, l'alpenstock et le piolet en main, un sac, un paquet de cordes sur le dos. D'une voix tonnante il poussa un cri, "En route!" C'était l'illustre TARTARIN, Président du Club Alpin de Tarascon. Lui seul ne craignait rien. Après l'ascension de la Jungfrau, après cette chute épouvantable sur le Mont-Blanc, il avançait hardiment, même joyeusement, vers le Stran. Celui qui a surmonté les obstacles les plus terribles de la Suisse ose affronter les cols, les crevasses infiniment plus dangereux de Londres.

"En route!" cria-t-il, et suivi des délégués, il s'engagea dans l'encombrement du Stran. L'instant d'après il disparut. Les autres, effarés, s'arrêtèrent. A leurs pieds une crevasse effroyable! De ses profondeurs ténébreuses une voix murmura, "Et autrement, aidez-moi, au moins!" Ses camarades, laissant tomber une corde, parvinrent à tirer leur Président de l'abîme. Heureusement il était sans blessure, mais couvert de boue. "En avant!" dit-il, "ne craignez-rien, suivez-moi. Nous irons plus doucement." Et ils avancèrent avec mille précautions. Soudain devant eux se leva une masse gigantesque, informe.

"Du sang-froid!" dit TARTARIN, "nous allons grimper." D'un pas rapide il monta immédiatement, suivi du commandant BRAVIDA, courant comme à l'assaut d'une place forte. Mais ils ne connaissaient pas les dangers des montagnes londoniennes. Cette masse n'était pas un rocher. C'était tout simplement de l'argile, trempée par la pluie continue de l'Angleterre. Un instant TARTARIN s'arrêta, agita les bras, plongea son alpenstock dans la masse si peu solide, et puis glissa sur le commandant. Tous les deux roulèrent en bas, et leurs camarades, poussant des cris épouvantables, tombèrent sous le poids de ces deux corps assez lourds, chargés de pics, de piolets, et de sacs.

TARTARIN se leva le premier. "Outre, quelle boue! Impossible de grimper là-dessus. Il faut côtoyer la montagne, hein?" Les autres se levèrent péniblement, et suivirent cet homme infatigable. La fine petite pluie tombait toujours. Autour du pic, s'étendaient des lacs de boue, des glaciers d'argile. Mais, après une heure d'efforts surhumains, les Méridionaux atteignirent un terrain plus solide, fermé cependant par une barrière en bois. A l'autre côté un lac noir, et un homme. Et quel homme! Là, au milieu des crevasses de Londres, un vrai paysan suisse, tenant à la main des outils assez curieux.

"Té, vé," dit TARTARIN, "vous cultivez vos champs, mon ami?" "Non, mossié," répondit l'homme, "c'est l'asphalte."

Pour passer plus loin il fallait suivre un petit sentier boueux, large de cinquante centimètres. Les Tarasconnais, glissant, tombant, rencontraient après quelques instants une foule qui se pressait de l'autre côté. C'était une bousculade effroyable. Cependant ils parvinrent à se dégager, et, évitant les crevasses, longeant les gorges, côtoyant les pics, au milieu d'un encombre-

ment d'omnibus, de voitures, de fiacres, où tout le monde criait, hurlait, jurait, ils arrivèrent enfin au sommet d'une montagne, où l'on distinguait, à travers le brouillard et la pluie, la forme d'un pic gigantesque. Ils avaient fait l'ascension du Ludgatil.

Les délégués, éreintés, voulaient se reposer après cinq heures de lutte contre des obstacles incroyables. Mais l'infatigable TARTARIN s'y opposa. "Du courage," dit-il, "les plus grands dangers sont passés. Encore deux heures, et nous arrivons à Mansionouse. En avant!"

H. D. B.

(To be concluded.)

HAUNTED!

A Latter-day Ghost Story.

It was midnight, and the old church clock had just sounded the hour. As the last reverberating clang smote the air there was a curious stir among the tombstones in the churchyard. Then a grey wavy cloud rose into the air—a few dispirited ghosts who felt that gibbering time had arrived. But they were melancholy, as anyone could see who carefully regarded their hollow sockets. I noticed by the uncertainty of their movements when they glided through the trees how dreadfully out of form they were.

"Brothers and sisters," said the eldest spectre, "this country town is no place for us; we are outwitted—humiliated night after night. Why, only the other evening I met a stray member of the Local Rural Council, and though I've never been in better blood-curdling form, he only laughed. I would have forgiven him his hair not rising," added the spectre bitterly, "as he was bald; but to laugh. . . . Well, in response to a rude inquiry as to what I was doing, I told him in a hollow, sepulchral tone that I was a spirit, and he actually asked me whether I had a licence—a *spirit licence*, as if not, he must report the matter! Faugh!" The bones of the Spectre rattled angrily together.

"That's not the worst," said a young phantom heatedly. "I've discovered the source of the mischief: the reason for the gross materialism of these inhabitants. Last night as I fluttered round the Town Hall, hoping to affright some belated person, I saw a notice upon the walls that a course of University Extension Lectures were being given on—what do you think? Why, 'Scientific Discoveries of the Age.' Science—forsooth! How can we meet subtle superstitions like that?"

At this point a particularly gaunt and decrepit spectre moaned dismally. "What's the matter with you?" cried the others irritably.

"Matter!" squeaked the Spectre. "Isn't it enough to make one miserable, being turned out of 'The Hall' after



Fair Customer. "I WANT A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR MY HUSBAND."

Dealer. "YES, MUM. HOW WOULD THIS OLD CLOCK SUIT YOU?"

Fair Customer. "LET ME SEE. I'VE GOT A CORNER IN MY BOUDOIR THAT WILL JUST DO FOR IT! AND I'VE BEEN WANTING AN OLD CLOCK FOR A LONG TIME. YES, THAT WILL DO!"

haunting the Blue-blood family for centuries? Haven't I done my duty faithfully and well in the Grey Corridor year after year? Why, I've made the practice of all the local doctors through the number of faints, fits, and nervous diseases that my antics have caused. And yet, despite the mystery with which I have wrapt the house and added to the Blue-blood prestige, they now have dances and private theatricals there every week. You don't expect my constitution will put up with common dance music. How can I haunt to the tune of *Sir Roger*—"

"Stay!" said the eldest Spectre in sudden trepidation. "What's that. . . . I thought I heard—"

The ghosts looked eagerly in the direction of the road. Several substantial and hearty-looking men could be seen ap-

proaching. "Brothers and sisters," said the Spectre, trembling all over, "my worst fears are realised. Instead of haunting, we are being haunted by these odious human beings. My nerves are weak—they look so fat. Stoutness invariably unnerves me." [With a shriek the ghosts, one and all, took flight.]



Mild Jest for Mild Winter.

WHERE is the good old-fashioned snow? Go where

You will, and ask "Where is the snow?" 'Tis no-where.

PIECE AND WAR.

CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S play at the Haymarket Theatre, *The Second in Command*, is as near being a genuine comedy as that article of stage furniture is made now-a-days. Anyway, it is thoroughly successful. Here is no society "problem" to be worked out; here is no woman with a damaged past, a perilous present, and a hazy future; there is not a breath of the divorce court about it. We are in pure air, among sane (with, perhaps, the exception of the heroine in love with a "portrait of a gentleman") and sound English ladies, officers and gentlemen. The plot is "*simple comme bon-jour*." It is just a slight misunderstanding giving rise to serious consequences.

It is full of improbabilities, all having the appearance of probability; wherein lies the art of the dramatist and the skill of the actor. Everyone at the Haymarket acts as if they all implicitly believed in themselves, taking quite seriously the characters they represent. This faculty, supplemented by talent and experience, makes success. From the first moment after the rising of the curtain, when we have seen Mr. CYRIL MAUD, simply perfect in every respect, as *Major Kit Bingham*, stretched out on a sofa, until the last moment, the piece goes joyously "with leaps and bounds" up to the triumphant finish.

Mr. HERBERT SLEATH plays the rather difficult part of *Sir Walter Mannering*, a youthful subaltern who has been plunging and has stuck in the mire of debt (he, in fact, is the pivot on whom the whole plot turns), with great care and, on the whole, with commendable self-restraint. Messrs. GRAHAM, OUGHTERSON and TROLLOPE, are all good, which may be said of every representative of the Gallant un-"submerged Tenth." There is only one civilian, a Mr. *Fenwick*, solicitor, and money-lender in a quiet unobtrusive way, well-played on these lines by Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON. Mr. VANE TEMPEST as an Imperial Volunteer and Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT as *Norah Vining*, his betrothed, contribute artistically to the mirth-moving scenes, as does also Miss FANNY COLEMAN who plays *Lady Harburgh*, a style of character that, with her perpetual allusions to her ancestors the McLOCHLYNS (or whatever the Scotch name may be), must remind the elderly playgoer of the "Marquizzzy," in *Caste*, whose quotations from FROISSART and her pride in the Plantagenets, verged on boredom.

In fact, the whole play seems to suggest that Captain MARSHALL, having pined for some opportunity of showing how ROBERTSON ought to have represented military life on the stage, has now got a chance, of which he has made the most. But where would his structure, resting as it does on a very treacherous basis, have been, but for the actors and actresses now at the Haymarket? Nothing but the bright dialogue admirably given, the homely pathos of the situations, and the undeniably clever acting, could have achieved success for so flimsy a plot. Excellent is Miss SYBIL CARLISLE's acting in the scene where the Colonel hardens his heart and breaks his engagement. Here, too, Mr. AYNWORTH achieves a triumph of "reserved force." As to Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, well—he simply makes you fond of that dear, good, lovable, manly Major, who never has any luck until the unexpected happens and he wins the Victoria Cross. Ah! the audience were delighted at that! And how is this event, as welcome as it is surprising, brought about? Here also has Captain MARSHALL shown himself, as a dramatist, bolder than any one of his own bold dragons.

Listen, perpend. Here is Act IV. All has been said that was necessary; all has been done that was obligatory; in a few sentences after the commencement of Act IV., we know that everything is to end happily. Now, how to prevent this brilliant piece from ending in a futile fizzle? "Happy thought!" Bring in "His Royal Highness the Duke commanding the district!" Let him, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, enter bearing to the wounded hero, the Major, the Victoria Cross, sent

by Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, and let His Royal Highness the Duke fasten the decoration on Major CYRIL MAUDE'S manly chest. Admirable! And here is the very man for this distinguished part in the person of Mr. WILFRED FORSTER.

Never was weak last act brought to so triumphant a conclusion! How all on the stage receive this *Deus ex machinâ*! Ladies curtsying deeply, men bowing and bending, inviolated soldiers trying to stagger up and salute! The enthusiasm of loyalty spreads among the audience! This is a Royal Prince, surely! Why, in another moment (he stays scarcely five minutes on the stage, quite royal in his rapidity of action) the audience would have risen respectfully and would not have ventured to re-seat themselves until H.R.H. has quitted the scene. But he remains no longer than "while one with moderate haste might count a hundred." We breathe again. The magnifico has vanished! modesty and bravery are rewarded! and, to the enthusiastic plaudits of a crowded house, the curtain descends, only to rise twice again in order to show Major CYRIL MAUDE, decorated, and all his clever companions "Marshallled" in a row, bowing, smiling, and supremely happy. A well-deserved success all round.



THREE SINGERS.

WHILE still in the prime of his tenorial powers Mr. LLOYD, last week, retired from professional life. "To other lips" must now fall the singing of "*Songs of Araby*" and of his incomparably given "*Lend me your aid*," from Gounod's "*Reine de Saba*." Not "*Adieu*," as to one sweet singer, SIMS REEVES, who, when almost a nonagenarian, was taken from us but a short while ago; not "*Adieu*," as to HENRY RUSSELL, that grand old man who having weathered the storms of life, was "ready, aye, ready," up to within a very short time of the end, to sing his ever popular "*Cheer, Boys, Cheer!*" and "*To the Land of the Free*," accompanying himself on the piano as dramatically as ever, but "*Sans Adieu*" we may say to Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, for, as the old familiar song has it, "*He will return, we know him well*," and when special occasion (as may seem good to him) shall demand, maybe in the sacred cause of charity, EDWARD LLOYD will be to the front of the platform, and once again, nay not infrequently, shall we hear the "*Songs of Araby*" and "*When other lips*," as no other lips save those of EDWARD LLOYD can give them. So he "retires," and as, with a light heart, he, in his retirement, sings to himself, may happiness accompany him! Not "*Good-bye, Sweetheart, Goodbye!*" for "*You will not leave us, Though you've said, 'Good-bye, good friends, Good-bye!'*" But, let us insist upon it, "*Au Revoir!*"



A CHANCE FOR CHARITY.

MR. PUNCH directs the attention of his friends once more to the "MONTAGU WILLIAMS Blanket and Clothing Fund," established some years since in connection with the Worship Street Police Court. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, one of the best and kindest men that ever lived, did his best during his short magistracy to alleviate the misery and distress he saw around him. Let those who care to honour his memory, and to help in carrying on his good work, send contributions, either in money or in kind (soup, boots, blankets, clothing), to Mr. JOHN MASSEY, the Worship Street Police Court Missionary, whose address is 25, Mildenhall Road, Lower Clapton, N.E., or to the Magistrates of the Court, Mr. HADEN CORSER and Mr. A. R. CLUER.



"DE WET O' DE WISP."

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

(By an Ambitious Housekeeper.)

[A clever mistress can, it is said, keep her servants a long time. The following illustration of this contention is taken from that well-known society paper, the *Morning Leader*. "In Dumfriesshire, Lady LAURIE kept a cook eleven years and parted with her last year with mutual expressions of regret. Lady DARNLEY's upper housemaid in Hill Street, has been in that responsible position nearly ten years, and Lady HELENA WICKHAM's has been with her over thirteen."—*Fancy that!*]

In the giddy upper circles, where the *Leader* circulates,

Though there isn't a millennium as yet,

Still the mistress and the servant sometimes part, the *Leader* states,

With mutual expressions of regret.

Then the years the ladies keep them, ten, eleven or thirteen!

Where, oh where, are such rare treasures to be met?

If some servants I have known I'd kept so long, it would have been

With mutual expressions of regret!

I raise their wages once a month, they have champagne for tea,

They give "at-homes" and entertain their "set,"

And yet we part, and do not part, as far as I can see,

With mutual expressions of regret.

Only yesterday our cook for some mistake—no matter what—

Had to go; our parting ne'er shall I forget.

But, in confidence, the *Leader* I inform that it was not

With mutual expressions of regret.

The great domestic problem I am taking much to heart,

And shall think myself a "clever mistress" yet,

If I keep a cook a year or so, and then we fondly part

With mutual expressions of regret!



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is no discredit to Mr. E. V. LUCAS, who contributes the letterpress to *Four and Twenty Toilers* (GRANT RICHARDS) to say that the eye rests most lovingly upon the work of his collaborateur, Mr. F. D. BEDFORD, who does the pictures. The verse is excellent in its way. The pictures, alike in drawing and colouring, are supremely good. They are, indeed, much too bright and good for an ordinary volume's daily food. If any fond mother wants a Christmas surprise for her darling, she will be grateful for my Baronite's suggestion to get this book, take out the pictures, neatly frame them, and therewith adorn the nursery walls.

JOHN LANE's little books, with such great poems in them as *The Blessed Damsel* and *The Day Dream*, might be well termed a series of "Treats for Travellers," as of course could be all the easily pocketable and portable books, such as are those to whose worth and merit the Baron has from time to time most willingly directed public attention.

When Oom PAUL flared his Ultimatum in the face of the British Empire, Mr. ERSKINE CHILDERS, Junior Clerk in the House of Commons, lay down his pen, put away his copy of the Orders of the Day and joined the Hon. Artillery Company forming the battery of the C.I.V. In *the Ranks* (SMITH ELDER) is a record of his personal experiences. With his gallant comrades he went pretty well through the war. But, as he writes at one epoch, where "there is much vague talk of a General CLEMENTS

and a brigade being connected somehow with our operations . . . we know as little of the game we are playing as pawns on the chessboard." Like many sentences in this lively book that throws a flood of light on the position and point of view of the private soldier through a campaign. Mr. CHILDERS, leaving the general direction of affairs to Lord ROBERTS, accordingly devotes himself to noting down things that come under his observation inside the tent and further afield. The result is a series of unpremeditated pictures of campaign life invaluable for their graphic touch. One day Mr. CHILDERS comes across a Sergeant of the 38th Battery forlornly looking out for his lines. Among many commentaries complimentary rather to Boer than British methods of war he described how "our cavalry go along, heels down, toes in, arms close to side, eyes front, all according to regulation, keeping distance regardless of ground, while the Boer cares nothing as long as he gets there and does his work." Here, more effective because no moral is tagged on, is the explanation of many disasters to British arms during this fateful campaign.

Nor does a more pleasant way of attaining the familiarity with the works of GEORGE MEREDITH occur to the Baron than that invented by ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, of Westminster, who gives us early and short works (short, by George!) of this author, whose every paragraph is well worth studying, and whose meaning in these small books, at least, is not "past finding out." His *Tale of Chloe* is delightful. Are we to have *The Ordeal of Richard Feveril* and *Evan Harrington* in the same form? Likewise *The Shaving of Shaggypate*? By all means. GEORGE MEREDITH will have been run in and taken up by this CONSTABLE to some purpose.

All About Dogs (JOHN LANE) is a book well described by its title. What Mr. CHARLES LANE doesn't know about dogs is not worth telling. As breeder, exhibitor, and judge, he has learned much, and has a pleasant, simple way of communicating his information. The value of the volume is increased by nearly a hundred illustrations of the most celebrated dogs of recent time, drawn from life by R. H. MOORE. Everyone of these dogs has had his day. Gathered within the boundary of a volume, they form a rare gallery of beauty and strength. As a practical guide to the purchase and keep of dogs, my Baronite finds the work invaluable.

In *New Rhymes for Old* (JOHN LANE), Mr. ANTHONY C. DEANE gives renewed proof of his now well-known skill, dexterity and versatility. The Baron's Assistant, as one who has himself wrestled with light verse, gladly bears his testimony to Mr. DEANE's success. Here are excellent parodies of KIPLING, DOBSON, HENLEY, LANG, NEWBOLT and others, all of them striking the nail on the head with no uncertain hammer. But, good as these are, the best and happiest, in the opinion of the B. A., is *The Cult of the Celtic*, in which the mannerisms, the indeterminate imagery and the gorgeous vagueness of Miss FIONA MACLEOD and Mr. W. B. YEATS are hit off to the life—or rather to that semblance of life which the Celtic school affects. Light verse well-written always gives an impression of perfect ease; the words fit inevitably into their places, the rhymes never strain the sense or jar on the reader—the whole things seems to have run trippingly and without effort from the pen, and there is no visible sign of the labour that went to the attainment of the result. Mr. DEANE's verse, and in this volume he is at his best, fulfils these requisites both in parody and in the higher class, of which "Speech Day" is a good example.

If any one of the Baron's friends wants a novel with a good plot, full of sensational situations, let him ask for *La Ténébreuse*, by GEORGES OHNET. The book is marked "Librairie P. Ollendorff, 1901," but the Baron has had it on his table any time during the last six weeks and has only read it within the last few days. Also it is "*deuxième édition*," so evidently it was not absolutely unknown to fame when it fell under the Baron's notice. Anyway, it is a strong melodramatic story.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



Bernard Partridge
1900

HOW COMES IT THAT YOUNG SIMKPIN, USUALLY SO GAUCHE AND SILENT IN SOCIETY, WEARS TO-NIGHT THIS EASY AIR OF INSoucIANCE AND ASSURANCE?

IT IS BECAUSE HE HAS JUST REALISED THAT THE DATE IS DECEMBER 22, AND HE NEED NO LONGER CUDGEL HIS BRAINS DESPERATELY FOR CONVERSATION-OPENINGS. BEHOLD HIM, AFTER INTRODUCTION TO THE FAIR MISS TOWNLEY, EASILY OBSERVING—"THE—ER—DAYS BEGIN TO—ER—LENGTHEN OUT, DON'T THEY?"

"TOKO" FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have long wanted to be made acquainted with effective methods for correcting the impertinences of youth. I am glad to find that satisfactory recipes are provided by the *Brixton Free Press*, as you may judge by the following extracts:—

"To prevent scratching, make close mittens of cotton cloth; secure them by winding pieces of tape round the wrists and tying firmly."

My only objection to this salutary treatment is that it would not prevent glove-fights. However, to resume:—

"When the offence is slapping, the hands may be bound together with a soft strip of cotton, emphasis being laid on the fact that they cannot be undone until they are ready to pat brother instead of slapping him."

But surely, father, mother and sister, share in the pacification of patting as well as "brother?"

"Kicking may be treated in the same manner,

the feet being bound with a broad ligature and the little sinner put on a chair or out of harm's way."

In this latter respect I should suggest the coal-hole or the dog-kennel. But the subjoined is better still:—

"Biting should be promptly discouraged. Two strips of surgeon's plaster an inch wide and six inches long make an effectual bandage for the naughty mouth. Fasten the ends of the strips under the chin, cross them over the lips and press the other ends on each side of the nose. A little turpentine will remove the traces of the plaster, when it is taken off."

Hang me, Sir, if that eminent pedagogue *Wackford Squeers, Esq.*, could have beaten that arrangement or the equally famous *Bumble* ever imagined such salutary punishment. The turpentine, too, at the finish, almost realises the salt rubbed into the backs of sailors who were flogged in the good old days. I send this in the hope that others may profit by the above.

Yours, BIRCHINGTON DE BLOCK.

TO PORTIA AT THE BAR.

[“The first lady barrister has just taken the oath at Paris.”—*Daily paper*.]

O PORTIA, many maids there are
Who wear their wigs as gaily
As thou, appearing at the bar
To take refreshers daily;
They rustle too, in silk like thee,
With oft a clerk resplendent
And, not infrequently you see,
Solicitors attendant.

Their trade is legal—so is thine,
Yet not their craft thou pliest,
For they are in the liquor line
And thou in law—the driest.
But welcome, bar maid! hail to thee!
Bright be thy lot and griefless!
And may thy portion never be,
Like this poor writer's, briefless.

THE LOVER'S CHRISTMAS CARD.—Yule be mine!

CÆSAR'S WIFE.

[*Historical Reminder.*—The discovery of Clodius in the house of CÆSAR's wife, assisting, in woman's disguise, at the exclusively feminine mysteries of the *Dona Dea*, compelled CÆSAR to divorce her. Though protesting a firm belief in her honour, he was understood to remark that the wife of CÆSAR should be above suspicion. The phrase has acquired some popularity in the present Parliament, where Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, for one, undertook the rôle of the scandalised Pontiff.]

J. CÆSAR (*Pontifex Maximus*) loquitur :—

NOR that I doubt your purity of heart,
Nor deem your honour even slightly soiled,
No, my POMPEIA, that is not the point!
To me you ever were most white of soul,
A thing immaculate, *sans* blot or blain;
But, for the general cause, I lay it down
That CÆSAR's wife should be above suspicion.

And, first, ascribe it not to jealousy
Nor livid malice nor unlovely spite
(Humours this genial frame has never nursed),
If I repeat the mouthings of the mob,
And have, regretfully, to touch upon
This raid of CLUDIUS, found in flagrant fault,
Big with the secrets of your own department,
And sure to give its mysteries away.
That you were privy, prior to the event,
Or screened him after, I will not believe;
Yet CÆSAR's wife should be above suspicion.

Next, other tales, mere savage ducks to me,
Come bruited by the common scavengers
That rake the market records; thus, I hear
How, on the eve of war with Mithridates,
Whereof the whisper passed these dotting lips,
You did a covert deal in catapults;
Yea, joined your family in some concern
Designed to corner brazen battering-rams
And martial *tubæ*; how your brother formed
A syndicate for welding links of steel
Wherewith to load our captives as they walked
The Sacred Way in rear of POMPEY's car;
And how the total profits you amassed,
Direct or indirect, amounted to
The sum of sixty odd *denarii*;
A trifling increment, you may protest,
Yet CÆSAR's wife should be above suspicion.

And still another scandal: it is said
That you have leased three acres and a cow
Abutting on the banks of Rubicon;
The acres for erecting public stands,
The cow to ease the throats of thirsty troops,
Against the hour when I shall march that way.
My compliments upon your sound prevision,
Seeing a waste of winters must elapse
Before my legions cross that crucial borne!
Unless I speculate aloud in dreams
And you have stole these wrinkles while I slept,
I know not whence your information comes,
Nor count you capable of such a craft;
Yet CÆSAR's wife should be above suspicion.

Lastly, they say, my love, that you have hedged;
That you have bought a minor interest
In a Small Toga Manufactory,
Ready to pluck the day when arms shall cede
To civil raiment. 'Tis a paltry charge,
And, like the rest, incredible to me;
Yet, heaped together, such insinuations
Impose themselves upon the popular mind,
And CÆSAR's wife should be above suspicion.

Therefore, despite my fond uxorious heart,
Despite my reverence for one who stands
So near the highest, yet, that we may keep
Intact our purity of public life,
I needs must send you letters of divorce.
But, my POMPEIA, pray do not suppose
That you are personally singled out
For vulgar scorn to serve a private end,
As though I meant to marry someone else.
I love you, love you, let me say again;
And if, in time, for purposes of state,
I steel myself to wed another wife,
The rule will equally apply to her;
All CÆSAR's wives should be above suspicion!

O. S.



"WE'VE HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE!"

SANTA CLAUS has a dashing haberdasher in TOM SMITH, who makes the Christmas stockings and sends them out, *moyennant* a certain sum, to all fathers and mothers of families, guardians, uncles and aunts with little nephews and nieces passing their Christmas holidays with them, who straightway become the sub-agents of Santa Claus for hanging up the stockings outside the bedroom doors, so that on awaking the children may peep out and see what gifts have been sent them while they slept. And what Christmastide gifts besides! Where is Christmas without crackers? Khaki crackers, of course; Japanese ditto: pale blue and silver, dainty crackers for the dinner-table and all sorts of "surprise parcels" which will add to the merriment and pleasure of many Christmas parties, small parties and grown-ups. Here's a cracker motto for you—

Now all around you, kin and kith,
Cry with one voice, "Hurrah, TOM SMITH!"

This is a couplet which should make the fortune of any aspirant to the honour of Christmas Laureate.



CHOOSING THE CARDS.

(A before Christmas consideration.)

Now, let me see, what shall it be *this* year? Last Yule Tide I sent a portrait of myself and a picture of my house. Can't very well repeat that idea—used up. Must try something quaint. Time in a balloon, or the New Century entering through the open door with a brass plate with my name on it, on the portals. But that wouldn't do, because I am neither a doctor nor a solicitor. As a matter of act, I am a member of the bar and have a soul above brass plates. Besides, droll ideas and quaint conceits have been done to death. Well, then, I can fall back upon Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so wish their friends the compliments of the season. This, too, I have done in days gone by.

Suddenly I get an idea—a novelty. This year I will send *no* cards at all! Splendid! The notion is original and certainly economical!

SATISFACTORY.—The gentleman described in the police report as "of no fixed abode," had lodgings found at once for him at a highly respectable address by a paternal government on the recommendation of a magistrate.

A LETTER OF THANKS.

OH, ALICE, MARGARET, AGNES, MAY,
(My cousin first and kind)
How sweet of you this Christmas Day
Of me to have a mind.

And EMMA, GERTY, CLEMENTINE,
KATE, NELLY, PHYLLIS, SUE,
ROSE, FANNY, LUCY, EMMELINE,—
How very sweet of you!

But—a coincidence that shows
Your never-failing tact—
Each one a pretty ash-tray chose,
The very thing I lacked.

Yet, while with gratitude I'm fired,
And while on smoking keen,
And while an ash-tray I required—
I did not want fifteen.

THE FASHION IN FAIRY-TALES.

(What modern children have to put up with
—Vide many of the "Children's Books"
recently published.)

... So Jack climbed up the beanstalk, decorating each leaf with red paint as he went. That meant, as every wise child will understand, that it would appear in all the maps ever after as British Territory. And when he had reached the top and set foot upon the strange land he found there, I need not tell you that his first act was to take a Union Jack from his pocket, to fix it on a tall stick, and then to sing "God save the Queen" as loudly as ever he could. For Jack was a good little Imperialist, just as you must be, my dear children, when you grow up. And whenever you travel, you must be sure to take a Union Jack in your pocket, and wave it in the faces of the nasty, dirty foreigners. That is the way Britain has become the only empire in the world worth mentioning, and loved by everybody.

When Jack had ended the National Anthem and was just about to begin "Soldiers of the Queen," he saw a strange little boy running towards him with a very pale face. "Oh, hush!" said the strange little boy, "you must not make that dreadful noise! A great big wicked Ogre lives here, and if you wake him up he will come and eat you!" "Pooh!" said Jack, "I am not afraid of any Ogre! Britons never, never will be slaves. As for you, I believe you're a Little Englander!"

The strange boy grew paler still, but he had no time to say anything before Jack had seized him by the collar and kicked him very severely. That, dear children, is the way in which you should always treat anyone whom you suspect to be a Little Englander. They are very, very wicked people, who deserve to be punished. And if the person whom you have kicked proves, after all, to be a Liberal Imperialist, he will be only too glad to have suffered for the sake of his country.

Just as Jack finished off that horrid



Juvenile Sportsman on Donkey (to Arry). "STICK TO IT, GUV'NOR! YOU 'LL BE ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU GET USED TO IT!"

little boy—who ran away shrieking, "See if I don't tell STEAD!"—a noise like thunder was heard, and the Ogre himself appeared, hastening towards Jack, and waving a large knife in his hand.

"Stop!" commanded Jack. "By the power of this magic talisman"—he pointed to the Union Jack—"I command you to stop!" and the Ogre found himself rooted to the ground, and gnashed his teeth with impotent rage. "What are you doing in my country?" he roared.

"Pardon me," said Jack, "but it ceased to be your country"—he looked at his watch—"just seven minutes ago, when I formally annexed it in the name of the British Empire."

"Rot!" said the Ogre—he was a very rude Ogre indeed, and used quite slangy words when he was angry. "Rot! This my country, and as for you, you miserable mannikin, I'll eat you as an entrée at dinner to-night."

"Are you aware," replied Jack sweetly, "that I belong to an Empire which could annihilate the united armies of Germany, France, and Russia in two days?"

"The dickens you do!" rejoined the Ogre, looking very crestfallen.

"The fact is indisputable," said Jack. "I will read you a few articles from really patriotic papers which prove it." (You will find these articles printed at the end of my story, and every good child should learn them by heart.)

Then Jack read all the articles, and the Ogre listened most attentively. "Well, then, the game's up," he remarked. "You've come after that Princess, I suppose? All right, I'll hand her over at once."

So Jack formally annexed the Princess and married her, amidst general mafficking, while the Ogre became their faithful servant, and they all lived happily ever after.

A. C. D.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

SQUIRE BULL (to his Agent). "YES, IT'S A BIG BILL, BRODRICK, BUT YOU NEEDN'T CROAK ABOUT IT. I'M IN FOR THE JOB, AND I'LL SEE IT THROUGH!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 10.

—HENRY GRATTAN noted in one of his memoranda: "I wrote a reply to GEORGE GRENVILLE which I thought very good, for I had taken much care. It touched every point except the question. It kept clear of that."

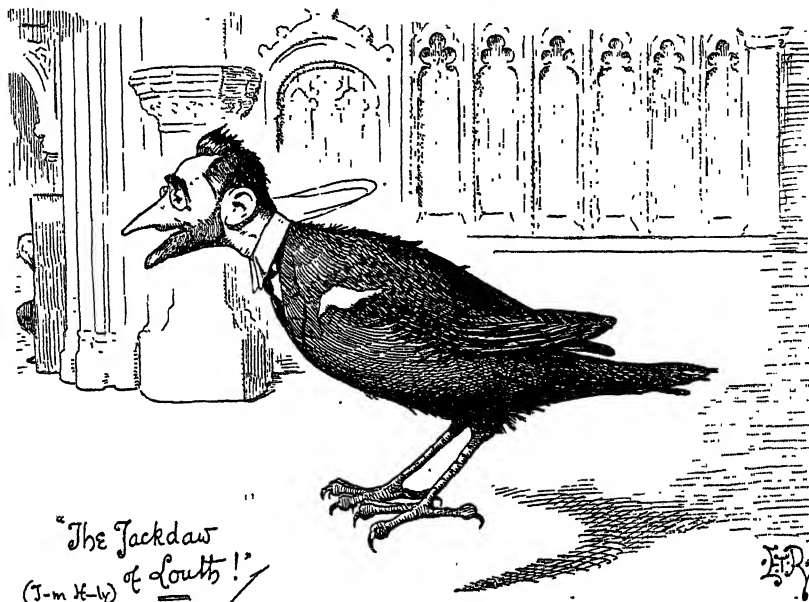
Listening to-night to PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ severally replying to two damaging attacks upon the Government, recalled this cynical avowal. The BLAMELESS BARTLEY submitted what was practically a vote of censure on the MARKISS, forasmuch as he had shown himself unduly susceptible to family affection. LLOYD-GEORGE moved Amendment to Address raising whole question of connection of certain enterprising Birmingham industrial firms with particular Government Departments. PRINCE ARTHUR, with great skill, availed himself of certain irrelevancies introduced into his speech by the BLAMELESS ONE; chaffed him, sneered at his heroic attitude. But, as to question of probability that a Premier charged with distribution of patronage affecting highest interests of the State should have found the five very best men under the family wing he said never a word.

DON JOSÉ adopted same tactics. LLOYD-GEORGE, ROBSON, and others supporting Amendment, reiterated utter absence of desire or intention to impute personal corruption. Took their stand on lofty platform erected by DON JOSÉ only five years ago. Lord ROSMEAD then nominated to Governorship of Cape Colony. Before such promotion was anticipated he, shrewd business man, invested certain moneys in Rhodesian enterprise. DON JOSÉ shocked. Like LLOYD-GEORGE to-day, he imputed no dishonourable intention.

"But," he added, "something more is



The Islington India-rubber Bouncing Ball.
A new Christmas toy for the youthful scions of the House of Cecil.



"The Jackdaw
(J-m K-w) of South!"

"They cursed him in eating, they cursed him in drinking,
They cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
They cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
They cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
They cursed him in living, they cursed him dying!
Never was heard such a terrible curse,
But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!"—*Ingoldsby Legends.*

expected of a person who has been appointed to represent the QUEEN. It is not only necessary that he should be pure, but, like CÆSAR'S wife, he must not be suspected."

With this principle applied to later circumstances DON JOSÉ had nothing to do. Insisted that after twenty-five years' service he was called upon to explain that he was not a thief and a scoundrel. This he did effectively and effectually; but throughout forceful, animated speech House felt that was not the question.

However, DON JOSÉ came out at the end on better terms than did the MARKISS. The beneficent head of a Family got off by a majority of 102; thirty-two below the normal Ministerial majority. DON JOSÉ carried a majority of 142, eight above it.

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Tuesday. What a night TIM HEALY did have to be sure! Afar off, on the banks of the Liffey, the once more united Irish Party beginning their new career of brotherly love by thrusting TIM forth neck and crop. Across the Irish Channel, floating over quiet English meadows, hurrying by bustling towns, you could almost hear the blood-curdling yells that filled the Rotunda when (1) WILLIAM O'BRIEN, fully clothed, moved a resolution drumming TIM out; when (2) T. HARRINGTON opposed it; and when (3) REDMOND *ainé*, emulous of the Vicar of Bray, explained that he thought the resolution unwise but was prepared to bow to decision of the majority.

Meanwhile TIM, safe in Sanctuary at

Westminster, addressing genially laughing House, let himself go on question of War in South Africa. Is endowed with keen perception, gifted with logical mind. What added to pleasure of the moment (apart from thought of what was then going on at the Rotunda) was conviction of what would have happened had he delivered analogous speech in another latitude. Here, in the very hub of the Constitution, he was as nearly talking treason as was possible to a man of unlimited vocabulary. He abused Her Majesty's Ministers; denounced as dishonest the national policy in connection with the War; characterised the actions of the British (and Irish) soldiers in the field as brutal; extolled the character of the gentle Boer, fervently wishing him luck in his guerilla campaign.

Had he chanced to be a Uitlander, resident in Johannesburg, he would, of course, have been "agin the Government." With his generous heart throbbing for liberty, his breast warm with sympathy for oppressed minorities, he would have regarded OOM PAUL as a species of debased brutalised IRISH SECRETARY, and would have "gone for him" accordingly. To be precise, he would have desired to go for him, but contemplation of inevitable consequences would have curbed his tongue.

Had TIM, in brief, being a resident in Johannesburg, said about the Boers, in connection with the War, what he has cried aloud about the British he would, like a forgotten nobleman, have long ago languished in prison at Pretoria. In the

Commons to-night he jibed and jeered, denounced and derided, a crowded audience listening to him with no more show of resentment than if the people and the policy he reviled were resident in Saturn.

It is only an Irishman, a race instinct with humour, who could maintain a grave countenance, successfully preserve an air of conviction, through this screaming farce.

Business done.—The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR asks for a further sixteen millions for War Expenses.

"Certainly, my boy," says CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER; "I'll go and borrow it for you."

Thursday.—No one to equal the SPEAKER in the graceful art of helping a lame dog over a style. To-night in Debate on Appropriation Bill, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE desired to make few remarks upon others offered by ALFRED MILNER when receiving deputation presenting resolutions of Afrikander Congress at Worcester. You can on Second Reading of Appropriation Bill discuss almost any topic under the sun. But, really, this seemed a little outside the extended circle.

"Order! Order!" cried the SPEAKER. "That subject is not relevant to the question before the House."

"The way I am introducing it is this," said the SAGE in most persuasive voice, his innocent face illumined with beatific smile. "I have doubts in my mind whether I ought to vote for this Bill."

"The hon. Member's mind," said the SPEAKER, "might be swayed by the most irrelevant considerations."

Whilst the SAGE was thinking over this occult observation YERBURGH, called on by SPEAKER, had made some advance with a speech in which China wasn't mentioned.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a second time.

Friday.—When, the other day, FERGUSON and FARQUHARSON moved and seconded re-election of SPEAKER, memory went back to earlier days when Sir JOHN MOWBRAY used to take part in similar ceremonies. Characteristic of fine type of English gentlemen that MOWBRAY, having nominated WHITE RIDLEY in opposition to Mr. GULLY and been defeated, next time Mr. GULLY came up for election proposed him.

Reading to-night Recollections of his "Seventy years at Westminster." Appeared first in pages of *Maga*. Now, edited by Miss MOWBRAY, BLACKWOOD publishes them in book form, enriched with portraits of Speakers from SHAW-LEFEVRE's time. Most interesting of illustrations is reproduction of a drawing showing SPEAKER'S House, before the fire at the Houses of Parliament. The book is a pleasant reminder of one who lived to be Father of



Hatfield to the Foreign Office *via* Pretoria.
(Lord Cr-nb-rne.)

the House, and was revered and loved by all his children.

Business done.—Winding up work.

Saturday.—Parliament prorogued.

"Dear me," said the Member for Sark, looking over the Society column in the *Clerkenwell Herald*. "How rapid are the movements of the aristocracy among our chaps in the House. I see that Count Out has already left town for his country seat, Lobby Lodge, Whogoeshomeshire."

TO A STAR.

(By a disappointed rush-light.)

TWINKLE! twinkle! mighty star;
I don't wonder what you are,
Shining on the boards so bright,
Gaining plaudits every night,
Making duchesses turn green,
At your splendid, jewel sheen,
Causing hearts to throb and break,
By the smiles you give and take.
Nurtured on the choicest food,
Worshipped by the great and good,
Photographed both near and far,
Sung in lyric, puffed in par.,
These things do not make me stare,
I but wonder what you were!

ONLY HALF COWED.

[A London milkman, charged with adding water, pleaded "guilty under great provocation due to the weakness of a cow."]

FOR the worst adulteration
There is such extenuation
As the circumstances palpably allow,
And I wish you had been able
Just to see inside the stable
Where I keep the thing that passes for a
cow.

The very week I got her
I distinctly saw her totter,
And she scarcely touched the shavings in
the rack;
So continually ailing
That her milk was always failing,
And the sawdust never seemed to fetch it
back.

There is something very galling
In the cow you're milking falling,
And a granite floor is seldom very soft;
But it makes one even madder
When she tries to climb the ladder,
Just because she smells a turnip in the
loft.

So I yielded to temptation,
Under heavy provocation,
And I did a little juggle with the tap;
For the time it takes to tell in
May pervert a child to MELLIN,
If you're tardy in providing it with pap.

A milkman has his trials,
And, in spite of all denials,
There are still two ways of plenshing his
pail:

An iron constitution
In a cow is one solution,
And the other is some iron in its tail.

PLAN FOR INVASION OF ENGLAND.

(By le brav' General Sans-Merci.)

MES AMIS,—It is simplicity itself, my plan. And I may, at the outset, call your attention to my own good taste in discussing in open parliament schemes for the making of war upon a friendly and neighbouring nation. Now to my plan. Fifteen *corps d'armée* would march to Boulogne, where they would pick up a sufficient number of fishwives at the *Halle* to supply a corps of *vivandières*; then proceeding on to the sands they would roll up their trouser-legs and wade across to Dover. The officers and *sous-officiers* only would go by mid-day boat from Boulogne to Folkestone, whence they would proceed to Dover in four-wheel cabs. Officers must change francs into shillings on board the steamer, so as to provide themselves with cab fares. The troops would then take the boat-express to London, and the invasion of England is *un fait accompli*. *Voilà tout!* I myself will take command, and give all directions from Paris.

THE ANOMALOUS VERB TA BOO.

(As conjugated by Booligans.)

CRITICAL MOOD.

ASSERTIVE PRESENT TENSE.

I boo.
 Thou boozest.
 He bawls.
 We blow tin trumpets.
 Ye yelp.
 They are boors—I mean boozers.

CONTINUOUS PAST TENSE.

I was booing.
 Thou wast howling "Author!"
 He was wanting his shilling back.
 We were busting with importance.
 Ye were posing as critics.
 They were bouncing the verdict.

ZOOLOGICAL FUTURE TENSE.

I will boo.
 Thou shalt cat-call.
 He will hoot.
 We will bellow.
 Ye shall bow-wow.
 They will baa.

JUDICIALLY PERFECT TENSE.

(We don't keep it in stock.)

POTENTIAL MOOD.

CONTINGENT PRESENT TENSE.

I may boo.
 Thou mayest play the Hooligan.
 He may get run in.
 We may turn Yahoos.
 Ye may have to be chucked out.
 They may get five shillings or seven days.

QUERULOUS INTERROGATIVE TENSE.

Why shouldn't I boo?
 Wouldst thou not guy the manager?
 Should he lose his hair?
 Why should we submit to the claque?
 Wouldn't ye jump on a lady-dramatist?
 Why should they boom a rotten piece?

POLITE SUGGESTIVE TENSE.

I might refrain from booing.
 Thou mightest behave like a gentleman (if possible).
 He might just walk out, as the Yankees do.
 We might turn up our thumbs, like the ancient Romans.
 Ye might do ditto with your noses.
 They might simply sniff.

IMPERATIVE.

Blymy!
 Boo thou.
 Let him blither.
 Let's queer the actors!
 'Eave ye 'arf a brick at 'is 'ead!
 Let them get "the bird."

INFINITIVE.

Taboo.

PARTICIPLES.

Present: Boo-hooing.

Passive: Booted.

A. A. S.



Devoted Little Wife (to Hubbie, who has been late at the Club). "NOW, DEAR, SEE, YOUR BREAKFAST IS QUITE READY. A NICE KIPPER, GRILLED CHICKEN AND MUSHROOMS WITH BACON, POACHED EGGS ON TOAST—TEA AND COFFEE. ANYTHING ELSE YOU'D LIKE, DEARIE?"
Victim of last night (groans). "YES—AN APPETITE!" [Collapses.]

TO THE BOTTLE.

(By a Poet with a cold.)

O BOTTLE—Nay, Sir WILFRID, nay,
 Frown not upon my simple lay!
 Although I wear no ribbon blue,
 This guarantee I offer you;
 I draw the subject of my song
 Uncommon "hot," but far from
 "strong."

O Bottle (to return once more
 To where I had begun before),
 To me your virtues small and great

Are "précious things discovered late."
 I used to know but one, O Bottle—
 You pour strong drink down no one's
 throttle!

O Bottle, in my hours of ease
 You've found me thankless, hard to please,
 And prone to kick you, be it said,
 Incontinently out of bed.
 When chills and shivers freeze my feet,
 I must admit you're quite a treat!



CHAPTER V.

THAT kind of revolver do you use in these expeditions?" asked POYNT casually, as he unfastened the wire on a soda-water bottle.

"An ordinary six-chambered revolver. Mine's quite an old one; but it shoots straight, and that's the great point. It belonged to CHARLES PEACE of famous memory, and I got it from a friend of his." HEREWOOD lay back in his chair, diligently sucking a cigarette, and appeared happy and pleased with himself. "This is really quite exceptional for me," he said, as he raised his glass to his lips.

POYNT took the chair on the other side of the fire. "Not now," he said meditatively, "very few, very few," the deep bass voice assented.

"Mr. HEREWOOD," said POYNT, his eye-glass flashing, "you fired five times at the tigress, three times at MANSFORD, and three times at the policeman. Eleven shots with six cartridges is good. Also, while I am on the subject, there was a garden all round the house. But when you dropped from the first-floor window you dropped—not into the garden, but into the street. That is even better. I might mention other points, but these are enough. Have you any explanation?"

HEREWOOD took a long drink and cleared his throat. He then said, not without dignity: "If you were not deceived, I cannot see what you have to grumble at."

"I might tell you that I have good cause to resent an attempt to deceive me, whether it was successful or not. But I prefer to remind you that I was not the only person present, and that the other person was most distinctly deceived. Take another cigarette."

"Thanks, I will. Has Miss SMITH given you any right to speak on her behalf?"

"That has nothing to do with it. If you see anybody being swindled, you do not want any special authority from them to warn them of it."

"Good heavens! You don't mean that you would tell Miss SMITH?"

"Why not? You come swaggering here, making yourself out to be so much worse than anybody else, and the whole thing is a fraud. Why do you pretend to vices which you do not possess? It's hypocritical; and it's done to make a noble-hearted girl think better of you. You with a tigress! You with a bag of pearls! You attitudinising with a halo of crime on your head! How dare you call yourself a criminal? How dare you say that the police are after you? I accuse you of absolute innocence. That's what's the matter with you. And I'll prove my words; I know a house in Herne Bay where the morning's milk is left on the doorstep in a can at seven every day. If you are what you pretend to be, go and sneak that milk. Will you? Yes, or no?"

"I should prefer not to," said the abashed Viking.

"Come along. You may take your patent revolver and one cartridge with you; that will be enough to kill a peck of policemen and any tigresses that there may happen to be about. You can get your agent to sell the can, and send the milk to the British Museum after your death."

"Do not be bitter. It is true that I have been very eager to win the respect and admiration of Miss SMITH, and that for that reason I have been led into some inaccuracies. But further than that I can never go. Suppose I were her accepted suitor, sooner or later the truth would come out that I was not the blackguard I had pretended to be. She would never forgive me. You have nothing to fear from my rivalry. Let me remain here, and do not tell Miss SMITH. If you only knew my story, you would make allowances for me; I am sure of it."

"Your allusion to rivalry would seem to show that you misunderstand my attitude in this matter altogether. If I interfere, it is because I know the mischief that an imitation criminal may do to a girl who, like Miss SMITH, is devoted to folk-songs. If you tell me your story, how am I to believe it?"

"Many of the facts you will be able to check from independent sources."

"Proceed then, but be more brief than you were when recounting your burglariousness."

"Briefly, then, I am not what I seem. I am a Clerk in Holy

Orders, and Curate of an Evangelical Church in a northern manufacturing town. My name is RALPH HEREWOOD, and I am a B.A. of Oxford. I am compelled to take my holiday at the time most convenient to my vicar, and this year he directed me to take it in February. For two years before that I had no holiday at all."

"Well?"

"I own that when you accused me of being innocent, there was some slight truth in the charge. Think what it means to be a good example for a little over two years without one holiday. I was not allowed to dance—a pastime of which I am fond. I was not allowed to play whist—a game that I enjoy and understand. I was not allowed to drink one glass of wine—a beverage to which, in moderation, I am partial. Every little action was watched and criticised. The fierce light which beats on a throne is a glow-worm to the illumination which a provincial parish of some enthusiasm throws on the doings of the curate. When at last my holiday came, I said to myself, I must have change, and change of manner of life more than of scene, if I am to preserve my health and sanity."

"Reasonable enough," said POYNT.

"I have a brother in Australia, whose figure is the same as mine. When he wants clothes I order them here, try them on, and send them out to him. In this way I was able to procure lay clothes for myself without exciting the least suspicion in the parish. It was my plan to come to London, and live a life which, though not characterised by excess, would be as different as possible from that which, for so long, the narrowness of my parishioners had forced on me."

"Then why the devil didn't you?"

"Many of my parishioners are men of business, and are compelled to be frequently in London. Suppose they saw me in these clothes! Worse yet, suppose they saw me coming out of a theatre! There was too much risk. But who ever comes to Herne Bay in February?"

"At the same time," said POYNT, "it hardly seems to me to be the place for a man who wanted to be a bit of a dog for a change."

"Being a dog is, after all, a question of proportion. I can assure you that I read novels as much as I like, smoke when I like, have had some pleasant conversations with Miss SMITH (whom you must admit to be a lady of great attractions), and have had my half-bottle of claret every day and no heel-taps."

"I have no objection to your being a dog on those lines, or even on somewhat broader lines. But why did you deceive Miss SMITH? Why did you become that much more objectionable animal, a sheep in wolf's clothing?"

"I hardly know," said the wretched Viking. "Her Tam o' Shanter blew off, and I rescued it. She was very grateful. It appears that she is not wealthy, and has to limit her expenditure on clothes severely. We got into conversation, and she said something about the romance of crime, showing that she could appreciate it. I dropped a hint or two designed to give myself a little interest for her. She took up the hints quicker than I should have expected, said that she knew that one did not come to Herne Bay in the winter for nothing, and made guesses as to what I was. I allowed her to think that the guesses were correct. You may think I was wrong, but if you could only have seen the look of pleasure on her face I think you would have forgiven me. She has few pleasures, I fear."

"Have you anything more to say?"

"I think not."

JULIUS POYNT finished his whisky-and-soda, and paced the room in thought and in silence.

"Well," he said at last, "it was my intention to call Miss SMITH's attention to the fact that you fired eleven shots with a six-chambered revolver without reloading, and that the garden of that house obliged you by moving away and making room for the street; I should then have left her to take any action which she thought proper."

"Oh, not that—not that!" pleaded HEREWOOD.

"It is more from pity than anything else that, to some extent, I alter my decision. I will say nothing to her at all, provided that you yourself will inform her in any way you like that you have no claim to the reputation that you have usurped, a reputation that many worse men than yourself have given time and suffering to obtain. You must dare to say frankly that you never thieved at all."

"May I say that I confined myself to the manufacture of counterfeit coin?"

"No, no. You must wrestle with your pride, and give up the whole thing."

"It shall be done. Is there any other condition?"

"You must leave Herne Bay by the first train to-morrow morning."

"I should have done so in any case; after the humiliating confession that you force from me, I could not wish to stay."

"Go to London," said POYNT, not unkindly. "The chances are a million to one that you would not be recognised, even if any of your parishioners met you. Clothes make a great difference."

"What is there in London for a broken man, one whose virtues have found him out, who has lost a proud position and, for all you know, something dearer still?"

"In any case, you said yourself, you could not have married Miss SMITH. Do you wish to remain here and break her heart?"

"That," said HEREWOOD, "is well put."

"And I can give you a pass to the stalls at the Empress's Theatre for to-morrow night."

"Now you're talking. You should have said that before. I will go to London."

"Hand that card in at the box-office, and they will look after you. Good-bye."

HEREWOOD rose and walked to the door. Here with one hand on the handle, he turned, making an impressive figure. He cleared his throat, and said with considerable dignity:

"You are hard and cold. It is your turn to exult now, but who knows whether my turn may not come next? There is a weak spot in your armour; why is it that you are at Herne Bay in the winter? I may yet be able to answer that question. You have shewn little mercy: expect little. I shall never marry Miss SMITH; my own senseless folly, your power over me in consequence, and the fact that I happen to be engaged to another girl, alike combine to prevent it. But do not think that you are sure to succeed where RALPH HEREWOOD has failed. Good-bye."

He swept from the room, but returned again almost immediately.

"I say," he said, "they have left that brute of a terrier on the landing again. Would you mind holding him while I get past?"

"With pleasure," said POYNT.

When POYNT returned to his room, he remained for some time deep in thought. He had done a rash thing in bestowing that pass on HEREWOOD. It might be, of course, that HEREWOOD would never notice that the serious comedy, *Irene*, was by JULIUS POYNT. Though all London was ringing with nothing else, though allusions to *Irene* and the author were certainly to be found in every periodical issued, though its reception had been the most astonishing scene of wild enthusiasm that had been witnessed in a London theatre for the last twenty years, it was possible that the provincial might succeed in not knowing what everybody else knew. Even if he did find out, gorgeous in a rough way though his imagination was, it might never occur to him that here was the motive for POYNT's visit to Herne Bay.

To take a success gracefully requires a great deal of practice, and POYNT had had none. He dreaded that a foolish smile under congratulation might stamp him as weak; he dreaded that a more reserved manner might be accounted as

evidence of a swelled head. He dreaded that success might lead him into extravagance in living or carelessness in his work. His nerves were upset by success; he had suffered more than he had enjoyed from it; he had the instinct of decent people at times of emotion to hide themselves. Herne Bay had promised a salutary depression.

But Miss SMITH had banished the thing from his mind altogether.

CHAPTER VI.

THE departure of the Rev. RALPH HEREWOOD for London took place early on the following morning. He left behind him a letter for Miss SMITH. Miss BIRD was annoyed with him. ANNA was so disgusted with what she had overheard of his story that she could not bring herself to thank him for the five shillings that he slipped into her hand. It was raining. The cab-horse was lame in its off foreleg. Everything seemed to be against him. Can it be wondered at that his thoughts turned to revenge?

Later in the morning JULIUS POYNT, sitting at his table and writing, heard a burst of music from the piano upstairs. He recognised it as the symphony of a well-known folk-song, a folk-song so surcharged with primitive instinct that if it had not been a folk-song, it would have been almost improper. Then came a pause, a modulation into a different key, and an exercise intended to give flexibility to the voice rather than pleasure to the hearer.

What (he asked himself) did this mean? Had she forgotten for a moment that his room was underneath? Or had she meant to please him by singing the folk-song, and then been driven by coyness to deviate into the exercise? He was inclined to the latter view until that and other exercises had gone on for thirty minutes; then he did not feel so sure about it.

The rain ceased and the sun shone; the wind blew gently from the west. The change in the temperature had been great the last twenty-four hours. Presently Miss SMITH passed his windows; she held two circulating library books in her hand. JULIUS gave her a timed four-minutes' start by his watch, and then put on his cap and went in the same direction. He felt that every minute was wasted until she was assured of his adoration. In the bright lexicon of JULIUS POYNT there was no such word as prematurity. A little later, at the door of the circulating library, he was asking Miss SMITH if he might carry her books home for her.

"Thanks very much," she said. "I wish you would. I was going the other way myself."

To his experienced eye it looked as if she were trying to get rid of him. "Let me," he pleaded, "come with you. I have something to say."

Her air of confidence and independence had gone; she smiled nervously. "I am afraid of you," she said.

"Afraid of me? Why?"

"You have already guessed one secret; I had a note from Mr. HEREWOOD this morning. He could not fly from his past. The conscientious curacy that he thought lay safely buried in a northern manufacturing town has risen up against him. Why did I ever seek romance, and forsake the steady security of the commonplace? Why did I come to Herne Bay in the winter—that hotbed of Macchiavellian intrigue, in which I already feel myself too weak to hold my own? But the other day I thought that I had guessed your secret, or that I had but to wait to learn it; to-day I see how wrong my estimate of you was, and my principal terror is that you may learn my secret too."

"Even if I have learnt it already, you have nothing to fear. Shall we take this path?"

"Yes, yes. You know it already?"

"Miss SMITH," he said quietly, "you are an heiress."

She turned her head away from him. "Oh, you are hard—you are brutal!" she murmured,

"No. I call a plain thing by a plain name; that is all."

"It is true," she said. "My poor mother was like it before me. It is in the blood."

"I say again that you have nothing to fear from me. When I stripped the disguise of dashing brigandage from HEREWOOD, and left him shivering in the white surplice of a stainless life; when I took, so to speak, the gilt off his gingerbread, then I was actuated by far other motives than those which move me now."

"If you only knew my story," she said.

"Tell it to me; I long to hear it."

"I am an orphan, but not as other orphans. Before I was twelve years old I had read enough story books for the young to realise that. Other orphans wept continually; I wept seldom, if ever. It is impossible to feel poignantly the loss of people whom you have never known, and I had no sort of recollection of my parents. Other orphans were habitually ill-treated by their guardians, especially by the jealous wife of the guardian who favoured her own children and had no love for the little stranger who had been thrust on her. Other orphans looked in the glass and wept because they were not beautiful, though they generally picked up the trick of it later on. Other orphans spent whole days in the old library, and learned Latin and Greek without a tutor. What pathos, what romance, seemed to cling to every other orphan that had ever lived except myself! I was not at all like that. My uncle and guardian, the Archdeacon of Bunchester, and his wife, were uniformly kind to me, perhaps even excessively indulgent; they had no children of their own. Beauty is no sort of a treat to one who, like myself, has always been beautiful; I once thought of cutting off my eyelashes—"

"Don't say that, even in jest," POYNT interrupted her, breathless with emotion.

"It is true. I did not do it, but I thought about it, in order that I might be able to enjoy them when they grew again. I did not do it, because I was not certain if they would grow again, and if they had not I should have been annoyed. I never frequented the old library. The Archdeacon was generally there, and if I went there I had to keep quiet; and I was rather a rowdy child. I never learned anything without a tutor, and very little with tutors, except music, which I take seriously. I had everything in reason that I wanted; and nowhere in my life was there a touch of pathos or one breath of romance. Action, colour, warmth, thrill—all that the novels that I read had made dear to me never came within my own experience. One day was like another, and all were uneventful. Then, but a few months ago, I was told I was an heiress. That blow prostrated me. However well I sang, I should always be sneered at as an amateur. If in days far on ahead some one fell in love with me, and wished to marry me, he would learn that I was wealthy; and thinking that though he was poor he might yet act with nobility, he would go away to India and leave me. People who are really noble are generally poor, and their nobility prevents them from marrying anybody who is any richer. The wealthy woman is a pariah and an outcast now-a-days; the ignoble would marry her but only for her money; the noble will not marry her because of her money. When I have control of my fortune, I think I shall throw it into a hospital."

"Better do that than cut off your eye-lashes. Then you came here because—"

(Concluded in our next.)



SCENE FROM A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME WE DON'T WANT REPEATED.

TARTARIN A LONDRES.

UN VOYAGE PÉRILLEUX. (Suite.)

SANS perdre un instant les Tarasconnais quittèrent le Ludgatil. Toujours au milieu de crevasses et d'abîmes, heurtés par les omnibus, bousculés par les voitures, effrayés de temps en temps par la chute d'une avalanche de terre ou de boue, ils marchèrent résolument. Leur illustre Président avait raison. Seulement il fallait trois heures pour le trajet. Sept heures après le départ de Scharing Crosse, les ascensionnistes arrivaient à Mansionouse. C'était un record.

Pour traverser à pied ces crevasses, ces gorges, ces montagnes il faut ordinairement deux jours. En voiture il en faut au moins quatre. Par conséquent les Tarasconnais, le bruit de leurs exploits se répandant très vite dans la Cité, furent reçus en héros par ce peuple si amateur de records. Couverts de boue argileuse, les Méridionaux avaient l'air d'être habillés en khaki comme les soldats anglais. La populace les saluait de vivats frénétiques.

TARTARIN, la tête haute, le regard fier, marchait de son pas vigoureux et infatigable. Les délégués, enchantés, de l'accueil populaire, le suivaient gaillardement. En face du Mansionouse les membres du Stocks Exchange, comité pour organiser l'enthousiasme à Londres, les attendait, et les pria de visiter leur hall. Aussitôt arrivés, les Méridionaux recevaient les plus chaleureuses félicitations des Stocks Exchangers. Ces braves messieurs, tous sportmans, entonnèrent vigoureusement l'honneur des Tarasconnais le chant guerrier de l'Angleterre, "Say the conquerings Hero comes."

Enfin TARTARIN monta sur une chaise. "Messieurs"—(Applaudissement)—dit-il, "au nom du Club Alpin"—(Hipip)—"de Tarascon"—(Hourra!)—"au nom de mes concitoyens"—(Hipip)—"de mes compatriotes"—(Hourra!)—"je vous remercie"—

(Hourra!) "Fatigués, éreintés"—(Exclamations)—"après avoir traversé les Alpes"—(Bravo!)—"de Londres"—(Hipip)—"nous arrivons"—(Hourra!)—"chez des amis"—(Alright!)—"des amis inconnus jusqu'ici"—(Hipip)—"des amis sportmans"—(Hourra!)—"comme nous"—(Applaudissement)—"des amis inoubliables à l'avenir"—(Bravo!)—"Notre ascension est finie"—(Hipip)—"nous ne pensons plus à ses dangers."—(Hourra!)—"Mais, pardi, au Midi"—(Hipip)—"de la France"—(Hourra!)—"loin des crevasses, des abîmes, des pics, et des gouffres de Londres"—(Bravo!)—"le Club Alpin"—(Hipip)—"de Tarascon"—(Hourra!)—"gardera à tout jamais le souvenir de votre magnifique accueil." (Enthousiasme frénétique.)

Au milieu des cris et des adieux des Stocks Exchangers, les Tarasconnais se rendirent à la gare du chemin de fer "undergroun," seul moyen sans danger de traverser, en dessous, les montagnes de Londres.

Et dire que ces crevasses, ces abîmes, ces cols, ces gouffres sont artificiels, que les habitants de Londres font construire cette petite Suisse, boueuse et sale, pour faire plaisir aux alpinistes du monde. Car tout ça est fabriqué par un département spécial du gouvernement, dont le président est toujours anobli, et prend le titre de Lord LONDONBURY, parceque toutes les rues de la capitale disparaîtront, tôt ou tard, dans les crevasses officielles, et sous les montagnes de l'administration.

H. D. B.

CUISINE À L'ANGLAISE.—MY DEAR ANATOLE,—You have had your General BOULANGER, you are now exploiting your General MERCIER. Probably he will be succeeded by General PÂTISSIER and General JARDINIER. I make haste to inform you that we have also a noted General, none other than General CUISINIER, who is famous for his MARCHAND and Fashoda Sauces. He can cook geese to perfection.—Yours fraternally,

JOHN BOS.



A GENIAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

Lady Bountiful (to decent old body, village dame). "I HOPE YOU TOLD YOUR HUSBAND THAT I WISHED HIM PLENTY OF HEALTH AND GOOD SPIRITS."

Dame. "PLEASE, MY LADY, HE WAS MUCH OBLIGED, BUT HE WAS RATHER SHORT IN SPIRITS, AND HE HOPED YOUR LADYSHIP WOULD SEND HIM SOME!"

[We understand that her Ladyship promptly and most kindly forwarded a small hamper of ginger wine.]

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Alas, those Christmas cards! Half dead
O'er countless counters how one's head
One bends,
Seeking good wishes aptly writ,
Phrases that happily may fit
One's friends!

Cards for one's friends—'tis only right—
Love's labour's ended there, you might
Suppose;
Yet how much finer, I would add,
By some remembrance to make glad
One's foes!

That's why I want a pleasant card
To send a lady I regard
A Bore—

The fiend—is that too impolite?—
Who strums the piano half the night
Next door!

For such a Christmas card in vain
From shop to shop, with toil and pain,
I've sought—
(Although, I think, in days lang syne
I might a fitting Valentine
Have bought).

Yet with more satisfaction I
My Christmas pudding and mince-pie
Shall munch,
In certain hope she'll take as said
All my good wishes, when she's read
Her *Punch*!

THE MOTTO OF THE MISTLETOE.—Kis-met.

A BOXING-NIGHT ROUNDEL.

HERE we are again, dear SUE,
With the children at "the Lane";
Old and young, a merry crew,
Here we are again.

Wicked fairies' wiles are vain,
Through the briars the Prince breaks
through,
Frees his bride from slumber's chain.

All is old, and all is new;
One forgets how seasons wane,
Once more children, I and you,
Here, we are again.

SIX "WAITY" REASONS.

(For suppressing Street Musicians.)

BECAUSE carols are never entirely satisfactory when suggestive of frequent visits to a public-house.

Because a trombone, a bassoon, and a concertina should be in time and tune to give due effect to a midnight rendering of the *Mistletoe Bough*.

Because "merry gentlemen" can never "sit at home at ease" with howling on the *crescendo* in the street outside.

Because an application for largesse at 1 a.m. is inappropriate and irritating.

Because the plea that "Christmas comes but once a year" is absolutely unnecessary.

Lastly, because Yuletide would be a long way the "merrier" without them.

A DETERMINATION.

TIME was I basked in pleasure's sun
With none to copy fair my life
Before I met and loved and won
My wife.

I did exactly what I pleased,
Leaving undone what I disliked;
Time by the forelock ne'er I seized
Nor biked.

I cared not in the early morn
To dally with that edged tool
The razor, for I was not born
A fool.

My substance I on barbers spent
To wave a blade my face about,
Or even on occasion went
Without.

Now, though the pain make me use "d,"
A warning on my heart is graven
Not to descend until I be
Well shaven.

And if misfortune cuts me sore,
I'm told I look supremely horrid;
Lips are but lightly passed before
My forrid.

No razor can I get to go,
Although for months I've persevered;
The thing is monstrous—I shall grow
A beard.

IN RE HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

(A Topical Interview.)

"WHY, Father, you don't look very cheerful," said a 10, Bouverie Street Man.

"No, Sir, I don't. And, what is more, Sir, when I am at home and off duty, I don't intend to look cheerful."

"Keep your hair—I beg pardon—your holly and mistletoe on."

"There, again, Sir, you are in the wrong. I don't appear in holly and mistletoe in the house. I keep my official costume for the posters of goose clubs and the outside of boxes of cosques."

"You need not be so snappish," remonstrated the 10, Bouverie Street Man. "After all, you come but once a year."

"And sufficiently often," acquiesced the Father, and he continued in querulous tone, "Yes, Sir, sufficiently often. Times are not what they were. Why! in the day of DICKENS I was welcomed with effusion. Lord! how they gushed about me!"

"You refer to the Christmas Carol."

"Yes; that was an enormous success. But now it's out of date—except as a reading."

"But surely you are still popular,"

"Not I. Everyone couples me with unpaid bills and vacant chairs. Instead of romping in with boars' heads and minstrels and the rest of them, I am scarcely recognised. There's a spectacle at Drury Lane, and some of the provincial theatres give me a pantomime."

"But don't you do a little in your character of Santa Claus?"

"Not much. The rising generation don't believe in me. The girl and boy must be very young to look forward to my conventional stocking. Besides, the grocers sell my *cadeaux* of gifts weeks and weeks before the date fixed for my appearance."

"But don't you still do a fair trade in cards for Yuletide and the New Year? They are a help to the G. P. O."

"Sad falling off. I was talking it over the other day with St. Valentine, and he said he was not surprised. I cut him out, and now I am cut out myself."

"By whom?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose it's the new idea to believe in nothing. So, of course, they don't believe in me."

"And what do you propose to do?"

"Oh, I think I shall go to Germany. Some English products are made there. Besides, they still are fond of my trees with their shining candles and glistening gifts. Yes, I shall certainly go to Germany."

"Well, at least let me offer you the compliments of the —"

"Oh, please, don't! I'm sick of all that. I dare say you mean well. Good-bye."

And with this curt farewell Father Christmas shut the door in the "face" of his visitor.



BOXING DAY.

Squire ("more in sorrow than in anger" to incorrigible offender). "AGAIN, EH? AGAIN? NOT SOBER, I'M AFRAID."

Farmer Swiggles (confidentially). "MORE AM I, SQUIRE, BUT (chuckles)—NO ONE'LL NOTICE US."

SOME CHRISTMAS WISHES.

To the German EMPEROR—The firmer grasp of British hand.

To the CZAR—The better health, not better land.

To the Emperor of AUSTRIA—The means to quench the smouldering fire.

To the President of the United States—The wit to play your game of bluff.

To the King of the BELGIANS—Of Belgian bluster quantum suff.

To the President of the French Republic—Ten thousand tons of common sense.

To the Sultan of TURKEY—The fact that pounds are made of pence.

To ex-President KRUGER—A refuge in the Scilly Isles.

To ex-President STEYN—A box of WILHELMINA's smiles.

To the Lord CHANCELLOR—A vast array of interpleaders.

To the Public—A Merry Christmas to our readers.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

CHAPTER II.

It was from MATHEW ALLGOOD that I first learnt the conversational value of many of the points and attributes of a horse. At that time, being, like Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, a mere child in such things, I did not, perhaps, fully realise their importance, but I have come since then to appreciate them and to be properly thankful for having been well grounded in these matters. Indeed, it is difficult to over-estimate their importance. Everybody who rides must have seen, at one time or another, how great a gulf separates the man who merely gets on a horse without any knowledge of the animal that is to carry him, from the man who, while he rides, can talk intelligently of his own mount and those of other people. My friend BUTTERFIELD is an excellent member of the Stock Exchange and devoted, like many other members of that illustrious body, to sport in its varied form. Many years have passed since I first saw him brilliantly arrayed in scarlet, riding as straight as a dart after the Surrey Staghounds. It was a fast run, the country was none of the easiest, but BUTTERFIELD cleared the banks and ditches with a contemptuous ease that excited my enthusiasm. Spurred on by this feeling I ventured to make his acquaintance, which, I am proud to say, I have ever since retained. But I am forced to confess that BUTTERFIELD, though he is a gallant rider and admirable as to his clothes, his hat, his boots and his spurs, knows no more about a horse than his grandmother. If you told him, for instance, that "a horse's thigh is bordered by the stifle, flank, croup, buttock and gaskin," his first impulse would be to think he was being "got at"—so suspicious can even a stockbroker sometimes become—and his next, on being assured that you were speaking by the book, would be to pooh-pooh the statement and to declare (what is, no doubt, true) that he didn't find it necessary to bother his head about such rubbish, and never had found it necessary to discover where the gaskin was before he put his horse at a fence. On all this I shall have something to say later on, but in the meantime I urge my young readers not to allow this *poco curante* spirit to infect them, for I can assure them that nothing sets off a horse-back conversation more than a proper knowledge of the points of a horse. I return for a moment to MATHEW ALLGOOD, and what I may call his stable talk. Here is another example:—

Harry. I met Mrs. CHATTERTON out riding this morning, MATHEW. It's a beastly shame for her to ride that grey horse, for it's very lame on its left front leg.

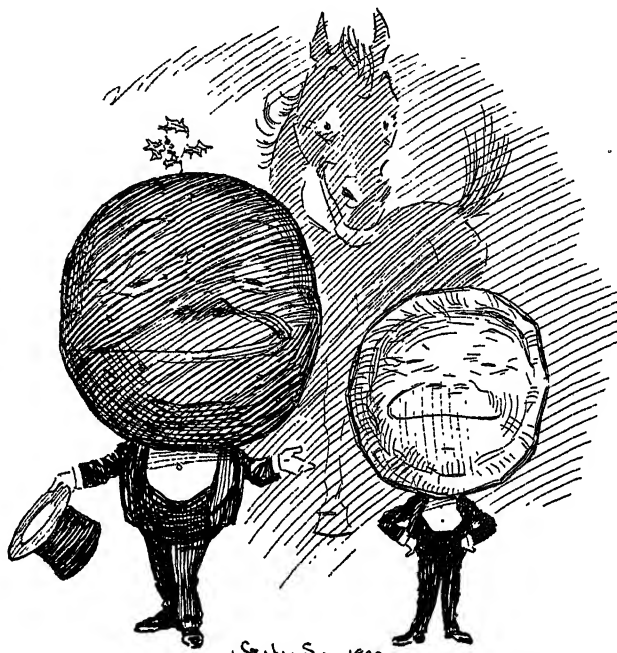
Mathew (*amazed and indignant*). It ain't true, Master 'Arry. No 'orse ever went lame on its left front leg.

Harry. Well, I swear this one was, anyhow.

Mathew (*more in sorrow than in anger*). Oh, Master 'ARRY, Master 'ARRY, I wonder if you'll ever learn. I'm breakin' my 'eart a-tryin' to teach you, and there you come again—and you gettin' to be a big boy, too—and talk to me about a 'orse's 'left'

front leg. Why, a Frenchman 'ud be ashamed o' such ignorance. If you'd said to me as Mrs. CHATTERTON's grey 'orse was a-goin' lame on his near fore-leg I should 'ave understood you direckly. But, there—I suppose because you 're gettin' on a bit with your Latin you think it's right to forget all I ever told you about 'orses. Now just you remember this: 'orses 'as got two sides like other beasts, and one on 'em 's the near side and the other 's the off, and don't let 's 'ave any more talk o' lefts and rights."

Thus was the young mind trained in MATHEW's stable.



THE OPPOSITION.

"NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU MAY PROFESS TO LIKE US, WE MEAN TO DISAGREE WITH YOU ON EVERY POSSIBLE OCCASION."

[*Delight of the Night Mare.*]

OVERHEARD AT THE HAGUE,
DEC. 14.

[After dinner, Mr. KRUGER had half-an-hour's conversation with the Queen in the drawing-room, mainly on the agricultural and ethnological conditions prevailing in South Africa.]

"AND what does your Honour consider to be the chief agricultural products of South Africa?"

"Magaliesberg tobacco, ma'am [Aside—Confound that Leyds for not letting me bring my pipe!], and concessions—before the *verdomde rooieks*—I mean, before the ungodly came."

"Concessions—what kind of crop is that?"

"It grew of itself, ma'am, mostly on stony ground, and bore me and my burghers fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, with the aid of the honourable law-givers of the Volksraad. All that it behoved them to do was to pass the necessary bill, and lo! the produce of the Uitlanders' toil was ours, to convert into ammunition for the use of the righteous. Woe is me for the good old golden times!"

"And the races, who are they?"

"There were my twenty thousand burghers, of whom, alas! I have now lost a dozen or more, murdered by the barbarians; all the rest were sons of Belial, except for some pious, God-fearing Afrikanders at Kaapstad and in the *veld*."

"And are there not a few natives?"

"The *Kleurlings*, ma'am, are Nehushtan—they have no souls and no rights, save to be hevers of wood and drawers of water for the chosen people. They and the Englanders shall yet be our beasts of burden, when your Majesty helps us to come by our own—"

"Your Honour had better consult Mr. STEAD upon that subject."



Leslie Sanson. Not in Dress.

OUT IN THE COLD.

Dame Europa (to the Waits, Ex-Pr-s-d-nt Kr-g-r and Dr. L-yds). "Go AWAY! Go AWAY! I'VE GOT NOTHING FOR YOU."



RESPICE FINEM.

Excited Shepherd (to careful Sportsman, inspecting fence with slight drop). "COME ON, SIR! ALRIGHT! ANYWHERE 'ERE!"
Careful Sportsman. "ALL VERY FINE! YOU WANT TO GIVE ME A FALL, AND GET HALF-A-CROWN FOR CATCHING MY HORSE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

NEARLY half a century ago GEORGE ELIOT, meeting HELEN FAUCIT at an evening party in London, straightway fell in love with her. "She is," she wrote, "the most poetic woman I have seen for a long time. There is the ineffable charm of a fine character, which makes itself felt in her face, voice and manner." Here is the great actress depicted in a sentence. Sir THEODORE MARTIN has extended the study over a closely printed volume exceeding 400 pages. *Helena Faucit, Lady Martin*, is appropriately published by BLACKWOOD, to whose famed magazine she was in recent years a contributor. Miss FAUCIT, my Baronite finds from her husband's biography, came of a theatrical family alike on father's and mother's side. Her maternal grandfather was a Frenchman who, having tried various ways of earning a living, became an actor. A singularly unfortunate man, he appropriately concluded an active life on the stage by breaking his leg. His daughter married a player, and became the mother of one of the greatest actresses the English stage knew in the nineteenth century. The narrative closely follows HELEN FAUCIT's professional career. It is enriched with letters and verses from eminent men and many of her own written reflections. Possibly the reader to-day does not care so much as he might about what the *Evening Packet* of February 30th, 1845, thought of her presentation of *Antigone*. Precious to the player's heart when fresh from the press, these notices—of which many are preserved in the volume—fall a little flat on the eve of the Twentieth Century.

My Baronite remembers reading in the *Speaker*, some years ago, a series of *Reminiscences of Oxford* signed "NESTOR." They were something to look forward to week by week, and will be doubly welcome now in book form (CASSELL), since they are supplemented by fresh chapters of memory, and

illustrated by a number of portraits, including a striking pen-and-ink drawing of PUSEY, in the Thirties. The Rev. Mr. TUCKWELL, late Fellow of New College, stands revealed as the author. For his contemporaries in the far-off time when young TUCKWELL first went up to Oxford, and for two generations that have succeeded him, the volume will have a special charm. Those who know Oxford only by name will find it delightful, full of subtle flavour none the less pleasant because unfamiliar. Mr. TUCKWELL has a marvellous memory, a keen sense of humour, and writes as he would chat across the walnuts and the wine. That is the way a book like this should be written.

Little books for big people! *The Nut-brown Maid* and *A Ballad upon a Wedding* (JOHN LANE), the latter aptly illustrated by JOHN COLE, both pocketable and profitable companions.

The Story of Assisi, by LINA DUFF GORDON (J. M. DENT & Co.), a story of a place ever memorable in mediæval history told clearly, full of stirring interest, and an invaluable guide to the traveller in the land of CIMABUE, GIOTTO and S. FRANCIS the great Reformer.

New Rhymes for Old and Other Verses, by ANTHONY C. DEANE (JOHN LANE). Excellent old friends from various publications now gathered together, at this season for all happy reunions, by the Deane in his Deanery.

Here is MATTHEW ARNOLD's *Forsaken Merman*, not to be left out in the cold at this cheery time of year, and brought before us by J. M. DENT & Co., who have employed JEAN C. ARCHER to re-introduce our dear old friend to us in highly decorative style.

Down, down, down,
 So "down" in depths of the sea,
 Sits a merman alone
 Who sighs "Oho!
 She 'll never return to me!"

May he meet with some nice young mermaid of his own class in sea-ciety, and keep a Merry Christmas with a Happy New Century before him!

And—"Nöel, Nöel!"—Christmas again! Capital little shilling books with ancient nursery rhymes and fairy stories (CORNISH BROTHERS, of Birmingham), recalling to us the illustrated tale of *The Old Woman and her Pig*, the *Daisy*, the *Three Wishes*, &c., &c., in fact, all our old friends in old-fashioned form, with ancient woodcuts that have delighted former generations, and will probably delight the present, and many others "yet for to come." THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE SEVEN AGES OF LUGGAGE.

Baby.—Perambulator, bottle, robe, fingerless gloves and woollen shoes.

Schoolboy.—Bat, ball, and aids to education.

Lover.—Guitar, music-book, writing materials, and fur-lined overcoat.

Justice.—Capon in basket, robes, and treatise upon ancient saws and modern instances.

Soldier.—Sword, uniform case, standard work upon Reputation.

Pantaloons.—Sausages, property red-hot poker, costume of motley, slippers and spectacle case.

Veteran.—Travels without luggage.



Agricultural Parishioner (wishing to ingratiate himself with the new Curate, who had given a Lecture on the previous evening). "THANK YE, SIR, FOR YOUR READING TO US LAST NIGHT." New Curate. "GLAD YOU LIKED IT, JOHN. I WAS A LITTLE AFRAID LEST THE LECTURE MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUST A LITTLE TOO SCIENTIFIC." Agricultural Parishioner. "NO, BLESS YOU, SIR, NOT A BIT OF IT. WHY, WE IN THESE PARTS BE JUST LIKE YOUNG DUCKS. WE DO GOBBLE UP ANYTHING!"

AN ODE OF FEDERATION.

(Dedicated with apologies and affectionate compliments to the author of "Herod.")

[See Mr. PUNCH's preface to the 120th Volume in the current issue. The sentiments of the audience, anticipated below, are introduced for the convenience of reporters who may not happen to be present at the recitation.]

I HEARD a Cherub sitting up aloft
Cry: "She shall build a mighty Metropole
Almost at once; and in its port shall swim
The Universal Sailor girt with sharks;
And bastioned forts shall beetle over that
Locality where ——— comes to birth."
(This space is left for the New City's name,
A vexed and indeterminate question; I
Will pay a topaz for the Missing Word).

[Murmurs of satisfaction.]

There shall the kangaroo bound at his ease,
And there the Federated Lands shall build
(Australia! do you notice this remark?)
A Stock Exchange, where Ophir and the East
Shall vie for options; with whose hoarded wealth
The fabled pearls of SOLOMON, deceased,
Shall relatively rank as pumpkin-pips!
There the Coagulated Parliament,
Incurious of cost, shall house itself
In walls barbarically fine and large,
Shaped to discapitol that ancient Ark,
The tutelary haunt of Roman geese!

Of adamant shall be the basal stone
And laid in person by His Royal Highness
The Duke of YORK; and military bands
Daily from two to four shall blow it up,

[Murmurs of apprehension.]

As Ilium's towers rose to APOLLO's touch.

[General relief.]

One night I dreamed (Australia! please attend)
About this Chamber, how its dome should shine
With burnished nuggets drawn from neighbouring deeps,
Great Boulder's ore, and ooze of Ivanhoe,
To be an educative object-lesson
To the great L. C. C.'s artificers
Absorbed in wedding Holborn with the Strand.
Only a few more words and I have done.

[Repressed applause.]

There shall the Sun replace his blighted beams,
And there about a new ENDYMION's neck
Pale ARTEMIS shall arch her ambient arms.
Before the glamour of its aureate rays
The scalp-compelling South-Sea islanders
Shall veil their tomahawks; and it shall be
A joy to earnest heliographists,
And warm the chattering spooks of Diemen's Land.
There shall the wide-world wombat flap his wings,
And there, itself a prey to fascination,
The boa-constrictor, stealing up to town,
Shall ask the rabbit what the deuce it means.

O. S.



"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR."

'Bus-driver. "WOUNDED, SIR, I SEE?"

Gentleman in Khaki. "YES."

'Bus-driver. "BIN OUT IN SOUTH AFRICA?"

Gentleman in Khaki. "YES."

'Bus-driver. "SEE ANY OF OUR 'ORSES OUT THERE, GUV'NOR?"

SEASONABLE STATISTICS À LA MODE.

If the beef eaten in Kensington on the 25th of December were represented by one animal, the horns of the ox would touch Jupiter and its tail extend well into the Milky Way.

If all the music provided by amateurs at Balham on Christmas Eve were massed into one gigantic sound the noise would travel from Sydenham to Siberia *via* India, the Netherlands and Hong Kong.

If the Yuletide wishes uttered by Englishmen were computed they would number 20,000,000,000,000,000 words.

N.B.—As the above statements were not made by the card, their verification would perhaps be advisable.

THE SONG OF THE RAZOR.

WITH fingers weary and cold,

With costume simple and slight,

A man at his dressing-table stood

And shaved in the morning light.

Strop! Strop! Strop!

He'd worked at the razor long,

But the edge was dull as a Saturday "Pop,"

And he sang the following song.

"Scrape—scrape—scrape!

Till the skin is tender and sore;

And scrape—scrape—scrape,

Till I cover myself with gore.

It's oh! to be a man

In the grey and cheerless morn,

When the lukewarm water is in the can;

But the ordeal must be borne.

"Scrape—scrape—scrape
At an embryonic beard;
Scrape—scrape—scrape,
Till the stubble has disappeared.
On cheek, and lip, and chin,
On chin, and lip, and cheek,
And I do it over and over again
Every day in the week.

"O men who do not shave!
O men with money to spare!
Who get a barber to do the job,
How can you feel or care?
Strop—strop—strop,
Before I'm properly dressed;
But you sit down in a nice warm shop
And put your heads in a rostr.

"But why do I talk of shops?
For hairdressers make me sick;
They keep their razors so nice and sharp,
Yet I cannot learn the trick.
No, I cannot learn the trick,
Though months and years go past;
To think that I should be so slow,
And my beard should grow so fast!

"Scrape—scrape—scrape!
My life of this is full;
And what's the result? I have to stop
The bleeding with cotton wool.
I go down to breakfast pale and faint,
But my bosom its sorrow bears;
And who is to guess at the wild distress
That has been my lot upstairs.

"Scrape—scrape—scrape,
Up and down and around;
Scrape—scrape—scrape,
With the finest "hollow-ground,"
On chin and lip and cheek,
On cheek and lip and chin,
And my heart goes out to that struggling
blade,
Except when it goes in.

"Scrape—scrape—scrape,
When in bed too long I've lain;
Scrape—scrape—scrape,
When I have to catch a train.
My razors once were "set,"
And it gave me a gleam of hope,
But the dear delight was fleeting as
The lather upon the soap.

"Oh, for a beard and moustache
That never would grow at all!
Then my chin would be as smooth
As an ivory billiard ball.
To feel when I awoke
There was nothing on earth to do,
Except to tumble into my clothes,
Which takes a minute or two!"

With fingers weary and cold,
With costume simple and slight,
A man at his dressing-table stood,
And shaved in the morning light.
Strop! Strop! Strop!
He'd worked at the razor long,
But the edge was dull as a Saturday "Pop,"
And with sheer fatigue he was fit to drop,
So he sang this sorrowful song! P. G.



TO "ABSENT FRIENDS!"



"I

CAME here," said Miss SMITH, "because in the first place I wanted to get into contact

with the romance of life.

There might not be an-

other visitor in Herne Bay, but I knew that if there were that visitor would be there for some romantic reason. There was the possibility that I might stand on the edge and look on; as it happens, I have been dragged into the whirlpool. I wanted to taste the joys of independence. At home everything was done for me, including the thinking. I was the ordinary well-bred, milk-fed, ill-read English girl; but vaguely conscious that I had a mind of my own, and rather anxious to pull it out and look at it. Then again I was eager for awhile to live as the poor live."

"I beg your pardon?" said POYNT.

"As the poor live. Yes, I know that it has not been squalor exactly, but it has been far simpler and plainer than the life to which I am accustomed. The Archdeacon is rather fond of pomp and circumstance. I was already making plans to get it more like the real thing; you cannot pick up a new manner of life all in a moment. Before the blow fell, and I became irreparably rich, I wanted to taste some of the romance of poverty. Yes, I fled from wealth just as Mr. HERWOOD fled from goodness. I wonder what it is that you are escaping. When I saw you walking on the beach, I thought that you looked terribly melancholy; I could have imagined you heart-broken."

"I was not," said JULIUS. "It rests with you whether I shall be."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen; there is probably not one man in the world who hates wealth as I do, who despises it as much as I do. The whole question of money is so unspeakably disgusting to me that I never let it enter my head at all. Had I fallen in love with a pauper, the question would have never arisen; why should I allow it to arise if it happens that I love an heiress? If I think of it at all, it is with a kind of pity. 'This wealth,' I would say, 'weighs hard on you. You are conscious that you have done

nothing whatever to deserve it. You have my sympathy; we all suffer from some hereditary curse or other. We must not let it make us morbid. It is not as if you had earned the money.' That is the way we must look at it."

"You seem to be saying, or implying —"

"My love for you is far too great and new to be sullied with the words or phrases that other lovers have used. I cannot say or imply. I am proud of the absolute uselessness of language."

"This is what I expected," said Miss SMITH, "and also what I feared. That is my ordinary form of refusal."

"Pardon me," he said; "but we are practically strangers. We have met but three times at the most. Do you think you know me well enough to refuse me altogether?"

"You, personally, do not come into the question at all. I am glad that you take so kind a view of my misfortune; I like talking to you. I am quite willing that you should go on adoring me; but when it comes to the question of marriage, I must tell you that there my views were settled long ago. I made up my mind that if I married at all, it would be to a man of one of two kinds; to the best of my belief, you are not of either kind."

"That may be, or may not be. Remember, that you do not yet know my secret. Remember, too, that though you may invest your money on a theory you can hardly give your heart in that way. Remember, that your views are changing and have been changing ever since we met."

"You may speak of this again to-morrow; it is true that my views are changing. It is true, too, that I do not yet know your secret. It is unlikely that it would make any difference, but it might. Goodbye."

"Good-bye," he said regretfully.

But he did not go away. They went on walking and talking together for another hour and a half. They were both late for luncheon. POYNT had left the novels from the circulating library on a seat where they had rested for a minute.

And that afternoon (by request) she sang a folk-song which he could hear in the room below. It was to the effect that she had lost her favourite white goat. If it had strayed into the fold of one shepherd she would take it and bring it back, or if another shepherd had it she would bring it back. But if it was a third shepherd, a devil of a man, a brigand with white teeth, she would leave it with him; for he had her heart also. I believe we could turn out verses of a similar sweetness and consistency from our own home factories at about fifteen shillings the

dozen; but unless they are foreign and have the word folk-song woven into every half-yard at the back they do not amount to anything.

That night HERWOOD witnessed the performance of POYNT's remarkably successful comedy "*Irene*" at the Empress's Theatre. At least, he witnessed as much as he could see of it from a seat behind a pillar at the back of the dress circle. He was disappointed with the seat; but the house was packed, and for some time it had been a question whether they could give him a seat at all. He had already found out about the authorship. In fact, he had made a little collection of newspaper cuttings that day connected with it. The question which agitated him was if the authorship had been the reason that had brought POYNT to Herne Bay; it seemed to him unlikely. If it was so, could he use his knowledge for the purposes of revenge? That also seemed to him to be unlikely. But he decided that it was worth while to go to Herne Bay himself again the following morning, to see if he could do anything unpleasant.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the following day Herne Bay gave its imitation of the Riviera to a small audience. It was a glorious morning, something on account from the summer to follow. HERWOOD arrived early, breakfasted at an hotel, and then made his way up the East Cliff. His plans were not matured; he had the knowledge, which Miss SMITH had not, that JULIUS was the author of a very successful comedy, and was much talked of in London, but he had not hit on any plan by which this would work his oppressor's downfall. He felt that his materials were not strong, but he was determined to do the best he could with them. He was, indeed, the more irritated that POYNT had written a play when he might have been guilty of cruelty to children; it looked as if he had intentionally thrown obstacles in his way.

Presently, from a seat high up on the cliff, HERWOOD saw a man come slowly up the asphalt path. A portion of this man's face twinkled like a diamond in the sun. Instantly, HERWOOD formed the conclusion that the twinkling portion was an eyeglass. A moment later he recognised that the rest of the figure was JULIUS POYNT. POYNT turned down off the path to a shelter facing the sea, near to a diminutive band-stand, without seeing HERWOOD. He took a seat in the shelter facing the sea. The important point to HERWOOD's mind was that he was not smoking a cigarette; it prepared HERWOOD for what was to follow. Ten minutes later Miss SMITH appeared, and also went to the shelter; POYNT saluted her, and then they both sat down together.

HERWOOD's conviction was that his next action was brilliant; others than he have done their lowest on record with a similar idea. He stole softly down the cliff and seated himself in the same shelter, but on the other side of the screen, where, without being seen, he could hear every word that was said. He did not arrive in time to catch the first words of the conversation. When he took up his position POYNT was saying that he would be only too glad. HERWOOD's facial expression was unworthy of a curate. Then Miss SMITH spoke:

"I must tell you then that the idea I had was, that if ever I married it should be either to a leader or a creator. I would have married a great general, or a chief of brigands who was adored by his men. Or I would have married a great artist, or a poet, or a dramatic author—the latter of the three for preference. How foolish it was!"

"I don't think that," said POYNT. "At least, not entirely."

"Blackguard!" murmured HERWOOD, under his breath.

"Yes, entirely wrong," Miss SMITH continued. "Woman's place is not to marry the strong, to shine with a reflected glory alone, to have the whole of her own individuality swamped in another stronger than her own. It is her place rather to comfort and sympathise, to marry the absolute failure, or at least the man who has not yet succeeded. The more I think of it, the stronger is my repulsion to marrying anyone who has succeeded in any of the careers that I have mentioned. I do not want the full-blown flower; I could take no interest in it. I would rather see the bud open, and feel that my tender care had something to do with its development. I could find, too, a melancholy charm in faded petals. But I will have nothing to do with success."

"Good!" whispered HERWOOD, on the other side of the shelter.

"Success," she went on, "makes men braggarts; it makes them give up taking trouble; it makes them independent of a woman's love. It spoils them utterly."

HERWOOD felt that his moment had come. He sprang to his feet, swept round to the other side of the shelter, slipped on the short grass and fell over. Then he rose, brushed his clothes with his hand, and said with severity:

"I have heard all!"

"Then," said Miss SMITH, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Surprised at you," said POYNT. "You ought to be in London. Go back at once, and don't give me all this trouble."

"At the Empress's Theatre last night I saw a comedy in which a man hides behind a screen, and is thought rather highly of for it."

"We've nothing for you," said Miss SMITH. "Do go away, please."

"Yes, I will go; but first hear what I have to say, for it concerns you nearly. Your sentiments as to success are admirable, and I share them myself. But were you aware that the very man to whom you were speaking is himself a success, and of a most marked and notorious kind? Do you know what he has done? He has brought the scent of the hay-field across the footlights, that's what he has done. It was he who wrote the blatantly successful comedy that I witnessed last night. There was not a vacant seat in the house, nor a dry eye, nor any of the usual things. And this is the man who has attempted to take advantage of your ignorance of his past! He is a common object of conversation; he is in all the newspapers. Listen!"

HERWOOD pulled a packet of newspaper cuttings from his pocket. "Here is one extract, saying that he is at present in the Italian Riviera. Here is another, saying that his favourite pastime is lawn-mowing. Here is a third, saying that he has been offered twenty thousand for his next piece, and that he has never been out of London in his life, for romantic reasons which are known to the writer but which he cannot divulge. He is the talk of the clubs. I heard a man in the hotel where I was stopping ask how the name POYNT was spelt. Doubtless he has concealed this from you, but I was watching your interests. I tell him to his face that he is a black-hearted success; he is full-blown; he is a braggart. There will never be any privacy in his life, either for himself or his wife; personal paragraphs will dog his steps wherever he goes. And that is the man who—but I will return to the subject later if I have an opportunity."

This somewhat hurried conclusion was due to the fact that Miss SMITH's little terrier *Vixen*, having escaped from confinement, had just appeared on the path above in quest of her mistress. On sighting HERWOOD *Vixen* came towards him with every sign that she wished to eat him, and he left with rapidity.

"What he has told you," said POYNT, "is partly true. You know you would have heard it later from me if that insufferable idiot had not interfered. I have produced a comedy which has had some success. But the next that I do may be a failure; these things are largely a matter of luck. Do not let one success spoil my whole life. Again, all that you said about the successful is true, as a general rule; but it was precisely because I knew it to be true that I ran away from compliments and flattery, to hide myself in Herne Bay. With your help, I think I might escape the curse of the successful. Do not fear the personal paragraphs that he showed you; if ever they say one word which is true, I promise that I will write and deny it at once. Come; you are an heiress, but I have forgiven and forgotten it. Will you not be equally generous to me? I adore you."

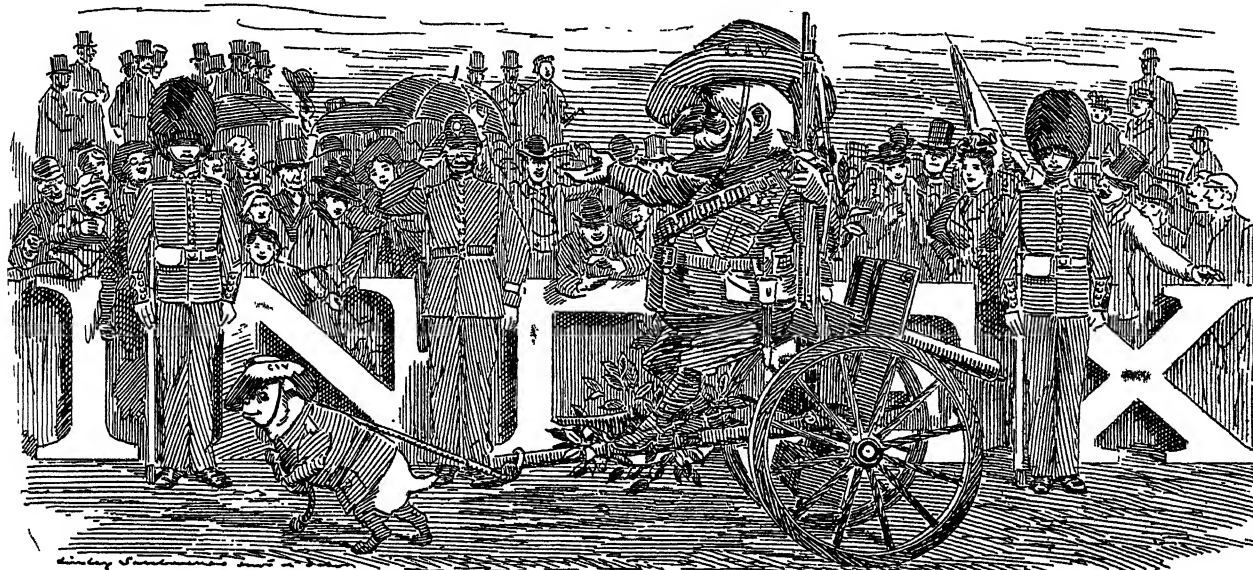
"I seem to have changed my mind a good deal," said Miss SMITH, shyly. "Can't I—if you don't mind—leave all this to you?"

He said something to the effect that she could.

They were both very late for luncheon again that day.

In consideration of very ample apologies, coupled with a pair of silver-backed hat-brushes, all in the best possible taste, HERWOOD was forgiven; he assisted the Archdeacon in performing the wedding ceremony.

Barry Pain



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